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THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE Election of the MEMBER FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE has taken place, in anticipation of all other returns. There was no opposition. The moment MR. PUNCH had signified his readiness to be again elected, the proceedings became matter of form.

MR. PUNCH, attended by TOBY, ascended the hustings, and MRS. PUNCH and her lovely daughters occupied places at an opposite window. The density of the crowd baffled all description. MR. PUNCH smilingly addressed a few words to his intended proposer and seconder, inculcating upon them the desirability of brevity, considering the state of the atmosphere.

MR. JOHN BULL, on the part of the Men of the Empire, proposed MR. PUNCH as a fit and proper person for Imperial Member. "I have known him," said MR. BULL, "for twenty-four years, and it is saying little to declare, that during that time I have never known him guilty of an unworthy word or deed. I say that during that time he has been frantically zealous in his efforts for the general good, and that it is to him we owe all the Reforms, Treaties, Triumphs, Exhibitions, Fine Weather, and Extraordinary Gooseberries which have tended to raise England in the scale of nations, and promote those principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne." (*Tremendous Cheers.*)

MRS. BRITANNIA said that woman's rights having been recognised by MR. MULL, she had great pleasure in coming forward on the part of the Women of the Empire (children included) and seconding the nomination.

A Woman's Man must be a good man, and MR. PUNCH was known *par excellence*—well, she would say *cat exokeen*—as the Friend of Woman. He had certainly told her of her slight faults, but it was only to set in a brighter light her splendid merits, and it was to MR. PUNCH that the Women of the Empire resorted for counsel, comfort, amusement, and instruction. MR. BULL had referred to MR. PUNCH's long services, but she could only say that he looked younger than ever, and grew handsomer every day. She hoped that MRS. PUNCH would not be jealous of her for admiring him, but she must say that she considered him as an unlimited and unmitigated Duck." (*Terrific and renewed Cheers.*)

No other Candidate being proposed, ("I should like to see one," said the last speaker, grasping her trident in a demonstrative fashion,) MR. PUNCH was declared duly Elected for the Empire.

When the shouting had subsided, not because the world wished to desist, but had shouted itself into exhaustion,

THE IMPERIAL MEMBER advanced, and spoke as follows:—

"You have this day done a right and a wise thing. Do you suppose that I shall thank you, or compliment you for what you have done? By Jove, I should say not. As my friend ROEBUCK said to the mob at Sheffield, I know what I am about, and you mind your own business. You have elected the only person in the world who is capable of doing the work he undertakes to do, and he means to do it. What I have done for twenty-four years, in defiance of all menace, advice, bribe, suggestion, criticism, and abuse, I intend to do for twenty-four years more; that is to say, I mean to keep England in the Right Place. You can go. I have no intention of staying. But here is something to take home with you, and in utter defiance of the Treating Act, I give you all this Treat."

And as from the magic hat of FRIKELL or STODARE, there flew out innumerable copies of the

Forty-Eighth Volume.



Introduction.

VOLUME XLVIII.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1865.

THE PALMERSTON CABINET.—1865.

First Lord of the Treasury	VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Lord Chancellor	LORD WESTBURY.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster	EARL OF CLARENDON.
President of the Council	EARL GRANVILLE.
President of the Board of Trade	RIGHT HON. THOMAS M. GIBSON.
Lord Privy Seal	DUKE OF ARGYLL.
Home Office	SIR GEORGE GREY, BART.
Foreign Office	EARL RUSSELL.
Colonial Office	RIGHT HON. E. CARDWELL.
War Secretary	EARL DE GREY AND RIFON.
India Secretary	SIR CHARLES WOOD, BART.
Admiralty	DUKE OF SOMERSET.
Postmaster-General	LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.
Poor Law Board	RIGHT HON. CHARLES P. VILLIERS.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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THE year 1865 opened with every assurance of "peace and plenty." The cotton famine, which had been attended with so much misery during the two preceding years, had now almost vanished, and the Lancashire districts showed indications of returning prosperity. The unhappy contest in America, and which had now lasted four years, appeared to be drawing to a close, as the Southern States gave signs of exhaustion.

LORD PALMERSTON still held his place in the confidence of the people, and he was destined to outlive but a short time the Parliament about to expire of natural decay.

THE QUEEN, to the regret of all her subjects, still conceived it to be her duty to pay homage to the dead, and to decline to open Parliament in person. That ceremony, therefore, was performed by Commission.

HER MAJESTY'S Message was delivered from the throne by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the following extracts will at once explain the position of Great Britain at home and abroad :—

"We are commanded to assure you that HER MAJESTY has great satisfaction in recurring again to the advice and assistance of her Parliament.

"The negotiations in which the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA were engaged with the KING OF DENMARK were brought to a conclusion by a Treaty of Peace; and the communications which HER MAJESTY receives from foreign Powers lead her to entertain a well-founded hope that no renewed disturbance of the peace of Europe is to be apprehended.

"The civil war in North America still unhappily continues. HER MAJESTY remains steadfastly neutral between the contending parties, and would rejoice at a friendly reconciliation between them.

"A Japanese Daimio in rebellion against his sovereign, infringing the rights accorded by treaty to Great Britain and to certain other powers; and the Japanese Government having failed to compel him to desist from his lawless proceedings, the diplomatic agents and the naval commanders of Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States of North

America, undertook a combined operation for the purpose of asserting the rights which their respective Governments have obtained by treaty. That operation has been attended with complete success; and the result has afforded security for foreign commerce and additional strength to the Government of Japan, with which the relations of HER MAJESTY are friendly.

"Papers on this subject will be laid before you.

"HER MAJESTY regrets that the conflict with some of the native tribes in New Zealand has not yet been brought to a close, but the successful efforts of HER MAJESTY'S regular forces, supported by those raised in the colony, have led to the submission of the insurgents; and those who are still in arms have been informed of the equitable conditions on which their submission would be accepted.

"HER MAJESTY has had great satisfaction in giving her sanction to the meeting of a conference of delegates from her several North American provinces, who, on invitation from HER MAJESTY'S Governor-General, assembled at Quebec. Those delegates adopted resolutions having for their object a closer union of those provinces under a central Government. If those resolutions shall be approved by the provincial legislatures, a Bill will be laid before you for carrying this important measure into effect.

"HER MAJESTY rejoices at the general tranquillity of her Indian dominions, but HER MAJESTY regrets that long-continued outrages on the persons and property of subjects of HER MAJESTY, and for which no redress could be had, have rendered it necessary to employ a force to obtain satisfaction for the past and security for the future.

"HER MAJESTY deeply laments the calamity which has recently occasioned great loss of life and property at Calcutta and at other places in India. Prompt assistance was rendered by the officers of the Government, and generous contributions have been made in various parts of India to relieve the sufferings which have thus been occasioned."

HER MAJESTY then referred to the satisfactory condition of the revenue, the bountiful harvest which had been gathered throughout the country, and to other subjects which will be brought under notice in the Essence of Parliament. As that series of papers is so completely exhaustive of all that is worth preserving in the debates of the collective wisdom of the country, we shall direct our attention to those other matters which have been thought worthy of the attention of Mr. Punch.

Mr. Punch had occasion to notice the Pope's Encyclical

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Letter, and more especially its effect in France, and the large out, page 17, indicates how the matter was treated by the French Emperor. *Mr. Punch* has also referred to a *contretemps* of PRINCE NAPOLEON during the EMPEROR's visit to Algeria, in consequence of slight insurrection in that colony. The matter occasioned much talk at the time. The tone and sentiments of PLON-PLON's speech gave great offence to the French Government, and the EMPEROR was determined not to be compromised by the indiscretion of his relative. He therefore addressed to him the following letter:—

"Sir and very dear Cousin,—I cannot refrain from expressing to you the painful impression which the perusal of your speech at Ajaccio has made upon me.

"In leaving you during my absence near the EMPRESS and my son, as Vice-President of the Privy Council, I meant to give you a proof of my friendship and my confidence, and I hoped that your presence, your conduct, and your speeches would prove that union reigns in our family.

"The political programme which you place under the ægis of the Emperor can only serve the enemies of my Government. To judgments which I cannot accept, you add sentiments of hate and rancour which are no longer of our time.

"To know how to apply to present times the ideas of the Emperor, it is necessary to have passed through the hard ordeal of responsibility and authority; and, moreover, can we really, pigmies as we are, estimate at its proper value the great historical figure of NAPOLEON? As in presence of a colossal statue, we are powerless to take in the whole at once. We never see but that part which is turned to us; hence the incompleteness of the reproduction and the divergences of opinions.

"But what is clear to the eyes of every one is, that, in order to prevent the anarchy of minds, the formidable enemy of true liberty, the Emperor had established, first in his family, and then in his Government, a severe discipline, which admitted but of one will and one action. I cannot depart henceforth from the same line of conduct.

"On this, Sir, and dear Cousin, I pray God to have you in His holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON."

The Prince in consequence resigned his office of Vice-President of the Privy Council, and the affair was soon forgotten.

In the course of the autumn the English Channel fleet visited Brest, and their arrival was greeted by the French authorities with the most marked cordiality and kindness. Soon afterwards a portion of the French fleet returned the compliment by a visit to Portsmouth, where the inhabitants endeavoured to rival the reception given to our officers and men in France, by the warmth of their hospitality and the splendour of their festivities. In acknowledgment of this friendly feeling there appeared, on the 6th of September, in the *Moniteur*, the following bulletin:—"It affords us great satisfaction to call to mind with what courtesy the Government, the people, and the Press of England have greeted the French fleet in England. The *entente cordiale* which prevailed during the preceding reign has been rendered fruitful through the policy of the Empire. The friendly relations existing between France and England are founded upon their mutual interests and upon the uniformity of their principles in matters of public law. They rivalled one another in disinterestedness to ensure the independence of the Ottoman Empire, and when France had fought for Italy, England on her part determined no longer to retain the Ionian Islands,

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and consented that they should be restored to the origin of their nationality."

The General Election of the new Parliament was, perhaps, as unexciting as any within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and within a week most of the borough contests in England and Wales had been decided. In the City of London the four Liberal candidates outnumbered by majorities of two thousand their two Conservative opponents, and in Westminster, after a struggle of some interest, J. STUART MILL, the eminent philosophical writer, defeated LORD GROSVENOR by a large majority.

At Oxford the contest was severe. The candidates were MR. GLADSTONE and MR. GATHORNE HARDY. According to an Act framed in the last session electors could vote by papers transmitted through the post, and a period of five days was allowed for polling. A most active canvas throughout the country took place, and it was generally expected that the paper-voting system would be adverse to the interests of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and so it proved, as MR. HARDY beat MR. GLADSTONE by 1904 votes to 1724.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER addressed the following farewell address to the Members of Convocation:—

"Gentlemen,—After an arduous connection of eighteen years, I bid you respectfully farewell. My earnest purpose to serve you, my many faults and shortcomings, the incidents of the political relation between the University and myself, established in 1847, so often questioned in vain, and now at length finally dissolved, I leave to the judgment of the future. It is one imperative duty, and one alone, which induces me to trouble you with these few parting words: the duty of expressing my profound and lasting gratitude for indulgence as generous, and for support as warm and enthusiastic in itself, and as honourable from the character and distinctions of those who have given it, as has, in my belief, ever been accorded by any constituency to any representative.

"I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
Your obliged and obedient servant,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

"Hawarden, Chester, July 18, 1865."

Thus rejected, as SIR ROBERT PEEL had been before him, by the University of Oxford, MR. GLADSTONE at once resolved to appeal to another and very different constituency to return him to Parliament. The representation of South Lancashire was still open, and preparations for a keen struggle between the Liberal and Conservative parties had been for some time made. The nomination for that division had taken place on the 17th, and the name of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had been then proposed, the actual result at Oxford not being then known.

After a sharp contest, MR. GLADSTONE having made some eloquent and telling speeches, the CHANCELLOR stood third upon the poll, to the great delight of the Liberals who rejoiced at his emancipation from the trammels of the University. The general result of the election was favourable to the Liberal cause; but LORD PALMERSTON, whose health had been evidently failing for some months, ended his long public career in the month of October. This sad event was regarded as a heavy blow to the Cabinet, over which he had presided with such consummate skill for the last six years.

NOTES.

- | PAGE | | PAGE |
|------|--|--|
| 1 | Punch's Encyclical Letter. —The POPE had just issued an address to the priesthood. The VENERABLE P. GREEN is the respected proprietor of EVANS's Supper Rooms, which, much to MR. GREEN's credit, may be visited by old and young gentlemen. | A Trifle from Sutherlandshire. —The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND is well known as an amateur firemen. 83 |
| 3 | Praise for a Manager. —A certain Actress had appeared at Astley's Theatre in <i>Mazeppa</i> , and played a portion of the part in a most indelicate dress. | Elegy on the Porpoise. —A porpoise at the Zoological Gardens had been a great attraction. 84 |
| 17 | The Imperial Bullfighter. —The POPE's Encyclical Letter of last year having asserted the antiquated claims of the Holy See to decide on everything <i>ex cathedra</i> , the Minister of Justice in France therefore declared that certain expressions contained in the letter were contrary to the laws of the Empire as well as to the liberties of the Gallican Church. The priesthood, of course, resisted the mandate, but ineffectually. | Porculus Marinus Loquitur. —See Note to p. 84. 85 |
| 27 | The Schoolmaster at Home. —See Essence of Parliament. | The Faith as it is in Westbury. —See the Chancellor's Judgment in the case of <i>Essays and Reviews</i> , 1864. 95 |
| 31 | Mr. Punch's Handy-Book of the Stage. —The initial letter is a portrait of the one-legged dancer named DONATO. He proved sufficiently attractive to save the English Opera Company (Limited) from dissolution in 1865. DONATO died at the close of the year. | Nullus aut Cæsar. —Refers to the <i>Life of Cæsar</i> , by LOUIS NAPOLEON, and wherein the Imperial author strives to blow his great Uncle into undue proportions. 99 |
| 31 | The Great Mistletoe Question. —Several letters appeared in the <i>Times</i> on localities favourable to the growth of mistletoe. | The Duke's Motto. —See preceding Note, p. 83. 104 |
| 33 | New Book. —The author of the <i>Apologia</i> was DOCTOR (now CARDINAL) MANNING. | The Tormented Minister refers to the opening of the Indian Telegraph. 109 |
| 37 | The Brompton Area-Sneak refers to the proselytism of a young man by one of the fathers of the Oratory. | Amended Maxim for the Iron Districts. —The men were "out on strike." 114 |
| 42 | A Limb of the Law. —An action was brought for breach of engagement against DONATO, the one-legged dancer. See Note to page 3. | Vulcan in the Sulks. —See preceding note. 119 |
| 49 | Literary Paradox. —The last chapters of <i>Quite Alone</i> were written by another hand during MR. SALA's unavoidable absence from England, and without his consent. | Big and Little Bethells. —The Big and Little Bethell scandals subsequently led to LORD WESTBURY's resignation of the Great Seal. 123 |
| 52 | Beef at 3d. per lb. —An attempt was made to introduce an article of consumption called Jerked (or <i>charqued</i>) Beef from South America. Public prejudice, however, rejected a wholesome and cheap addition to the poor man's larder. | Arbitration better than Emigration. —The strike in the north. 141 |
| 57 | Back to School. —MR. GLADSTONE was solicited to give a portion of his anticipated surplus to the reduction of the Malt-Tax, Fire Assurance, &c., by the representatives of various interests. | "Strengthening the Bill." — <i>Belphegor the Mountebank</i> , had been produced at the Lyceum, MR. FECHTER, the manager, announcing that to strengthen the cast, his own son would appear. The analogy between that circumstance and LORD AMBERLEY's appearance at Leeds is shown in the cut. 163 |
| 60 | "As the old Cock crows, the young Cock learns." —LORD AMBERLEY, the son of EARL RUSSELL, had come out at Leeds as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. He made a crude, democratic speech, and was well snubbed for his indiscretion. | Song to be Sung on entering a Cheap Dining-room. —Cheap dining-rooms have been long named "Slap Bangs," from the manner in which the carvers at those places dash the viands on the plates. A vulgar fellow was singing a song with the burden quoted, and the trash became popular. 192 |
| 65 | A Clerical Error. —DR. TAIT, Bishop of London. | Bismarck on the Prussian Navy. —Prussia had taken possession of Kiel—a port. 208 |
| 65 | The Political Career of the Right Honourable B. Disraeli. —See Note to p. 25, Vol. XLVII. | "Out of the Parish." —See Essence of Parliament. 213 |
| 74 | The Davenport's Undone. —For an account of these impostors see Note to p. 189, Vol. XLVII. | Dizzy's K'rect Card for the "Derby" (?) —MR. DISRAELI had been taking the Church of England under his patronage. See Essence of Parliament. 225 |
| 79 | The Agricultural Jeremy Diddler. —See Essence of Parliament. | Whist in St. James's. —See opposite page, "Charity at Clubs." 228 |
| 83 | Delightful Ignorance. —Lumps of Delight—an eastern condiment, made of prepared gum and sugar. | "Strict Discipline." —The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, during a visit to Algeria, had appointed the EMPRESS Regent, and the PRINCE NAPOLEON Vice-President of the Privy Council. PLON-PLON made a most injudicious speech at Ajaccio, on the occasion of the inauguration of a monument erected to NAPOLEON I., and received a sharp letter of remonstrance from his cousin LOUIS in consequence. See Introduction. 235 |
| | | "Le Chant de Triomphe." —The winner of the Derby of 1865, was <i>Gladiator</i> , a French horse. 239 |
| | | "Feeling their Feet." —MR. GLADSTONE had recently introduced his son to the Electors at Chester; and see Note to p. 60. 245 |
| | | War-Song of the Westminster Doctor. —The medical profession in Westminster had declared against LORD GROSVENOR because he was a Homœopath. 260 |



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1865.

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	S. 1. 8. of Chr.	17	Tu. Franklin b.
2	M. 1. 9. 10. 11.	18	W. Princes
3	Tu. 1. 10. 11. 12.	19	Th. Watts
4	W. 1. 11. 12. 1. 2.	20	F. Watson
5	Th. 1. 12. 1. 2. 3.	21	S. Agnes
6	F. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.	22	S. 28. of Epp.
7	S. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	23	M. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
8	S. 1. 3. of Epp.	24	Tu. Fox b. 1749
9	M. 1. 4. of Epp.	25	W. Co. S. Paul
10	Tu. 1. 5. of Epp.	26	Th. Small duc.
11	W. 1. 6. of Epp.	27	F. Monast. b.
12	Th. 1. 7. of Epp.	28	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
13	F. 1. 8. of Epp.	29	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
14	S. 1. 9. of Epp.	30	M. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
15	S. 1. 10. of Epp.	31	Tu. Hill T. ends

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1	W. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.	15	W. Luther d.
2	Th. 1. 3. 4. 5.	16	Th. Burke m.
3	F. 1. 4. 5. 6.	17	F. Knave W.
4	S. 1. 5. 6. 7.	18	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
5	S. 1. 6. 7. 8.	19	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
6	S. 1. 7. 8. 9.	20	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
7	S. 1. 8. 9. 10.	21	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
8	S. 1. 9. 10. 11.	22	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
9	S. 1. 10. 11. 12.	23	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
10	S. 1. 11. 12. 1.	24	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
11	S. 1. 12. 1. 2.	25	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
12	S. 1. 1. 2. 3.	26	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
13	S. 1. 2. 3. 4.	27	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.
14	S. 1. 3. 4. 5.	28	S. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4.

THE BOAST OF THE BOARD OF WORK.—'Our Saxon forefathers drained the mead, and we will drain the metropolis.'

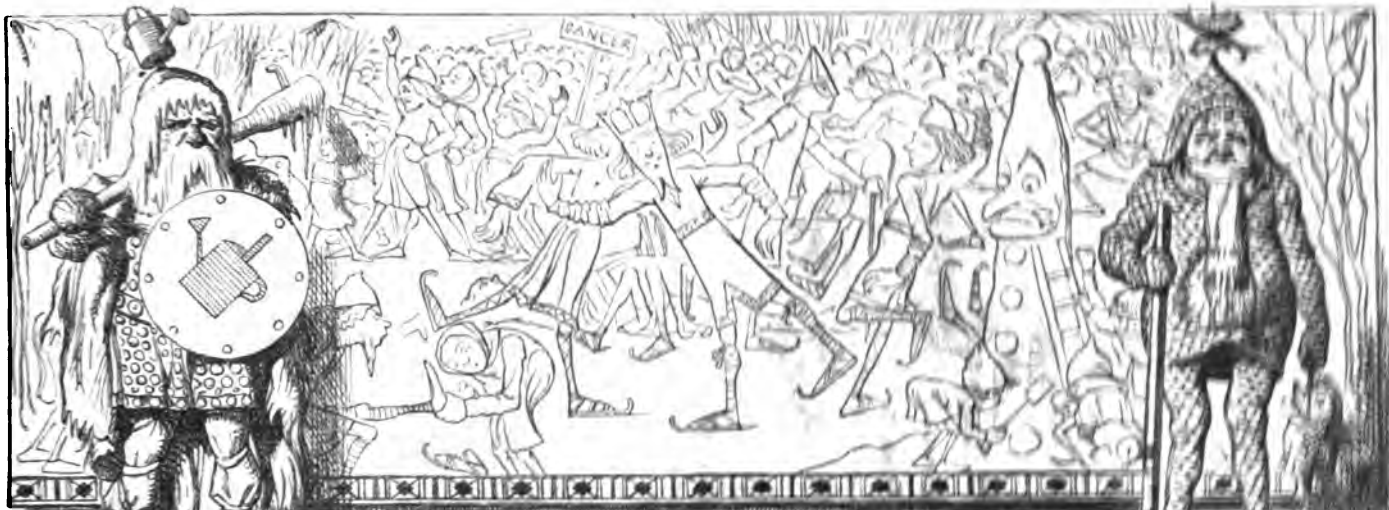
NEW PROVERB.
EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

WORSHIP OF THE SUN.—Was practised by the ancient Britons. Is still kept up by young British Mammies with their first baby-boys.



First Punch and Judy Man (to invalid ditto). "HULLO, BILL, COULDN'T THINK WHAT 'AD BECOME O' YER. RETIRED FROM BUSINESS? WHERE 'A YER BEEN? WHY! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YER?" Invalid Punch and Judy Man (in a whistling whisper). "BEEN LAID UP, JOE, WERY QUEER, GOT OVER IT NOW, THOUGH." First Punch and Judy Man. "WHAT, HAVE YOU 'AD A COLD?" Invalid. "WUSS, 'AD A HAACCIDENT. SWALLOWED THE CALL!!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1865.



AQUARIUS

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	S. A. P. 10.	12	F. A. P. 10.
2	A. A. P. 10.	13	P. A. P. 10.
3	T. A. P. 10.	14	W. A. P. 10.
4	W. A. P. 10.	15	T. A. P. 10.
5	Th. A. P. 10.	16	W. A. P. 10.
6	F. A. P. 10.	17	T. A. P. 10.
7	S. A. P. 10.	18	W. A. P. 10.
8	Th. A. P. 10.	19	F. A. P. 10.
9	F. A. P. 10.	20	S. A. P. 10.
10	S. A. P. 10.	21	Th. A. P. 10.
11	Th. A. P. 10.	22	F. A. P. 10.
12	F. A. P. 10.	23	S. A. P. 10.
13	S. A. P. 10.	24	Th. A. P. 10.
14	Th. A. P. 10.	25	F. A. P. 10.
15	F. A. P. 10.	26	S. A. P. 10.
16	S. A. P. 10.	27	Th. A. P. 10.
17	Th. A. P. 10.	28	F. A. P. 10.
18	F. A. P. 10.	29	S. A. P. 10.
19	S. A. P. 10.	30	Th. A. P. 10.
20	Th. A. P. 10.	31	F. A. P. 10.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1865.

PICES

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1	S. A. P. 10.	12	F. A. P. 10.
2	A. A. P. 10.	13	P. A. P. 10.
3	T. A. P. 10.	14	W. A. P. 10.
4	W. A. P. 10.	15	T. A. P. 10.
5	Th. A. P. 10.	16	W. A. P. 10.
6	F. A. P. 10.	17	T. A. P. 10.
7	S. A. P. 10.	18	W. A. P. 10.
8	Th. A. P. 10.	19	F. A. P. 10.
9	F. A. P. 10.	20	S. A. P. 10.
10	S. A. P. 10.	21	Th. A. P. 10.
11	Th. A. P. 10.	22	F. A. P. 10.
12	F. A. P. 10.	23	S. A. P. 10.
13	S. A. P. 10.	24	Th. A. P. 10.
14	Th. A. P. 10.	25	F. A. P. 10.
15	F. A. P. 10.	26	S. A. P. 10.
16	S. A. P. 10.	27	Th. A. P. 10.
17	Th. A. P. 10.	28	F. A. P. 10.

THE BOARD OF THE BOARD OF WORKS—THEY HAVE
forfeited the moral, and we will drain the metro-
politan.

SAN FRANCISCO
Ready to let and early to rise.
Is the way to find straight and true the eyes.

WOMEN OF THE FUTURE—THEY HAVE
helping to fill
the first light.



First Punch and July Men (to himself only)
"WE WILL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE?"
First Punch and July Men. "WHAT, HAVE"

MR. PUNCH
TO THE AUTHOR WITH THE
WOMEN OF THE FUTURE

WRIGHT, ART

HACKNEY CARRIAGE (OR CAB) FARES AND REGULATIONS.

The Driver must drive six miles in any direction, no matter where you want to go.

If a dispute occur after the closing of the police court, the hirer will remain in the cab all night, and the Driver is bound to call him at a seasonable hour in the morning.

Ladies will invariably address every cabdriver as "Mr. Cabman."

Young men may talk to him as "Cabby," but must, of course, pay something extra for the privilege.

Property left in a cab shall be given up to the commissioner of police, who is bound to find an owner for it somewhere.

The proprietor of every omnibus shall prevent each passenger, on leaving his vehicle, with a bill of fare.

Any cabman or bus conductor misbehaving himself in any way whatsoever, is dressed in a long white sheet, and, with a lighted candle in his hand, is forced to walk barefoot to St Paul's, where, after publicly recanting, he will be invited to partake of a cold collation in the whispering gallery. He will then be driven three times round the cathedral, accompanied by the organist on the large organ.

No cabman has undergone this sentence for many years; a fact that speaks volumes for their social improvement.

SONG OF MERCURY.

VERY brief my circuit's term is.
My Homeric name is Hermes,
Which don't rhyme to Holofernes.



BANTING BE BLOWED.

Needy Nephew. "I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, UNCLE, AND THAT IT'S MY DEBTS KEEP ME SO THIN. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO TAKE 'EM OFF MY HANDS, GIVE OVER BANTING, AND GO IN FOR THAT OLD FORT AGAIN!"

A VALENTINE.

THE turtle doves, they bill and coo;
The hen goes cluck cluck-cluck!
The cock cries "Urooooo-roo";
The drake quacks to the duck.
The gander cackles to his goose;
Compliance hiseth she:
The lark—the lark were Hy-men's noose,
Old Fright, for you and me.

THINGS NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.

(FOR SERVANTS.)

That master has to be called at six o'clock, in order that he may go by the first train on most important business.
That (if called) he'll want his breakfast.
That any bell has been rung twice already.
That you have been told over and over again not to slam the doors.
That your mistress called you five minutes ago.
That the area gate must not be left open.
That the newspaper is not to remain in the kitchen or pantry all day.
That you have broken three of the new wine glasses and a decanter or two.
That master's boots have to be cleaned—also the silver by a certain time in the day.
That the cloth should be laid for the dining-room dinner twenty minutes before it is required.
That the family requires to be quite as comfortable as those in the kitchen.

A SEPULCHRAL BARROW.—
The Knacker's cart.



MIGHT BE WORSE.

Darling Daughter. "OH, PA, WHAT D'YOU THINK? MA'S LOST TEN POUNDS!"
Daughter. "HUSH—SH, PA! SINCE SHE'S BANTING I MEAN—AVERDUPHINE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, YOU KNOW!"

Papa. "WHAT! THE OLD —."



ARIES

MARCH xxxi Days.

1 W	Ash Wed.	17 F	St. Patrick
2 Th	S. r. 5th 4m	18 S	Pa. Loe. h.
3 F	S. r. 5th 2m	19 S	S. S. in Lent.
4 S	Summ. h.	20 M	Spring U. s.
5 M	1st in Lent.	21 T	Good Fri.
6 T	M. Aug. h.	22 W	St. John's
7 Th	Perpetua	23 Th	A. Wabaw
8 F	(1860)	24 F	Q. Rita d.
9 Th	Battle over	25 S	Lad. D. An.
10 F	prop. 1843	26 S	4 s. in Lent.
11 S	Lenten. Taa	27 M	James I. d.
12 M	2 S. in Lent.	28 Tu	Cathou
13 Tu	Priscilla h.	29 W	R. r. 5th 4m
14 Th	Byng. 1841	30 Th	St. V. s.
15 W	(1861)	31 F	S. r. 5th 2m
16 Th	De Kent d.		

SONG OF VENUS.

GREGIANS called me Aphrodite,
And my little boy has wings;
From the sea I sprang up, mighty,
So my chariot has C. springs.

LOVE SONG.

Love me, lady!
My hair is gray;
When round comes pay-day
I cannot pay.
My corns are awful,
My prospects shady,
I want a comforter:
Love me, lady!

GUIDE FOR MARCH.

This is the time for Hyde Park.
On the beautiful river Serpentine (so called from its winding course from Pimlico to Bayswater), you can take a row; and on your way back, if on foot or on horseback, you can take another row—Rotten Row. In winter boating is at a discount: this is during an ear frost.

FANCY HISTORY.—"Take away that Banble," as TOM SAYERS exclaimed, contemptuously, to MACE, after his seconds threw up the sponge.

A LINE FOR LENT.—A fast day is the stomach's holiday.

APRIL xxx Days.

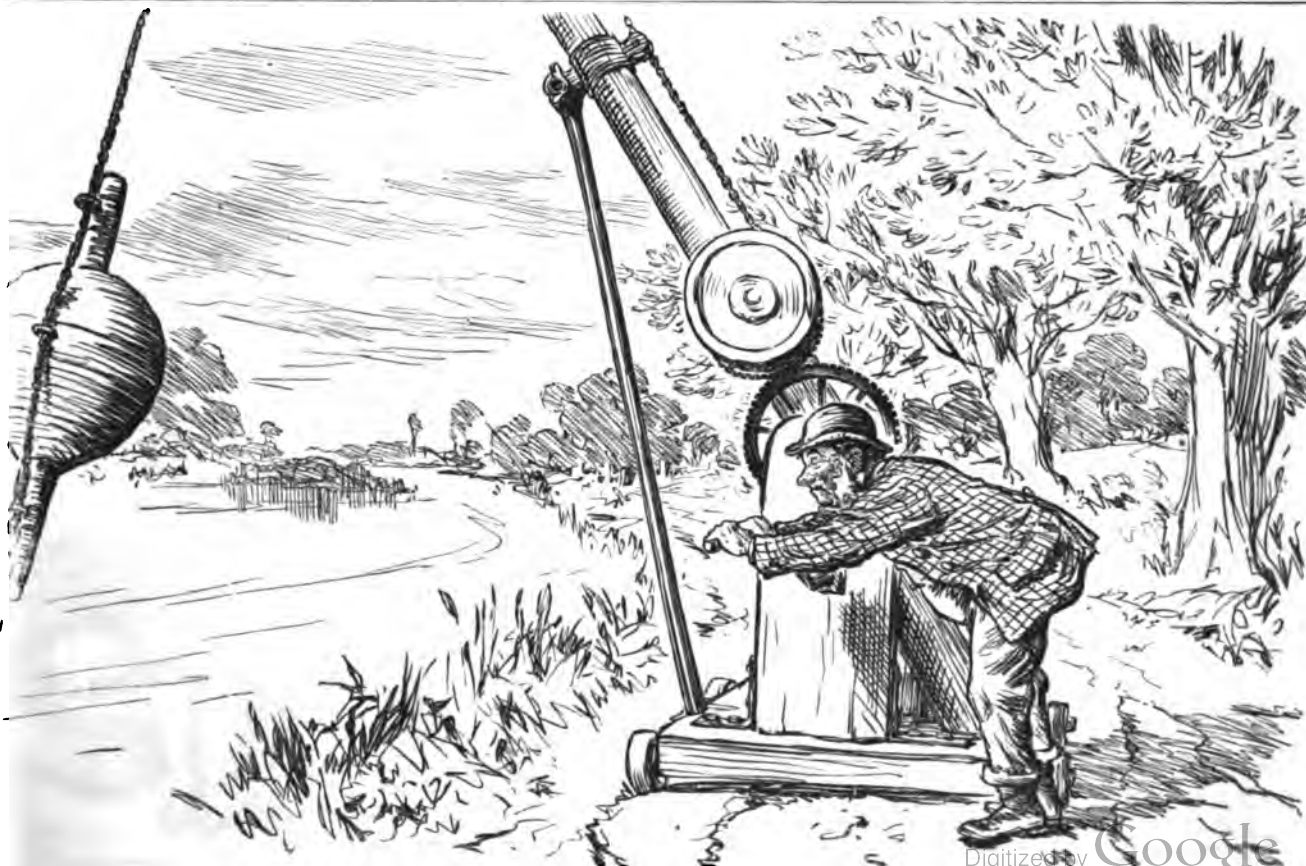
1 S	H. Coblenz	16 S	Raster Sun.
2 M	S. S. in Lent.	17 Tu	Raster Mon.
3 Tu	S. r. 5th 2m	18 Th	Good Fri.
4 Th	S. r. 5th 4m	19 W	Os. E. T. h.
5 F	St. John's	20 Th	St. John's
6 S	Old Ia. Da.	21 F	Os. E. T. h.
7 M	Fr. Leep. h.	22 S	Ostern Sonn.
8 Tu	(1853)	23 M	Low Sun.
9 Th	Palm Sun.	24 Tu	H. Landwehr
10 F	Healit. h.	25 Th	Mark Pas.
11 S	Canning d.	26 W	Alvin h.
12 M	Young d.	27 Th	Good Fri.
13 Tu	S. r. 5th 1m	28 F	1787
14 Th	Good Fri.	29 S	S. r. 5th 4m
15 F	Raster T. h.	30 M	S. S. in Lent.

THINGS NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.

Things, also, most particularly not worth remembering, are—

Where that cold fowl and jelly went that was left from lunch the other day.
To keep the coalscuttle filled.

The name of the gentleman who called on important business, but had no card.
To dust the bookshelves.



PISCICULTURE.

THE NEW PATENT TRACTION CRANE. BUFFINS LANDS A FINE "SILURUS GLANIS," 400 lbs. WEIGHT, AFTER AN EXCITING RUN OF FOUR MILES.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BY THE ARISTOCRATIC CLASSES.



LACE ORNAMENT FOR FIRESTOVE, MADE AND EXHIBITED BY ADMIRAL SIR HERCULES BLUEBLAST, K.C.B. (Gold Medal.)
MAGNIFICENT PATCHWORK COVERLID, BY THE SAME. (Honourable Mention.)



Class IV. IMPLEMENTS OF SELF-DEFENCE. MANUFACTURED BY THE LADY FLORA MISTLETOE, EXHIBITED BY THE COUNTESS PANTINGTON, HER MOTHER. (Gold Medal.)

SONG OF MARS.

I'm the reddest of the stars,
And my Latin name is Mars,
Whose alias is Ares, if you speak to him in Greek :
So a martialist in red,
May be often seen, it's said,
Descending of the Areas like a millingtony sneak.

SPOILED STAMPS.—Let Mamma give in to her darling in nineteen cases; then call in Papa to say "no" in the twentieth, and in all probability you will find no end of spoiled stamps on the nursery floor.

ADVICE FOR ALL FOOLS.

HARK how all the donkeys bray !
It is All Fools' festive day.
Now, my boys, contract your debts,
Now then, lay your heavy beta,
Now for friends accept bills, please ;
Now become your friends' trustees ;
Now, poor fellow, start your carriage,
Now make promises of marriage,
Or, with barely means of life,
Go at once and take a wife.

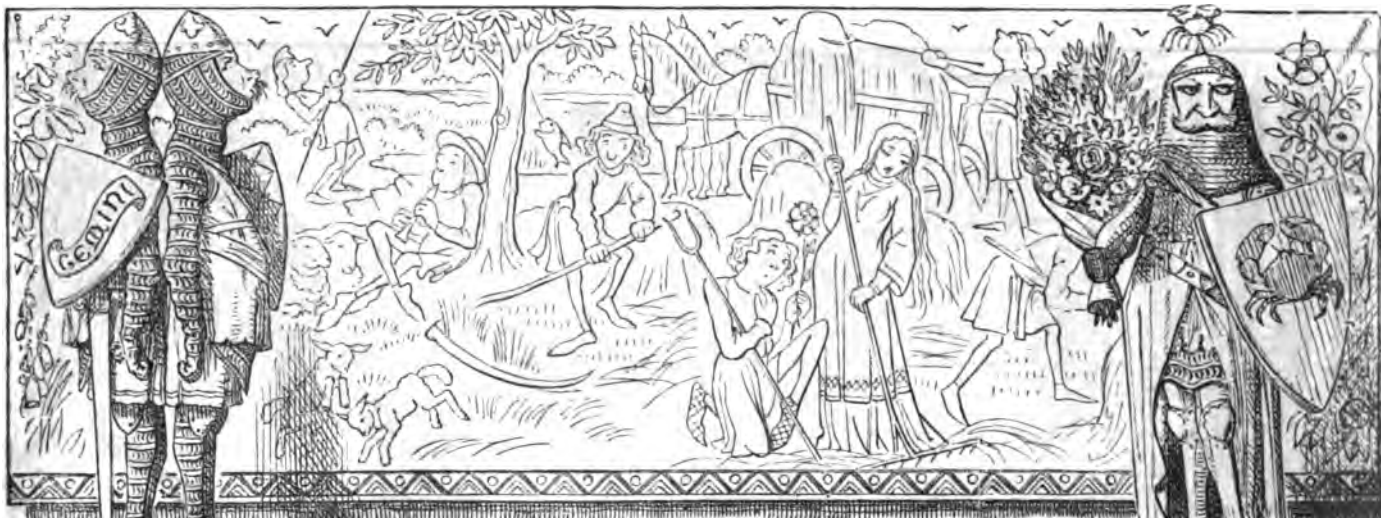
THE MARRIED CLERK-MARTYR.

A weaky lot is mine, my dear,
Condemned to toll from ten to three,
But two months' holidays a-year,
And all to keep a home for thee !
A thousand pounds my salary ! Ah !
Why did you answer, " Ask Mamma " ?

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—An Irish homoeopathic physician recommends Bark in hydrophobia, on the principle that it is a hair of the dog that bit you.



Mr. VANDYKE BROWN, having left the Dress on the Lay Figure carefully arranged, goes out for his usual Exercise, and this is how the Boys took Advantage of his Absence.



GEMINI

MAY xxxi Days.

1 M. Fr. d. 17 W.	Tellard d.
2 T. s. 4 d. 18 Th.	Hellingsham
3 W. s. 7 d. 19 F.	see [1812]
4 Th. Spring 1st. 20 s.	A. Dotee B.
5 F. Sep. 1 d. 21 S.	Rings. Son.
6 S. John. 22 S.	C. T. Adams.
7 S. 23. of K. 23 T.	(1619)
8 M. s. 24. 24 W.	Q. Viet. B.
9 T. H. Q. D. 25 Th.	Arms. Day
10 W. Rot. 26 F.	Arms. 1799
11 Th. K. T. 27 s.	Arms. 1799
12 F. s. 28. 28 S.	Arms. 1799
13 S. 29. of K. 29 T.	Arms. 1799
14 F. 30. of K. 30 W.	Arms. 1799
15 Th. 31. of K. 31 W.	Arms. 1799
16 T. s. 1. 1. 1.	Arms. 1799

SONG OF JUPITER.

I was a god,
And my name it was Zeus,
The things that I did
Were without an excuse.

GUIDE FOR MAY.

NEXT month for the country.
Go to Bath. If you stop in Town
visit the Tower. Ask to see the
Constable of the Tower. He will
wait upon you if on duty; if not,
ask for any other Constable; they're
all alike. The Bookkeepers are fed
at one o'clock punctually. Be in
time. You are allowed to throw

greens (bodied) to them, which
they will thankfully devour. If you
require exercise, work the clubs in
Pall Mall and St. James's Street.

POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

He who must earn before he dine,
Ought to be called at half-past
nine;
He who has tick at "Cook" or
"Cheese,"
Need not get up until he please.

MAY-DAY. PISCICULTURE.—Now
stock your aquarium with pike,
and put in plenty of water-weed,
and then ask people to come and
see Jack in the Grog.

JUNE xxx Days.

1 T. s. 2. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	West Tyler
2 F. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	see [1812]
3 W. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
4 Th. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
5 F. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
6 S. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
7 S. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
8 M. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
9 T. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
10 W. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
11 Th. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
12 F. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
13 S. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
14 S. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
15 M. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
16 T. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
17 W. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
18 Th. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
19 F. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
20 S. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
21 S. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
22 M. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
23 T. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
24 W. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
25 Th. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
26 F. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
27 S. 28. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
28 S. 29. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
29 M. 30. 31.	Arms. 1799
30 T. 31.	Arms. 1799
31 W.	Arms. 1799

BEING IN ON A JOKE.—A testotaller, living not far from
Cheltenham, has pledged himself to read no poet but Spen-
ser, because he is the only one in whom he can find "the
well of English undefiled."

CHEST-FALLEN.—A lady who had made a fortune by con-
fectionery, applied to the Herald's College for a coat of
arms, and was rather discomfited on being told that they
could only give her a—lozange.

BRITISH PEARLS.—TACITUS says they were common in
his time. They may still occasionally be met with, though
rare. The best kinds are, a good wife, a thorough cook, a
bottle of forty port, and a perfect beef-steak.

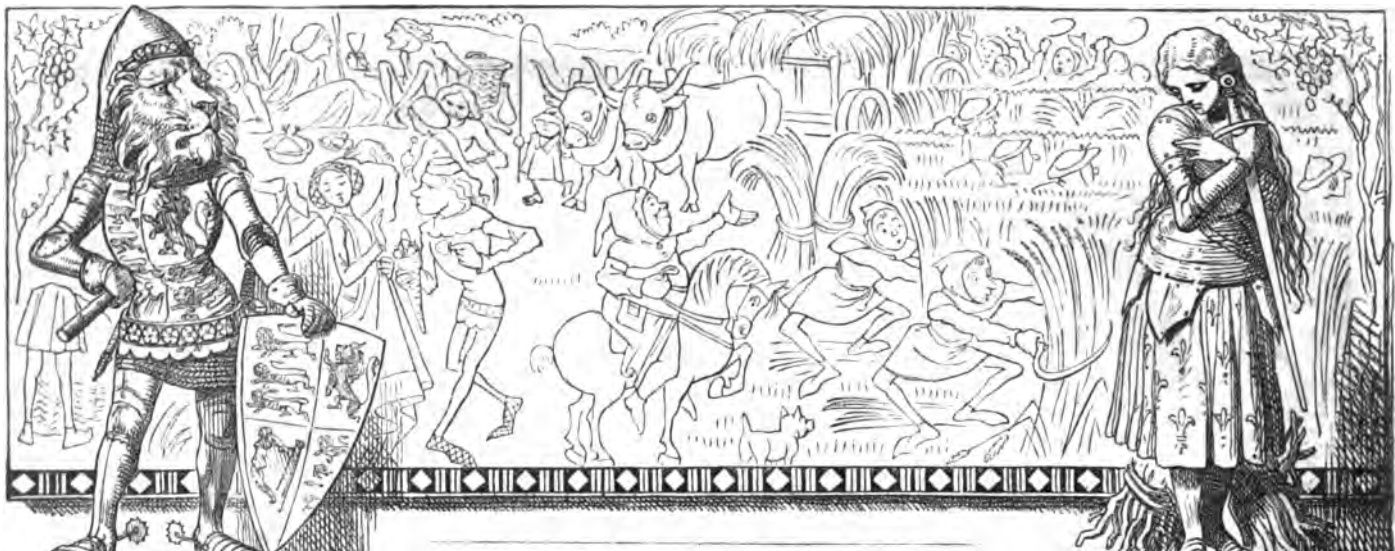




PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.—THE STREETS.

PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.—THE SERPENTINE.





LEO

JULY xxxi Days.

1 S	8 s. 2d. 6m.	17 M	8 s. 4d. 4m.
2 S	8 s. 2d. 10m.	18 M	8 s. 4d. 8m.
3 S	8 s. 2d. 14m.	19 M	8 s. 4d. 12m.
4 S	8 s. 2d. 18m.	20 M	8 s. 4d. 16m.
5 S	8 s. 2d. 22m.	21 M	8 s. 4d. 20m.
6 S	8 s. 2d. 26m.	22 M	8 s. 4d. 24m.
7 S	8 s. 2d. 30m.	23 M	8 s. 4d. 28m.
8 S	8 s. 2d. 34m.	24 M	8 s. 4d. 32m.
9 S	8 s. 2d. 38m.	25 M	8 s. 4d. 36m.
10 S	8 s. 2d. 42m.	26 M	8 s. 4d. 40m.
11 S	8 s. 2d. 46m.	27 M	8 s. 4d. 44m.
12 S	8 s. 2d. 50m.	28 M	8 s. 4d. 48m.
13 S	8 s. 2d. 54m.	29 M	8 s. 4d. 52m.
14 S	8 s. 2d. 58m.	30 M	8 s. 4d. 56m.
15 S	8 s. 2d. 62m.	31 M	8 s. 4d. 60m.

SONG OF JUNO.

If you put the civil quere,
What's my name in Greek, it's
Herk.
(That *broth*, Love, was often beery.)

THE EFFECT OF GETTING MARRIED.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other: "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

LOVE SONG.

THEY say I am a bad young man,
I rather think they tell the
truth.
I get in debt where'er I can,
I've bet and gambled from my
youth.
I swear, and drink, and stop out
late,
And rob my friends of rings and
pins:
Wed me, and save me from the fate
Which else will recompense my
sins!

ONE GREAT LOTTERY OFFICE
STILL RECOGNISED BY THE LAW.—
The Marriage Register.

VIRGO

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1 T	8 s. 2d. 6m.	17 T	8 s. 4d. 4m.
2 T	8 s. 2d. 10m.	18 T	8 s. 4d. 8m.
3 T	8 s. 2d. 14m.	19 T	8 s. 4d. 12m.
4 T	8 s. 2d. 18m.	20 T	8 s. 4d. 16m.
5 T	8 s. 2d. 22m.	21 T	8 s. 4d. 20m.
6 T	8 s. 2d. 26m.	22 T	8 s. 4d. 24m.
7 T	8 s. 2d. 30m.	23 T	8 s. 4d. 28m.
8 T	8 s. 2d. 34m.	24 T	8 s. 4d. 32m.
9 T	8 s. 2d. 38m.	25 T	8 s. 4d. 36m.
10 T	8 s. 2d. 42m.	26 T	8 s. 4d. 40m.
11 T	8 s. 2d. 46m.	27 T	8 s. 4d. 44m.
12 T	8 s. 2d. 50m.	28 T	8 s. 4d. 48m.
13 T	8 s. 2d. 54m.	29 T	8 s. 4d. 52m.
14 T	8 s. 2d. 58m.	30 T	8 s. 4d. 56m.
15 T	8 s. 2d. 62m.	31 T	8 s. 4d. 60m.

THE BANKS.—Employ a waterman from any City cabstand to take you from bank to bank. It is a pretty sight to notice the current coin passing between the city banks.

HOW TO CALCULATE THE VARIATIONS IN THE BARROW-METER.—Measure the bottoms of the ostermonger's pints in dispensing Barcelonas from his barrow.

A JAUNT IN JUNE.—MRS. WASHINGTON, while staying at Brentford, visits Kew Gardens, and then writes home word that she "has been to Kew and sin the Kewrosities."



THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP—OLD LADY'S FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

"Well, I'm sure, what a most extraordinary crinoline that creature has on!"

HORTICULTURAL CURIOSITIES.



Cooker. "STROBERRY, POINS STROBERRY, PENNY A SLICE; BLACK CURRANTS, TWO FOR THREE 'ALFENCE'."



THE PRIZE WATER MELON.
Connoisseur (tasting). "HM! I THINK ANOTHER FORTNIGHT WILL DO IT, BROWN."



THE IRISH GOOSEBERRY REACHES THE CULMINATING POINT OF MATURITY ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE EXHIBITION.

HACKNEY CARRIAGE (OR CAB) FARES AND REGULATIONS.

You can hire a cab by the mile or the hour; it is generally done, however, by holding up the hand, the stick, the umbrella, and by shouting out "Hi!" If hired by the stick, it is 6d. a mile; and if by the expression of your "Hi," the fare is equally low.

If you are unable to defray the expense of your drive, tell the Driver to take you up to the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade. Then get out, tell him to wait, enter the Arcade, and having walked quickly through, exit at the other end. He can't be in two places at once, and thus all unpleasantness and disputation as to the amount may be avoided.

Babies and children under five, are charged by weight; and when the wait is over a quarter of an hour, it is more than sixpence. The precise value of three children is therefore easily calculated.

Two children under ten are equal to an adult person. Parents travelling in cabs are required by law to carry with them the baptismal certificates of their children, which they are bound to produce every five minutes, if requested so to do by the Cabman.

The Cabman has no right to turn round on his seat and make faces at his fare through the window. This is specially provided against, by a bye-law.

Every Driver is bound to give the hirer a ticket of some sort or another. Ask for one for the Opera, if in the Season, or for a stall at any one of the theatre.

SONG OF GEORGIUM SIDUS.

This name a party nowadays soft
Bestowed with courtly views commercial:
And when old GEORGEY came aloft,
Of course you changed the name to HERSCHEL.

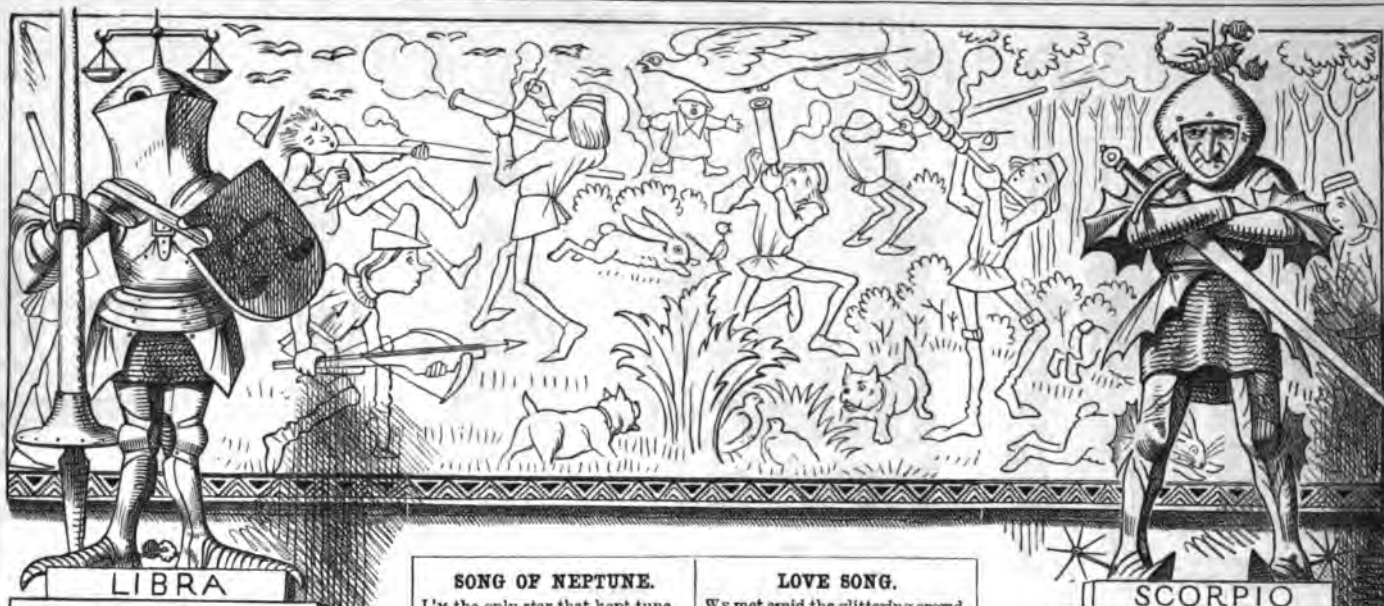
NEWS FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Of tidings there is dearth,
Yet still doth Mother Earth
Teem with great facts, potato, pumpkin, pea,
And regularly thou
Ever appearedst now,
Old friend at need, Enormous Gooseberry.



YOUNG FITZ-GHIBELLINE (OF THE BLUES) GOES A-VISITING IN HIS LOVELY, NEW BROUGHAM, WHEN—

Street Boy. "I SAY, BELL, 'ERE'S A SWELL OF A DOCTOR. S'POSE WE GET, 'SCOTCH'!"



LIBRA

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1 P	Part. ch. c.	16 H	Jan. II d
2 S	S. x. 5h15m	17 S	14 R. s. f. Tr
3 S	12 R. s. f. Tr	18 M	Gen. l. land.
4 M	N. R. la c.	19 T	R. F. l. l. a.
5 T	Com. d.	20 W	Emb. W.
6 W	Col. d.	21 T	St. Matth.
7 T	R. m. d.	22 F	com.
8 F	N. R. V. M.	23 S	Auto. Qu.
9 S	Rel. d.	24 S	18 R. s. f. Tr
10 S	12 R. s. f. Tr	25 M	R. A. 1815
11 M	S. of Del.	26 T	St. Cyren.
12 T	h. 1759	27 W	Al. gers.
13 W	Gr. W. d.	28 T	S. i. 5h57m
14 T	Wall. d.	29 F	M. d. 28m
15 F	d. 1853	30 S	S. i. 28m

SONG OF NEPTUNE.

I'm the only star that kept tune
When the spheres their music
tried on.
Latin lubbers call me Neptune.
My dear eyes, my name's Pos-
eidon.

FOR A CHILD.

SPEAK when not spoken to,
Sulk when you're chid,
Bang the door after you,
Good little kid.

THE ONLY ASSURANCE DUTY
WHICH MR. PUNCH WILL BEAR OF.
—The Duty of Assurance.

LOVE SONG.

We met amid the glittering crowd,
We danced, I tore thine ample
skirt,
And thou, not shy and noways
proud.
Demandedst why I would not flirt:
Thy frankness will not let me
shrink
From this avowal fair and true.
Because I have a wife, and think
She's a much nicer girl than you.

FLEET MARRIAGES are not yet
done away with—at least a great
number of people who get mar-
ried, regret they were not slower
about it.

SCORPIO

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1 S	16 R. s. f. Tr	17 T	R. d. d. d.
2 M	C. M. T. h.	18 W	St. Luke
3 T	S. x. 5h15m	19 T	R. d. d. d.
4 W	S. x. 5h20m	20 F	R. Nov. d.
5 T	Placid. d.	21 S	Tr. d. g.
6 F	Pl. d.	22 M	19 R. s. f. Tr
7 S	R. of Lep. d.	23 W	R. d. d. d.
8 M	17 R. s. f. Tr	24 T	W. d. d. d.
9 T	St. Denis	25 W	St. Crisp.
10 W	Gr. M. T. h.	26 T	D. d. d. d.
11 T	Old M. d.	27 F	(St. Jude
12 T	S. x. 5h15m	28 S	S. x. 5h15m
13 F	Ed. Conf.	29 S	20 R. s. f. Tr
14 S	R. Hastings	30 M	S. x. 5h57m
15 M	18 R. s. f. Tr	31 T	S. x. 5h15m

SPORT IN THE SUBURBS.—Exhausted brickfield taken on
lease by speculative builder. Rubbish shooting commences.

QUOTATION WANTED.—“That Strain again?” [Try BUR-
TON'S Anatomy.]

THE MOST POTENT LOCO-MOTIVE ENGINE.—An M.P. in the
eyes of his Constituents who want places.



NOVEL ADVERTISING.

OUR FRIEND WITH THE FINE FIGURE HAS ACCEPTED A SUIT OF CLOTHES FROM AN ACCOMMODATING TAILOR. NO MENTION HAS BEEN MADE OF PAYMENT. HE STARS IT ON THE
PARADE, AND ENJOYS THE SENSATION HE CREATES, LITTLE KNOWING WHAT USE THE TAILOR'S TOUT IS MAKING OF HIS FASHIONABLE APPEARANCE BEHIND HIS BACK.

REMARKABLE EVENTS,
INVENTIONS, &c.

(B.C. 52.)—Alexandrian Library burnt, giving occasion to OMAR's detestable pun, "What began with *Alexander*, should end with *the grate*." The Panizzi of the period flings himself into the blazing ruins of the reading-room.

(A.D. 274.)—Silk first brought from India. It was unbleached, and the colour gave rise to the word "D'Ingy."

(A.D. 1093.)—Wine first sold by apothecaries as a "cordial," and since by wine merchants as "a compound." Hence, the "rich cordials and compounds" still to be read of on tap-room placards.

(A.D. 1160.)—Glass invented in England by BENEDICT a monk, and like other monkish inventions in England, seen through from the first.

(A.D. 1540.)—Gunpowder invented by the monk SCHWARTZ (*Anglice*, Black). Great triumph of the black art.

A RHYME AND A RIDDLE.

THE reason's plain as any poker,
A costermonger's like a smoker:
D'ye see (here in the ribs a poke)
He can't get on without his
(s) mokes.

A VOLUNTEER says that he has read with impatience the foolish speculations about the holes in the Lunar Orb. He has no doubt that they were made by parties who have shot the Moon. He adds, that his landlord agrees with him.

HOMOEOPATHIC DIET.—In a case of sluggish digestion, try snail-broth.

MIDDLE CLASS EXAMINATIONS.—A schoolboy, who regarded his studies with an objectionable levity, was asked how many Argonauts there were? He replied, that their number could not be reckoned, because noughts were ciphers.

PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT.

"The trampled worm will turn," say men of learning.
Trample again, until he's tired of turning.

HOW TO KEEP A BIRTHDAY.—Keep it to yourself.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note.—A Man in a false position frequently consults his Solicitor. A Woman in similar circumstances is prompted to put herself into communication with her Mirror.

Query.—Does it follow that Woman is superior to Man, considered as a purely reflective being?

Note.—In the race of life, a gallant Sportsman has observed, Woman the favourite carries off all the cups and plates.

Query.—Is there anything remarkable in this fact, looking at the subject from all points of view, and taking into consideration her naturally winning ways?

Note.—Philosophers, perplexed to give a satisfactory definition of Woman, have petulantly pronounced her a puzzle.

Query.—Will this ingenious suggestion account for her feeling so much pleasure in taking a rival to pieces?

PRETTY INNOCENCE.

"MA, dear has Papa any bachelor uncles?"

"No, my love." "Then Mamma, dear, pray what mean your taunts?"

For you said just before his last gift, those cartuncles,
He was too fond of seeing his bachelor haunts!"

CHARING-CROSS.—There have been various etymologies for the word. It is evidently from the effect of the occupation. When was any woman obliged to go out Charing other than Cross?

THE BEST ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR 1865.—ITS OWN DISSOLUTION.

COUNSEL TO THE POOR.

WHEN lands and money all are spent,
Take a large house, and don't pay rent.

THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

(Dedicated to PUSEY, DENISON & Co.)

Lizzy. "OH, AMY, WHERE IS THE MISTLETOE?"

Amy. "THEY NEVER HAVE IT IN CHURCH, DEAR."

Lizzy. "OH, THEN WE MUST NOT LOVE EACH OTHER WHEN WE ARE IN CHURCH."



THE DANGER OF HAVING FIRE-ARMS IN YOUR BED-ROOM.

Alarmed Wife. "OH, GEORGE! WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

George. "HUSH! IT'S THE WAITER."



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1 W	All Saints	16 Th	Rebecca d.
2 Th	All Saints	17 F	Hog's Day
3 F	S. & G. 55m	18 S	Rebecca b.
4 S	Inchmarnock	19 S	St. Andrew
5 Th	St. Andrew	20 M	St. Andrew
6 F	St. Andrew	21 Tu	St. Andrew
7 Tu	St. Andrew	22 W	St. Andrew
8 W	St. Andrew	23 Th	St. Andrew
9 Th	St. Andrew	24 F	St. Andrew
10 F	St. Andrew	25 S	St. Andrew
11 S	St. Andrew	26 M	St. Andrew
12 M	St. Andrew	27 Tu	St. Andrew
13 Tu	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew
14 W	St. Andrew	29 Th	St. Andrew
15 Th	St. Andrew	30 F	St. Andrew

A POEM (à la Pope) ON A VERY FAT PARTY.

DAN CUPID hath no arrow that
Could reach thy heart through all
thy fat;
But should one ever pierce, and
raise
A flame, thou'dst perish in the
blaze!

CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Does it
soothe the feelings of a photo-
grapher, when he receives a posi-
tive refusal from a lady, that she
gives him a negative?

SEASONABLE.—Poulterers like
Christmas, because then they
feather their nests.

LOVE SONG.

I love thee more and love thee less
Each day I come and woo,
And if this riddle thou canst guess,
'Tis more than I can do.
But this I know, and this I vow,
Behind is not before,
And if I love thee less than now,
I'll never love thee more.

CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—What sort
of a marriage should you say that
is which a man makes whose name
is Morgan, and who lives in a
garret? A Morganatic marriage.

CHEAP RECEIPT FOR MAKING A
RAISED PIE.—Sell a penny tart for
twopence.

CAPRICORNVS

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 F	St. Thomas	17 S	St. Thomas
2 S	St. Thomas	18 M	St. Thomas
3 M	St. Thomas	19 Tu	St. Thomas
4 Tu	St. Thomas	20 W	St. Thomas
5 W	St. Thomas	21 Th	St. Thomas
6 Th	St. Thomas	22 F	St. Thomas
7 F	St. Thomas	23 S	St. Thomas
8 S	St. Thomas	24 M	St. Thomas
9 M	St. Thomas	25 Tu	St. Thomas
10 Tu	St. Thomas	26 W	St. Thomas
11 W	St. Thomas	27 Th	St. Thomas
12 Th	St. Thomas	28 F	St. Thomas
13 F	St. Thomas	29 S	St. Thomas
14 S	St. Thomas	30 M	St. Thomas
15 M	St. Thomas	31 Tu	St. Thomas

A DELICATE HINT.—However much we may dislike to be
perplexed or inconvenienced during the rest of the year, at
Christmas we all wish to be hampered.

A THING NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.—That the fires in
"master's study" and the dining-room have to be kept in
during the day.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIME.—The best house to spend the
31st of December in is a schoolmaster's, because there you
are sure of having the new year properly ushered in.



THE GENTLEMAN REPRESENTED ABOVE IS AT FAULT (FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE). HE HAS BEEN INDUCED TO TRY THE DAVENPORT TRICK, BUT AFTER HAVING BEEN
BOUND, HE FINDS HE "CANNOT DISENTANGLE."
(N.B. You perceive the mistletoe bough hanging over Mr. Punch's head.)



PUNCH'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

DEAR Boys, Dear Boys, if you will allow us to quote the words of the Venerable P. GREEN (*No. 1865 in the Books*), we shall have great pleasure in reiterating the sounds of Hospitality, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, How are all round the fireside? as often as it is agreeable to your noble selves. Not, however, to weary you with needless repetitions, after the cheery fashion of the revered PAUL DE BEDFORD, whose work, addressed to so many "Corinthians," we have recently perused, we will content ourselves with admonishing you that "we are here again!" (*vide Clown's Address, Sc. 1, of Pantom. Com. Bus.*), and we, hereby, do heartily wish you all a right Merry Christmas, and the Happiest of Happy New Years.

It is our duty, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, to guard you against error: to warn you that there are, alas! certain men, of unsound and pernicious opinions, going about, who do not shrink from asserting that "the Current Number of this Periodical can be obtained, without payment, by removing it from the counter of the Publishing office, when the person in attendance is not looking." This proposition we justly condemn. "*Nunquam Dormio*," (*Bell's Life, Page 1, any Number*) which, being interpreted by the illustration accompanying the motto, (*vide "Life of Bell" as above*) means that such a proposition is, in the vulgar, all our eye.

There are some among you who do not blush to promulgate the doctrine of Bantingism, namely, "that at this time of the year we should partake of no plum pudding, nor of mince pies, nor of nice fresh butter from the country, nor of, in short, any fattening Christmas fare whatever;" all such propositions we do, with mince-pious horror, most thoroughly condemn.

The modern heresy of asking a guest to dine at the hour of half-past six, when the moment intended is seven, is ultimately, directly and indirectly, productive of unpunctuality, spoilt appetites, overdone dinners, and dyspepsia. This proposition is, by us, also condemned.

But what shall we say of those who, forgetful of the many benefits they have received at our hands, perversely threaten to, as they coarsely put it, "tickle our Toby!" To these misguided men we say no more than, *Cave Canem*.

All propositions made by extortionate cabmen to "leave the fare to us," or "to make it another sixpence," we unhesitatingly condemn. (*Vide Decisions, Bow Street.*)

All propositions to go out shopping with a wife, or any pretty female relatives, we condemn. From these we turn with delight to The propositions of *Punch's Forty-Seventh Book*, which, singly and collectively, meet with our sincere approval.

The proposition that we should continue this letter to any length, instead of spending the pleasantest evening possible, at the pleasantest party possible, is decisively condemned, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, by your ever attached well-wisher,

PUNCH.

Given at our Office at the commencement of our Forty-Eighth Volume, and the Twenty-Fourth year of our existence.

THE POPE'S BULL IN THE PANTOMIME.

(Clown sings.)

PLEASE, Sir—I mean your Holiness—*peccavi*! I had rather Be rude to a Policeman than offend the Holy Father. Upon my word of honour—if you'll credit my assertion—Through reading DOCTOR NEWMAN I was very near conversion.

I was prepared to swallow, with unquestioning docility, The biggest things delivered by supreme Infallibility; To stretch my mouth from ear to ear I shouldn't have objected, Would willingly have opened it to any width directed.

But really that Encyclical, so contrary to reason, Your Holiness has published just at this especial season, Insisting on the right divine of priestly domination O'er civil power, the family, and public education;

Against despotic government denouncing insurrection, Denying people's right to choose their rulers by election, Proclaiming the State bound to back the Church in persecution, Condemning free press, conscience free, and liberal constitution,

It is—excuse, your Holiness, my freedom of expression; Pardon a homely metaphor derived from my profession: It is—with all due deference I speak, with deep submission—It is a string of sausages too large for deglutition.

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF THE SPOON-BONNET.

"Bonnetts are no longer worn high in the front."—*Fashions for December.*



BURY the Spoon-bonnet,
Mid the Graces' exultation:
Let us bury the Spoon-bonnet,
To the sound of rejoicing from the Taste of the Nation.
Mourning your own Creation's fall
Modistes and Milliners bear up the pall,
But bread-winners with short purses look joyous one and all!

Where shall we bury the Spoon that is no more?
Here, in the midst of the ugliest *modes* of yore;
'Mongst the old shapes that were queerest,
And to Coal-skuttles came nearest,
Place the palm upon the tomb of the Spoon whose reign is o'er.

Mourn, for to us it seems the Last,
Remembering its dimensions in the past;
No more our fair ones' faces shall we greet
'Neath high-pleached bowers of foliage, in the street.
Mourn for the Spoon—to growing husbands dear,
That dipped e'en into pockets deep and wide,
Dearer to Milliners, who nought abide
That's neat and nice, and costs not much to wear!
Mourn for the Spoon, that *belles* and frights brought down
Unto the common level of THE GUY,
Ye whose plain looks on pretty fashions frown,
Lest on your ugliness they shame should cry.
Mourn, short-faced dumps, to be drawn out that sighed,
And of high-fronted bonnets craved the boon:
Mourn, long-faced frumps, that, well nigh desperate, tried
To drown the long face in a longer Spoon.



Mourn for that porch of amplest breadth of sweep
Ye that had acres wide of cheek to show;
Great in compass, and great in cost,
And leaving room upon your heads to heap
Piles of rich fruit, and flowers in fullest blow
In wild confusion tost.

Spoons are over and done,
Can't say, Thanks to the giver
Of this fashion, for one!
Let its knell be tolled,
With a shake and a shiver;
Lay the Spoon in the mould,
Or let its shape be rolled
Deep in the mud of the river,
So 'tis but put down for ever
With bygone horrors of old,

Among the graves that hold
Fashion's monstrosities manifold!
The lofty *tête*, laid low by Time's sharp scythe, behold!
Its powder dust, its curling irons cold;
There sleep short-waists, wasted to shorter still,
And pokes, wherein Regency *belles* could kill:
There the scant petticoat, like wax that clung
About our grandmothers, when they were young,
Lies, waiting for the time when Crinoline,
The opposing dynasty's now regnant queen,
Laid in a triple grave hard by shall be,



If she, indeed, can keep
Her everlasting sleep
Within the space appropriate to three,
And shrouds are not forbid becoming breadth of seams.
Thus rival queens of *Mode*, discrowned,
Sleep, side by side, in Folly's common ground,
Turning to scorn the madness of extremes.

Lay the Spoon-bonnet low!
And be its silk watered with tearful brine,
And bid it happy-speed
To that Elysian mead
Where the departed Fashions shine
With a faint after-glow.
And let the grave be deep,
That not a *pompon* peep
Even of that high-reaching front, to say
Where it is put away—
Whate'er the Bonnet of the Future be,
If Spoon at all, a tea-spoon may we see,
And not a table-spoon or gravy large,
Like this, whose ample marge
Is cut by Fate's stern shears, and Fashion's doom to-day!





"RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED."

Robert. "ANY MESSAGE FROM MY MOTHER TO ME, LOUISA!"

Louisa (reading to herself). "I THINK, DEAR, THAT YOU HAD BETTER GIVE YOUR BROTHER A SLIGHT HINT THAT CECIL RATTLETON SEEMS INCLINED TO PAY RATHER MARKED ATTENTIONS TO MISS GOLOONDA GOLDMORE, AND IT MIGHT BE PRUDENT"—(Aloud) "BOB! MA SAYS, CIL RATS IS SPOONY ON CONDT, AND THAT YOU'LL JUST BE CUT OUT IF YOU DON'T WAKE UP, SIR."

[Curtain falls upon Bob's Meditations on his Mamma's improved style.]

CONDEMNED TO GO TO CHURCH.

THERE are not a few persons who disbelieve in Christianity, and vote Divine Service a bore. To such the late judgment of the Privy Council has been considered likely to be gratifying. It cannot, however, have given them half the pleasure which they will experience on perusing the subjoined extract from the decision of the Admiralty on the case of the REV. MR. GUTTERES, Chaplain of the *Resistance*, who had refused to obey an order from CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN to report on the attendance of a midshipman at afternoon as well as morning service on board that vessel, which that gallant officer had imposed on the lad as a punishment for going to sleep at service in the morning. The Chaplain, in a remonstrance which he had submitted to the Admiralty, had pleaded that "it was impossible for him, as a clergyman, to act as a spy on his congregation, or to report who were or who were not present, for punishment." My Lords, however, order the reverend gentleman to be

"Publicly and severely reprimanded for declining to undertake the direction and supervision of the punitive attendance of a midshipman for three months at Divine Service."

Atheists and heathen will note with satisfaction that my Lords do not content themselves with censuring the clergyman for refusing to furnish a report demanded by his superior officer. They carefully specify his disobedience, and are particular in remarking that the matter to which it related was the "punitive attendance" of a midshipman "at Divine Service." Thus they expressly confirm, as far as their authority goes, the idea of the penal nature of religious worship evidently entertained by CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN. After this declaration of opinion, we may expect to see attendance at Divine Service occasionally substituted for ascent to the mast-head, and ultimately, perhaps, prayers ordered instead of a round dozen in the Navy. An Act, too, will perhaps be passed, pursuant whereto the civil magistrate will sometimes give offenders three months' church, like CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN.

However, their Lordships, to save appearances, which are against their faith, intimate, in a private and confidential memorandum, that henceforth:—

"No duty of an executive character must be expected from chaplains; and that misbehaviour at church must not be punished by compulsory additional attendance at Divine Service."

My Lords do not go so far as to say that they think it otherwise than unadvisable that youngsters in the Navy should be disgusted with devotion, by having it enforced upon them as a "punitive" imposition. But they distinctly endorse CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN's view of attendance at Divine Service, which seems to be that it is in itself a sort of suffering like that of hard labour, and that misconduct in its endurance resembles a breach of prison discipline.

The intimate connexion subsisting between the Admiralty and the Ecclesiastical Court has something perhaps to do with those notions of my Lords on the subject of religion, whereof the disclosure will so highly delight freethinkers.

Praise for a Manager.

MR. E. T. SMITH announces that the Jewess on horseback is to appear again in February. It is very proper of him to give notice up to what time ladies and children, and respectable persons generally may safely attend to see his pantomime. We are pleased at so creditable and unexpected an attention to decency.

THE IRISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.

SORR, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd dhrink a dhrop of it? What is it? Sure 'tis the river Tay.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT (heard by our wide-awake Contributor about 8 A.M. to-day).—"Water creases!"

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. V.—OF "LINES OF BUSINESS," AND THE RULES BELONGING TO THEM.



LINES of business are extremely useful things.

They enable the actor to limit his study of life and his observation of manners to one class, age, and style of character. Without them he would be compelled to be noting all sorts of humours, all phases of life, all the various workings of human nature and society as they came before him. I need hardly point out what a lifelong drudgery this would involve, and how it would reduce the art of acting to a constant and servile waiting at the heels of Nature, and a wearisome gazing into the glass of fashion.

"Lines of character," again, enable an actor to make his engagements with a knowledge of what will be expected of him, and, what is still more valuable, afford the necessary openings for retreat from the unreasonableness of managers, and the pretensions of authors. If the actor is dissatisfied with his part, he has only to say, "I engaged for such a line of business; this part is not in that line," to raise a cloud of questions under which it is very hard if he cannot defy both managerial exactions and get over any legal difficulties which may be raised against his just demands, should loss of situation ensue from his refusal of the part, on the specious pretext of what is due to the manager, and in entire disregard of what is due to himself.

"Lines of business" are the strongholds of those venerable traditions of the theatre which are to the art of the stage what the Roman Catholic traditions are to the dogma of the Church. They are the barriers against the constantly-encroaching waves of naturalism and realism. By their help the theatre is enabled to keep up those peculiar modes of dress, walk, voice, and manners, which assert so strongly the marked line of demarcation between stage art and nature.

If we surrender these "lines"—the Torres Vedras of the stage—we shall soon lose the generous uncle who, in the last act, brings his unflinching ready money to the rescue of his generous but improvident nephew. The touching "Bless you, my children," will cease to mark the irresistible gush of parental forgiveness. The country-boy will no longer ring his simple changes on his affection for "feyth'er," and his manly resistance to the profligate designs of "t'squire." We shall lose the rapid rattle of the light comedian, so exhilarating in the theatre, so utterly wanting in real life. The harmonious "y" will be struck out of "ch-y-ild" and "k-y-ind." The three strides and a halt of the heavy man and the tragedian will be turned into the commonplace walk of every-day existence. Old men will cease to wear their broad-brimmed hats and impossible gaiters, so dear to the successive generations of play-goers, just as they have already, alas, abandoned the dress of the historic days of the second and third GEORGES. The grimace of MUNDEN, the unctuous breadth of LISTON, the vivacities of MATHEWS, or—to come nearer home—the broad grin and rolling chuckle of BUCKSTONE, the blending of tragic fire and grotesque fun in ROBSON, will disappear in their imitators, who now keep alight the vestal fire of comic business by dint of following the men who have trod the same "lines" before them.

The loss will be just as great in serious acting. To "lines of business" we owe it, that the schools of KEMBLE and KEAN, of YOUNG and MACREADY, still survive among us in the reverent reproductions of their followers: and all this while, by rigid adhesion to these "lines," the special ground of "art" is defended against those who insist that the actor, as such, should be able to play every part from which physical peculiarities have not absolutely debarred him, and that just in proportion as he can pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, he is a good actor, and in proportion as he limits himself to one or the other, an imperfect one. Those who argue thus forget or ignore how absolutely this breadth of range would place the player at the

command of manager and author, and leave him weaponless against their unreasonable demands and heartless indifference to artistic susceptibilities.

There is a class—most authors may be included in it—who are always attempting to merge all "lines of business" in what they call "character."

Do not listen to them. Remember that there is already a "line of business" called "character parts." This clearly proves that all parts not included under this head are *not* "character-parts," but must be acted with strict reference to the rules and records of the "line of business" to which they belong.

Carefully maintaining, therefore, the established "lines of business," let us see what are the principal rules to be attended to.

First comes "the lead," as it is called in the theatre, which may be generally said to include the best of everything, and to carry with it what is even more valuable—an almost indefinite power of rejecting any part you do not like, or choose not "to see your way in."

THE LEADING MAN.

Your great guiding principle in this line of business must be to bear constantly in mind that *you* are the apex of the theatrical pyramid; the "principal light," as painters say, of the picture; the "dominant," or key note—to use the phraseology of music—of the composition.

You will therefore insist beforehand that everything else in the way of character or effect, in any piece you act in, shall be kept carefully down to the degree necessary to throw yourself and your part into the highest relief possible.

In acting keep yourself well before the public, taking the stage on every opportunity, and thrusting your subordinates into the background.

Always play slow and emphatically. In *your* parts nothing can be subordinate.

Let your gestures be well marked, and as a rule let your arms play as much as your voice, and more than your face.

A fixed expression is a fine thing. The play of physiognomy is often missed in the theatre, and the wear and tear of the features thus caused is very serious. Besides, the public is slow of appreciation, and if you change your expression with your emotion they will not be able to follow it.

One sometimes sees actors trusting to infinitely delicate shades of expression, and minute and carefully economised action, as if the movement of a finger could ever tell like that of an arm, or that of an arm like a convulsion of the whole body!

This is one of the defects of French art. RACHEL was a notable instance of this poverty and meanness of resources. In one famous scene of "*Les Horaces*" she used to evade the difficulties of filling up with appropriate emotion and action the time occupied in a confidant's long description of the battle in which her lover was killed, by falling into a faint! Even in the passionate part of *Phèdre* she hardly raised her arm throughout. How different from the energetic self-abandonment, the hysterical and vehement outward emotion which an English actress would find prescribed for her by the wholesome tradition of our stage.

As a rule, be loud. Whispering is all very well, if you have a hoarse voice as EDMUND KEAN had, and can make your whisper tell. But even then you should use your loud and *sotto voce* effects only as a foil to each other, and a means of giving light and shade. But whether loud or low, anything is better than level speaking.

Nothing can be finer (if your voice be good through its whole register) than the judicious employment of your whole vocal gamut throughout your part, distributing your bass, tenor, and alto according to musical considerations. If the sense interfere with these, sacrifice it boldly in the cause of your art.

Carefully note the applause of your public. When you find you have made a point stick to it, and if possible strengthen it from night to night.

Practise yourself in forcing the applause. An accomplished actor ought to be as able to raise a round from the house as a juggler to extract the card he wants from the pack. I have already given some rules for securing this cheering tribute.

If you have a decided bent or a particular secret of effect, insist on the author's invariably consulting it. If he does not give you an opportunity to indulge the one and introduce the other, make one.

Cultivate critics; look after your own advertising, and stipulate, whenever possible, for separate posters. This is a mark of respect as much due to you as a separate bed to the usher in a school dormitory.

Take care that your demeanour on the stage shall indicate your position in the theatre; so that the public shall be under no possibility of mistake about your being *the* leading man, if by any accident your acting should not bring the fact home to them.

The principle of nature is "breadth." The principle of theatrical art should therefore be "contrast."

Remember HAZLITT's fine metaphor applied to KEAN's acting, that it was like reading SHAKESPEARE by flashes of lightning. Go in, therefore, for "points." These should be the luminous flashes of your performance. Level impersonation is like reading SHAKESPEARE by a farthing candle. The same amount of illuminating power, distributed

in flashes, will go ten times as far, for people will forget the dark parts, to dwell only on those you let them see under a high and sudden light.

As a general rule an actor who plays "the lead" ought to aim at becoming a manager. Only in this way can he hope to be able to do full justice to himself, and to mark, in every way—in the bills as well as on the boards—the infinite distance between himself and the rest of his company.

In this position I need hardly say that an ell for yourself and an inch for everybody else should be your motto. You will thus be able to introduce great economies in the payment of your actors, and have more left for the scenery, costume, and accessories necessary to frame and set off your own performance.

Remember that a number one, with a sufficient tail of ciphers, makes a million.

DO YOU BURN YOUR LETTERS YET?

MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS IMPROVES NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Do I burn my letters yet? Not half as often as I ought to do. But here is New Year's Eve, and Mrs. EPICURUS and the family have departed to behold *Cinderella*, and I am not to fetch them home, and here is a good cigar, and there is a good fire. Let me, in all tranquillity, overhaul the contents of my letter drawer. I paid my fire-assurance on Wednesday, so if any accident happens, I shall get a new carpet and table. Who comes first? BILLY BOWKER—has an urgent need for £15. Never knew BILLY without the need—I know I didn't send it—in he goes. MRS. MACBERRICO—could I get her a private box for FECHTER? That woman has £3000 a year, and doesn't give champagne—forget how I evaded, but am sure she didn't see FECHTER *gratis*, *viâ* hers truly, E. R. The next, HENRY WUBBER. Who in the name of Acheron is he?—wants my honoured autograph, as that of one whom he has studied and loved from his youth up; and spells my name wrong. Don't think I sent it, yet his name was a tempting rhyme to blubber. What a pretty hand—have I been discreet in leaving this note in an open drawer?—yes, quite. A young lady wishes for my photograph and some original verses, and doesn't even trust me with her initials. I am to write to BLUE-BELLE, Post-office, Shrewsbury. *Ventrebien!* MADEMOISELLE BLUE-BELLE, were we not worthy of a lady's confidence? FRANK CLOTTON—sends me a brace of pheasants. I remember, they were bad, and Mrs. EPICURUS had to pay three-and-ninence carriage, and nobody had any change, and it was ten at night and rainy, altogether disagreeable.—FRANK should frank his game, and send it sweet, besides—well reminded—he has got my Macaulay, and dare say thinks I mean to let him keep it. I abuse and disabuse CLOTTON (as we call him) *per* first post. MR. POPPIER YAWNEY—has the pleasure to send pamphlet on the *True Equivalent of Fictitious Currency*, and hopes that in any or all of the numerous publications with which I have influence—wants to be puffed against the next election—saw his pamphlet—in the waste basket first. There's a blaze, wo—ho! MRS. MONTGOMERY TADD—eh, by Jove! MRS. TADD I've acted bad and likewise rude the which is sad. Never opened that woman's packet of manuscript novels, which she asked me to read, revise, and get published, and what makes it all the worse, I never heard of her before in all my life. Wonder where it is. Whose fault shall I say it was? Eight months. Think I'll say nothing about it—perhaps she's dead. Another lady. Wife of the Reverend TIMOTHY TONE, asks for subscription towards building her adored husband a new house amid a flock where his labours are so blessed—writes without his knowledge—highly improper in a wife—am I sure I felt so at the time and did not help TIMOTHY? MR. CRAMPER, bootmaker, thinks I must have forgotten that his bill for the Alpine boots has been sent in, and having a large account to make up on Tuesday—why is it always Tuesday? But I paid him, and hope I have not lost the receipt, for the boots were not worth paying for once, let alone twice. See to this. H. A. P. Who's that? Nine sides. Ah, I ought to have burned this. HARRY PEPPERPOT, with a statement why he cannot, in justice to himself and his comforts, live with his wife any longer, and why I ought to go and explain that little circumstance to her. Since that he has made it up with MRS. PEPPERPOT and quarrelled with me. Good mind to re-enclose him the letter—but into the fire with it. MRS. CLAREUP JIGGLER—asks me to recommend a good school for her boy, where his beautiful genius will not be snubbed—she is sure he is a genius, for he is fifteen and cannot learn arithmetic. Rather think I inclosed her the last report of the Earlswood Asylum—ought to have. Here's a scrawl. Will I second Young BLATANT MCBORUM at the Hippopotamus Club? How did I get out of that? How the deuce did I get out of that? What a rich mind I must have, to have been able to imagine circumstances that prevented me, and to have forgotten what they were! Perhaps I said it was against the rules for a man with red whiskers to second a man with black. I must have told some awful parable. I know I helped to black-ball him. The Secretary of the Aborigines Institute, Ballywhobble, west of Ireland—Institute in debt, would my well-known philanthropy induce me to come over in the winter, and give them a *gratis* lecture, as full of humour as possible? Could not

offer me a bed, but there was a tolerable commercial inn. Didn't go, which explains why my brother's poems were so hideously abused in the *Connemara Howler*. Miss MATILDA VERNONBY (dessay her name's VIGGINS)—would like a set of my works, with autograph presentation inscription by their gifted author (that's me), and sends her photograph. Thirty-six, if an hour. Think I told her they were out of print. Another lady! Mrs. De MELVILLE-BELVILLE—has a fine and valuable collection of likenesses of eminent men (which is an interesting fact), and begs I will obtain for her the photographs and autographs of all the Contributors to *Punch*.—I must remember meeting her at Margate in 1847. Must is for the QUEEN—and—ha! This was a plant! The Government wanted to know the names of the real Administration of the country. In my infantine candour and simpleheartedness I never thought of that. From what have we escaped! Perhaps the Tower. *Me servavit Apollo*. I recollect replying that we were all so handsome that photographers dashed down their sensitive plates in despair, and that none of us could write, but that we produced *Punch* by dictation. I shall keep this letter, for the discomfiture of my LORD P-LM-RST-N. A note from the Editor of the above-mentioned popular periodical, suggesting "early" manuscript. How very much this world would be improved, did people, Editors included, let other people alone. A long letter, in a small, gentlemanly hand. No right to intrude, but feels certain that a narrative of his troubles will induce me to extend assistance. I felt quite certain that it wouldn't, the less that I had two previous letters from the same troubled party, with different signatures, and greatly varied narratives. I relieved him as a paralysed doctor, and again as an artist who had lost his sight, but I could not feel for him a third time, when he appeared as a clergyman who had been ruined by a fugitive banker. Keep this letter, against his fourth Avatar. This is a bold hand—the writer is no beggar. Yes, he is, an impudent beggar. Signs himself ARISTARCHUS, and says that he has read my writings with a disgust he cannot describe (who asked him?), and that he has no doubt that in my black heart I find echoes of all the sentiments of my objectionable characters. Very well, that's no business of his'n. A pink note. Ah! that was a sell, a cruel sell. The hand-writing so pretty, and all so dainty, and I thought—of course if it had been so I should have answered her in a fatherly manner, and sent her *Dr. Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters*—but it was an invitation to examine the inclosed list of prices of coals at the Slaterubble Colliery. "Hang her, foul collier!" Such tricks, however, defeat themselves, for I would sooner burn blue books and missionary reports all the evening than coals advertised so treacherously. Hm! wheels. He's a long time getting off the box—and now he can't find the bell—but now he tugs at it like mad—all the street shall know that my household has been to the play. In they come—and now—of course—growl and bluster. He ought to have another shilling. If he gets it out of Mrs. E. I will eat him. He is louder. He ought to have it, because this is New Year's Eve. I dissent from his logic, and proceed to refute it by affidavit and declamation. (*Goes into hall.*) Now then, you fellow, what in— (*Left at Anglo-Saxon.*)

A WIDOWED HERO, AND A LEANDER WANTED.

MR. PUNCH, who reads every line in every paper published in England and her Scotch and Irish dependencies, finds the following advertisement in the columns of his excellent friend the *Scotoman*. He takes, or makes this opportunity of congratulating the Scottish capital upon the falsity of the rumour that the admirable editor of the great Edinburgh paper is not to be taken away to supervise the Government Stationery, and see that our clerks do not write love-letters on national foolscap. Had he, however, come to Town, it was Mr. *Punch's* intention, in the interest of the country, to insist that the duties of the Stationery Office should be united to those of the Inspector of Salmon, as Mr. RUSSEL—conscientiously carrying out the golden rule, "*nulla dies sine lineâ*,"—is equally skilful in gaffing fishes and Tories. This tribute paid, Mr. *Punch* proceeds to fry his own fish. *Lege!*

MATRIMONY.—A WIDOW LADY of 40, no Family, with £2000 yielding five per cent. and £300 ready cash, wishes to re-enter the holy estate. The gentleman must be 40, not beyond 45, tall, of good carriage, have good teeth and hair, and be most particular in his personal habits, accustomed to daily immersion. Letters and *cartes* strictly private; returned if required. Address, No. 000, Scotaman Office.

Mr. *Punch* himself so exactly meets all the lady's wishes, and her money is so exactly what would keep him in cigars for a year, that but for a circumstance over which he has no control (his wife) he would have immediately taken the limited mail, and sought out the fair female. Having, however, thrown himself away before he knew his own value, after the fashion of too many great men, according to their own account, he can only express his hope that the lady's wish to re-enter the Holy Estate may be agreeably fulfilled. The sound sense evinced by her demand that her Next shall wash himself every day makes us believe that she is a very estimable relict.

THE ARTIST TO ILLUSTRATE A FUNNY TALE—FROELICH.



PLEASING ANNOUNCEMENT.

New Country Servant (who, during a pause in the conversation, has knocked at the door and been told to "come in"). "PLEASE, M'M, WE'RE OUT O' SHORT SIZES"!!!

[Horror of Young Mistress, who is entertaining influential visitors, may be imagined.]

MR. PUNCH'S NON POSSUMUS.

(Being a respectful Comment on the POPE's Encyclical and its Appendix.)

DEAR POPE, you warn us not to tread
Upon your reverend corns,
Bid us, on peril, not to take
Your last bull by the horns;
Bolt dogmas whole which we've been taught
Are snares to those who heed 'em:
Renounce the faiths we've learnt to view
As keystones of our freedom.
In bar of such demands, although
Ex cathedra you toss 'em us,
In your own style, we can but plead
Non possumus—non possumus!

You bid us hold the Church's right
To dictate to our conscience,
Although it lay down black is white,
And sense condemn as nonsense;
Bid us believe the POPE supreme
O'er Law and King and Kaiser,
His dogmas above reason deem,
His lore than science wiser—
Non possumus!

Bid us the error to unlearn
That Church makes war on knowledge;
Cardinal virtues to discern,
Summed in the Sacred College:
Forswear the right to teach our babes,
Save under priests' dominion,
And from salvation all exclude
But those beneath your pinion—
Non possumus!

You ask us to accept for truth
When Church with State at odds is,
That State's decree must Satan's be,
Church's as surely God's is;
That liberty to think and speak,
Reason and read's pernicious;
That Progress is an evil dream,
And Lib'ralism vicious—
Non possumus!

That monks and nuns are useful folks
In this our generation,
That kings who bid drones work or starve,
Earn excommunication;
That Nature is the Devil's book,
The Bible not much better,
If put into the people's hands
To read after the letter—
Non possumus!

That lay-law cannot clerics bind;
That could the Church retain her
Potential grasp on Governments,
The world would be a gainer:
That getting rid of temporals
Would harm Church in eternals;
That layman's work's to crack the nuts,
Churchman's to eat the kernels—
Non possumus!

Swallow the legendary lore
The Bollandists have gathered;
The miracles that La Salette
And Tivoli have fathered,
Of Virgins that can tear their hair,
Their holy eyelids blink, too,



THE POPE'S MAD BULL!

And Saints that faithful worshippers
Have stooped to tip the wink to—
Non possumus!

In short, there's but one article
Of all the awful fourscore
Which with your "*acerbissimum*"
You've been compelled to o'rescore,
Which I accept with faith devout,
And that's your last citation—
That the POPE needs must progress fight
And hate civilisation . . .

That creed you well may preach, in proof
Of your infallibility—
Since the reverse you once upheld
With all your small ability.
While heretics all blessed the name
At whose sound now they groan "Oh!"
And Roman men cried "Pio," then,
Who since can but cry "No—no!"

If I must choose—truth on this side,
On that your cyclic stemma—

"Twixt the horns of a Papal bull
And horns of a dilemma,
I'd face the bull's: their points are blunt,
As Europe's voice should warn you,
Answering your bellow with the cry
"*Penum habet in cornu.*"

When that cry rose in Roman times,
Of danger 'twas a warning
From bull with hay upon his horn,
Now 'tis a voice of scorning,
Proclaiming you a man of straw,
And simple straws the terrors
Of horns which gore what we think truths,
And you condemn as errors!

Pity, before the cherished faiths
Of thinking men you went at,
But you'd remembered "*Deus quos*
Vult perdere demerit."
Horns, if they will not bend, may break,
God's truth earth won't be curst off:
And when weak bulls charge strong stone walls,
'Tis not wall comes the worst off.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it appears to us that certain persons, objects, and things, part of the stock-in-trade of sundry literary chapmen, are used up, exhausted, threadbare, stale, and hackneyed, and may without any loss, detriment, or drawback, be withdrawn from public circulation, and consigned to an honourable limbo: Now, therefore, ~~Know~~ all ye, whom these persons may concern, that from and after the publication of this our current number, it shall not be lawful for any journalist, essayist, magazine-writer, penny-a-liner, poetaster, criticaster, public speaker, lecturer, Lord Rector, Member of Parliament, novelist, or dramatist, to make use of, employ, or introduce in any newspaper, review, periodical, poem, play (original or translated), speech, lecture, address, or any other written or oral composition, intended for public edification, enlightenment, amusement, or instruction, the several persons, creatures, and things mentioned, specified, and enumerated in the Schedule hereto annexed.

Given at our Court in Fleet Street, in the twenty-fourth year of our reign.

SCHEDULE.

MACAULAY'S
New Zealander.

The Needy Knife-
grinder.

The Coming
Man.

SHAKESPEARE and
the musical
glasses.

Village HAM-
DEN. Mute in-
glorious MILTON.

The gentleman
who has been
talking prose all
his life without
knowing it.

MISS PARKER.
MR. CRAWLEY.

The Bull that
is always being
taken by the
horns. The Ca-
mel whose back
is broken by the
last feather. The
Wolf there is
constant difficulty
in keeping from the door. The British Lion. The black Sheep.
The Dog in the manger. The Dodo. Ducks and Drakes.—(N.B. The Phoenix, it is
hoped, is extinct.)

REMARKS.

The retirement of this veteran is indispensable. He can no longer be suffered to impede the traffic over London Bridge. Much wanted at the present time in his own country. May return when London is in ruins.

Having been in active service since the days of MR. CANNING, may now resume his original part of the *Man at the Wheel*.

Has caused constant disappointment by not arriving when he was expected, especially by the Parliamentary train.

No objection to W. S., except as a performer in a duet with the musical glasses, which have long ceased to be the novelty they were in O. GOLDSMITH's time, when the town rang with them.

The BISHOP OF HEREFORD will be glad to see his country cousin. A presentation to a deaf and dumb asylum should be obtained for the mute.

May now receive his passport, and return to his own country. WESTBURY, C., will be moved to apply to the Imperial Law Officers to issue a writ *ne exeat regno*.

In any future novel or work of fiction, if it shall be found necessary to introduce a lady's-maid, it is particularly requested that she may bear some other name than that of PARKER. Likewise, in any forthcoming drame or drama, if a merchant villain is essential to the plot, it is suggested that it would be an agreeable novelty not to call him CRAWLEY.

The present address of EDMOND'S (late WOMBWELL'S) Menagerie is Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The Zoological Gardens would be glad to have the British lion. With regard to the Dodo, it is proposed to substitute the Moa, the Great Auk, or the Little Bustard, as a bird of literary burden.

Macedon and
Mommouth.

Apples of Sod-
om, otherwise
Dead Sea apples.

The stone wall
against which
people are al-
ways running
their heads.

The thin edge of
the wedge.

The blue ribbon
of the turf.

Couleur de rose.

"Antecedents,"
"Cropped up,"
"Golden opin-
ions," "Infusion
of new blood,"
"Ventilation of subjects," "My attention has been drawn," &c.

"Let laws and
learning," &c.

"Knowledge is
Power."

"But one half-
pennyworth of
bread to this in-
tolerable deal of
sack."

Quotations from
the works of
GRAMMATICUS
LATINUS and
QUINTUS HORA-
TIUS FLACCUS.

The maxims of
ROCHEFOUCAULD
the sayings of
M. DE TALLEY-
RAND, and the observations of the late GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq.

The pin that was
heard to drop.

The straw that shows
which way the wind
blows. The feather that
broke the camel's back.
Fly in amber. *Ditto*, broken on the wheel. The stone that
killed two birds, and the birds themselves (stuffed). An
assortment of edged tools, a pruning knife (much worn), and a large collection of old "saws."

Have been allowed far too much latitude. No well regulated atlas can be considered complete until they are restored to the use of the Globe.

Strictly forbidden fruit.
The ripe pear.

The Metropolitan Board of Works are recommended to apply to Parliament for leave to abolish this obstruction, along with Hamilton Place and Middle Row, after to-day.

Very indifferent "Wedgwood." 'Ware! writers.

To be wound up and shelved. Writers in newspapers are not to indulge in Ribbonism, when the Derby Day comes round again.

Very much faded. All the gloss long since worn off. The Royal Academy, the Chemical Society, and MADAME RACHEL appointed a Commission to select a substitute.

These and a thousand more such stale crumbs may be swept away to advantage. Many a poor lawyer and doctor would be thankful for some of the "golden opinions."

If in the course of ages LORD JOHN MANNERS should be appointed Master of the Buckhounds, Constable of the Tower, or Lord Warden of the Stannaries, the two lines referred to are not to be quoted against him under a penalty of the perusal of the whole of his poetical works.

This bit of BACON is quite reasty, having been served up to every Mechanics' Institute in the three Kingdoms.

The bread may be given to the poor. The sack may have the sack given to it. This is a good time also for distributing "cakes and ale."

Q. H. F. not absolutely prohibited; but members of both Houses of Parliament are requested to be sparing in their quotations, and to give as much freshness to them as possible.

This trio are urged to take a farewell benefit.—(N.B. No mercy will be shown to that notorious offender, "Speech was given," &c.)

Local museums might be glad to have these curiosities.

Notes and Queries.

Calling Names.

CAN any of our readers inform our Correspondent "PECKER" whether there are any female "Tom Tits" in existence?

Note.—The Jack Daw is, among birds, the nearest approach to the fish John Dory.



WASN'T IT ODD, THAT WHEN CAPTAIN BLANK WAS STAYING AT OLD GOLDUST'S COUNTRY HOUSE THIS CHRISTMAS, HE AND ONE OF THE GIRLS SHOULD ACTUALLY FIND SOME MISTLETOE GROWING ON ONE OF THE TREES! WE BELIEVE CAPTAIN B. (WITH HIS USUAL PRESENCE OF MIND) MADE HIMSELF MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

HOW THEY DO IT.

It is always interesting to theatre-goers, but especially at this time of year, to know through what processes, behind the scenes, the Operas, Pantomimes, Burlesques, and Extravaganzas, are obliged to pass, before they are ready for production.

It is the popular notion that plays generally are "dashed off" by the Author in his spare moments, or in his comfortable after-dinner leisure, over a cigar and a cup of coffee.

The public is right, as usual.

The proceedings in the case of an opera are on this wise;

The Manager writes to the Composer thus:—

"Dear O'QUAVER.—Write me an opera. I will give you seven thousand seven hundred and eighteen pounds six shillings and five-pence halfpenny for it. Yours truly. BOBUS."

The Composer answers:—

"Dear BOBUS.—Make it up to the sixpence, and I'm yours ever. O'QUAVER."

The Manager agrees to this advance upon the original terms, and O'QUAVER sets to work.

In a few days' time it is done.

In the first place, the Composer has to whistle over the entire opera to the Manager, if he has got any ear for music; if not, the whistling is merely a matter of form, and often consists of several repetitions of "*Rule Britannia*," with which the Manager is as much delighted as with the most varied novelties.

The Composer's next business is to hum the songs, concerted pieces, and such like, to the singers, repeating the same with imitations of the accompaniments, to the orchestra. The piano or violin is never used in conveying these first impressions, as it is highly desirable that all instruc-

A TEMPERANCE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(BY A MEMBER OF A MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.)

We made good cheer though we had no beer,
No brandy, rum, or gin;
And we drank about the old year out,
And we drank the new year in:
The fine Souchong, and the Hyson strong,
We mixed with the black Bohea;
And the coffee-pot came hot and hot:
So merry we would be!

We were not afraid of the lemonade,
Let cork no bottle stop,
But the seltzer drew, while the soda flew,
Also the ginger-pop.
There was no heavy wet, but there was sherbèt,
There was likewise *eau sucrée*,
And *capillaire* for the ladies fair,
On the Eve of New Year's Day.

Oh! we were all right on that festive night,
Drank toasts in Adam's Ale,
And we did recite the poem light,
And we read the instructive tale;
And if it had been the Summer, I ween,
Instead of this time of year,
We should not have gone home till morning had come,
And the daylight did appear.

Explosion at Rome.

It is our painful duty to record a terrific explosion which has just occurred at the Vatican. This accident arose from want of caution on the part of the Pope and the College of Cardinals in projecting a fulminating composition which they had been some time engaged in preparing for the demolition of all modern ideas. Almost before the destructive mixture had left their hands, it blew up with a noise which was heard all over Europe, and morally brought the venerable edifice in which they were assembled about their ears.

SEASONABLE.

A SERVANT, to whom money is an object, during the present winter offers (unknown) to let out his master's study fire by the hour. For terms apply to the Pantry, Belgavia.

tion should actually come from the Composer's *own* mouth. It is well known in musical circles how difficult it was for even SIGNOR MARIO to acquire, in this manner, the music of "*Les Huguenots*." SIGNOR COSTA's oratorio, "*Edi*," was got up in this fashion. It is almost a painful sight to see the gifted Composer, whoever he may be, sitting for hours on a high stool patiently whistling over his choice melodies to the attentive, but occasionally dull, musicians. The parts for the drum and cymbals are left to the inspiration of the moment; the sheets of music-paper in the orchestra being merely dummies to deceive the public.

The method of getting up a Burlesque, Extravaganza, or Pantomime differs according to the theatre where it is produced. The piece itself is scribbled, off-hand, on bits of waste paper, backs of old envelopes, and the like. Sometimes the greater part of the M.S. is written on shaving paper during the Author's toilette.

The Prompter arranges these slips, and the parts for the different actors are improved, added to, and touched up with songs during a rehearsal.

In some theatres the Manager or actor puts a line in here and there, or the Manager's friends drop in and kindly give a few hints and suggestions with which the Author has nothing whatever to do. Low comedians fling in their songs wherever they like; ballet dancers introduce their steps at pleasure; and thus, with each individual working for the general good, the piece produced must meet with decided success.

In other theatres, the Author, becoming suddenly inspired, summons all the company into the green room, and there delivers orally the entire Extravaganza, which they take down, as best they can, in short or long hand in their note-books. This is the flash of genius. Now, when you see any piece of the kind above mentioned, remember these things.



TO LOVERS.

JULIA AND JACK BEING NOW MARRIED—NO CARDS—BEG TO INFORM ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN THAT THE ABOVE WAS FOUND TO BE A VERY EFFICIENT WAY OF DESTROYING ALL TRACES OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

WHO IS WHERE AND WHAT?

KIND people are continually sending *Mr. Punch* nice little presents, in their gratitude for the delightful amusement he affords them; and in this way he has received, in the course of his long service, many valuable additions to his library and larder. Thankfulness for his exertions is expressed in various forms—from a volume of new poems to a sack of new potatoes; and both the bodily and mental food which is thus given him is appreciated duly by the members of his household as well as by himself. One of the prettiest little gifts which reaches him at Christmas is the *Post Office London Directory* for the ensuing year; a work which is so useful as a book of daily reference, that every business man should always keep it handy in his waistcoat pocket, providing that receptacle be big enough to hold it.

The volume called *Who's Who* is a serviceable book to Snobs who do not visit much with the nobility, and whose social education has so shockingly been neglected that, in speaking of an earl, they can mistake him for a marquis, or can imagine a mere baronet the first son of a duke. Of course, to *Mr. Punch*, whose splendid powers of memory have been exquisitely cultivated, such heinous misdemeanours are utterly impossible: indeed he has the *Peerage* word for word by heart, and knows the pedigree and title and the motto and the age of all the nobles in the land. But though he knows quite well *Who's Who* that he meets daily in high life, *Mr. Punch* finds it most difficult to remember in the lower orders *Who is Where and What*. This useful information the *Directory* affords him, and it saves him from mistaking MR. SMITH the surgeon, for MR. SMITH the shoemaker, and helps him to find the shop of MR. BROWN the butcher, or of MR. BROWN the baker, whenever their attendants omit calling at his house.

A book that weighs about a stone can hardly be regarded as belonging to light literature; and the *Directory* on this account is just one of those works which you are glad to lay down again when you are forced to take them up. But the *Directory* is really a most useful publication; though, if London keeps increasing as of late years it has done, one trembles to consider what a size the book will be a century or so hence. Probably a crane will be required then to hoist it from one's bookshelf,

or one may have to build an extra story to one's house to hold it. This, however, is a matter for posterity to deal with. For the present it suffices that the *Post Office Directory* is really vastly handy notwithstanding its stone weight; and the matter it contains is not at all more heavy reading than one fairly may expect in such a BANTING of a book.

The Pope's Prize Bull.

By a telegram from the Eternal City we are informed that:—

"The Pope has issued a Bull condemning all moral, religious, and political errors having a tendency hostile to the Catholic Church."

This Bull is not tied by the tail. It has a long tether and an extensive range, if, indeed, it is tied at all. If all the conclusions of philosophy, science, and statesmanship are figured as crockeries, the last great Bull, let loose among them by his Holiness, may be pictured as the Pope's Bull in a China-Shop.

"THE RANK WEED."

THE only apology *Mr. Punch* can find for the ex-tailor who acts as patron of the Anti-Tobacco Gang, is that probably being an honest, if a silly, ex-tailor, he has an aversion to Cabbage. British cigar-venders will accept this intimation.

DISTINGUISHED CONVERT TO ROMANISM.

False Report.—*Mr. Punch* begs distinctly and emphatically to deny that he has been received into the Roman Communion, and re-baptised as *Punch à la Romaine*.

THE LAST NOVELTY IN AMOROUS-ISM.—One of our most eminent oculists has just performed a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.



plates pa has for wildfowl, which he likes almost *half raw*, and I can never *touch*, and gracious me where was I? O yes, handing pa his cup of tea, and there, no, not in the *tea-cup*, you great stupid, but in the *Times* newspaper I happened to see this:—

"THE TRADE IN MISTLETOE.—During the month of December last year the county of Hereford produced an immense supply of mistletoe, which was forwarded to Liverpool, Manchester, and many of the adjoining towns. It has been ascertained that about 20 tons were sent from Hereford, 15 from Ledbury, 12 from Leominster, 8 from Ludlow, 15 from Ross, and altogether above 80 tons from other localities. Many tons were forwarded to foreign countries, besides many loads of the holly bush. The price paid for the mistletoe was

from 4s. to 5s. the cwt. Last year there was a greater traffic in this description of produce than on any previous year, but from present appearances it is expected that the trade this year will be still brisker. The supply to the metropolitan market from the home counties is very large."

Twenty! and two fiftens! and twelve! and six! and eighty! Only fancy, *Mr. Punch*, what a number of tons of mistletoe! And what a quantity of *kissing* there must have been done under it! I wonder how many young ladies on the average are caught beneath a *ton* of mistletoe. How many thousand kisses, do you think, go to the hundredweight? and supposing that each berry represents a kiss, how many million kisses can there be in a ton? I do wish that MR. BABAGE, or some other great calculator, would solve this *interesting* problem. I should so like to plague and puzzle Cousin CHARLEY with it. Only I know he'd be so *silly*, and I'm quite *sure* he'd try and show me how *difficult* it would be to say how many kisses would go to a ton of mistletoe, for he could prove—the *wretch*!—that *hundreds* might be given with an ounce.

I don't know what *experiments* I may make myself, but some of your young lady readers who have nothing else to do may like to set about collecting statistics on the subject. This would be much more fun, I fancy, than collecting crests and ciphers, and stupid old spoilt stamps.

Hoping that my questions may be viewed with deep attention by our social *statisticians* (isn't that the proper word, Sir, and am not I a *clever* girl to recollect it?),

Believe me, yours devotedly (until I'm some one else's),

SERAPHINA SIMPER.

P.S. Just as I *expected*. Cousin CHARLEY has come in, and, for fear of a mistake, I have shown him what I've written, and the *wretch* has *proved* to me that twenty kisses *actually* may be given with *one berry*, only fancy *that*! We are now going to see how much a berry weighs, and then, if we can, to calculate how many hundred million there must be in a *ton*.

THE PRE-ADAMITE PERIOD.—Lizard Point to the Isle of Man.

A TREAT FOR SWELLS.

We are accustomed to hear a great deal of the example which the higher orders might set the lower; but let the former know that there is abundant room for them to imitate examples afforded by the latter. Let a bloated and proud aristocracy peruse and profit by the interesting paragraph which follows, extracted from the *Hampshire Independent*.

"SHANKLIN.—TREAT TO THE NAVVIES.—An entertainment to the men employed on the Isle of Wight Railway was given in the National School-rooms, which were decorated for the occasion. Among various devices the most striking was that of 'Welcome, Brothers,' which met the eye immediately on entering the rooms. It was a novel sight to see upwards of two hundred stalwart fellows regaled with tea and plum-cake, and to hear them sing the well-known hymn, 'Just as I am,' &c. As soon as the tables were cleared, the Rev. G. W. SOUTHOUSE, after a brief and appropriate speech, introduced Mr. WALSH, the indefatigable missionary, who made some interesting and practical remarks, and was followed by the Rev. J. G. GABOORY, Rector of Bonchurch. At the close of his address, the Chairman gave out the hymn. . . . After many hearty cheers for the ladies and friends who had so kindly contributed to the treat, the company dispersed, highly delighted with their entertainment."

It certainly must have been a novel sight to see a gang of navvies, two hundred strong, "regaled with tea and plum cake," because we are so accustomed to see navvies regale themselves with bread-and-cheese and beer. Equally novel was the sight of those British Anakim engaged in singing the hymn, "Just as I am," because, when they have nothing better to do, we generally see them smoking short pipes; and they seldom sing anything of a more devotional nature than "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

But how much more novel a sight it would be to see a set of officers in the Guards, for instance, regaled with tea and plum-cake, instead of champagne and claret and master-pieces of French culinary science! What a still greater novelty would it be to hear such a chorus of gallant gentlemen obliging an assembly of smiling and sympathetic beholders with "Just as we are!"

Why should not the Rev. MR. BELLEW, or some equally competent clergyman, attend on the occasion of a "Treat to the Swells," and

deliver a brief, or rather a long, and appropriate speech, introducing the indefatigable missionary, *Mr. Punch*, who might make some remarks which would be most highly interesting and particularly practical? Many and hearty, no doubt, would be the cheers that would be given both to the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to, and to those who had partaken of so real a treat as that, and the company would surely disperse highly delighted with their entertainment.

Why should there not be an exhibition of officers of a crack regiment, as well as navvies, humbling themselves like little children under the tutelage of clergymen? If it is not derogatory to the manhood of navvies to be regaled on plum-cake and tea, and to sing hymns, can it be degrading to that of officers and gentlemen?

ALLEGED HIGH TREASON AT STOCKBRIDGE.

VINDICATING the destruction of wood-pigeons, as birds really mischievous to the farmer, a Scotch gentleman from East Lothian thus writes to the *Times*:—

"I see in the *Field*, with horror and disgust, that there is a club of fishers at Stockbridge who have declared war against kingfishers, and have, during last summer, murdered 34 of those rare and beautiful birds."

If a true bill shall be returned against any parties at Stockbridge who may be charged with the murder of kingfishers, they will deserve to be tried for that crime at the next Winchester Assizes, and, if convicted, to be hanged, and more than hanged. For fishers to kill kingfishers is worse than murder, it is obviously high treason, and the catiffs who are guilty of it ought, by a revival of the old law for that chief of offences, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

A MANX RIDDLE.

WHAT place would be best suited for the banishment of an unhappy grumbler? The Isle of *Mona*.



VERY SHABBY.

Rival. "THERE, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME ONE, I'LL TELL YOUR BROTHER, 'CAUSE I SAW YOU KISS CHARLEY TURNER, JUST NOW, IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM."

THE SOLONS OF SHREWSBURY.

JUSTICES' justice has come to be pretty notorious; and the Solons of the Bench, if they have not realised their great Athenian prototype's rule, "Know thyself," are continually acting up to another rule, "Commit thyself."

But we do not remember to have heard any case of more exemplary asinine action of the Great Unpaid than at Shrewsbury, last month, when a sharper, who must have known the calibre of the Shrewsbury Bench—probably they had acquitted him—by means of a mock warrant took into custody MR. CHARLES ASHWORTH, a respectable young gentleman of Manchester, on a charge of stealing a watch and chain, and, on the strength of his assumed character took possession of his watch, purse, containing £9, and other articles.

How the Magistrates behaved, must be stated in MR. ASHWORTH'S own words:—

"I was taken before the Magistrates, who, after hearing the evidence against me, and without asking me a single question, came to the conclusion that I was guilty, and one of their number informed me, in a pompous and most offensive manner, that I was remanded till eleven on the following day. I instantly demanded either that I should be allowed to telegraph to my friends, or that the police should do so, or that the Magistrates themselves should take some steps to ascertain the truth of the statements I had previously made to the constable. These Solomons, however, imagined that mischief might be done by allowing such a privilege, and, without being permitted to say another word, I was marched out for the purpose of being locked up in a felon's cell. This would undoubtedly have been my fate but for the luckiest chance in the world. A reverend gentleman of my acquaintance happening to be in the town, and hearing of my misfortune, at once hastened to my assistance, and so exerted himself among the gentlemen who had just committed me to gaol, that in a few minutes they were with me at the police-office, offering their best wishes, condolences, and apologies for having placed me in such a position. They did not, however (in the absence of their Clerk), feel themselves justified in setting me at liberty, though my reverend friend offered bail to any amount, nor even did they think fit to take any steps to ascertain from the Carmarthen police whether the alleged robbery was fact or fiction. I was kept in custody till the expiration of the remand, and then regained my liberty, as no prosecutor appeared."

Mr. Punch can add no force to this by any comment of his. It would be indeed painting the lily to write down these gentlemen A.S.S.E.S.

A TOO COMMON CASE OF DISTRESS.

MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me to call your attention to a case of distress which at this festive season stands in strong contrast with the comfort which it is in the power of opulence to command.

I was summoned yesterday to attend a patient residing not a hundred miles from a house in a highly fashionable district. I found him lying on the floor in a state of extreme depression, with the veins of his temples much swollen, and a face nearly purple, especially about the extremity of its most prominent feature—the nasal protuberance. His eyes, as visible through their half-closed lids, were much suffused, and he could not completely open them. I cannot say that he was sensible when aroused, but he was so far from absolute unconsciousness as to be able to give an inarticulate answer to the questions I put to him. He intimated that his head ached very badly, and I understood him to say that he felt "deuced queer." He groaned heavily. There was considerable distension of the abdomen. The respiration was difficult, almost stertorous; the pulse labouring. He was evidently much distressed.

This, Sir, was a case of distress among the rich. This gentleman's wife told me that he had eaten four meals a day for a week, partaking to excess of all the delicacies of the season, and a great many other things besides. He had consumed roast beef, turkey, sausages, and mince-pies, enough to have sustained twelve labouring men; and he had taken no exercise. Withal he had drunk his three bottles of wine daily, besides beer.

Ought not those of us whose circumstances preclude over-indulgence in eating and drinking, to go forth among the mansions of the luxurious classes, and endeavour to get admission to their tables, so as to teach them, by that example which is worth all precept, that moderation in the enjoyment of good things which our less fortunate position has forced us habitually to practise?

Not wishing to puff myself as a professional man, I refrain from detailing the medical treatment I adopted in this case of real distress, which it completely relieved; and will only add that I am, &c.,

BROWN JOHNSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.

160A, Crackville Street, Corner House, next door to Blotter's Hotel.

in more legible characters than those in which they have so written down themselves.

Shrewsbury cakes have a local celebrity. It is, no doubt, in compliment to the town's staple manufacture that the LORD CHANCELLOR has elevated the richest and softest batch of Shrewsbury cakes to the Bench of that ancient borough.

On a Late Removal.

To Florence they have moved the Kingdom's seat:
Say, then, Italia! is thy wish complete?
The tide that by those stately walls doth flow,
Could it but frame the sounds, would sigh ah, no! (Arno).

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT DONATO!

It is not generally known that DONATO, the one-legged dancer, has six toes. One is at the end of his name, and with the other five he performs his graceful evolutions.

English History.

OBLIGE us by mentioning what person, judging from his name, is likely to have been a rather fishy British Statesman?
Probably Go-dolphin.

LINCOLN TO HIS ARMY.

OUR noble soldiers, please to understand,
Canada ain't, at present, Dix's Land.

AN AMERICANISM FOR ITALY.

SITUATION of the POPE.—Non Possunt-us up a gum-tree.

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L'ONGLAY A PARRY.*

BALLAD.



we mattang, j'etty dong Paree,
Ay trister, je regardy
Le purple kee se promenay
Le long dew Bullyvardy.

Je fumy ay je ravy, may
Partoo l'onwee se trouvy;
Avec une petty tube de pyle
De tongs ong tong, je huvy.

Assee devong le caffé, donc,
Je huvy ay je fumy,
Ay j'admiray le joly mond,
Les elegong costumy.

Tongtô, c'était ung deputay
Lisong le Charryparry;
Tongtote une dam de kalitay
Kee sortay song song marry.

Epwee day fam de tute espayee
Ong tray grand variety—
Des actreese, ay day fam dew mond,
Day bonn, ay day grisetty:

Kelks etty june, kelks etty viell,
Ay kelks, nee l'ung nee l'oty;
May tutes avvy l'air contong d'eilmaym—
Ay le reste avvy tute là beantay.

Epwee Messieu les Etudiong,
Tray sal, ay tray mal painyay,
Ay kee sortay de n'ampor oo,
(Excepty de se bainyay).

Tongtote oon belle voiture, epwee
Une villang viel fiark, ay
Ung Mossou, faisong sauty song
Cheval, poor ayt remarkay.

Epwee, partoo des militaires!
O tempora! O mores!....
Kelks etty view, kelks etty june,
May tutes etay decory.

Ongfang le Pranks Ampayrial,
Song pair, ay tute sâ sweeter,
Assee sewer une bong petty cheval
Kee n'ally par trô veeter.

Kong sudang, s'offrit à may ziew
Croisong de l'oter coty,
Ung pair, une mair, une belle june feel,
De may compatrioty.

Lâ mair avay day blongs chevew,
Lâ pheel, day chevew dory;
Le pair n'ong avvy pardertoo,
Ay parissay se bory.†

Le pair portay song pairaplwee,
Lâ mair say jewpongs porty:
Lâ pheel ne porty reangdertoo
Elle avait ung escorty.

Car, plang d'amoor, a côty d'elle
Était ung tray distangy....
O, hang it! what's the French for "swell?"
And what's the rhyme for "angy?"

Elle sombly bowkoo aymay lwee;
Il parissay s'adory!
O fortunatos nimium
Si sua bona nôri(nt)!

Hay biang, cette coople amoro,oo,
Ke tute le mond regardy,
Étay plew bel ke tute le mond
Sewer tute la Bullyvardy.



Ay cette viell mair, ay cet view pair
Étay plew respectable
Ke preaker tute les abitongs
De cette grond veal dew diarble.

Alors, je pongsay a lâ pheel
(Ay bowkoo je regretty)
Ke j'avvy laissy dairyair mwaw
(Portong le nong de BERRY).

Au souvenir de mâ sheree,
May pulsationg se bâty;
L'amoor saccray de lâ patree
Causay mong cure de batty.

Appelay veeter le garson,
Ay dear: "Combiang câ couty?"
Ay donny der soo poor lweemaym
C'est l'affaire d'une minuty.

Payay lâ note exorbitong
À l'homme oo je demuray—
Pronder le Shmang-de-fair-dew-Nord—
C'est l'affaire d'ung card'ury.

Aprays oon tray grossiay passargo
Ay tute malard ke j'etty,
Je coury met mong pover cure
Aux pover piay de BERRY.

"Oh vullyvoosayter mong chair fam?
Oh vullyvoosayt? repondy!"....
Ay sâ reponse affimateeve,
C'est l'affaire d'une secondy!

Car BERRY, c'etty une see bonne pheel!
Lâ meillewer pheel dew monder!
Ay BERRY, c'etty là plew belle pham
De Bloomsbury, à Londer!

Ne soyydonpar bowkoo sewerpreca,
See voo voyay parayter
2 jollypettygarsongs dew maim ârge
Dongs 1 perambulator.



"A LEG UP."

THE success of SIGNOR DONATO causes us to make the following suggestion to the Opera Company Limited. There is many a poor disabled soldier who, having been in his younger days considered as one armed, can now, alas! only be looked upon as one-legged, and who, being unable either to enter the body of Commissionnaires or Chelsea Hospital, is, for the space of three years, kept alive by the sixpence-a-day generosity of a grateful country. Now, could not these honest fellows be utilised in a ballet to support DONATO, and, what is more to the purpose, support themselves? Come, Limited Company, just turn the matter over in your Limited Company's mind. We would suggest a marine subject for the ballet. Call it "*The Limpets; or, Go it, ye Cripples.*" The management might make a large fortune out of this notion, and would only have to go to a little legstra expense.

A TIGHT FIT.—Intoxication.

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* Our contributor has informed us that some of his French poems (including, we believe, this one) have lately been declined, with thanks, by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other French periodicals. This may perhaps account for the slightly bitter tone of his muse towards our lively neighbours.

† *Se borer* is not French—*s'embarquer* is the correct expression.—Ed.

ANTI EVERYTHING SOCIETIES.



THE existence of an Anti-Tobacco Society, in addition to a sect of Vegetarians and a United Kingdom Alliance against fermented liquors, attests the working of a principle whose progressive operation may produce still further evidences of the fussy impertinence of restless and officious noodles. We may expect soon to be pestered with—

An Anti-Tea Society.

An Anti-Coffee Society.

An Anti-Vinegar and Pepper Society.

An Anti-Mustard Society.

An Anti-Lollipop Society, affiliated to the Band of Hope.

An Anti-Spice Society, established on the principle that ginger shall not be hot in the mouth.

An Anti-Butter Society.

An Anti-Cheese Society.

An Anti-Soap-and-Water Society.

An Anti-Music Society.
An Anti-Dancing Society.
An Anti-Theatrical Society.
An Anti-Social Society.
An Anti-Tales-of-Fiction Society.
An Anti-Croquet Society.
An Anti-Whist Society.
An Anti-Chess Society.
An Anti-Cricket Society.
An Anti-Yachting Society.
An Anti-Shooting Society.
An Anti-Fishing Society.
An Anti-Hunting Society.
An Anti-Dog-and-Cat Society.
An Anti-Matrimonial Society, and
An Antimonial Society. And, if that should not be

enough to make all rational people sick of Anti Societies, an Anti-Punch Society, to consist of all the quacks, and humbugs, and blackguards, and asses, and curmudgeons on the face of the earth.

Pam on the Three Rs.

PEOPLE wonder that LORD PALMERSTON, after so long a life, spent almost exclusively in the highest branches of the Civil Service of his country, should be as emphatic on the importance of a legible handwriting, and a mastery of the first rules of arithmetic as if he had been made sensible that these things are generally neglected.

They forget his painful experience in Government Offices.

A NEW ARM OF THE SERVICE.

A NOVEL Corps is about to be added to the gallant Volunteers who have formed to defend, if necessary, their native land. It will be embodied under the name of The Beer Engineers, and will be trained to the performance of a special service in the defence of the Public.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VI.—THE LIGHT COMEDIAN.

THE Actor who embarks in this line of business will, of course, bear in mind, that though his usual characters will be the Fops and Swells of the past and present, he is not to consider himself bound to study the actual manners of that class of persons in real life.

To require this would be to restrict this line of business to persons who by birth and education themselves belong to that class, or have by circumstances been brought in contact with it.

This would be impossible; and, if possible, intolerable. We should gain nothing by it but the insupportable monotony of good-breeding, the dulness of which is so often complained of in real life. Instead of this, the tradition of the stage has preserved for us a volatile, brisk, easy rattle, as unlike the actual Swell of this or any period, as champagne is unlike small beer. Both the light comedian and the champagne are artificial, but how exhilarating!

Always speak at a gallop; and acquire the art of running your words off the tongue distinctly, without punctuation, emphasis, or pause for breath. The lightness of your comedy depends mainly on the quantity of "lengths" you can cover in a given time. "Pace" must, therefore, be the first point in your estimation: emphasis, character, emotion, and so forth, are out of your range, and should be avoided. Indeed you will do well never to allow *any* feeling whatever to be introduced into your part if you can keep it out. If it is there, make as little of it as possible, or even "guy it" (*i.e.* make it ridiculous), to use an expressive technicality of the green-room. Light comedy parts ought not to be weighted with anything approaching to "the heavy;" and if the Author forget himself so far as to mix up things so discordant, it is the Actor's duty to correct his mistake.

In this, as in so many points, the example of SHAKESPEARE has been mischievous to the Dramatist and injurious to the Actor, by its apparent sanction of the blending of incongruities.

Never enter a room by a door, if there is a French window. If the author have neglected to provide an appropriate opportunity for such an entry, see that the stage arrangement is altered so as to admit of it.

Always come into a room with your hat on, and keep it on, till you can find an opportunity of putting it down somewhere. You may often get an effect out of this, by choosing a bust, or some other comical rest for your "tile." There is nothing more embarrassing than a hat held in the hand.

Never pause to salute ladies, or the gentlemen who may be in the room you are entering. It takes time and looks ceremonious.

Be jaunty and familiar in your manner with soubrettes and waiting-

maids: chuck them under the chin, call them "my dear," kiss them, and offer them money. These things are not done now, but they probably were done in those livelier times, when our standard of stage manners was settled. No doubt these manners were originally taken from real life, and being found suitable for the stage, have survived there, after dying out in Society. This is the very best reason for your sticking to them.

Never sit straight in a chair; turn its back to the audience, and cross your arms atop of it. Sitting on the table, also, will be found effective, and will enable you to swing your legs in a *déjà* and stage-gentleman-like manner.

Slap your friends on the shoulder, in speaking to them, and poke elderly persons in the ribs. These are more of those valuable relics of a former state of manners, which have been happily preserved for us in the matrix of stage-tradition, as the *ichthyosaurus* and *pterodactyls* in the lia and colite of the geologist. The stage is, indeed, little but an accretion of fossilised manners; and it is your duty to deal with these records of extinct usage as reverently as PROFESSOR OWEN would handle a fossil of the Stonesfield slate, or an Elephant's tusk from the Norwich mud.

Let your dress be as light and as loud as possible. Wear white hats in preference to black. Enamelled boots are indispensable on all occasions. Never mind, whether you are supposed to be in evening, walking, or shooting dress. You know you have only come from your dressing-room; and "appearance" should be the light comedian's first law. For the same reason, lavender or straw-coloured gloves should always be worn.

Wrist-bands turned back over the coat-cuffs have a good effect, and may be worn independently of the shirt. Trousers tightly strapped over the boot, too, have a smart and jaunty appearance, and both have the great recommendation of having now disappeared from real life.

An easy run should be cultivated. It will get you over the stage faster than walking, is not "realistic," and looks light.

You cannot be expected always to preserve "buoyancy" of feeling in your performance. For this reason it is important to have at your command every little art of voice, limb and manner which *looks* light, jaunty, and free and easy.

A distinguished light comedian of the present day, who carries these happy resources of his art to their highest perfection—not MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who, I grieve to say, is always degenerating into the manners of real life—once said to Mr. Punch, in complaining of a brother light comedian who had dressed a part in clothes that might have been worn by any young Swell of the day, "Had I played the part, Sir, I should have worn a waistcoat like a volcano, and a cravat like a cataract." So well did he understand the true laws of light comedy costume.



POOR LETTER H.

Tout Contractor (who has been paid a Shilling per Man, and sees his way to a little extra profit). "Now, LOOK 'ERE, YOU TWO H's! THE PUBLIC DON'T WANT YEE—NOR I DON'T, NOR NOBODY DON'T; SO JIST DROP THEM BOARDS, AND THEN 'OOK IT!"

THE BULL-FIGHTER OF FRANCE.

SPOKE CHARLES LOUIS THIRD NAPOLEON to his lady standing by,
"Arch not that swan-neck in anger, dash the tear-drop from thine eye.
I am armed, and bent on mischief; of that Priest I've got the pull,
And I'll teach him to consider ere he sends another Bull.

"Thou and I have sat together gazing down upon the strife,
Gazing where the bull and charger bleed away their forfeit life.
Now 'tis mine to fight the maddest Bull a Pope has dared produce,
And with simultaneous action I shall cook the Papal goose.

"Vauntful of his Scarlet Lady, that old humbug dares to say
France in choosing Kings has wandered from the Roman faith away:
Kings are things of right divinity, not for mortal votes to choose—
This to me, the Millions' Chosen—he shall shiver in his shoes.

"He has launched his Bull against me—in the dust it shall be laid—
In its backbone's inmost marrow I will sheathe a griding blade:
He has bid the Bishops thunder—and I answer with the law—
I will clap the sternest stopper on each Prelate's saintly jaw.

"This he dares to call an Error—this he gives the Church's ban,
'That the right to smite ill rulers is the sacred Right of Man.'
He'd be smitten, if I had not, scorning to do things by halves,
Backed the old ungrateful beggar with my baggy-trousered Zouaves.

"Look not sad, my lovely lady, rather help to deck my lance,
For the battle I am giving is for thee, our child, and France—
He'd deprive thee of a title dearer far to thee than life—
If The Elected's an Impostor—graceful Consort, what's his wife?

"Therefore give thy kiss and blessing, in the dust his Bull shall roll,
On the crimson sword of justice sputtering out its bigot soul:
While I keep the Holy Vicar safely in St. Peter's bed,
He shall keep a civil tongue, love, in his old but foolish head."

So replied C. L. NAPOLEON unto Europe's fairest Queen;
How she answered needs not mention—say she whispered, "All serene:"
Then he rushed to the arena, Europe cheered him to the fray,
Toby wished he were a bull-dog, and his Master cried Hooray!

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

A HARDWORKER himself, *Mr. Punch* admires hard work in others; and he specially admires the hard work which is done as a matter of amusement, and in the hours of leisure. This *Mr. Punch* most likes to see, because it shows him that the worker is not overworked in his business avocations, but has both brain and muscle ready for whatever extra labour he may happen to delight in. Thus *Mr. Punch* admires the *Homer* of his noble friend LORD DERBY, a work perfected in the leisure of a statesman out of office, which leisure might have been less profitably used. Other samples of such leisure-labour have been shown with great success in the industrial exhibitions which have recently been held in both the South and North of London, and *Mr. Punch* is glad to see that further specimens are promised for public exhibition in both the East and West. When it is known that these displays have *Mr. Punch's* thorough sanction and his fullest approbation, of course there will not be a shade of fear lest they should fail. Every one will take a pride in helping that which *Mr. Punch* considers a good work, and worthy to be helped. Industrial exhibitions will become so vastly fashionable that the idlest of the idlers at the West End will contribute to them with as much zeal as the hardest of the workers at the East.

Lex Talionis.

WHEN the celebrated DONATO arrived in Town he found himself the subject of legal proceedings. Somebody, who ought to have known but didn't, informed us that his dancing was against the law. "What law?" we asked. "What law?" says our friend, "why the *Lex Talionis's*, of course."



THE IMPERIAL BULL-FIGHTER.

L. Nap. "YOU ARE FOND OF BULL-FIGHTING, MY EUGENIE. YOU SHALL SEE ME GIVE OUR PAPAL FRIEND YONDER THE *COUP DE GRACE*."

THE VICTIM OF FICTION.

Being passages from the Diary of a young Gentleman in the Law, who is a confirmed reader of Novels, and nothing else.

Monday Night.—"I shall not return." Such were my words as I closed the street door behind me this morning. "Are they ominous? I meant only that I should not return until night, but what if some fatal event should fulfil them, and they should be evidence on the coroner's inquest!" So I pondered, as I went to the omnibus. But I am home again. Next me sat a well-dressed man, with white hair. He murmured at the slowness of the vehicle. His smile was kindly, but that was probably hypocritical. He was doubtless eager to take up some bill he had forged, and thus prevent the crime from being detected. To the office of MR. ASPHODEL, the Governor. How wearisome and pettifoggery were the daily details of a lawyer's clerk's life until I learned to look at them in the lurid light shed by knowledge of the world! Now the Governor's Attendance-Book is one long romance. He gave me instructions to draw a certain marriage settlement. I will note no name save in cipher. I believe that Miss KLOBBSNE hates CAPTAIN GREPILGMB, and has a concealed passion for her guardian. LORD ARRWGGBNX, who brought her to our place. I saw a look which spoke volumes. When I witness her signature, I will try to test this. MR. JOLLIFIELD brought his father's will for us to get it proved. The water-mark betrays nothing, and the whole looks fair, but there was a furtive expression about his eye as he told the Governor to look it up. *Note.* The latter asked for the key of our strong room, and did not return it. Will he be there to-night—is he there now, when all of us are gone—and why? I was last to leave. I wish I had tied a thread across the door. Reading in bed till 9 A.M.

Tuesday Night.—MRS. SMILER, who with her husband are fellow-boarders here, was most attentive to her husband this morning, insisted on arranging his neck-scarf before he went out, and took out a pin which she declared was ugly, putting in another. But she did not kiss him—only laughed a merry Good-bye. *Was that pin to be a signal to some one whom he would meet?* Such things are common. Office. ASPHODEL returned the key, and said he forgot to do so overnight. He is not one who commonly forgets, especially any trumpery blunder in detail which you may make when your mind is excited with sensations of which his cold heart knows nothing. My friend and companion in my room, BOB CHOWPER, very grave to-day. Would not talk, declaring that he had a heavy case to master. This idle excuse did not serve with me; but I said nothing. Has he committed some crime? He has refused more than once to go to the theatre with me. I must look at the playbills, and see whether the pieces I proposed to see were of a kind to act upon his conscience. Watched him writing a letter, which he locked up. Why did he not put it into our box, to be called for, like other letters? But I will never betray him. Reading as usual till nearly 3.

Wednesday Night.—Called to-day, in Half Moon Street, to read the proposed marriage settlement to the parties. Miss KLOBBSNE was very amusing, chatted gaily with her fiancé, and even made fun of some of our law terms. This must be assumed—is it natural to a young girl within a fortnight of so awful a step as matrimony? His Lordship was not there. Probably he has not her power of self-command, and could not bear to see his rival's apparent happiness. The REVEREND MR. CLIPPER came, and got the Governor to give him a cheque for £200. Yet Mr. C. is rich, and his bankers are in the next street but two. I have heard that before his marriage he was much admired by ladies—is there some dark mystery, and Mrs. CLIPPER not to see the entry in the banker's book? MR. SPRIGGINGS called, and the Governor managed to go out without seeing him. Why was this? There are three boxes of deeds in the strong room, marked with S.'s name. *I will offer to index the contents.* MRS. BKKLVXBUTT called, and the porter said that she went away in tears. ASPHODEL can be very brutal when he likes—he has said coarse things to me when I have forgotten to write what he called important letters. Read till 9.35, when I fell asleep, and the candle burnt out in socket. No harm done, except tallow all over the bolster. Gave ANNE a shilling to manage that her mistress should not know. She promised to put my bolster on some one else's bed, and give me his. This girl makes me shudder. In what region of crime could she have been taught such subtle craft? Has she ever had part in a murder? I will watch her.

Thursday Night.—A letter for MRS. SMILER, at breakfast. He asked whom it was from. She laughed, and told him to mind his own business. And that could throw him off the scent—that assumption of innocent fun! I will never wed—I know women too well. She told him that she was going to her dressmaker's. The fool pretended to fasten up his purse, determinately, as if warning her against extravagance. And then she laughed again. Well she might. My eye was on her, and she looked foolish. But it is no business of mine. The office. DR. SPIDERWORT called, and I, having to go in to speak to the Governor, heard them talking about life-assurance. They stopped when I entered, and the doctor put something into his pocket. We have heard of medical men hastening the payment of sums assured—and how it

has been done. What was in that packet, or whatever DR. S. pocketed? I had a suspicion flash across me to-night that this diary is seen by other eyes than my own. ANNE gave a strange glance when she handed me my candlestick: a grin I should have understood, but this was more mysterious. I have taken means to ascertain whether my lock is tampered with. Whoever you are, who are clandestinely reading this, you are betrayed! Could not read to-night for thinking of my stratagem.

Friday Night.—A most unpleasant circumstance. SMILER came down early, and finding me alone, said he had wanted to speak to me. I prepared myself to be his confidant, when he intimated that if I stared any more, in an offensive manner, at his wife, he would pull my nose off. I smiled sarcastically, knowing what I knew; but no more passed. Walked into town. A Frenchman accosted me, and in his own language asked me the way to the French Embassy. I had forgotten where it was, and expressed my regret. He smiled in a melancholy way, and said that he had suddenly arrived, and was without English money, but it did not matter—and he was sure, as I spoke French so beautifully, I should understand his feelings. I begged him, with apologies, to accept half-a-crown for a cab. He took it. But I felt it my duty to write a full and exact account of what I had done (describing the person), and send it to the French Embassy, as this man may be dangerous. Office. Asked the Governor whether I should index SPRIGGINGS's papers. *He abruptly told me to get on with the work I had already in hand.* This confirms my suspicions. I forgot my precautions about this diary, and cannot tell to-night whether it has been touched. But I will take it away, and keep it at the office. Casually asked ANNE what she thought of BLOOGES, who is now being tried, and she said she hoped he would be hung. A female heart hardened against mercy, and a female hypocrite, affecting indignation against crime! I now believe that she took my new and unused ivory toothbrush. Read till 1.45.

Saturday Night.—Write at the office, all the clerks gone. Our house disgusting this day. MRS. SMILER has a baby, and SMILER rampaging about the premises in ecstasy—would shake hands with me, and make me take wine—was sure I had meant nothing rude, but ladies require extra humouring at times—invited me to the christening—a joyous beast. The old gentleman with white hair, whom I saw in the omnibus, and suspected of forgery, came, and turns out to be MRS. SMILER's uncle, as rich as CÆSAR—godfather, of course. Got away from their sentimentalities, and to the office. Large letter from the French Embassy, stating that the man I had relieved was a notorious street beggar, who plundered foolish persons by complimenting them on their French. BOB CHOWPER radiant; slapped my back in a coarse manner, and told me that he was a father, that he had been uneasy about Mrs. C. all the week, but that now all was glorious, and I should come to the christening. I answered rather coldly, on which he roared, and told me to marry, and see how I liked it. I marry! I have read too much for that. But a further astonishment awaited me. DR. SPIDERWORT came in, and not finding the Governor, looked into my room, and told me I should be happy to hear that MRS. ASPHODEL had got a fine boy, and was going on capitally. And as I looked, he said, a judge of pretty things, he showed me a Dagmar brooch which he was going to present to her, because ASPHODEL, like a pertinacious fellow, had insisted on paying him a fee. *It was the very packet I had seen him hide!* Presently in came the Governor, as pleased as Punch, and sends me off to Mrs. B——, bother, no use in ciphers now, MRS. WESPINGWILL, to say, with his love, that he had got both her boys into the War Office; and when I told her she cried, and said he was the best man in the world, and that she should never forget his kindness last Wednesday. Seems I took a wrong view. Have to hurry up my entries, as that brute the porter wants to shut up. Ask him why he is in such a hurry. Says his missis has been confined to-day, and he naturally wants to be at home. I should have thought the reverse, but these creatures have no sensitiveness. So close in a hurry.

The remaining entry is in the handwriting of MR. ASPHODEL.

"The donkey who wrote the above has left me some months, and I find this stuck in an unfinished document that was discovered in his drawer, amid a detestable litter. For his further information, if he receives this by post, I may state that the marriage he mentions was a love-match, and most happy, and Miss KLOBBSNE, now MRS. GREPILGMB, has just had a beautiful baby, who is called after LORD ARRWGGBNX. That MR. JOLLIFIELD was the most dutiful of sons to the kindest of fathers, and that the will, though perfectly regular, has not yet consoled him for the loss of his parent. That I, who was so unfortunate as to incur my clerk's suspicions, by wanting the key of my own safe, merely wished to stow away £200 in notes, which my client, the Rev. MR. CLIPPER, had received from his wife, who had saved the money for a purpose which does not concern my clerk, but there was no wickedness in it. That I did see MR. SPRIGGINGS on the Wednesday, for, as arranged, he came round and met me at the front door, and we lunched at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house. And lastly, that if he had imitated the conduct of MR. CHOWPER, or even of poor, honest EDWARD the porter, I should not have had to tell ANNE (evidently a

good girl, but vulgar) when she came, by orders, to inquire after a missing lodger, who owed much rent, that he had absented himself for three weeks without leave, and with certain office moneys, which I have forgiven him. So that out of all the persons mentioned in his precious diary, he himself is the only hero and Victim of Fiction."



MERCENARY—RATHER!

Lady Olivia Lookout. "DON'T YOU SOMETIMES LIKE TO HAVE LETTERS FROM HOME—ENGLAND, I MEAN!"

Attends. "OH! YES; LETTERS OF CREDIT."

[*Olivia is disgusted.*]

NOTES ON THE PAPAL BULL.

THE Bull of the POPE does not seem very likely to prevail upon Europa. For a red-hot roaring Bull, the Bull of PHALARIS was nothing to the Pope's Bull.

Is not the POPE's Bull speculation rather likely to bear the market for Popery? The Bull just turned loose by the POPE is not unlikely to toss reasonable people over the pale of the Church.

If the POPE lives, he will perhaps send his next Bull to a Cattle Show, which, of course, will be that of the Smithfield Club.

Can the Successor of PETER expect that his Bull will bring into his treasury an increase of Peter's Pence convertible into any large amount of bullion?

To be sure it may be argued by some captious people that the Encyclical Letter which has just been put forth by the Holy Father is not properly called a Bull; but everybody possessed of common sense must see that it is about the greatest Bull that was ever made.

A SAFE MAN.

REMARKING on the archiepiscopate of Canterbury, a writer in the *Post* says that:—

"In the present day the position has lost nothing of its social importance, ecclesiastical power, moral greatness, and peril."

On consideration, the author of the above sentence will withdraw the word "peril." In these days the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY would be in no danger of being burned if he were to turn Quaker. Indeed, should his Grace the Primate of All England think fit to join the Society of Friends, or even the Mormons, there would be very considerable difficulty in getting anything done to him.

JOHN BRIGHT AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

(See Report of his Speech at the Opening of the Birmingham Exchange.)

So grudgingly you praise, JOHN,
So seldom you approve,
So combative your ways, JOHN,
Your wrath so quick to move:
A man of peace in name, JOHN,
In fact a man of war,
E'en eloquence in blame, JOHN,
You've proved might be a bore.

With joy the proof I hail, JOHN,
That you your mouth can ope
To applaud instead of rail, JOHN,
And vitriol change for soap:
When to soft west from hard east, JOHN,
You veer, for friendly Brums,
And crown their civic feast, JOHN,
With a rain of sugar-plums.

With amazement I beheld, JOHN,
You on your marrow-bones,
And heard your voice impelled, JOHN,
To breathe in dulcet tones.
But less surprised I felt, JOHN,
When I found, the while you prayed,
That in Mammon's shrine you knelt, JOHN,
And your psalm was to Trade.

You sang how all that's good, JOHN,
Has its roots in L. S. D.,
How therein Arts find their food, JOHN,
And Letters their *appui*.
How Statesman, Soldier, King, JOHN,
Grow smaller and more small
As the Trader, in his swing, JOHN,
Drives all three to the wall.

How the yard-wand is the mete, JOHN,
That must rule o'er land and sea;
And Avoir-du-pois the weight, JOHN,
Must Earth's "*mene tete*" be.
How a nation's loss and gain, JOHN,
In its bankers' balance shines;
How BRITANNIA rules the main, JOHN,
But 'tis with ledger lines.

How for her might, if just, JOHN,
She's her merchantmen to thank,
How her powder's devil's-dust, JOHN,
Her shot, that in the Bank:
How by the self-same skill, JOHN,
That Old England raised to sway,
Not by broadside, but by bill, JOHN,
Young England makes her way.

How Arms are in the hole, JOHN,
As Trade is coming up:
How for Warfare's bloody bowl, JOHN,
We've Traffic's loving-cup.
How a blessed band of brothers, JOHN,
In credits intertwined,
Each man's need made another's, JOHN,
The world is growing kind.

I saw your incense rise, JOHN,
I heard you praise and pray:
But I couldn't shut my eyes, JOHN,
To your idol's feet of clay.
I saw its front of brass, JOHN,
I saw its iron hands
Still stretching to amass, JOHN,
Factolus mud and sands.

I saw that of the good, JOHN,
Chained to Trade's chariot-wheel,
There's little that she would, JOHN,
Of the ill, less she can heal.
And as for cutting throats, JOHN,
When Traders take to *that*,
Just ask the Federal votes, JOHN,
If Trade's hands don't come pat.

Would I could see the proof, JOHN,
Of end to War's alarms,
With State from State aloor, JOHN,
Each with its host in arms.
If Traffic could be made, John,
The power you bid us see,
We'd change her name from Trade, JOHN,
To Christianitie.

ADVERTISING ATROCITIES.

WHERE, we wonder, will the mania for advertising stop? What new dodge will next be tried in puffery and posters! Here in England we hang out our advertising banners on our outer walls, and plaster flaring placards on the outsides of our omnibuses. Our railway stations are disfigured with big advertising placards, and the names of puffing tradesmen are chalked on our dead walls and painted on our pavements. Even in our pantomimes advertisements intrude; our harlequins do tricks whose sole aim is to puff, and here and there one sees a whole scene fitted with purely advertising notices. All this is bad enough, but there is far worse done in Canada, if we may trust what follows:—

"OUTRAGE ON NATURE.—The practice of defacing, with great advertisements, rocks, trees, and bridges, in spots visited for their remarkable beauty, is extending in Canada. A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* writes: 'This morning I find a circular among my letters, in which an advertising agent coolly proposes to deface the country in the most systematic manner, carrying with him "a corps of bill-posters, painters, &c., to put advertisements on the prominent rocks, bridges, and fences," which he designates as "the most novel as well as the cheapest way of advertising." Some of the loveliest glens and vales in the White Mountains and other parts of the States are barbarously disfigured with ineffaceable advertisements of quack medicines. A bill is to be introduced into the New York Legislature making this disgraceful practice penal.'

Penal! We should hope so. Such offences should be punished by the hardest of hard labour. To spoil the scenery of GRIEVE, BEVERLY and TELBIN is mischievous enough, but what are to say of men who thus contract to spoil the scenery of Nature? The wretch who would deface a lovely view with a vile poster is a miscreant who would not shrink from any act of nature-slaughter. One might expect him to turn Mont Blanc into an ice-factory, or to utilise Niagara by making it a mill-stream.

Tourists tell us that the Catacombs are covered with inscriptions, and that the names of pill-mongers are painted on the Pyramids. Perhaps we soon may hear that the dome of St. Peter's has been placarded by quacks, or that cheap tailors have been painting their puffs upon the Tuilleries. Even this, however, would not be so vile as the system of defacing a fine landscape with big placards, and we wish the Hammerdryads (if there be any of them extant) would just hammer at the heads of the contractors for such puffery until their brains be impressed with all the reverence for Nature which appears now to be wanting to them.

"WANTED, A WHITE SLAVE—CHEAP."

MR. PUNCH has seen a good many cool things in the way of advertisements for Governesses. But the following strikes him as *about* the coolest:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, near town, age about 25, a lady by birth, of refined habits, strict principles, Church of England, to instruct four children in good English, correct French, and music, and to teach them order and discipline. Salary, £30. It is desired that the lady should be active and cheerful, contented to live entirely in her own rooms, and if possible be absent from Saturday till Monday, unless left in charge. Apply, in person, at — Street, St. James's, this day (Monday), between 11 and 2.

What a happy country this should be, if ladies by birth, of refined habits, strict principles, able to teach four children good English, correct French, music—to say nothing of "order and discipline"—are so plentiful that they can be had for £30 a year! When this modest advertiser sees about it, why did he not throw in, among his conditions, German, painting in oil and water-colour, singing, the rudiments of Latin, arithmetic, and algebra, the first six books of Euclid, and the use of the Globes?

But he is quite right in requiring the qualifications of cheerfulness and contentment, even without the suggested additions to his very moderate requirements. The lady who takes such a situation ought to be not only cheerful under circumstances to which the worst of *Mark Tapley's* were child's play, but contented with treatment which might rouse the patience of a saint.

There is only one set-off—she would have the prospect of "living entirely in her own rooms." This must be a decided comfort in the case of the insolent snobs who could put out such an advertisement.

The "absence—if possible—from Saturday to Monday," is an ingenious way of escaping the charges of the lady's maintenance on the Sunday, and the awkwardness of having her in the way on a day when we are apt to be especially reminded of our duty to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

MY LITTLE GAME.



IR.—It being the fashion now-a-days for noble sportsmen to furnish the principal journals with records of their prowess in the shooting-field, I am determined that your columns shall no longer be made conspicuous by the absence of such returns as aforesaid. I therefore hasten to send you the very loudest reports of our guns. Before setting down in order the list of game under their several heads, I will call your attention to the fact, that, in the accounts of these proceedings, generally appears the item 'various.' You will be told that Sir JOHN DE BRACY BYRDES, and party, bagged "eleven hundred head of game—pheasants, partridges, various."

They don't particularise. This is the error, which, as you will see, I have scrupulously avoided. I send you my card, and whenever you want a few days' shooting, drop a line to me.

Triggerham Priory.

Yours, according to COCKER.

ANNOTATED RETURNS.

Official Return of Game shot, at Triggerham Priory Estate, during the last few days. There were ten guns out; or, to make it clearer, we should say ten gentlemen with five breech-loaders a-piece, as the proprietor of the covers objected to their carrying any more than that number:—

Partridges	20
<i>Note.</i> —These were so thoroughly killed, that the Keepers could only find fifteen.	
Pheasants	30
<i>Note.</i> —This number was sworn to after dinner by several gentlemen. It was rather dark when they were counted.	

VARIOUS.

Squirrels	50
<i>Note by a Short-sighted Gentleman.</i> —Looked like birds in the distance.	
Water-Hens	40
Jays	20
Cock-Robins	300
(Including, perhaps, some Jenny Wrens, but nobody knew.)	
Nuthatches	100
(At least somebody said they were Nuthatches.)	
Peacocks	2
(One being a Hen.)	
Chickens	50
(By mistake—near the Farm.)	
Californian Quails	16
<i>N.B.</i> An accident. These birds had been turned out on a neighbouring estate. Their owner valued them at five guineas each, and would take no apology without the money.	
Tom-Tits	30
<i>Note.</i> —Stupid birds. Served 'em right.	
Dogs	12
(That got in the way.)	
Keeper and Boy (winged)	14
<i>N.B.</i> Both claim compensation, and Boy's Mother came down in the evening, making a deuce of a row.	

Total . . . 6704

P.S. I can't recollect how we made up the number originally to fifteen thousand two hundred and twenty-three. I think I must have omitted something.—Yours, COCKER.



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

Hard Riding Corner. "COME ALONG, SIR—JUMP UP—JUST WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR COUNTRY, YOU SEE—GET OVER ANYWHERE WITH A FALL."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A WORKHOUSE!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—

READ THIS. I want to know wot you say to this here, Sir:—

"THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE POORHOUSE.—In our notice of this entertainment in our Wednesday's paper, we stated that the Christmas tree was given by MR. COUNCILLOR ROGERS. This should have been MR. ALDERMAN COLES."

The fact, as I expects to inwite your hanimadwersion, is that, by whomsoever given, a Christmas tree was actially interduced into a workus durin the Christmas of 1864. My scollardship ain't so pore but what I'm hable to say 1864 is a *hannus mirabilis*. But this language is too mild to ixpress the bindignation with which, as a British Beadle, I regards the allowance of sitch a unporeochial hindulgence as a Christmas tree to them wicious paupers. A Christmas hentertainment in a workus, includin a Christmas tree! Wot next? I axes whilst I feels astonishment and fury a blazin in my dilated eyes and glowin in my puffed and purple cheeks. Wot next, Sir? Read on, *Mr. Punch*; it is the *Hampshire Independent* as contains the foregoin parrigraff; read on, Sir, and amost right hunderneath it your hire will be aggrwyated by this hother astoundin peece of inflammation:—

"THE EBONY MINSTRELS AT THE WORKHOUSE.—On Thursday evening this company gave an entertainment to the inmates in a large room belonging to the boys' school, which was filled with a delighted audience of old and young. The performance was highly creditable to the gentlemen who took part in it, and will long be remembered by those for whose pleasure it was so generously given."

There, Sir! Nigger minstrels in a workus! That's the Southampton workus. Nigger minstrels! Agen I hax, wot next? Hoppera singers I spose, SENIOR MARY OH, and MAMSELLE PATTY and Wotsername. "*La Travvyarter* in the workus. We ave mutch plesur in reordin the anouncement that the hoppera of *La Travvyarter* was performed this Christmas in our workus hand afforded igh grattificashun to the delited inmates." That's wot you'll see persaps next yere in your Southampton contempory; hand I apecal to you, Sir, can you conseave hanythink more demoralisin? I dare say they ad not honly as much roast beef and plum pudin in the Southampton workus as they cood heat, but halso

minspy, and no doubt but wot it'll hend on some iday and olliday with turtle and wenison. Christmas hentertainments, a Christmas tree, and Hethiopian Serrenaders in the Southampton workus! Flyin full in the face of porochial economy! Where do the Southampton Board of Guardians igseckt to go to?

Sir, I am, &c.,

BUMBLE.

St. Pancridge's Place, 1865.

P.S. You'll take note this here is from me, BUMBLE the Beadle, and not MRS. BUMBLE, as peraps you would hinfer from the creme of the letter in the poscrip. Still lower down in the same colum as the foregoin you'll find these words:—

"SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The following remarkably suitable text for this festive season was selected as the foundation of a discourse on Sunday evening last (being Christmas Day) by both the REV. H. H. CARLISLE, at Above Bar Chapel, and the REV. S. MARCH, at Albion Chapel:—Nehemiah, ch. viii. verse 10, 'Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.'"

Like preelin like practis. 'Tis werry werry sad to see sitch hun-poreochial principals prevvelent at Southampton!

The Encyclical Letter.

December 8th, 1864.

"THE Roman Church" the Popes would neatly say,
"Is PETER's bark:" but ~~we~~ say something neater;
Henceforth the Letter, writ the other day
By the NINTH PIUS, is the Bark of PETER.

"EXTRA-ORDINARY REMEDY."

How to make your Hair grow.—Get up early in the morning and gently scrape your skin with a boot-jack.

HINT TO SCULPTORS.—A Lamb giving way to its feelings in a plaintive cry would be an excellent subject for a *Bas-relief*.



NO. 1.—OUR CURATE SUDDENLY TAKES EXTREME VIEWS—AND THINKS HIS NEW STYLE OF DRESS WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL EFFECT.



NO. 2.—THE WONDERFUL EFFECT SHOWN. OUR CURATE THINKS THAT, ON THE WHOLE, THERE IS NOT MUCH IN SARTORIAL CHRISTIANITY.

A RE-CONVERTED PERVERT.

A BIRD IN THE HAT.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

A GREAT deal is said about the mission of Woman. In the opinion of the First NAPOLEON, Woman's mission consists in dressing and decorating herself, and trying to make herself look as pretty as she can. This view has much in it that is undeniable, but it is not quite true. If it were, Woman would have no mission after a certain age, when the attempt to look anything better than venerable is unsuccessful.

While, however, beauty lasts, it certainly is the mission of Woman to make the most of it. Fashionable novelties, therefore, which enhance the personal appearance of young ladies, can reasonably be objected to by none but those who have to pay for them without profiting by them; fathers who do not care about the looks of their daughters, or do not expect investment in their daughters' wardrobe to pay by procuring sons-in-law to take those young ladies off their hands.

Sir, I have no sympathy with such curmudgeons. I am glad of anything that vexes them. Therefore, I much approve of a sweet thing that has just turned up in hats. I mean girls' hats, of course. The sweet thing is a stuffed bird—the kingfisher generally; but I have also seen tropical birds of brilliant plumage in hats. Of course this sweet thing is expensive, but how very pretty it is, how becoming! Let surly old fellows abuse it and grumble at it—we youth laugh at them.

What I have to suggest is, that other zoological specimens besides kingfishers and tropical birds, should be used for the adornment of young ladies' hats. There are various British birds—goldfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches, bullfinches, yellowhammers, water-wagtails, and golden-crested wrens—that would do equally well for that purpose, and some of them better, for the kingfisher does not perhaps suit every complexion. It might become what I believe is called a brunette, but not perhaps what I think you term a blonde. But I say why should your daughters and your damsels limit themselves for ornaments of this description to the domain of ornithology? Why not travel farther afield into the animal kingdom? Rats and mice, small hedgehogs, bats, toads and frogs, lizards and snakes, might be mounted in the hat with

great effect. Such creatures, if not pretty in themselves, if indeed, simply considered, horrid things, are eligible for that very reason in some cases. A toad would not exactly sit gracefully on the head-dress of an elderly female, but squatting over the brow of youth and loveliness it would set off the beauty of the wearer by contrast. Let me, therefore, suggest the employment of reptiles and vermin for decorative purposes by all young ladies who feel, as probably most young ladies do, that they can afford, whether their parents can or no for them, to sport queer embellishments. And then we shall not have the most beautiful of all British birds extirpated, which would be a pity, even if the kingfishers were all sacrificed to a consideration so momentous as the trimming of a hat.

Deinotherium Club.

Sir, I am, &c., SMELFUNGUS.

BUONAPARTE'S GULL.

AN Ornithologist writes to the *Times* announcing that a specimen of Buonaparte's gull has been shot at Falmouth. He says this is the first known case of the bird being found in England. Two have been shot, it seems, in Ireland, and one in Scotland.

We are delighted to hear Buonaparte's gulls are such a rarity in these islands. The two Irish specimens were, no doubt, Fenian or Ultra-montane. Their rarity is the more remarkable here, considering that in France Buonaparte's gulls may be counted by millions, and have occasionally been shot there in great numbers, particularly on the 2nd of December, 1851.

A Derivation.

"WHY is this new dye called Aniline, dear Mr. Punch?" asked a charming young lady philosopher at a recent *conversazione*. "It is a word derived from anile, my love," was PROFESSOR PUNCH's reply, "and the meaning is, that when people grow anile, they ought to dye." "Dear old thing," said the young lady, "the older you grow, the wiser and wittier you get." "The child speaks truth," said the eminent Professor.

DOCK LEAVES.



WE may say that the beneficent and genial influences of Christmas have not entirely passed away with our indigestions. Even in the halls of the stern Themis, there are still the sparkling epigram, the touch of sly humour, the sarcastic poke and the merry laugh. The law and police reports of the past week contain a profusion of good fun, and *Punch* would not willingly let it die.

He has selected a few of the comic gems from the Courts of Justice, and has re-set them for the delectation of mankind:—

"WESTMINSTER.

"ANN CHEESEMAN, a woman about 50 years of age, was charged with being tipsy and assaulting the police. She was sitting on the step of a door, and when the policeman raised her up to remove her, she gave him a smack on the face.

"DEFENDANT. Ob, it's a peculiarity I have, your Worship—it was only a joke.

"MR. SELFE. Did you see the joke, Constable?

"POLICEMAN. No, Sir, I did not; she gave me a smartish smack.

"MR. SELFE. Mrs. CHEESEMAN, how came you in this state?

"DEFENDANT. Why, it was under peculiar circumstances. I was having some beer—very little, your Worship—when some larkish young men who were there put some spirits into the beer—some gin, your Worship.

"MR. SELFE. You were not oblig'd to drink the gin.

"DEFENDANT. Yes, I was, your Worship.

"MR. SELFE. How?

"DEFENDANT. If I hadn't drunk the gin I must have lost my beer.

"MR. SELFE. Yes, I see—a case of necessity.

"DEFENDANT. I hope you will forgive me, I am going to the workhouse. I will never come here again. It was a peculiar circumstance that overcame me this time. Pray let me go.

"MR. SELFE. Do you think I can take your word?

"DEFENDANT. Yes, you can. I'll not come out of the workhouse.

"MR. SELFE. Under these circumstances you may keep your word. Don't come here again."

MR. SELFE is an admirable Magistrate, and the way he tackled the shifty Oratorian, in the case of the kidnapped girl the other day, entitles him to all plaudits. The above report shows that he can make allowance for Peculiar Circumstances, and as the circumstances will be very peculiar indeed under which *Mr. Punch* will stand in MR. SELFE's, or any other dock, *Mr. Punch* registers a vow, that should he feel inclined to break the law, he will break it in the Westminster police-district. He trusts that MR. SELFE will then discharge him with a compliment, in order that he may be able to reply, with his wonted brilliancy, that another proverb is smashed, for that SELFE praise is a great recommendation. He now proceeds to the—

"THAMES.

"THOMAS HENRY JACKSON, a tall, well-dressed young man of aristocratic bearing, was brought before MR. PAGET, charged with knocking at the doors of sundry and divers inhabitants of the Parish of St. Dunstan, Stepney, otherwise Stebonheath, without lawful excuse.

"The Prisoner said he had been out with a few friends last night, and was not quite sober or quite tipsy. His friends knocked at his door at Christmas time, and he returned the compliment by knocking at theirs.

"The mother of the Prisoner here made an appeal to the Magistrate in favour of her son, and said he was a young man born in Stepney.

"MR. PAGET. That is no reason he should hammer at people's doors the night time. You should teach him better.

"MOTHER. He has been brought up very genteelly. We are very respectable."

From "aristocratic bearing" down to "very respectable" is a great drop, but we will not inquire too closely as to what may be the Thames district notions of aristocratic manners. We have, in other days, heard true aristocracy defined as wearing your hat on one side. MR. PAGET's retort that the young nobleman's having been born at Stepney was no reason for his hammering at doors at night, was capital, but he missed another epigram about people who are born half-seas over being erroneously supposed to be parishioners of Stepney. The Prisoner was in that condition, being as he declared *entre deux vins*, or rather probably, despite his aristocracy, between two beers. We hope that he has been brought up too genteelly, as his Mamma said, to state that the beak fined him ten bob, as a short, ill-dressed young man of democratic bearing might have said, and again we move on to—

"GREENWICH.

"WM. JAMES MURPHY, a decently-dressed young man, of Church Street, Deptford, appeared to a summons to pay on a promissory note given on a loan from a Friend of Labour Society.

"MICHAEL NAGLE, the secretary, said the Society in question was held at the King's Arms public-house, Church Street, Deptford; but that the loan in respect of which the balance due was now sued for had been made to one WILLIAM ANNAREY, since dead. They summoned him because he had married the dead man's widow. (Laughter.)

"DEFENDANT. Your worship I'm no scholar, and for the life of me I can't see why, because a man marries a widow that therefore he ought to pay debts owing by a woman's former husband. (Laughter.)

"MAGISTRATE. It all comes of marrying a rich widow. (Roars of laughter.) You have the shop and fixtures which belonged to your wife's late husband.

"DEFENDANT (shaking his head). I'm not so sure of them. (Renewed laughter.) It is true that I and the widow are married, but I'll tell you what she tells me. She says the property was not left for her benefit, but for the benefit of the two dear children her husband left her with. (Roars of laughter.)

MR. SECRETARY MICHAEL NAGLE's name would seem to import that he comes from the country against which MR. FAWCETT very properly says we have no right to make contemptuous charges. Still, that curious "but" invites attention. There is a jolly Irish song which saith—

"My father was a Quaker,
But an honest man,
My mother was a Catholic,
And I'm a Protestant."

The fortunate MR. MURPHY, too, may also be of the Irish persuasion, and its keenness is shown in his conviction that it requires scholarship to understand why you should pay your wife's debts. We may inform him, however, that many persons with scholarship have failed to descry the reason, especially, in high life, when the creditor was a swindling and extortionate milliner, and, in low life, when the creditor was a swindling and extortionate tallyman. In this case, however, the decently-dressed young MURPHY had to redeem his defunct predecessor's credit with the Friend or Quaker of Labour. Well, we were so much pleased at MR. PAGET's Court that we cannot do better than again look into the

"THAMES.

"A WELL-DRESSED young woman was charged with being tipsy, and incapable of taking care of herself.

"The Prisoner, who was attired in hat and feathers, a lace veil of fine texture, a Paisley shawl worth at least four guineas, and a superb flounced black silk dress, said the unfortunate condition she was in was all owing to the Underground Railway.

"MR. PAGET. What do you mean?

"The Prisoner said she paid a visit to her brother and his wife yesterday at Paddington, and proceeded there and back by the Underground Railway, which had such an effect upon her that she became insensible.

"MR. PAGET. You were intoxicated.

"PRISONER. Yes. I had one glass of gin—no more—after leaving the Underground Railway, I will never take any more.

"MR. PAGET. What are you?

"PRISONER. A policeman's wife. He has been twenty years in the force. Oh, Sir, it is all owing to the Underground Railway. (Laughter.)"

This is the second vision of splendour that delighted the Thames-street reporter. "Well-dressed" is surely a tame phrase for such magnificence. We should think that her evidence would, as *Hamlet* ought to have said, astonish the ears of the Undergroundlings. *Mr. Punch* has travelled on the line (taking, of course, a third-class ticket and riding in a first-class carriage, as becomes an *habitué*), but he does not recollect ever having had to be carried away on a stretcher, like this lady, though, having listened to the swagger of the City men who use the line, he has carried away a great many stretchers with him. Let us hope that her policeman of twenty years' force will be powerful enough to keep her from Paddington for the future. Perhaps she felt so proud of his new helmet that she got, as the Americans say, a brick in her own bonnet. MR. PAGET was very kind as usual, and only bade her move on.

Majora canamus. The next repartee which we are happy to chronicle is by the Lord Chief Justice of England. A MR. CLARE, a person with a grievance, made a row in Court, and bellowed, among other absurd things, that he "wanted justice," instead of particularising the slice of justice which he wished cut for him. He had also been writing abusive letters, after the fashion of these nuisances, filled with grievances. SIR ALEXANDER remonstrated, but for a long time with small success. At last the Judge had a chance.

"APPLICANT (violently). Then am I to stand here—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. No. I must request you to sit down."

And a glance from the eye of justice, intimating a possible Peeler, finally quelled the grievance man, who, by the way, added to his crimes by speaking uncivilly of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was never uncivil to anybody.

Nor shall the wit of the Bar be unrecorded. A milkman wished to marry a certain EMMA, but afterwards didn't wish. The young lady's sentiments remaining unchanged, she appealed to the tribunal of her country. The Templars' law, *De Oculis*, did not appear to have been much regarded during the courtship, and to another young lady witness spake.

"MR. CHAMBERS. My learned friend MR. HAWKINS suggests that you kept a piece of chalk, and scored the kisses up, and, according to your account, the

defendant left a double chalk. (Laughter.) Did you chalk up the kisses (Low laughter.)

"WITNESS. Certainly not. MRS. BURRELL, defendant's wife's sister, said on one occasion that she would cut her sister's legs off rather than that she should marry a milkman."

"MR. HAWKINS. I suppose she said that because he was not the cream of society. (Laughter.)"

"MR. CHAMBERS. No; he is what is called skimmed milk. (Laughter.)"

MRS. BURRELL's awful figure of speech might have scared less eminent wits out their powers of rejoinder, but we rejoice to read that, like TANCRED and ARGANTES when they charged each other and their horses fell, they

"Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they."

The bereaved EMMA got £25 and an assurance from BARON BRAMWELL that she was to be congratulated in escaping the milkman's yoke; for though he had sworn that he would not have any but-her, he was not the cheese, she would have been cowed by his temper, been treated like a Kurd, never had her whey, &c., &c., &c. Or, if his Lordship did not say so, he thought it, but would not enter into a wit-conflict with the Bar.

Altogether, old Father Antio, the Law, is not so dull as much that passes for fun in recognised places of entertainment, Convocation for instance.

TO THE YANKEE BRAGGARTS.

Thunder which we had prepared in case MR. SEWARD should back up GENERAL DIX.



HIS American crisis is one which is only to be met by the most unmitigated Swagger, and Mr. Punch, hastily constituting himself Head Swaggerer to the British Nation, hereby answers the Yankee journals "with shouts as loud and shrieks as 'fierce as their own.'" War with England, indeed, you long-faced, wizened, ugly, ignorant Occidentals. Do you know what you are talking about? Defy the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze? Laugh at the Lion and give umbrage to the Unicorn. Bah! Bosh! Shut up! Tremble! Do you know what we should do in the flash of a lucifer match? We should recognise the Confederacy, proclaim DAVIS King of the South, and steam into all the Confederate ports at once with three

hundred thousand Guards, all six foot and most six and three-quarters, sinking all your blockading ships to DAVID JONES, except such as we should seize for our own use in bombarding New York. We should put SIR HUGH ROSA at the head of our stupendous land force, and relieve LEE, who would rush South to exterminate all your Generals, sober or tipsy, while we marched upon Washington, and for the second time, ha! ha! gave it to the devouring flames. We should then walk over you all, and straight into Canada, where we should instantly hang every Yankee who had dared to set his hoof on the sacred soil, and then we should annex the North to the colony, making Quebec the empire city. Meantime, our Australian soldiers would be up and doing; the Swan River Volunteers would occupy Texas, the brave Van Diemens would clear Missouri, the New South Welshers would answer for Arkansas, while the New Zealand natives, amnestied and thirsting to show their love for England, would sweep like a tattooed torrent through Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. We should have a grand re-union of forces at Michigan, where a British Congress would proclaim aristocracy, primogeniture, and the Church of Ireland as the established religion of your country, and then we should consider to what death it would be most satisfactory to the universe to put GORDON BENNETT and MR. SEWARD. After which a grand display of fireworks and a transparency two miles long, bearing in flaming letters the legend,

THE UNION IS NO MORE!

Put that in your pipes and smoke it; and there's plenty more where that came from. Let's liquor up all round.

WHAT COMMON QUESTION MEANS NEGUS?—Wine 'ot?

COMPLAINT OF AN OLD FOGY.

DEAR PUNCH,

HAVE you underwent (is it went or gone) the last form of torture invented by the rising generation for the discomforture of people who were educated in days when spelling was not thought a sinecure non so much as sense and spirit. When you get in the drawing-room some perky young lady says, "Well, now, we'll try Mr. DOLDERUM's spelling." "Try what, my dear?" says I. "It's such fun. You are to write down the words which I say, and if you spell any of them wrong, you owe me a fillypeener" (I know that's wrong), "so sit down, and here's my pencil." What am I to do? The whole party swarms round, and Miss Impertinence dictates a lot of words—here is what I wrote last night, and they all screamed, and I owe the young puss a present. Look here, who was to spell such words?

"Going on board the gatch, I was harassed by an acknowledgement of the owner's embarrassment at being taken by me for Lord Chumley at Cuseter, but I withheld an answer because I was vacillating about the vaccination of my granddaughter, and he went on gaging the height of a peeled potatoe."

Now, really, Mr. Punch, this spelling seems to me quite good enough to be understood, and what more do you want? I will not dine out if this sort of thing is allowed, and there's an end of it.

Yours, ever truly,

MALMESBURY DOLDERUM.

CHANT ON THE ENCYCLICAL.

(As intoned by the Ultramontane French Bishops.)

Oh, what a hardship and a shame, a scandal and abomination To be forbidden giving the Pope's Bull official publication! The newspapers are all allowed to reproduce that sacred document, O venerable Brothers, and with criticisms to vex and shock you meant.

Let us raise a voice of wailing, lamentation, mourning, woe.

How unfairly, how severely, we are treated! Oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

It is denied us to instruct our faithful flocks that they should rather Obey, than CÆSAR, one who is above him; that's Rome's Holy Father, And preach that CÆSAR's throne is based on principles of revolution, And CÆSAR will himself have to do penance and make restitution, Or—I need not mention the alternative which you all know, And our tongues are tied, or we had better hold them. Oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

What persecution we endure in being hindered from declaring The dogma that the State doth sin with wicked heretics in bearing, That nobody beside ourselves hath right to freedom of opinion, And temporal is subject to ecclesiastical dominion.

In our shaven cheeks with tears the furrows therefore overflow, Dolefully as we keep crying through our noses. Oh, oh, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.

WHAT queer people there are in the world, and especially in the world dramatic. For instance, look at this odd catalogue of persons who are wanted for a theatre:—

WANTED (to open on the 24th of January), a Leading Gentleman, Juvenile First Low Comedian, Three or Four Utility Gentlemen, a Leading Lady, Heavy Juveniles, a Lady to Sing and Dance, and Two Utility Ladies. Parties engaged will please to meet on the stage at the Theatre.

Now that idleness is thought rather a lady-like accomplishment, "utility ladies" are not so vastly plentiful, and really it would be almost as hard to find a brace of them as to flush a pair of Dodos upon Salisbury Plain. To be ornamental is what ladies mostly aim at now-a-days, and few of them have any thought of trying to be useful.

As for the "heavy juveniles," who are likewise in demand, the notice should be more precise in stating of what age and weight these juveniles must be. If the fat boy in Pickwick be taken as the standard weight required for heavy juveniles, it might, perhaps, be difficult to meet with a young bantling,—or rather, we should say, a young Bantling—to come up to it.

Then, what in wonder's name are all these people wanted "to open on the 24th?" Is an oyster supper to be given on that evening, and are these actors all required to lend a hand in the prefatory arrangements?

CYNIC'S MOTTO FOR KELLY'S DIRECTORY.

(By the permission of the Author of "Dead Men whom I have known.")

LIVING Men whom I don't want to know.



Parlor Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, COOK, MISSUS WANTS TO 'PEAK TO YOU ABOUT TO-MORROW'S DINNER."
Cook (deep in the last Penny 'lustrated). "OH! ANG ER; NOT AT ONE, TELL ER!!"

THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.



THE *Mémorial* of Vaucluse has published the story of a railway detention in the snow, accompanied by an incident more horrible to every well-regulated mind than any ever included in the long catalogue of even railway-accident-horrors in this country. An archbishop was actually shut up in the train for two days on short commons, and only rescued after walking two miles through the snow without his shoes!

The blood runs cold at the idea, even though the archbishop in this case was a Roman one. But it is only when we transfer this picture to our

own Establishment that its full horror can be realised. Think of our own venerable W. EBON, or C. T. CANTUAR exposed to such frightful sufferings! To picture to oneself a *bishop* on bread and snow-water for forty-eight hours, and afterwards trudging two miles through the sludge in open shorts and gaiters, with his shoe-soles worn off, makes the heart bleed. Fancy SAM OXON in this predicament, reduced, perhaps, to fall back on his own soap, as the

snowed-up bear is said to absorb its own fat. And yet we could almost make up our minds to such a sight, thinking of the tornado of railway reform it would give rise to. Starving a bishop would be even better than SYDNEY SMITH's suggestion of burning one, as a short way to railway reformation. It would be more startling. One has heard of bishops being burnt—in bloody MARY's time. But of a bishop being starved, history contains no record. Then, what a highly scriptural as well as salutary spectacle we should have in one of the modern successors of the Apostles, literally without scrip or shoes, instead of as we usually see him, with an extremely well-lined convexity under his apron, and an elegant pair of pumps with silver buckles, on the rare occasions when our Anglican overseer condescends to your "even Christian's" conveyance, Shanks' nag, instead of the well-appointed chariot or perfect cobb, so much affected by the pillars of our Episcopal Bench.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HERE we are again:—

SUPERB, small LANDAU, for a light horse. It is the lightest of its kind ever made, adapted for a hilly country, or a Clergyman. Opens instantly. A saving of £65 effected.

What connection could there have been in the advertiser's mind between a hilly country and a Clergyman? Unless he was thinking of an eccentric preacher after the style of the late ROWLAND HILL, and then he should have explained himself by writing a hilly country or a Rowland Hilly Clergyman.

A Gentle Hint.

THE POPE has presented a hat of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, to the EMPEROR OF MEXICO. This is a very ancient Papal custom, and has always been considered highly symbolical. It was first used when the Papal treasury was, as it now is, very low, and originated in one of the many forms of collecting Peter's pence, called "Going round with the Hat."



THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "AS YOU SAY, MR. PAM, THAT TO WRITE PROPERLY IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN THE WORLD, I'VE BROUGHT THIS LITTLE GENTLEMAN TO YOU. HIS LETTER-WRITING SADLY WANTS IMPROVING."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

In consequence of the new powers conferred upon themselves by the Police, the following may be considered as a probable Police Report for any day at the close of 1865, or in 1866, when such powers will, by frequent use, have acquired the force of law.

DOGBERRY STREET.—SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A SOLICITOR.—A person of gentlemanly exterior, who gave his name as MR. CHARLES CODESILL, of 3, Paper Walk, Barnard's Temple, was brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with creating a disturbance in the streets, and obstructing the Police in the execution of their duty.

WIGG 263 Q. deposed, that on Thursday night, he was on duty in Oxford Street, and having nothing particular to do, was enjoying a chat, and a few nuts, with a young female of his acquaintance who was out to fetch the supper beer. While thus engaged, the prisoner came up and accosted him familiarly.

The MAGISTRATE. What do you mean by accosted you familiarly?

WIGG 263 Q. expressed his surprise at his Worship's question. He had been in the force ten years, and had never had the slightest doubt thrown on his testimony. He didn't feel he was bound to answer his Worship at all, if he didn't like.

The MAGISTRATE. Well, we will not discuss the point.

WIGG 263 Q. said he was glad to hear that, as he should have been obliged to appeal to the head of the Police, who had recently given orders that the Police were in no way to be annoyed by the Magistrates. The Prisoner interrupted his, WIGG's, conversation for the purpose of inquiring his way to the New Road. This he considered a mere pretence for getting a word with the young female and cutting him, WIGG, out. He did not make any answer to prisoner's question. Finding that he repeated his impertinence, he took him to the station-house and locked him up. The Prisoner made some resistance, and witness cautioned him that anything he might do, or say, would be used dead against him at his trial.

The MAGISTRATE. It appears to me, that unless you have received some new rules and regulations from the head of the Police, with which I am at present unacquainted, you have somewhat exceeded the limits of your duty.

WIGG 263 Q. observed that he was of a jealous temperament, and couldn't bear to stand by and see any young female, as he took an interest in, spoken to by a mere civilian under his very nose. It was aggravating. The orders issued from head-quarters were, that the Police were not to be aggravated, or obstructed, and if so treated they were at perfect liberty to lock up the offender. (The Policeman here handed in for his Worship's inspection the New Revised Private Police Code, for the use of the executive, and the assistance of the judicial authorities.)

The MAGISTRATE having perused the document, observed that witness could not have acted in a more humane manner than he had done. He was sorry to see a gentleman of his, the Prisoner's, status in such a humiliating position.

PRISONER. But your Worship will perhaps allow me to state—

The MAGISTRATE, after a reference to the Revised Police Code, said that he really couldn't allow him to state anything of the sort. He was sitting there to protect the public, and implicitly believe the word of the Police. Once throw any imputation on the credit of the Civil Executive power, and all security was at an end. He should fine him 40s. for the assault, or one month's imprisonment.

The amount was immediately paid.

VERGES STREET.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE. FRACAS IN THE POLICE CELLS.—FRANK GOSLING, aged 22, clerk in a large mercantile establishment, was placed at the bar before MR. CUSTOS, charged with creating a disturbance in the police cells of that Court.

The PRISONER (addressing the Magistrate). I have been locked up all night, Sir; they have used me very badly.

MR. CUSTOS. Let me hear the charge.

INSPECTOR BLINK said, I was in the station-house when the Prisoner was brought in. I entered his name on the sheet. I asked what he was charged with. The Policeman said he'd leave that to me.

MR. CUSTOS. What charge is entered on the sheet?

INSPECTOR BLINK. None at first. I ordered him to be locked up. I thought we soon should have a charge against him, and I was right. He became very violent, and wouldn't be locked up. It took three policemen besides myself to put him into the cells. It was after this that I felt myself justified in entering a charge of assault against the Prisoner.

MR. CUSTOS. But it seems to me a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Police, that they—

INSPECTOR BLINK apologised for interrupting the Magistrate, but perhaps his Worship had not seen the new rules and regulations for the Police?

MR. CUSTOS owned that he had not.

INSPECTOR BLINK begged the Magistrate's attention to a copy, which he now handed in. His Worship would see that he, the Inspector, had acted according to information received.

MR. CUSTOS, after reading the document, said this quite altered the case. The Inspector had acted throughout in a most cautious and praiseworthy manner. He should like to question the officer who took the Prisoner into custody.

Inspector regretted that the officer in question was not present. He believed that that officer, who was a most efficient member of the force, had taken the Prisoner into custody, more for the sake of keeping a young and foolish man out of danger in the London streets, and to keep his hand in professionally, than from any cause or offence given by the Prisoner. If his Worship would again refer to the Code he would see that it was all right.

MR. CUSTOS said nothing could be more straightforward than the Inspector's account of the whole affair. Young men would be young men, but this was no excuse for the violence of the Prisoner towards those who were endeavouring to prove themselves his best friends and kindest moral protectors. He should mark his sense of the Prisoner's conduct by inflicting a fine of 10s.

The Prisoner, who appeared deeply affected by the worthy Magistrate's address, was then removed to the lock-up until the fine was paid.

MR. CUSTOS then placed in our reporter's hands the New Police Code for the better regulation and moral improvement of the Metropolis:—

1. No person, or persons, under any pretence whatever, shall be out of their domiciles after One o'clock, A.M. And any person so offending and being unable to produce a written permission from the Chief Commissioner of Police, shall be at once locked up in the nearest station-house.
2. No person, or persons, shall allow a dancing, dining, musical, supper, or any other sort of party, to continue beyond the hour of One, A.M. without first obtaining special permission from the Chief Commissioner of Police. This regulation equally affects Private Residences, Public Houses, Clubs, &c.
3. The Police have full liberty to enter any domicile whatever, at any time that shall appear most convenient to themselves and the interests of Public Morality. The owner, or owners, of any such domicile refusing to give, or failing to offer, sherry and biscuits, or beer and bread and cheese, according to his, or their, position in Society's scale, shall be liable to fine or imprisonment at the option of the Police.
4. No charges need be entered at the moment of a Prisoner being received into the Station-house. To avoid hasty and confused writing, the charges of the previous night can be left until the following morning, when they will be duly weighed and considered before entry. For the sake of variety, no two Prisoners shall have precisely the same charge entered against them.
5. Any Inspector may lock up or dismiss a Prisoner at his own option.
6. Any officer of any division may take into custody any one he likes or doesn't like, without assigning a reason.
7. The truncheon shall be used after one warning.
8. The Police shall visit all private houses where no entertainment is going on, as above stated, in order to see that the candles have been carefully extinguished, and the gas turned off, before the hour of 11 P.M. If this is not done, the Chief Commissioner will know the reason why.
9. The Policemen stationed in the pits, galleries, or dress circles of theatres, are hereby strictly ordered to remove any person, or persons, giving way to immoderate laughter, or tears. An officer will be stationed in every private box, to preserve decorum among its inmates.
10. Every performance at every theatre shall be finished at a quarter to eleven punctually. The curtain will be in the charge of two officers, who will drop it at that hour, no matter what act or what scene the piece may have reached.
11. A Magistrate must place implicit faith in the statements of any Constable, who in return will assist the Magistrate on every possible occasion.

Given at Scotland Yard.

PUBLICATION RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

A Treatise on Artificial Teeth. By ———, Surgeon Dentist.

THIS work has been sent to Mr. Punch and to most of his young men, with commendable attention, at various dates during some years past. We are sure that we are much obliged to the sender, for the little book is very neatly bound, and we, immediately on receiving it, take a sharp knife, cut away all the valuable letter-press (which makes exceedingly good spills for cigars, though as to its other merits we have not the faintest idea) leaving a slight margin, and then we gum notes, or other papers which we wish to preserve, between his pretty covers. As we are "nothing if not critical," we must just observe that the writer would much oblige us by making the work a little larger in form, that is, more like an octavo, as though his cover holds small notes very well, the ordinary size extends beyond the edges. With this slight hint to the author, we discharge our pleasant duty of noticing his work.



WIT IN THE WASHING-ROOM.

Skim Parson (who has fallen in with an old College Chum at a Club). "ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD HIGH CHURCH PROCLIVITIES."

Stout ditto. "OH, NO! I WAS ALWAYS DISPOSED TO BE BROAD THAN OTHERWISE."

CHIMPANZEES AND CHERUBS.

MR. PUNCH,

IN a letter to the *Times*, headed "A New Factory Act Wanted," a gentleman who signs himself "A Childless Bachelor," reprehends the practice of exhibiting infants on the stage in pantomimes and burlesques. He says "the sight of little ones toddling about (some of them barely able to do so) plastered and painted, exposed to the glare of foot-lights and side-lights, at an hour when they ought all to be soundly sleeping, gave" him "anything but pleasure." He remarks that "the occupation was, in every respect, as unhealthy as it could be," and that "it is past hope that anything like the bloom of childhood could survive it." The conduct of the parents of the children in letting them out, of the Manager in exhibiting them, and of the spectators who witnessed their exposure with delight, he calls "disgusting." I don't know any epithet more applicable. But were the children's parents to blame? Had they any parents? Did they not come from workhouses—some of the most cruelly conducted of those institutions? Nay, surely, they had no parents, nor any guardians, except a Board of Guardians.

However, there must, no doubt, be little goblins in pantomimes and burlesques; but, Sir, would not monkeys do for these? Could not an arrangement be made with the Zoological Society on the one hand, and the Italians who educate PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S distant relatives, on the other? Perhaps the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would not be held to forbid this substitution of monkeys for children. If so, the difficulty might be met with respect to imps; but then how would the Manager manage for little angels? Sir, I would suggest that monkeys might be made to serve for angels too. As it is, the children are, as "A Childless Bachelor" says, plastered and painted. Now, *Mr. Punch*, why should not monkeys be plastered and painted to the same purpose? Is there not an "artiste," calling herself MADAME ESTHER, or some such name, who professes to make ladies, of any age, features, or complexion, "beautiful for ever" by enamelling their faces? If she can do that, she can give a facing of beauty to a gorilla or a

WAR, SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

A MONSTER mine is sprung below
A fort and half a thousand men
Up to the sky two hundred go,
And fall in fragments down again.
Tremendous mutual cannonade
Hurls death athwart the smoking wrack.
Host charges, meeting host; is stayed,
And, less ten thousand, beaten back.

O, fire and smoke! O, noise! O, mass
Of wholesale carnage, blood, and pain!
Fine haymaking of human grass,
For fiends, on yonder battle plain!
So vast a crop when armies yield
To Moloch, with such blaze and roar,
Is there not grandeur in the field
Heaped high, drenched deep, with slain and gore?

Nay, friend, mount only in balloon,
Which Fancy will at call supply,
A little nearer to the moon
Than COXWELL ever climbed the sky.
Great guns like children's cannon, then,
Will flash and bounce below thee far,
And thou wilt see, as pismires, men
Swarming in fight beneath thy car.

These things, however, wilt thou view,
Nought lessened from the loftiest height;
Murder, which all aggressors do;
On this side, wrong; on that side, right.
Alike if savages below,
Brandishing tomahawk and knife,
Scalp savages, or Christians blow
Up one another out of life.

A Lot of Lawyers.

A CONTEMPORARY states that—

"The number of attorneys on the roll is about 10,000."

The roll ought to be well buttered to sustain so many. BISHOP COLENSO is requested to take notice that 1, &c., are equal to 10,000.

baboon. Why not, as well as to a wrinkled JEZEBEL? If she can by cosmetic stucco, convert an ape into a full-grown angel, of course she can, by the same means, transform a smaller monkey into a cherub or a tombstone angel. Her figures for improving faces are said to be rather high, but surely this consideration would not prevent an enterprising and humane Manager from having the place of children on the stage at midnight supplied by monkeys made "beautiful for ever." Whatever you may think of "Man's place in Nature," you will no doubt allow that the place of a child in a pantomime had much better be filled by one of the *Simias*, if not by so big a brute as SIMIA SATYRUS.

Journalism.

A New Evening Paper, entitled the *Piccadilly Gazette*, is announced. It will contain all to-morrow's news, probable next three days' intelligence (on the plan of ADMIRAL FITZROY'S weather divinations), Musical Criticisms on all forthcoming Operas not as yet composed, and Theatrical Criticisms on future possible performances. The last *bon mot* and fashionable *on dit* of a fortnight hence will be in a conspicuous position, and the Editor will be perpetually getting himself forcibly propelled into the middle of next week, in order to arrive at the very first intelligence on every subject of much or little importance.

Serve Him Right!

RECENTLY, in his Charge on the trial of an "imperfectly educated" prisoner, the Judge, who was dead against the accused, introduced the Edinburgh motto, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. Verdict, guilty. The imperfectly educated culprit observed that the Latin was quite right, and meant that the Judge's something nature had absolutely no sense. He was very properly sent to penal servitude.

NOTE BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A VERY BAD COLD.

"Who runs may read."—If your eyes run, they can't read.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VII.—THE LOW COMEDIAN.



is.—Yours is indeed an enviable function in the theatre. You are the personification of mirth, the incarnation of laughter—a broad-grin in flesh and blood. There is nothing JOHN BULL—who still, as in the days of FROISSART, *s'amuse tristement* while he is left *s'amuser*—loves so much as having laughs pumped out of him; and the more irresistible the pressure applied for the purpose, the better he loves the process, and the force-pump—that is, the low comedian.

Remember, therefore, that it is, first and foremost, your business to get laughs; and get them.

Do not listen to those who tell you that it is your part to represent the humorous side of character, with all its effects of light and shade. That may be the business of the Actor who plays character-parts. You are a low comedian.

Always be funny. No

matter what the situation, emotion, or action, it is the Author's business to find you in laughs; and if he fails, you must make them.

You need not be too particular about your means. JOHN BULL, if he is kept laughing, is not disposed to ask questions as to the taste, propriety, sense, or meaning of what tickles him.

Let the circus-clown be a lesson to you in this respect. See how safe *he* makes his laughs; and yet how simple and *naïve* the means he uses!

Cultivate a manner of your own—the more unlike real life the better. A peculiar voice, gait, grin, or chuckle, will make you known the moment you appear, and often secure you a round of laughter before you open your mouth. Such a jocular mannerism, marking, as it does, your friendly and familiar relations with the public, may be compared to the Clown's "Here we are!" in the Pantomime, which never misses fire. Besides, as you will always play parts, *means*, at least, to be funny, the audience will in time come to associate your mannerism with fun, and to laugh at it as if it really were fun. In the absence of real humour or comicality *in* or on your part, this is a great advantage. If you cannot invent

a funny mannerism of your own, borrow that of the low comedian in vogue. In time people may come to think you as funny as he is.

The same exclusive eye to comicality which should govern your manner in *all* your parts, should preside over your dress and make-up. Let both be such as to provoke the involuntary exclamation, "What a Guy!" the moment you appear.

I need hardly say that probability or the usages of real life should not be considered for a moment in such matters as dress, manners, or make-up. Do not countenance the profoundly mistaken notion, that the fun may be in the part and not the Actor, and that all you have to do is to develop the Author's conception.

This would go far to render useless all your cherished mannerisms, tricks of make-up and dress, gags, and indeed the whole of your ready-made arsenal of fun; and throw you, instead, on the dull resources of first finding out, and then embodying, the humour of another man.

Always insist on plenty of "funny things" or "jokes" in your part. Do not be put off—as I have often seen Authors attempt to fob off low comedians—by the assurance that the part is humorous in itself, and does not require "jokes" to make it so. You have a right to see your "laughs" clear before you risk your reputation.

If the Author persist in refusing you straw to make your bricks with, in the shape of palpable "laughs," let his part play itself, and let him see what comes of his "humorous conception." The chances are he will never again attempt thus to impose on your good-nature.

The low comedian, like every other conscientious artist following a line of business, will have to resist the plausible reasoning of those who hold up life as the mirror in which he is constantly to look, to find the true features of his Art. He will be told that as tears and smiles lie close together, and often on the same faces in life, so they should on the stage. Let him turn a deaf ear to such sophisms, and cultivate the more profitable art of forcing broad-grins and guffaws. His study must not be life, but laughter; his object not to depict character from the ludicrous side, but to make the public laugh.

If he follow any other guiding principle, he will be led away into that fatal confusion of low comedy with character-part, against which we have already warned the light comedian.

BELATED JURYMEN.

(To the RIGHT HON. LORD WESTBURY.)

MAY it please your Lordship. Gentlemen of the Jury are persons on whose behalf I beg to claim your Lordship's attention. I wish to direct it, my Lord, to the following passage from the report of the late murder trial at the Old Bailey:—

"This closed the case for the Prosecution, and Mr. BERR, the Prisoner's Counsel, having applied to postpone his defence until this (Thursday) morning, the Court adjourned, and the jury, according to custom in such cases, were taken to the London Coffee House to stay overnight."

Now, my Lord, as a man, does not your Lordship feel that this practice of locking up gentlemen of the jury all night together is brutal and disgusting, as a law-reformer do you not think it ought to be abolished, and as LORD CHANCELLOR, could you not get the Legislature to abolish it? Is there the shadow of a reason for persisting in it, except the apprehension that jurymen, if they were allowed to go home, would be liable to be intimidated, and to have their minds influenced by their wives and other persons?

My Lord, are British jurymen, of all people in the world, particularly susceptible of intimidation or undue influence? I believe the French are not such brutes and fools as to lock up jurymen as ours are locked up in England. Yet surely the decisions of French juries are not in general more contrary to law and evidence than those of our own.

Suppose LORD SHAFESBURY were to fight a duel and have the misfortune to shoot somebody, he would, of course, be tried by his peers. He would be put on his trial before your Lordships. Then, if the noble Earl's case should happen to last over a day, would your Lordships, would the whole house of Lords, Bishops and all, have to be taken off and shut up in a neighbouring public-house—say the Westminster Palace Hotel? Well then!

I leave your Lordship to follow out the conclusion to which every sane person must arrive by parity of reasoning, and remain,

My Lord, ever your Lordship's,

PUNCH.

P.S. In strict law, I believe, jurors retiring for the night are subject to be kept without fire or candle; but custom and gas, between them, have repealed this senseless barbarity. Yet justice does not miscarry from the enlightenment and warming of jurymen. No more, perhaps, would it if gentlemen of the jury were treated as gentlemen, and, when their duties are interrupted by night, suffered to go home to their ladies.

Doctor Abraham Lincoln.

AMONG the American news we notice a statement that:—

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN has been made an LL.D. by the College of New Jersey."

LL.D.? PRESIDENT LINCOLN, after dealing as he has dealt with the laws and constitution of the United States, made Doctor of Laws by the College of New Jersey! Who ever could have thought that learned body capable of such a stroke of irony? The military government exercised by MR. LINCOLN will perhaps procure from some other equally learned and complimentary body the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

The Great Mistletoe Question.

I CAN'T say on the oak if the mistletoe shoot,
As on apple, pear, ash, its green clusters we see;
But I know it thrives longest and bears sweetest fruit,
(Witness *Punch's* own lips), on the Home Christmas tree.



THE LAST CAB AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

ELEGANT DISPUTE BETWEEN RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

Cabman. "If I was allowed to 'int, ladies, I shud say, Torse hup!"

THE SOLICITORS' SONG.

(*Apròpos of LORD WESTBURY'S Letter to MR. PAGET, M.P.*)

HERE'S WESTBURY, Lord Chancellor,
Who Solicitors dared defy,
Now down upon his marrow-bones,
And *Peccavi* forced to cry.
His precious Bill of Bankruptcy
A failure forced to own,
'Cause the teeth he can't draw of us dogs of the Law,
Nor force us to drop our bone!

He taxed his brain to tax our costs,
But the cost *he* has had to pay,
In a Bill dishonoured and Courts at feud,
And dividends gnawed away.
Spite of HAZLITT and ROCHE, we've upset the coach,
Ours still is the lion's share,
Still estates that fall in our fangs grow small,
And expenses are as they were.

Then hurrah for the jolly old legal pack,
And a fig for WESTBURY,
And all who would draw the fangs of law,
By curtailing the Lawyer's fee!
May bankrupts abound, and the less in the pound
To their creditors they pay,
The more in the pound they will pay to us,
And so they ought, Hooray!

SHREWD SUGGESTION.

It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner,
that it is one of his *fast* days.

A FATHER'S APPEAL.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

In an excellent article on the Brompton case, our friend and fellow Tory, the *Standard*, says:—

"It is, in fact, a vulgar error to suppose that a parent's authority over a female child ceases at the age of sixteen. That is an utter delusion."

Yes. But I should like to know when it *begins*. Having seven daughters, varying in age from two to twenty, I have some little interest in the question. My own contribution to its solution is my statement that—beginning with the youngest—my first regularly wakes me at six with screeching; my second paints all my photographs in her earliest manner; my third utterly declines to learn the multiplication table; my fourth refuses to dine in the nursery, and howls on the stairs until called down to the parlour; my fifth objects to go to church because the preacher is so ugly; my sixth made me stay for her at a dance till three this morning; and my seventh has announced that I may tyrannise over her young affections for another long and cruel year, but that on the day she is twenty-one she allies herself in marriage with her cousin PETER, whom I hate for his own sake and his family's. If, therefore, you or the *Standard* can give me any lights which will give me any authority over one or all of these young ladies, I shall remain,

Yours uncommonly obliged,

Generil Terrace, Regan Park.

THE LEAR OF PRIVATE LIFE

Meteorological.

THE Clerk of the Weather presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs leave to submit to him a joke which he, the Clerk, has occupied some moments of his leisure in concocting:—

Q. WHY IS ADMIRAL FITZROY like a careful riddle-maker?

A. Because a good deal of his time is taken up about a cone-and-drum (*conundrum*).

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INFALLIBLE.

Millamant (who has dropped in for an hour at Stodge's, on his way to an Evening Party). "BOTHERWATION! HOW SHALL I GET RID OF THIS TOBACCO SMOKE! GOT ANY SCENT, STODGE?"

Stodge. "I'VE GOT THE VERY THING, MY DEAR FELLOW. ONLY KEEP ONE SORT. WHERE'S YOUR HANDKERCHIEF. THERE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TURPS!!!"
[Exit Swell, disgusted.]

HOMŒOPATHY IN THE WORKHOUSE.

THE proverb says that Union is strength, but the Poor Law Union is synonymous with weakness. Weak broth, and weak tea, and weak stimulants of all sorts are given in the workhouse, and the paupers who reside there are generally weak people. There are weak minds too among them, and among those who have the charge of them, who in very many instances are weak enough to fancy that they can get work done without giving proper pay for it. For example, at the Holborn Union the medical man is paid a hundred pounds a-year for attending on an average one hundred and twenty patients, forty of whom he is required to visit every day; while the medicine he dispenses costs him twenty pounds a year, or a halfpenny per diem for each one of his patients. With such homœopathic pay for it, one wonders that the treatment is not also homœopathic: for globules are of course far cheaper than black doses, and if through want of proper physic a patient happens to die, there will be one the less to visit, and so the less work for the Doctor.

As a rule, our workhouse Surgeons are shamefully ill-paid, and when a death occurs through insufficient—that is, homœopathic—treatment, one can hardly be surprised at it. The charge of manslaughter in such case should be brought against the Guardians rather than the Doctor, for they stint him in the salary out of which he buys his drugs, and they stint him in the diet he prescribes for his poor patients. But the workhouse, it is said, must perforce be made repulsive, and even in the sick room its inmates must be roughly treated. Paupers, we are told, soon learn the trick of shamming ill, that they may escape work and get a little extra diet. Yet Doctors usually are sharp enough to see through such imposture, and, for the sake of their own interests, they allow none on the sick list but those who are really ailing. For these humanity demands that good treatment be procured, and good treatment can hardly be obtained without good pay for it. At present

A GOOD THING FROM THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN from Darien to Terra del Fuego
Spain's colonies rose for their freedom,
Bade the Dons, their oppressors, away go,
(And borrowed our money to bleed 'em.)
CANNING cried, while applauding the strife,
('Twas before English lenders were sold)
That the New World had awakened to life,
To redress the warped scales of the Old.

Since then we've seen tricks so fantastic
By these States played in Liberty's name,
That we sigh for some curb, though 'twere Aztec,
These random Republics to tame.
But in spite of perpetual commotion,
CANNING's phrase, at last, meaning has found,
In this New South American notion
Of good beef at threepence a pound!

Their republican riots we've laughed at,
Cursed their rogues and their repudiation:
Their heroics and bluster we've scoffed at,
As below even Yankee sensation.
Their silver we've taken, and gladly
Would see our lost gold there refund,
But they send what we want just as badly,
When they send beef at threepence a pound!

Beef is beef, though 'tis fed at the seat
Of King Mob's topsy-turviest State,
And there's something appropriate in meat
That comes to our shores from the Plate.
Though JOHN BULL rules the roast of the nation,
His good knights, Sir Loin and Sir Round,
Will welcome their New World relation,
SEÑOR CHARQUE* at threepence a pound!

* Charque—Spanish for jerked beef.

Shakspeare by a Cynic.

THE following benediction was pronounced by a wretch at a public dinner:—

May indigestion wait on appetite,
And gout on both!

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—There is a rumour that the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is to have a Peerage—an Earl-dom, of course.

workhouse Surgeons are grossly underpaid; and, as "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," one would think it is deemed needful that who Doctors the sick poor should be sickened of the office, and be paid the poorest pittance for it.

INFALLIBILITY AND LEGITIMACY.

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS has addressed to the clergy of his diocese a circular on the Pope's Encyclical; which seems like buttering bacon. He expresses the hope that, with time and patience, the present clamour against the Papal edict will cease, and that the people will end by understanding that "the Holy Church, the great civiliser of the world, has never been, and can never be, the enemy of true civilisation and of legitimate progress."

If the people end as Popery would have them end, they will no doubt end in understanding very clearly that the Church meant by the BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS is by no means the enemy, but the very intimate friend, of legitimate progress. They will end in being a people no longer free to choose their own rulers, which legitimate progress will render them once more unable to do. According to the principles just propounded by the Sovereign Pontiff, legitimate progress is the progress of legitimate monarchy, and means, in France, political retrogression, and the restoration of the Bourbons. But, alas for Infallibility and PIUS THE NINTH! how came PIUS THE SEVENTH to crown the FIRST NAPOLEON? Before launching his Encyclical to smash VICTOR-EMMANUEL, the NINTH PIUS might, however, have taken the precaution to crown NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

NEW BOOK (Dedicated to the Author of the "Apologia").—*History of My Convictions*. By an "on-the-lay" Member of the Swell Mob.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS.



It is no uncommon thing for free, ardent spirits, in the hey-day of sprightly youth and soul-inspiring health, to complain bitterly of the restraints imposed upon their honest, impulsive natures, by the cold formalities and insipid conventionalities of an artificial state of Society. For instance, how much amusement is lost, how much joyousness expelled—nay, utterly quashed—by the existing method adopted by every respectable visitor on entering or quitting an apartment!

The servant, to whom we confidentially impart our name at the foot of the stairs, and who, having so many other more important matters wherewith to employ his memory, forgets it before he reaches the landing, and requires further information upon the subject before committing himself to any irrevocable statement, prepares by his announcement the lady or gentleman of the house for our entrance, which following straight upon the commonplace heralding, and, as it were, under the patronage of the man in plush, is about as flat and stale a performance as it is possible to conceive.

If it is true that the essence of wit is surprise, then, most certainly, coming into a drawing-room in the manner above-mentioned, is witless, hopelessly witless—witless to the last degree.

Not one whit, or wit, less does the above apply to going out of a room; or, for the matter of that, to our present forms of salutation, valediction, and the like. "Yes," say you, whoever you are, "that's true: but where's your remedy?"

Where, Sir? Why, in the habits, manners, and customs observed in the sparkling burlesques and extravaganzas of our modern Stage. You think that descriptive music enables you to form some judgment of the character about to appear: your mind is made up on the subject, and straightway enters somebody else quite different altogether from what you had been led to imagine from the notes. There's surprise—there, consequently, is wit for you. Again, do they come to a difficulty in the Burlesque Drama, or a standstill in the dialogue, they are out of it by "jumping Jim Crow," and getting anyhow into a churring, go-ahead popular song with a dance to finish, before you can say "Jack Robinson!"—always supposing the exclamation of that Christian and surname to be a fair measure of rapidity. Is there any doubt whatever as to how your characters shall be "got off," so as to make room for others? None at all. What might puzzle the most brilliant conversationalist in Society, is the easiest thing to your Burlesque Actor—"Exit, dancing off."

If, by reason of any physical infirmity, or on account of his inferior position in the theatre, he is not allowed to dance or sing, then, at all events, he has a pointed couplet to "carry him off," so as to make the audience regret the absence of one who had given such promise for the future.

Why not adopt these methods in Society?

Let us suppose a few cases. To begin with, we must imagine our characters possessed of a certain amount of musical power. It is also desirable that the correct ear should regulate the movements of the light fantastic toe. Now, let us put our principles into practice. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. JONES calls upon the SMYTHES:—

Servant (opening drawing-room door, and announcing): MR. JONES.

MR. SMYTHE rises from his seat, and MRS. SMYTHE languidly reposes in her chair.

You (supposing that *you* are JONES) wait for a minute or so on the landing.

Yourselves (outside, humming preparatory music—"See the conquering hero comes;" then "speaking without," as if addressing unseen attendants). Tell my umbrella (or walking-stick) to await my return in the vestibule. (Hum.) Tiddle liddle liddle liddle lum. Crash!

Enter drawing-room suddenly, and at the word "crash" strike an attitude.

After this, the conversation can flow pleasantly and freely; for after such an entrance there can be no doubt about your being able to make yourself perfectly at home, and it offers in itself a subject for discussion.

Having exhausted the themes of health, weather, parties, interesting family statistics, and the seasonable amusements, you will all come to an awkward standstill, and the visitor will say—giving a hasty glance at his watch, without arriving at the slightest notion of the time—that he "thinks he must be going," or he "really must be going now;" and then follows the humming and ha'ing of leave-taking, and the almost insuperable difficulty of making anything like an effective exit, especially if there be some little distance between your chair and the door.

Here is the way to obviate all this.

As the close of the visit approaches, become more and more lively; and when there are no more topics, proceed as is hereinafter set forth:—

Yourselves (rising from chair).

"Well, MRS. SMYTHE, I think that I must go."

Mr. or Mrs. Smythe (if they are equal to the occasion).

"It grieves us much to hear you saying so."

Emphasis on "so." If neither the lady nor the gentleman can manage this, adapt the line for yourself, thus,

"It grieves me that I should be saying so."

Continue—

And so good-bye. Permit me just to say, I leave you 'oos I go "out ob de way."

These words are suggestive of the melody known as "*Dan Tucker*;" therefore immediately strike up—

AIR—"Ole Dan Tucker."

Yourselves (singing). Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER, (Dance towards the door)

Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER,
Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER,

(Open the drawing-room door, so as it may be ready for you),

You didn't ask me to stay to supper" (or "luncheon," or "dinner," as the case may be).

(Pretend to play the tambourine on your hat, whistle or hum the symphony, and exit, dancing.)

And what will the SMYTHES say, after you've gone? Why, "A lively fellow that!" to be sure.

The man-servant might be instructed to receive a visitor at the door with "Hallo! I'm a-looking at you!" Whereupon, visitor and servant should execute rapid pantomime music, "Rum tum tum tiddle iddley iddley," &c., on imaginary violins. Then the domestic might (being also thereto instructed) run up-stairs, open the drawing-room door, put his head in, say "Somebody's coming!" and immediately disappear. The Master and Mistress of the House would then take up the "Rum tum tum tiddle iddley" music as aforesaid, until the entrance of the expected visitor.

How a playful entrance, such as we have already described, would delight a drawing-room filled with your host's friends, of whom the majority, we will suppose, are personally unknown to you! Why, in one second you'd be on familiar terms with every one of them! Take the coldest present: could he withstand your joyous bounding into the room, your attitude, your wagging of your head, your "Here we are again! How was you to-morrow?" and so forth. Of course not. Away, Formality; away, Conventionality! and let us welcome a new era of freedom and unrestrained pleasantry.

Enough for the present. By the time the amiable reader shall have mastered the above method, we shall be ready for him with something fresh on the same subject. Until then, fare thee well!

Executors' Announcement.

THE *Liverpool Financial Reformers* (who propose to abolish Excise and Customs, and thereby to throw all taxes on property) beg respectfully to announce, that they are appointed sole executors to the late M. PROUDHON, and assignees of his celebrated dogma *La Propriété c'est un Vol*.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH.

THINK! "From the cradle to the grave!" my brother,
A nurse takes you from one, an 'earse to t'other.

THE BEST PLACE FOR MR. BABBAGE.—Stillorgan.

AN EXPERIMENT IN LONGEVITY.



ficiently large to enable me to afford all her wants, and satisfy all her desires, so that she might not bother me, and also to insure myself against being bored by a possible family.

Were I possessed of that income, I should devote my time and means to the cultivation of science and literature in accordance with my natural inclinations, and, if I arrived at any conclusions worth publishing, should be disposed to

EVERED PUNCH.—A great deal of discussion has lately arisen about longevity. Can a man live to above 100? Those who are anxious about the settlement of this question may like to see it subjected to the test of experiment. I offer myself to that test. Sir, I am a man of middle age, subsisting by the exercise of my intellectual faculties in a way calculated to please others rather than myself. My constitution is naturally sound, but I am sure that, if I go on as I am going, I shall not attain to more than threescore years and ten, probably die sooner of disease of the heart or brain. To keep myself up to the mark, I am in the habit of eating and drinking a great deal more than is good for me. I had rather not do this if I could help it, and, if I did not do it, I verily believe that I should live to be at least a centenarian. I am single, but I think, from the knowledge of statistical facts, that matrimony would prolong my existence, and should be inclined to marry if I could find a woman sufficiently beautiful, and also sensible enough to please me; but I am restrained from any idea of marriage by the dread of that anxiety which I should incur by taking a wife unless on an income sufficient to enable me to afford all her wants, and satisfy all her desires, so that she might not bother me, and also to insure myself against being bored by a possible family.

give them to the world for the benefit of my fellow-creatures.

My object would be answered by a public subscription of the smallest separate sums, if constituting, in the aggregate, an adequate amount, which I should not object to have invested in the names of trustees, so as that arrangement would secure me an income sufficient for the purposes of physiological science and my own; and I am sure, Sir, that you would be only too happy to take care of the money for one who would like to try and see whether, by living by rule, in strict obedience to the natural laws of health, on a salutary diet, taking care of himself, and being exempt from every other care, he could not contrive to live so long as to be a second

OLD PARR.

LAUREATUS LOQUITUR.

(For the next Edition of "In Memoriam.")

By scores in BURKE and in DEBRET,

I said, SIR ALFREDS may be found:
Why stoop I to their common ground,
Who stand alone, ALFRED THE GREAT?

I said, to write myself down "Bart."

Were as if venison in scorn
For stateliness of haunch and horn,
With base-born mutton should take part.

Names are there—such, men say, is mine—

Too great for handles to avail:
A dip tie to a comet's tail,
And will the comet brighter shine?

Dubbed by Apollo's accolade,
The Muses' belted knight am I;
No sword of meaner chivalry
Upon my shoulder must be laid.

Known by my crown of Phœbus' tree,
As thou, my friend, by cap and hunch,
Why more than thou wouldst be SIR PUNCH,
Should I SIR ALFRED deign to be?

THE ARTIST TO ILLUSTRATE "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."
—SCHNORR.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PORPOISE.

MR. PUNCH,

PERAPS your hi was cort the huther day by a leter hin the Times as ad yure Name at the hend of it. The leter was sined "FRANK BUCKLAND." It wore about the live Porpus in the Slogical Gardings, which I canot elp writin to say ow i hinviies Im. Wen fussy e cum accordin to MR. BUCKLAND the porpose's happy tight was werry Badd:—

"But on the 11th day it began to eat some spratts, which tied to thfn and easily broken string, were made to wabble about in front of its nose by means of a jack spinning rod. It now, however, eats 3 lb. of spratts and 8 lb. of sels every day."

Ho my hi ow plummy! Don't i love Spratts! Ain't i Fond of Heels! Don't I wish i was a Porpuus! And hifi was one shooudent' jest Like to liv in the Slogical Gardings! What an appy porpose that are must be to dine every Day horf spratts and heels, and then by way of a Chang MR. BUCKLAND sez:—]

"This morning it had two fresh herrings and a whitting for breakfast."

Fancy that! Fresh errins is wery nice and So is, witin, tho' for Breakfast I perfers a bloter or fin and addick wen i can get em, witch in my Siromstances is not so orphan as eye cood Wish. Wel its wonderfool ow much like a cristian this are porpis beaves now, for look ere:—

"It will feed in the presense of visitors, and, as it will be observed, seizes the fish by the middle and then jerks it down head foremost."

Not as jerkin a Fish down head fomost is the Way a cristian wood heat im, but if so be as i was Treted like the Porpas his with spratts and heels and errina and whitening, wooden't I feed in the Presens of Waiters too!

"His or her name (for we do not know the sex) is 'Ceta,' and the beast apparently recognises the whistle (the signal for dinner) of the keeper: we are going to erect a proper dinner-bell."

Werry proper indeede Hand if it was me i shooud reddily hanser the summings. I can't contane my felins arldy wen i thinks of the high dear of heels and spratts hevety day partickler spratts ho i ham so fond

of em boath fride in wich case i've eerd of some as should call em the witebate of the Lower Horders and halloo baked in winegar which they are Butiful. MR. BUCKLAND ain't quite certing about the cex of the Porpus, but as to my cex there ain't no mistake, no dere mister punch, i'me a poor old washerooman, and my name is

Sudbrook News, Jan., 1865.

MARTHA.

A PLEASANT SITUATION.

PITY the poor farmers, kind and charitable reader. Their pockets must be sadly empty, else we surely should not see such an advertisement as this:—

A GOVERNESS WANTED, in a farmhouse, to instruct eight pupils (mostly boys) in the usual branches of education, with French, good music, and arithmetic. None need apply but those who have been engaged in schools, and have good references. Salary 20 guineas. Address, &c.

The terms offered in this farmhouse really are in-famous. Twenty guineas a-year for the instruction of eight pupils! This is precisely at the rate of two pounds twelve and sixpence each. How many branches of education may be deemed to be the "usual" ones, the governess who is wanted is at liberty to guess. We dare say they comprise English, German, Greek, and Latin; geography and history; astronomy and botany; drawing, dancing, and deportment, with Hebrew, Sanscrit, and the uses of the dumb-bells, and the globes. For twenty guineas, too, the governess in this farmhouse must teach figures, French and fugues, and will doubtless be required to give a lesson now and then in conchology or chemistry to fill up her spare time. How many hours a day will be required to teach eight pupils some slight smattering of all this we will not stop to think. But we may just make the reflection that the governess who occupies this farmhouse situation would certainly have got more wages and less work if she had luckily gone out as a lady's maid or cook.

THE WORST WINTER FUR.—Chinchilli.



QUI S'ACCUSE S'EXCUSE.

Sporting Gent (to Frenchman, who has been going very creditably). "HAVE A CIGAR, MUESOO; NASTY PURL YOU GOT AT THAT DOUBLE FENCE!"
Plucky Gaul. "OH, IT VOS NOSSING—YOU SEE—VEN SEE JOMF EASY—I AM—MAIS VEN SEE JOMF SO 'ARD, I DO NOT R-REM-AIN!"

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION ON EUROPE.

(To M. DE MONTALEMBERT.)

Noble MONTALEMBERT, I should not choose,
 Pious and generous as thou art, my buck,
 To be, just at this moment, in those shoes
 Or boots of thine. Art thou not thunderstruck,
 Crushed by the monstrous bolt which Rome's old man
 Has fulminated from the Vatican?

Doctrines of faith, our reason which transcend,
 We swallow easily enough, on trust,
 Can statements, which we cannot understand,
 Believe that we believe, when told we must;
 But conscience, with the sense of right and wrong,
 And facts, are for Authority too strong.

Immaculate Conception is a thing
 Which may or may not be, for aught we know.
 The POPE decrees it. If he's Heaven's Vice King,
 Then he is right; of course it must be so.
 No mortal, who reveres the Papal Hat,
 Would split with it on such a point as that.

But when the POPE's decrees free creed condemn,
 Free talk, and print, and liberal government,
 Can you, against conviction, bow to them,
 Whence you're a heretic if you dissent?
 Do you believe his last new dogmas true,
 MONTALEMBERT? and if not, where are you?

SUDDEN CONVERSION.—A gentleman who went to the Haymarket Theatre a decided partisan of the North, came away an out-and-out Southerner.

OUTRAGE ON A HERALD.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON was said to have been created a Baronet. The Editor of *Debrett's Peerage* is authorised to contradict the statement. We saw no particular objection to the creation, unless it was that it might have made the other Baronets too proud; but there are a few among them who are worthy of such an associate as the Laureate. The poet does not accept the title, and there is an end. But we have one remark to make. An indignant person, who seems to have set the report about, is very angry with the *Debrett* Editor for having contradicted it, and speaks of his work as an "obscure peerage." Now, this is presuming too far upon the hideous ignorance of an ill-read age. Most people, even Railwaymen and Guardsmen, must have heard of TOM MOORE, and some even of these must have read the lines—

"Lament, lament, Sir ISAAC HEARD,
 Put mourning round thy page, *Debrett*,
 For here lies one who ne'er preferred
 A Viscount to a Marquis yet."

In the name of the heraldry of literature, *Mr. Punch* protests against the impertinence of calling any book obscure which has been immortalised in one of MR. THOMAS MOORE's epigrams, and we regret that spite should have made anybody, even a rival Editor, forget his Table of Precedence. A Herald's person was always revered, and it may be observed that we ourselves never pitch into the *Morning Herald*. *Noblesse oblige.*

Sad Want of Originality.

ACCORDING to the *Star*:—

"As many as 183 original cases appear on the list of the Divorce Court for hearing, besides 27 standing over by the consent of parties."

Original cases on the list of the Divorce Court? Are all these cases indeed original? We fear not. We are afraid the most of them are still the same old, old story.



THE BROMPTON AREA-SNEAK.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

COCKER.

It would be a suitable problem for the Statistical Society to solve the question, how many of the adult population of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies pass their lives without using the formula, "According to COCKER."

And yet so little is known of the man whose name is on every one's lips, and who figures in books innumerable, that his life, which deserves to be written in numbers, may be summed up in a paragraph.

Conscious of the importance of the subject, *Mr. Punch* directed one of his private secretaries to apply to a series of distinguished personages who, by their tastes and pursuits, were thought qualified to be *MR. COCKER's* Biographer; but without success.

We epitomise a few of their answers:—

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. (N.B. Figures of speech omitted.) Busy concocting his annual Easter offering to the nation. Not a fraction of his time unemployed. Still will do his best, but it would be a great tax upon him. The "tale of Troy" has nothing to do with weights and measures. (The notion of taxing GLADSTONE was almost irresistible; but we mastered the temptation, and set his mind at rest by telegraphing to excuse him.)

MR. BABBAGE. Not sufficiently recovered from the organic disease by which he has long been ground down. Time, he hopes, will put a stop to it. The Calculating Machine at our service. (The latter part of the note irrelevant, suggesting, as it does, Bass's Straits as a proper settlement for street musicians.)

BISHOP COLenso. Total refusal. Deaf as an adder to all our entreaties. Tired of division. Writes to us on his *Natal* day.

MR. BANTING (negotiated with on account of what he had done for figures) Pants to be of use, but not arithmetician enough to undertake the task. Only cares for reduction and proportion. Signs himself "Yours through thick and thin."

DAVENPORT BROTHERS. Too busy raising the wind to raise T. COCKER, to be his own accountant.

And so on, not to multiply examples, *ad infinitum*.

Nothing remained, therefore, but to collect materials for a life of COCKER from the books of the Bank of England (they would not allow a single note to be taken), the Accountant-General, the Institute of Actuaries, &c., that the national debt of gratitude to its great arithmetician might be at length discharged.

But the product of these researches was not commensurate with the labour. The sum total was but little. A letter (in cipher) was discovered in a cupboard in the Bank parlour, giving a few particulars of COCKER's early years. It will not surprise his admirers to hear that he "lisped in numbers;" and that as soon as he could walk, with the help of the chairs, he showed a remarkable fondness for "tables." The schoolboy is brought distinctly before us. The studious lad squaring his roots, while his young companions are squaring their fists; deep in trigonometry, and deaf to the pop-guns going off on all sides of him; preferring alligation to the charms of alley taws; and giving up hare and hounds for tare and tret. Some lines of his are mentioned which we are glad to have in their original dress, as they had become hopelessly corrupted:—

"Multiplication
Brings elation;
Division makes me glad;
The rule of three,
It comforts me;
And Practice suits this lad."

The letter is from a correspondent at Cockermonth, but the date is wanting; and as there was no census at the period when COCKER is supposed to have been born, and no one is able to insense us as to the probable year of his birth, it is impossible to say when so important a unit was added to the population, or whether he was vaccinated, and to what political party his parents belonged. The same uncertainty exists as to his calling or profession. Some assert that he was a factor, others describe him as being a schoolmaster: all agree that he was a man of singular modesty, too prone to hide his light under a bushel, and too indifferent to his own interest, though of a calculating turn, to take care of number one. Give him an inch and he will take an ell, was the last proverb that could be applied to unobtrusive THOMAS COCKER. Why he led a secluded life for several years is not apparent, unless we have a key to the mystery in the arithmetic he is supposed to have been then compiling. There is less obscurity about his domestic life. It was not a happy one. The truth must be told: in his own house COCKER was a mere cipher. His first wife was a lady of good extraction, being the daughter of a dentist, of an old but decayed family. Somewhat stumpy in figure, she had acerbities of temper so trying, that her husband did not hesitate to speak of her (when out of hearing) as a cockatrice. Indeed, he confessed that she would have driven him to drink, but that his scruples would not let him take a dram. She was succeeded by the widow of a watchmaker, who had died of tie-douloureux; one of those methodical persons in whose house everything goes on like clockwork. A plain-featured

woman, she brought COCKER rather a handsome fortune. So much so, that in his joking way, he would say of her, that if she was ill-favoured, she had "a compensating balance" at the bank. Poor fellow! it was a balance of power which she used so mercilessly, that he often deplored bartering his happiness for it.

"I used to sigh for her," he would cast up his eyes, and say, "but now I sigh for myself." The exchange to freedom came at last, and COCKER never risked his liberty again, convinced that the rule of three would be more than he could bear. Ahead of the times in which he lived, he held that a decimal coinage would be a sovereign remedy for many of our monetary perplexities, but that it was ten to one against its adoption. After carefully weighing and balancing the arguments advanced by the wiseacres who were in league against all change, and could see neither rhyme nor reason in the metrical system, he laughed to scorn their prediction that if applied to weights and measures, it must lead to an insurrection, or at least involve a strike.

Fond as he was of book-keeping, he does not seem to have amassed a library, and the only indication of any sporting tastes to be traced in his life is the interest he took in Le(d)ger entries. A lover of SHAKSPEARE, he preferred *Measure for Measure* to all the other plays.

COCKER was a social being: "Homo sum, &c.," he would say, and even when in a peck of troubles, he never lost sight of what he considered was the *Summum bonum*—to be able to affirm that he had made an addition to the happiness of others. He died of an over-dose of digitalis. The business of his life, and the sterling worth of his character, are well summed up in the two words which may still be deciphered on his tombstone in Nine Elms Churchyard, "Integer Vita."

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

NO MORE TAXES NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!

DR. JOHN BRIGHT, Fellow of Birmingham University, feels that it would be injustice to the public, and false delicacy in himself, if he did not by all means in his power invite the attention of the Public to his patent

FRANCHISE PILL.

This inestimable medicament, which has been discovered by **DR. BRIGHT** after twenty years of researches in America, is unhesitatingly announced by him as a *Certain Cure for all Disorders*, physical, mental, moral, social, and political. It is perfectly safe, and the most childish person may use it without difficulty, and it is warranted to abolish (among thousands of other ailments) the following afflictions:—

Taxes,	War,	Bad Eggs,
Corns,	Pimples,	Primogeniture,
Law-suits,	Puseyism,	Gout,
Inundations,	Christmas-boxes,	Earthquakes,
Disaffection,	Class Legislation,	Agnails,
Poverty,	Small Pox,	Blank Verse Plays,
Poaching,	Fees to Box-keepers,	Heresy,
Tooth-ache,	The Irish Church,	Hare-lips,
Whiggism,	Drinking,	Homicide,
Dyspepsia,	Diplomacy,	Haymarket Scandals,
Parochial Rates,	Davenport Brothers,	Ministerial Explana-
Gunpowder Explo-	Agricultural Distress,	tions,
sions,	One Legged Dancers,	Mumps,
Strikes,	Two Legged Donkeys,	Dwarfs,
Gumbolls,	Three Legged Stools,	Crossing Sweepers,
Gallowaes,	Sensation Novels,	Tories,
Turnpikes,	Protestant Ascen-	Classic Quotations,
Street Organs,	dency,	East Winds,
Smoky Chimneys,	Orange Peel on Pave-	Black-balling,
Armies,	ments,	Snow-balling,
Navies,	Bishops,	Fancy-balling,
Circumlocution,	Bunions,	Stomach-ache,

With numerous other misfortunes. Testimonials may be seen at the office of the *New York Herald*, the *Birmingham Believer*, the *Finsbury Firebrand*, the *Rockdale Roarer*, the *Marylebone Maulderer*, and other leading journals. Neatly done up in BALLOT-BOXES, and shortly, it is hoped, to be sold under the Government Stamp.—Price, a whole Hog.

HOW TO UTILISE THE IRISH.

SAYS MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, in a lecture at New York:—

"When we would map the Continent with 80,000 miles of railroad, we buried five millions of Irishmen under the sleepers."

So the sleepers in America have had Irish wakes attached to them! "Sleepers, Wake!"—as they sing at Exeter Hall. And how many more Irishmen, oh, MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, will you bury in your Continent before you have mapped it out anew by the extinction of the Southerner? You sow a pretty crop of them in every field of battle. In fact, your fields of battle may be looked upon as Paddy-fields.



CANNIBALISM, BY JOVE!!
AND IN THE VERY HEART OF LONDON.

JOHN BULL'S SISTERS.

No Popery can be objected to the ladies undermentioned in an extract from the *Times*.—

"**ENGLISH SISTERS OF CHARITY.**—The Sisters of St. Peter's Home and Sisterhood 27, Brompton Square, have for some years been actively engaged, with the entire sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON, in visiting the sick and relieving the poor in all parts of the metropolis. On Wednesday, the 23rd ult., they opened a Mission House, at 10, Frederick Road, Walworth, to carry out their charitable purposes in the district of St. Paul's, Lorrimer Square."

The entire sanction, not only of the BISHOP OF LONDON, but even of Exeter Hall, would naturally be given to the occupation of visiting the sick, and affording relief to the poor. Such employment cannot be supposed to have any special relation to the Seven Hills, and does not at all connect the ladies who are engaged in it with any lady in Babylon and scarlet. The fact that the charity which they practise is a cardinal virtue, is quite consistent with their entire independence of CARDINAL WISEMAN; for, otherwise, it would have only the partial, and not the entire, sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON, who, of course, would limit his sanction of charity administered under the auspices of his Eminence, to the distribution of coals, blankets, clothes, victuals, and drink, and other corporeal matters. Exeter Hall, therefore, need not fear that whilst the English Sisters of Charity distribute bodily necessities, they also distribute any spiritual superfluities,—their spiritual ministrations extending to nothing worse than good brandy, rum, and gin, too needful in many cases.

This sort of practical Christianity cannot be carried on without money; without which there is very little good to be done, how much soever there may be wished, in this world, and benevolence is nearly all talk and sentiment. But the Sisters depend entirely on voluntary contributions, and, as the *Times* says:—

"They therefore make an appeal for assistance to those charitable persons who desire to relieve the miseries of London, but who are unable themselves to search out the really needy and deserving. Contributions of money, food, or clothing will be thankfully received at the Mission House, or by the Rev. JOHN GOING, the incumbent of the district."

There are plenty of people who enjoy the unspeakable blessing of an

WHO'S HICKSON?

WE'VE heard of HERVEY, T. K. H.,
We've heard of HEPWORTH DIXON,
We've heard of DILKE, we've heard of COLE,
But who is MR. HICKSON?

He writes unto the *Morning Star*,
Complaining folks play tricks on
The sacred fame of HENRY COLE;
But who the deuce is HICKSON?

He cries for justice in the tone
Of any angry vixen,
But, right or wrong, the question is
Who is this MR. HICKSON?

We've read a rustic prophet's works,
Who bore the name of NIXON,
He wrote uncommon nonsense, too,
Is he the same as HICKSON?

He testifies for COLE and DILKE,
As parties we should fix on
For all the honours in the world—
Who testifies for HICKSON?

The fact that he's an awful pump,
We'll bet sixteen to six on,
Are any takers found to take
This sporting bet on HICKSON?

No takers? Pitch his letter on
The literary mixen:
There let it lie till some one comes
And tells us who is HICKSON.

And nobody will feel surprise
When Nobodies feel kicks on—
The instant they presume to teach
The world; like MR. HICKSON.

THE LARGEST IMPORTATION OF JESUIT'S BARK INTO THIS COUNTRY EVER KNOWN.—The Pope's Encyclical and its Appendix.

ample and certain income, derived from capital invested in Government securities, or freehold land, or other safe property. These people must, all but those who have a very dreadful skeleton in their cupboards, be so happy, that any increase of their happiness can be hardly possible. They can amuse and enjoy themselves every day of their lives without any necessity to take thought for the morrow, or any day thereafter, but the final one. Perhaps anything which would tend to reassure them about that, might add to even their extreme felicity. If there is any such thing which they can do, it is to be done, for example, by sending as much aid as they can afford in money or kind to the Sisters of Charity, or MR. GOING.

LOCKE ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

MR. PUNCH observes the following advertisement in a Berkshire paper:—

CHALKCLIFFE HOUSE ACADEMY.—MR. SMITH begs respectfully to thank his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto conferred on him, and trusts by a strict attention to the welfare and improvement of those Pupils committed to his care to secure a continuance of the same. The School will re-open on Monday.

It is matter of complaint that plain English is not taught in many of our schools, but that objection can hardly be raised in the present instance, as no English can be much plainer than the above. The advertiser may even be thought to err in excess of frankness, but, perhaps, like many other people, he may be indebted to the printer for making his compositions more explicit than the writer himself designed. We have pleasure in conserving this curiosity of advertizing literature.

OLD SAYING (BY OUR OWN DETECTIVE).

PROFESSIONAL Thieves are notoriously dense, hence the proverbial expression, "*Thick as Thieves.*"

CLASSICAL EPITAPH ON A COOK.—Vir Pie et Tatias Gravia.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VIII.—THE FIRST OLD MAN.



THE Actor who plays this line of business should be cautioned against putting up with an inferior part, because it happens to be the best Old Man in the piece. There is, or ought to be, a "second old man" in every properly constituted company, whose business it is to play all the old men's parts you do not think good enough for you.

The French rule is, that the first old man is bound to take the best old man's part in every piece acted. The melancholy consequence of this tyrannical rule is, that in France we often see excellent actors of old men going on for parts of a few lengths, figuring perhaps only in a single scene, and yet—such is the effect of that submission to central authority which permeates everything in that country, from the Tuileries

to the smallest suburban theatre—dressed and made up as carefully for such a part, and taking just as much pains with it, as if it were one really worth playing. Strange to say, the audience do not indignantly protest against this abuse of talent, but take it quite as a matter of course.

Authors, I need hardly say, having once been conceded to in this way will expect, and even insist upon the sacrifice, unless firmly met at the outset. It will be a sad day for the English stage, when we come to see pieces cast, not with reference to the Actor's position, but with an exclusive regard to effective representation.

I introduce these remarks *apropos* of the "first old man," because there is no other line of business in which there is such a disposition among Authors and Managers to thrust second-best business on leading shoulders, the "old man" being rarely the chief figure in the picture, and it being, of course, the object of these persons to strengthen the cast, without any regard to the Actor's feelings.

In fitting yourself to play old men, do not lose your time in studying the bewildering varieties of age which you will see about you. To such a study there would be no end, and the result of it would merely be a reflection of what everybody can see without paying for it. Instead of thus distracting and distressing yourself, determine, early, what eminent Actor of old men you will imitate, and study his manner, make up, looks, gestures and peculiarities.

You will find helps to such study among the conscientious preservers of stage tradition in theatrical clubs, Bow Street taverns, and Covent Garden cigar-divans, as well as among the old actors or hangers-on of country theatres, among whom a wealth of such traditional lore is still hoarded. Books of biography and theatrical prints will also do much for you; and few places of theatrical resort but boast of an imitator, who will be still able to give you a picture of DOWTON or BARTLEY, FARRER or STRICKLAND, as well as of the favourites of the hour.

Having thus chosen your model, according to your taste, or physique, stick to it. If you have a tall slender figure, with a turn for the quiet and gentlemanlike, can make up clean, and afford a good modern wardrobe, the late MR. W. FARRER will, of course, be your model. You will carefully cultivate the trick of his thin, high voice, his gentlemanlike walk, his little chuckle, the delicate action of his hand. One difficulty in imitating this Actor arises from the subtlety of his impersonations and his great economy of resources, in which he approached dangerously near the French ideal. It is sadly to be feared that he wasted much time in the observation of real life, and was refined to a dangerous degree. But we need not dwell on these blemishes, in speaking of one, who, in spite of such faults, was still an artist. Besides, as you have only to copy his copy, you will escape all the labour he bestowed in selecting his originals from life; and any over-refinement, or under colouring with which he may have been chargeable, you will, of course, remove in your copy.

If you are of a more burly person, with a fuller voice, and a more blunt and jovial turn of humour, approaching to the true John Bull type, you will avoid FARRER, and imitate BARTLEY.

If unctuous humour be your *forte*, DOWTON is your model; though

the traditions of him, it is to be feared, are waxing rather faint. Luckily, STRICKLAND is still completely within living memory, and good imitations of him may still be easily met with, and may replace those of DOWTON. W. BENNETT may also be referred to, as, in some points, the continuer down to our times of the hard and jerky school of FAWCETT.

You will, of course, study the peculiarities of dress most affected by your model.

It is to be feared that in no line of business is the modern itch for realism and dangerous imitation of actual life making more rapid and visible strides than in the "old men." The low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, so long invariably worn by the elderly merchant, banker, or country gentleman, is disappearing. Neck-cloths are diminishing in volume, length of ends, and eccentricity of tie. The long-established scratch-wigs are seriously threatened. The loyal adhesion to the costume of the early part of GEORGE THE THIRD's reign, which was formerly expected of all old men, is now broken without apology on the actor's part, or protest on that of the public. Top-boots are becoming as rare in the theatre as in real life; and even the traditional ballif, if ever introduced, is represented in a common paletot, trousers, and high-lows, instead of the square-cut, broad-lapelled coat, red waistcoat, breeches, and mahogany tops, which properly belong to the character. The old man of the stage is, indeed, outwardly in danger of sinking down into a copy of the old man of real life; but, happily, the tradition of the theatre preserves those venerable traits of stage manners, voice, walk, action, which abundantly distinguish the old man of the playhouse from the old man of society, even though their hues approximate.

Thanks to it, the stage old man, whatever he looks like, has only to speak and move (in nine cases out of ten), for us to feel that in this line of business "realism," if it have won the outworks, has not yet penetrated to the heart of the citadel.

The traditional "make-up" of the old man helps to give him this symbolical character.

One has heard absurd stories of the length of time and elaborate study employed by French actors of old men in colouring and making up their faces, as though the Actor's countenance was a canvas, on which a particular face had to be painted.

Our theatre dispenses with this minute and slavish labour. Every Actor of old men can acquire in a few nights' observation and practice the art of putting on the recognised wrinkles and crows'-feet which belong to this line of business.

Having mastered these, he will take as much care to avoid comparison of his own face with those of living old men as *Don Quixote* did to avoid putting his second vizor to test of sword-stroke, after having ruined the first by a rash trial-blow.

Such comparison would be sure to confuse, and might even put you out of conceit with yourself—a thing carefully to be avoided by every Actor, and especially by the Actor of old men, as he is obliged, unfortunately, to renounce the hope of looking lovely, and cannot go in for lady-killing.

A TRULY GREAT CATCH.

(MATRIMONIAL.)

THE Advertiser is a young man enjoying great personal advantages, and the still greater advantage of immense wealth bequeathed to him by a rich uncle. He is anxious to devote the whole of his property to the one sole purpose of making a beautiful creature happy. This young man, therefore, is anxious to contract a matrimonial alliance with some young lady whose personal attractions are very great, and whose capacity of enjoyment is unbounded. He wishes to share the affluence with which he has been blessed with one who is passionately fond of dress, and especially of diamonds and other costly jewellery. He would like her to devote the whole of her attention to the decoration of her person, and would wish to see her spend the greater part of the day in trying on things, and contemplating herself in the looking-glass, or rather in the pier-glasses which he would take care to provide for her use. She would please him most by going every evening to balls and concerts, or the opera, and doing her utmost to outshine everybody in the room or the theatre. He would have her enthusiastically devoted to dancing, and delighted to ride about in a carriage, with a splendid coachman in front, and two magnificent footmen behind, she herself being attired in the extreme of fashion. When occasionally indisposed, he would be glad for her to insist on going to the sea-side, and lodging in the first hotel there, and he would be delighted by her making him take her, every now and then, to Paris, Baden-Baden, Homburg, or Rome. For further particulars apply at 85, Fleet Street.

N.B. Mutual qualifications or acquirements not necessary. No taste for poetry required, nor any love of music, beyond what is strictly fashionable.

A TRULY ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.—Our acquaintance includes a very handsome young man. His prudence is on a par with his personal appearance, and he carefully files all his love-letters.



HUMAN NATURE.

Ferocious Mistress. "COOK, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU HAVE SENT UP THE JOINT RAW THIS WEEK, AND YOUR MASTER IS MUCH DISPLEASED! I MUST REALLY ENTREAT OF YOU, IN FUTURE, TO—TO—" (*Awful pause.*)

Cook. "AH, I SEE! YOU'VE BEEN WEXED IN THE PARLOUR, AND SO YOU COMES AND WENTS IT ON ME IN THE KITCHEN."

HARMONY IN THE KIRK.

THERE are two points on which the generality of Scotchmen are as daft as they are canny in all other respects. They labour under a delusion with regard to Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and entertain an insane objection to instrumental church music, whence they name an organ "a kist fur' o' whistles." Aweel, but Sunday trains, in moderation, run through the Land o' Cakes; and the subjoined extract, from the *Scotsman*, is evidence of a Scottish organ movement, which is also extending therein, and must be acknowledged to be a movement in the right direction:—

"With regard to the fitting up of an organ in the new church at Ayr, a meeting was held on Thursday evening, when it appeared that 261 members of the church were in favour of the introduction of an organ, 73 were against, and about 100 were neutral. After some discussion, the Committee, with the view of obtaining complete harmony, resolved to delay further action in the matter until after the next meeting of the General Assembly."

This is good, as far as it goes, but what follows is better:—

"Anderston new church, Glasgow, was opened on Sunday for public worship. . . . An excellent organ has been fitted up in the building, and was used during service on Sunday, MR. LAMBETH acting as organist. A choir, under the superintendence of MR. STEWARTSON RAY, has also been formed in connection with the congregation."

In 'Anderston new church, Glasgow, the establishment of an organ has not only been proposed, but actually effected. Now, so it should be in the new church at Ayr, and so it must be if the Committee of that church are to accomplish the end which they proposed in delaying further action in that matter. Scotchmen understand the force of words, and will understand us when we tell them, that the immediate fitting up of an organ is the best method of obtaining complete harmony.

THE JUBILEE.—Henceforth the only Jew permitted by the POPE to reside within the Roman precincts will be the Jew-Billy.

CHRONOLOGY AND CHARITY.

THE very best of Almanacks of course is *Punch's Almanack*, which, as everybody knows, is indispensable to everybody, and which nobody who is anybody, can fail, therefore, to possess. Next to this may be commended the *Dramatic Almanack*, which, with other highly interesting intelligence, contains a fair amount of theatrical astrology, and tells the rising and the setting of several stage-stars. It gives a date also to numerous theatrical events which are worthy to be borne in mind, such as the original invention of the butter-slide in pantomimes, and the first introduction of the hot poker by the Clown. All lovers of the theatre should buy this little Almanack, not merely because it is worth the sixpence that it costs, but because the profits of its sale are added to the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, a charity which well deserves whatever is subscribed to it. Any dweller in Stoke-Pogis or Stickton-in-the-Mud, who may find the local bookseller without a copy of the work, had better write to MR. ANSON, of the Adelphi Theatre, and enclose a five-pound note for the benefit of the College, with a request that MR. ANSON, who is the author of the Almanack, should just enclose a copy of it when, as treasurer of the College, he forwards a receipt.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Pope's N. Sickly Gal.—You make a mistake concerning the origin of Peter's Pence, as there is no such Saint in the Roman Calendar as SIR CHARLES BORROWMONEY.

An Avenger.—"What is *Ultima Thule*?" asks our Correspondent. She was a Princess of some extraction, born, when a child, of poor but honest parents, and spent the best part of her life in a vain endeavour to conciliate the adverse factions.—MALIBRAN was sixteen.—Consult a solicitor.

A LIMB OF THE LAW.—DONATO's leg.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.



Bilious Old Uncle. "I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS FALL; IT WILL GIVE THAT DREADFUL BOY CHILBLAINS, AND HE'LL BE LAID UP OUT OF MISCHIEF."



OCCUPATION OF "THAT DREADFUL BOY" AT THE SAME PERIOD.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

HOYLE.

WHEN HOYLE came into the world it was on the cards for him to play the part of a deep diplomatist, a great general, a magnificent millionaire, a successful statesman, or any other character which requires for its formation good judgment, skilful combination, an accurate memory, a serene temper, and some loose silver. But his destiny was different, and he did not run counter to his fate. He turned up a great whist player, a potent card ruler: green baize had greater charms for him than scarlet cloth, the trump of war he never heard—although he had many a sharp tussle with Mrs. BATTLE—the strategy and finesse he practised, the schemes and manoeuvres he employed were displayed, not in Courts and Camps, not on bourses and battle-fields, but in club-rooms and cosy parlours, at quadrille parties and card assemblies. The victories he won were gained in front of a coal-fire, the honours fortune dealt him came in company with a pair of wax-lights.

HOYLE's life presents a heap of contradictions, his character and conduct a string of oppositions; so much so as to have led some to think that he never had an existence, that he was nothing but a dummy. A staunch Protestant, he was a stout adherent of "Pope;" a blazing Tory he knew "Pam," and found him "civil;" a determined bachelor he engaged in "matrimony;" innocent as a child, he delighted in "intrigue," and was fond of "casino." Fair and above-board in all his dealings, he was always at his tricks, and mixed up with shuffling transactions; abstemious as a Coldstream Guardsman, he loved a "bumper;" modest and retiring, he indulged in "brag;" kind and affectionate, he had a horror of "love;" shy of the water, he liked "punting;" dancing was his aversion, and yet he never refused an invitation to a "quadrille" party; he despised trade, but took to "commerce;" put his savings in the three per cents, and lost by "speculation;" never stirred out of England, but was often seen at "Loo" and "Macao," and knew more about "matadores" than men who had witnessed a hundred bull-fights at Seville, and studied taumachy for years at Barcelona.

What did those who knew him say of him? That he was a rough diamond with a good heart; that he spoke his mind and called a spade a spade; that he was the king of good fellows, and a regular trump at the club, and that he hated a knave as thoroughly as he did an adversary who was content to play whist for nothing. He had his weak points, his odd tricks. Cut and dried as he seemed, he showed a boyish relish for a "see-saw;" so averse was he to changing his suit that he wore his clothes until they were threadbare; and, like most of us, he nourished an antipathy, not to babies, cats, or income-tax papers, but to what one would call a harmless article of dress—a ruff.

It has been mentioned that HOYLE was an old bachelor, a "solitaire." But he had known "hazard." Soon after he came of age (got a natural vingt-et-un, as he phrased it) a young damsel asked him if he "proposed," but this embarrassing question, which gave him a flush, proved to have been put only in play, although it was Bissextile. Later on in life he was within an ace of being caught by a lady who, from her black eyes and brilliant complexion, was known among her acquaintances as "rouge-et-noir;" but the fair pursuer showed her hand too early in the game, did not play her (court) cards well, and failed to establish her suit and herself. This escape happened at Cheltenham, for which place HOYLE showed a great partiality, and where he enjoyed his (India) rubber with the resident Nabobs with whom he speedily carried favour. Yet he always spoke approvingly of the married state, and would say that he thought it the next best thing to being single. Good judges, however, experienced matrons and spinsters of some standing, declared that he had no heart, and called him "the most coldest that ever turned up ace."

When his famous treatise appeared, it at once became so popular that the phrase which has since been improperly diverted to sperm and paraffin then first came into vogue, to distinguish those who studied him early and late, and were therefore said "to consume the midnight HOYLE."

His end was a melancholy one. Short whist killed him. He first heard of the intruder when paying a morning visit, went home to his lodgings (he was then living at Trumpington), took to his bed, and never "called" again. In his wanderings he was heard to mutter, "double, double, toil and trouble;" and—for he loved music—to lament that he could never go to his glee and catch club again because of the "trebles." The ruling passion was dominant to the last; for when inclined to make a new will, and discard a loose relative, his repugnance to revoke compelled him to renounce the idea. He had a great funeral—many private carriages were in the procession; amongst them those of the EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, COUNT BOROLASKI, MAJOR A—, Mrs. BATTLE, CHARLES LAMB, and ROBERT SHORT, ESQUIRES.

Reader, if in your rambles you discover a mossy stone with this brief inscription—"Ay, there's the rub?" ruminate upon it when you take your "Cavendish," and try to make a good score as HOYLE.

Civilisation in France.

THE following is a recent piece of foreign intelligence:—

"FATAL DUEL.—The *Moniteur de la Meurthe* announces that M. POMPUHAN, 34 years of age, veterinary surgeon of the 2nd Dragoons at Toul, has been killed in a duel by an officer of the same regiment."

Moniteur de la Meurthe? Surely this is a misprint. Should it not be *Moniteur de Meurthe?*

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. IX.—THE LADIES.



LAS! I approach this delicate part of my subject with fear and trembling. The idea of any man, even Mr. Punch, putting the ladies up to anything in the way of acting! All the world is a stage. SHAKESPEARE was quite right if he had stopped there, or gone on to say "and all the women merely players." But he was wrong when he included all the men in the same profession. The Lords of the Creation are often utterly incapable of even the lowest "general utility"—cannot be trusted to "go on with a message," or to figure creditably in the chorus, or among the supers. But there never yet was woman but she

was an actress. Unluckily, there are so many stages open to them, and such splendid rewards tempting them away from "the boards," technically so called, that the theatre gets by no means its fair share of the enormous sum total of histrionic genius distributed among the softer and sweeter sex, whose mission it is to wind the stubborn and stouter sex round their fingers.

Perhaps it is this very excess of acting-power that makes many of our actresses—charming, fascinating, irresistible as we know they are off the stage—disposed to be careless about their strictly professional performances.

How can a Syren, who is acting every moment of her waking life out of the theatre, be expected to show unflinching spirit and sustained energy "before the foot" as well? She is often, in fact, taking her rest in the presence of the public. They are not her true audience. It is not till she puts off her stage-clothes that she will really assume her part, and it is then we should see her, to judge what a great creature she really is.

That is at once the best and the worst of female acting. It is, as a rule, so terribly real. A true woman wants to play her part in actual life, and is apt to undervalue the mimic world of the stage.

But my business just now is only with her as a creature of that element.

I only introduce this tribute to her as an actress on a different scene, and in the more serious, if often more artificial, drama of real life, to show that I perfectly understand how small a part of the actress we should ever expect to see upon the boards of the theatre.

Two lines are open to the actress—I mean, in acting before the public. The one leads to brilliant establishments, splendid presents, fine clothes, jewels, carriages, the popular incense of the crowd, and the more delicious worship of private adoration; the other to the comparatively meagre and barren triumphs of the artist, the esteem of that self-satisfied class of people known, to themselves, at least, as "the judicious few," the admiration of the units who set up for judges in matters of taste and fine art. Such fame as they can award by no means implies an accompaniment of solid pudding. That is oftener to be found by following the other road.

If you take one of these lines, your exclusive object of consideration in acting—whatever your line of business—will be yourself, and your audience in its relation to yourself.

If you take the other, you will have to think almost exclusively of your part.

I need hardly say which of these two courses at once commends itself to the intelligent actress, who has charms of face or figure, or arts of attraction and secrets of coquetry, which are often so much more potent than mere beauty. She will, of course, think of herself and her audience first and most, and of her part last and least.

Remember that it is impossible to follow the two lines at once, and that having committed yourself to the one, you must frankly renounce the other.

You will see, at once, the impolicy of distressing yourself by painful efforts to master the meaning of the words you have to deliver, or by an exhausting identification of yourself with the passion or emotion of your part.

Stage-art so conceived, is not only long, but infinitely laborious and fatiguing. It implies an employment of your beauty, grace, and intelligence in the interest of egotistic authors, grasping managers, and an ungrateful public.

You will constantly have to sacrifice considerations of costume, complexion, attitude; and cannot hope to maintain that calmness and self-command which are essential to the proper display of personal charms, and the advantageous direction of the arts of feminine fascination. All this, I need hardly point out, is against your obvious interests as woman and actress, in the higher sense of the word, which takes in more than the theatre. I know few sadder sights—happily they are not common—than a young actress carried away by the illusions of what she thinks High Art, studying hard at home; in the theatre, attentive at readings, docile and regular at rehearsals, allowing herself to be schooled by authors, and ordered about by stage-managers,—at night, throwing herself passionately into her

part, even to the forgetting of herself in her character, never thinking how her face or figure looks, or her voice sounds, but striving only to be the person, under whose name she figures in the cast.

I can conceive no life of more continued self-sacrifice, no more wilful abnegation of ninety and nine gratifications of woman's nature to the hundredth,—a duty done, and at the best a mere artistic triumph, to be rewarded by a little barren praise, which, perhaps, she hardly hears—for even the critics, as a rule, are too merciful to encourage such deplorable infatuations;—and a paltry salary, hardly enough to keep a decent roof over her head, and certainly insufficient to find her in clothes which any self-respecting woman can find pleasure in wearing.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to caution you against taking the line which involves these fatal consequences. You will, of course, think of yourself and the audience, and leave the part to take care of itself.

Following this general direction, you will always ask yourself, first, when a part is cast you, what is the prettiest dress you can wear in it?

There is no harm in the dress being appropriate, provided it display your face and figure to advantage, but this it must do, and if appropriateness is to be sacrificed to appearance, you will, of course, sacrifice it, supposing the choice of costume to be left to yourself. If the management find your dresses, take care to show them that the one condition of your making the public in love with you—which, after all, is bringing grief to their mill as well as yours,—is that you shall be in love with yourself, which, of course, you cannot be expected to be in a dress you don't like.

Of course you will master the indispensable arts of the bones and banjo-playing, and nigger singing and dancing. These make up so much of the humour of modern burlesque—the best field for the display of feminine arts and graces—that without them you will find yourself sadly hampered at every stage of your career.

Cultivate the seductive resources of affection. It is all nonsense to say men dislike them. They don't.

Acquire the most provocative tricks of attitude, those I mean which are calculated to bring out your best points of face and figure.

Lay in a battery of provocative looks, saucy or languid as may suit your style.

Train your voice to be luscious, or plaintive, or smart and brazen, according to the line of business nature and reflection dictate to you. Even the most "mannish" vocabulary of slang and fastness may be made irresistible in a rosy young mouth.

If you are pretty, these matters will come easy, but it is when you are plain, that you may best show your powers.

The plainest woman may acquire the trick of fascination. If she can once persuade herself she is pretty, there are always ways and means of making the public believe it too.

Look out early for an influential friend closely connected with the

management, if possible, though "a swell" out of the theatre may also be found highly useful. It will be his duty to espouse your quarrels, keep down your rivals, and generally look after your interests.

The best thing you can do, for this purpose, is to get the Manager's head under your slipper. By this means you will become, in fact, Manager; and the poor creature, who bears the title, will be only your "minister with a portfolio."

When you have got your Manager in this position, have no mercy upon him. The more tyrannical you are, the more pliant you will find him.

This is far better than becoming Manager yourself in name as well as in fact. You will have no risk, no responsibility, and all the real power.

Having attained this point, your career ought to be easy, by attention to a few simple rules.

Be careful not to give a chance to any woman who can possibly become your rival.

Indeed it may be as well to say, do not give a chance to any of your sex, as it is impossible to say in what woman a rival may not crop up.

To this end take care that no other actress in the theatre has a good part, on any pretext.

If one of them insidiously makes a good part out of a bad one, by her acting, have her taken out of it on the first opportunity.

Acquire the control of the ladies' wardrobe, and see that all the other women are dressed as unbecomingly as possible.

If you properly use your female arts, you may retain an empire once acquired, whether over your Manager or your public, for an indefinite time.

Remember, that no actress who respects herself and understands her business, ever grows old. NINON DE L'ENCLOS charmed at eighty, and MADEMOISELLE MARS left the stage at sixty, in the part she made her *début* in a girl of sixteen.

You will, therefore, go on playing the parts you began with to the end of your career.

As supplementary secrets of success, you will early study the arts of advertising and puffery.

If you have a male relative available for this purpose, he may find useful employment in superintending the "poster" department.

You will of course cultivate amicable and confidential relations with the critics. However inaccessible to vernal influences of the vulgar and obvious kind, few men can resist the flatteries and attentions of a clever woman, and nobody can object to your keeping open house for those who are kind enough to sit in judgment on your performances.

You will take care at all times to have intelligent friends in front, a supply of bouquets in readiness, and the proper machinery for calls to be worked between the Acts, and at the fall of the Curtain.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



INGING the "Turf Notes" of the *Morning Star*, the sporting warbler chanteth that two horses, called—

"*Breadalbane* and *Broomielaw*, said to have been purchased for £11,000 by Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, of the well-known firm of CHAPLIN AND HORNE, are exciting most interest."

The writer might as well have added that the famous horses have been purchased for MESSRS. CHAPLIN AND HORNE'S vans, which will henceforth race through the streets more tremendously than before. It would not be quite true, but then there is a slight absence of

accuracy in the original story, the fortunate owner of the animals being no connection whatever of the Van Demons, but being a vast Lincolnshire proprietor. We may add, as it has no bearing whatever upon the subject, that *Broomielaw* is *Blair Athol's* uncle, and *Breadalbane* is *Blair Athol's* brother, and was nursed by a *novice*, in consequence of the touching demise of his mamma, poor *Blink-Bonny*. We do not speculate at present whether the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS's horse, *The Duke*, will win the Derby, or whether MR. CHAPLIN wishes him to do so. Our friend and fellow Radical, the *Star*, is usually so right about everything not affecting America or MR. BRIGHT, that he can afford to be told to put the saddles on the right horses. Mr. *Punch's* omniscience rectifies all errors. What a blessing he is to the world!

PROFESSOR PUNCH'S DREAM-BOOK.

LUCKY DREAMS.

To dream of nothing is lucky.

To dream that you have written all MR. TUPPER's works (and on waking to find you haven't) is very lucky.

To dream, *only* to dream, that you've committed a capital crime, is lucky—for you.

UNLUCKY DREAMS.

To dream that, in a fearful shipwreck, you have been hurled upon a sharp rock, and to awake to a sense of your position on the floor, is unlucky.

To dream of goblins, villains of the deepest dye, assassins, daggers, and such things as utterly destroy your rest, is decidedly unlucky.

To keep on dreaming and awaking five times in a night is unlucky.

To dream that you are fighting for your life with wild bears, and to find yourself

hitting your wife on the head with a bolster, is unlucky, very unlucky.

To dream that you are making a long and powerful address to a jury and to deliver the same oratorically, is unlucky for any one who happens to be in the same room trying to go to sleep.

SIGNS.

To dream that you are in a land of golden apples and silver roses, with jewels and diamonds sparkling on the trees, and that you are dancing with a fairy-like being, whose face you think is not quite unfamiliar to you, is a sign that you've probably seen the Transformation Scene of a Pantomime.

To dream that some one has given you two hundred million billion thousand pounds, seven shillings and sixpence halfpenny, is a very good sign that you are dreaming.

To dream that you are being tried for something or other, what it is nobody in Court, including the Judge, seems to know, and that you are about to be hung for it, whatever it is, (at which point you awake with a start), is a pretty good sign that you've lately been reading the Old Bailey and Police Reports.

To dream that you were sitting in a room which is very like your own drawing-room, only not exactly it, and there met your cousin TOM, only it wasn't quite your cousin TOM, but rather taller, or paler, or younger, and that he suddenly seemed to jump up in the air, and point all at the same moment to a black monkey, at least something like a monkey, only with a lion's tail, climbing up the bell-rope, which appeared to be hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and that, all at once, you found yourself in a large open square with a box of sardines and a trombone, which you wanted to clean, but couldn't on account of the cobbler's wax in the mouth-piece, and that somehow the trombone became your cousin TOM again, who insisted upon your swallowing a box of gelatine lozenges, because they were iced on purpose for you, and that then some one, coming from somewhere, asked you to get inside, and you don't know how it was, but you found yourself in a cab, when just as the driver banged the door, you awoke—to have dreamt all this, is a sign that you've muddled up a jolly lot of things in your head, and it is to be hoped you are rather clearer when awake.

To dream that you are condemned by the Inquisition, and that heavy weights are being placed, by way of torture, on your chest, is a sign that you've probably gone to bed directly after supping on cold boiled pork.

To dream that you are going rapidly from the top to the bottom of a lofty flight of stairs, without any legs under you, is a sign that you require a little medicine.

To dream anything is a sure sign that you are asleep.

NOTE FOR THE LYCEUM.—M. FECHTER is probably aware that LEMAITRE played the part of *Robert Macaire* in a devil-may-care manner.

A RECENT TELEGRAM.—"Shanghai, Dec. 9. Gray shirts unchanged."—What dirty people they must be in China!



THE CHARMS OF "SOCIETY."

PROBLEM:—GIVEN, THE ABOVE SKETCH, REPRESENTING A LOT OF PEOPLE ENJOYING THEMSELVES:—FIND OUT, BY THEIR DEMEANOUR:

1ST. THE PAPA AND MAMMA WHOSE DAUGHTER IS PLAYING A VERY LONG CLASSICAL PIECE OF MUSIC.

2ND. THE PAPA AND MAMMA WHO WANT THEIR DAUGHTER TO BE PLAYING INSTEAD.

BISMARCK'S SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

AH me, my Prussian Parliament,
Your swelling words fall flat,
Oh where, oh where is BOCKUM DOLFFS,
The Hero of the Hat!
In vain the talk of RAICHENSPERG,
The protest of GRABOW,
Here's BISMARCK laughs your threats to scorn,
And you have to Kotow!

Alas! the day when you allowed,
O'er Freedom's scent unerring,
The Ministerial whips to drag
The Schleswig-Holstein herring!
Lured from your game, when full in view,
On trail of armed aggression,
By whiff of powder, and the fumes
Of Prussian prepossession.

Fain *Punch* would pity those who chafe
Under the sarcasms sinister
Of a drill-sergeant in a crown,
And his dragooning Minister.
But since you backed the rule of fist,
The majesty of might,
Now that the rod comes home to you,
His verdict's "Sarve you right."

The sacred Ark of Liberty
Ne'er found defenders strong
In hands defiled with evil gains,
And hearts that backed the wrong.
Even as you have meted out,
Shall it be mete to you;

To the same rule of fist you bow
That Denmark bowed unto.

If there be geese in Prussia—
As travellers say there are—
We have a saw you had done well
To weigh, ere last year's war.
That what is sauce for goose, the same
For gander sauce must be:
The Danish goose is cooked, we know—
The gander's on the Spree!

AN EXCEPTION.

IN a very admirable speech, addressed to the working men at Camden Town, by MR. HARVEY LEWIS, M.P., the Member for Marylebone said:—

"There is no Position in England, short of the throne, to which a working man, by study, diligence, perseverance, and steady application might not attain."

There is one exception, which therefore proves the rule set forth by MR. HARVEY LEWIS. Neither study, diligence, perseverance, nor steady application will raise a working or a playing man to one awful position—that of Contributor to *Punch*. To attain that splendid dignity, the aspirant must also have wit, humour, beauty, grace, a charming manner, an unexceptionable tailor, and a perfect French accent. On all other points Mr. *Punch* cordially approves MR. LEWIS's speech, especially as it contrasts favourably with much inflammatory nonsense which is being addressed to the working man by persons who desire to climb to Position by the aid of his broad shoulders.

SWEETS AND A PUFF.—RIMMEL'S *Book of Perfumes* is now Scent everywhere.



DR. BRIGHT AND HIS PATIENT.

DOCTOR. "DO YOU GET GOOD WAGES?"

PATIENT. "YES."

DOCTOR. "HAVE YOU PLENTY TO EAT AND DRINK?"

PATIENT. "YES, AS FAR AS THAT GOES."

DOCTOR. "DO YOU DO AS YOU LIKE?"

PATIENT. "YES."

DOCTOR. "DO YOU PAY TAXES?"

PATIENT. "NONE TO HURT ME MUCH."

DOCTOR. "AH! WE MUST CHANGE ALL THAT. WE MUST GO IN FOR REFORM!"

MEETING FOR PROMOTING THE EDUCATION OF THE RICH.



RECENT meritorious efforts which have been made by the Rich to educate the Poor (our best hat off, and our best bow to you, Miss BURDETT-COUTTS, in all honour) have, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, produced a gratifying result in the way of reciprocity. The Poor have awakened to their duty, and propose to educate the Rich. Several interesting meetings have been held on the subject, and we condense a report of one of these. It was held on Saturday night, in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, and the apartment was crowded.

MR. JAMES TRIVET, a gas-fitter, was unanimously elected to the chair, and he spoke with much good feeling and good humour. He said that he was not greatly in the line of speech, but he

should be kindly turned on if he flickered. (*Cheers.*) He had been, in the way of business, a good deal into the houses of the Swells, and had thought it right to talk affably to them, when he got a chance. He could say that it was a great mistake to suppose that they were ill-conditioned or reserved, quite the reverse. They were very ignorant, but that was the fault of their bringing up. They had always been ready to talk to him, and it was interesting, though melancholy, to hear some of their simple questions. (*Hear, hear.*) For instance, a lady, with pearls on her well nigh as big as one of those gas-globes, had asked him whether gas did not come out of the ground if you stuck a pipe in. (*Sensation.*) She was not at all angry at his laughing, but insisted that she had read that such a thing was the case in some countries, and why not in England? That showed that a little knowledge was a dangerous thing. (*Cheers.*) He explained the real truth to her, but he was afraid that she was not listening, because she suddenly answered a military party who was talking to a girl on a sofa, but it was something to awake a spirit of inquiry. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JOHN DOVETAIL, a carpenter, said that he always found the Swells humble and civil, when he was called in to do any odd job. But until there was some general system of teaching, he feared that we should do little good with them. It was a pity, for many of them were intelligent and willing enough. He did not tell the story by way of ridiculing these who had fewer advantages than himself, but he would just mention that a young gentleman, the son of rich but honest parents, had shown him a little kennel which he had made for a favourite puppy. How did the Meeting think he had fastened the pieces? With large pins and gum. (*Shouts of laughter.*) When he, the speaker, showed him a brawlad and some nails, the dear lad looked as if a new world was open to him. (*Cheers.*)

MR. WILLIAM CLINK, a bricklayer, said there was much good in the richer classes, but their fault was, that they were so heedless and improvident. Look at the very building in which they were. The great hall was crowded to excess on music nights, and if an alarm of fire were given, there was but one way out, and hundreds would be trampled to death as sure as bricks were not mortar. Yet they kept on coming and never minding. It was very difficult to arouse them to any sense of danger. He thought that a system of house visitation, in a missionary way, might do good.

MR. WAPPING CALVES said that he had been a footman (*hisses*), but he was happy to say that he had raised himself to the position of a small coal man, and hoped that he should have the respect of the Meeting. (*Cheers.*) In his former capacity he had, of course, seen a great deal of the rich. He thought well of them, but they had many faults. They had no regard for truth, and would order a servant to deny that they were in the house, when they did not wish to see a visitor. Their indolence was frightful, they would lie in bed until twelve in the day. (*Sensation.*) It was true, he assured the Meeting, and a lady at one end of a room would ring a bell and bring a man up several flights of stairs to fetch her a book that lay on a table out of her reach. Still, they were very kind when they knew how to do any kindness, but so few of them took the trouble to know. As a practical man, he must say that he did not think that missionaries from their own class would be favourably received in the houses of the rich. He

would mention another thing, showing the folly of the upper orders. On a freezing night, a delicate woman would change her warm dress for a very light one, put on shoes no thicker than ribbons instead of her comfortable boots, and with nothing on her head, shoulders, or arms, would go out and sit in all the draughts of a playhouse, or stand on the landing of a staircase, with the wind constantly rushing up from the street-door. What could one do with creatures so hopelessly plunged in folly? (*Sensation.*)

MR. GEORGE FUNNEL said that he had been steersman to a steam-boat, and that ladies, when they saw him at the wheel, had often said that they could not understand how his twisting that wheel made the paddles go round and round. (*Great laughter.*) Still, he had heard that class talk intelligently about objects on the voyage, and he did think that they were not naturally idiotic. He was for compulsory education, and he would have every rich child sent to a school of mechanics.

MR. PETER BAYSTER, a bookbinder, said that he would never agree to hear charges of idiocy brought against a large class of his fellow-creatures. If they were foolish, let us be thankful that we know better, and let us try to teach them. It was not a bad thing in the character of the upper classes that many of them were fond of reading, and if they read silly books, let them be told so. But he did not want to preach, and would amuse the Meeting by telling them of a nobleman who wanted to letter his own books on the back. He had the tools and all, but one day sent for him, the speaker. "BAYSTER," says my Lord, "I'm jolly well jiggered if I can make this gold stuff stick in the letters." Would they believe it, this great nobleman had stamped the words first, and then tried to fix in the gold with glue. (*Roars of Laughter.*) He was bound to add that the poor rich man was very docile and thankful for instruction. (*Cheers.*)

MR. MARROW, a butcher, said that the old story of the Irishman who fed his pig one day and starved him the next, that the bacon might be in alternate slices of fat and lean, was nothing to the things which ladies and gentlemen had said in his master's shop. He was afraid that little could be done for the class in question. No earthly power could teach some of them not to ask for a haunch when they meant a leg, and as for bone, their impatience was only equalled by their ignorance on that head. He thought, however, that something might be effected by lecturers, if we could only induce the rich to attend.

MR. THOMAS RIMER was a composer of street-ballads. It had been said there was nothing like leather, but he was not open to that fling, as he would show. He thought that if, instead of the wretched Italian and English songs now sung by the rich, which he could assure the Meeting were the most namby-pamby trash in creation, they could be taught to sing ballads of a better kind, in which truth should be inculcated, good might insensibly and inoffensively be done. Instead, for instance, of such a song as "Coo, says the gentle Dove" (*shouts of derisive laughter*), a female were to sing "The Satisfied Tradesman and his Economical Wife" (*applause*), in which, as he perceived they remembered, it was shown how a frugal woman should lay out one pound one on her family, the lesson of thrift and care would be taught. He would only say that if it were liked, he would gladly give a thousand copies of that song, gratis, for distribution among the upper class. (*Cheers.*)

After some other speeches of a humane and philanthropic kind, it was agreed that a Committee should be formed, for carrying out MR. RIMER's proposal. A vote of thanks to the chair was followed by a unanimous call for a vote of compliment to *Mr. Punch*, for his indefatigable exertions to bring all classes into harmony. Amid the loudest cheering, the Meeting adjourned, after singing the hymn, "Pity the Follies of a poor rich Man."

INTERNAL UTILITY.

THE following advertisement appeared the other morning in a Dublin newspaper:—

GROOM AND COACHMAN, a smart, active young Man, who understands his business; has a first-rate knowledge of the care and treatment of horses, carriages, and harness; is a careful, steady driver; will make himself useful inside, if required.

"Will make himself useful inside, if required!" In what way is this usefulness, we wonder, to be exercised? A doctor's groom might make himself useful inside by swallowing his master's medicines for experiment. We own we should not like, were we a body servant, to have our body thus employed: but to these base uses we might come, *Horatio*, to keep ourselves from the necessity of going to the work-house. Still we cannot understand how a coachman is to show his utility inside, unless he means to hint that if his master likes to drive, he will sit inside the carriage and entertain the ladies.

Literary Paradox.

It is true that MR. SALA is the author of the Novel, *Quite Alone*. It is, we are sorry to say, equally true that he did not write the novel quite alone.



THE ANIMATED EGG.

"OH, MA! AIN'T THIS A WHACKING SNOWBALL? AND COURSE CHARLEY IS INSIDE!"

THE DRAMA AT SEA.

SIR, MR. PUNCH.—If this won't restore the Nautical Drama, I don't know what will.

Yours, BENNY THE BO'S'EN.

I call the piece

BLUE-EYED MARY;

OR, POLLY THE PRIDE OF THE FLEET.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.

TOM BLUFF (in love with Polly).

JONAS (a reprobate).

NAB (leader of the Press Gang).

CAPTAIN FORECASTLE (of H. M. S. Orocoon).

MARY PERKINS (the Blue-eyed).

Admirals, Commodores, Sailors, Marines, Press Gang, &c.

SCENE I.—Neighbourhood of Deal. Dealers walking about. View of the Flats drinking. Deal Light visible. Watermen are winking at girls, L.H., while a party of Marines are dancing with Jew Pedlars in a corner of the Stage.

Chorus.

Ho! boys! ho!
Drink and be merry, oh!
Spend the money, oh!

What care we!

Clink the glasses!

Wink at lasses!

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Merry boys! Oh! ho! ho!

All (waving glasses). Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Enter TOM BLUFF. C.

Tom Bluff. Ha! messmates, what cheer?

All. This. Hooray! (They cheer).

Tom Bluff. True; but the man who would desert his tackle in the hour of need, is no friend of TOM BLUFF'S.

All (wildly). Hooray!

Jonas (who has been standing at the back, observing narrowly). So,

TOM, I hear that you are about to leave us. (Aside, darkly.) He little knows.

Tom Bluff. Yes. But why this sorrow? My POLL is true, and as good as Bank of England notes—

All. A song! A song!

Tom Bluff. Well, mates, if so be, here goes.

Song.

Tom Bluff. I love the fairest flower that blooms
Upon the meadow airy,
I love the va-ri-ed parfooms
As hangs about a dairy.
But much above,
Oh, I do love

My POLL—my darling MARY!
His POLL! his darling MARY!

Tom Bluff. When, at six bells, I go aloft,
I dream of that sweet fairy,
She is so lovely, and as soft
As chick of MOTHER CART.
When I'm afloat
Oh how I doat,

On POLL—my darling MA-A-ARE-ARY!

All (with Variations) { His } POLL! { his } darling MARE-AREY-A-REH.
My } my }

First Marine. Bravo, TOM! (Fiddle heard without.) Here's DICK the Fiddler!

Enter DICK the Fiddler.

All. A dance! A dance! [They dance. Stage grows darker.]

Enter MARY PERKINS. [It grows brighter again.]

Tom. What, MARY?

Mary. Ah, TOM!

Tom (taking both her hands, and swinging them backwards and forwards). Why, you're looking like a smart pinnace as has a starboard on every jib of her.

Mary (clearly understanding the compliment). Lor', TOM!

Tom. Bless you, my darling! When I think as to-morrow we're to get spliced, and never more part—

Enter NAB and Press Gang, quickly.

Nab (pointing to Tom). There's your man.

Mary (addressing Nab). Why, you black-muzzled son of a ship's cook, as ain't fit to—

Tom. Nay, MARY, the man is but doing his dooty. There is hope yet—

Mary (cheerfully). Where?

Tom (points to the Flies). There!

[Press Gang weep. MARY falls on TOM'S shoulder. Marines strangle Jew Pedlars. JONAS grapples with NAB, and Watermen (R.H.) go on winking at girls as Curtain descends.]

To make a long Drama short—for, of course, in a Play of the Sea I can only give you the main incidents—TOM goes aboard the Orocoon, fights for his King and country, but is finally, in consequence of some incorrectness in the Steward's accounts, had up before a Naval Court-Martial for mutiny and general debility. I should have stated that the end of the Second Act is thus managed.

SCENE—Real Ship, and real Water of course. (Here's scope for somebody!)

Real Man at the Masthead, out of sight. A whale! A whale!

[A real Whale, or as much of him as can be hired by the night, is seen rising, and commences spouting, when he is interrupted by the Captain, who throws a harpoon at him.]

Everyone on board. Hooray!

[The Ship's gun-wale (toms) here fires at the monster.]

All. Hooray! [TOM BLUFF stands aloof with his arms folded.]

Captain. Now to give him his final blow. (Produces a speaking-trumpet.)

Tom. Never! for while TOM BLUFF has a sheet-anchor to heave, there's not a swab ashore as 'ud leave a true heart of oak in the maintop.

[CAPTAIN faints, and falls into the real water.]

All (to one another, quietly). A man overboard!

Tom. What, my hearties! shall it ever be said, &c. &c.

[Makes a long, telling speech about humanity, swabs, tars, BLUE-EYED POLL, virtue, and land-lubbers; then, taking off his jacket, plunges into the sea.]

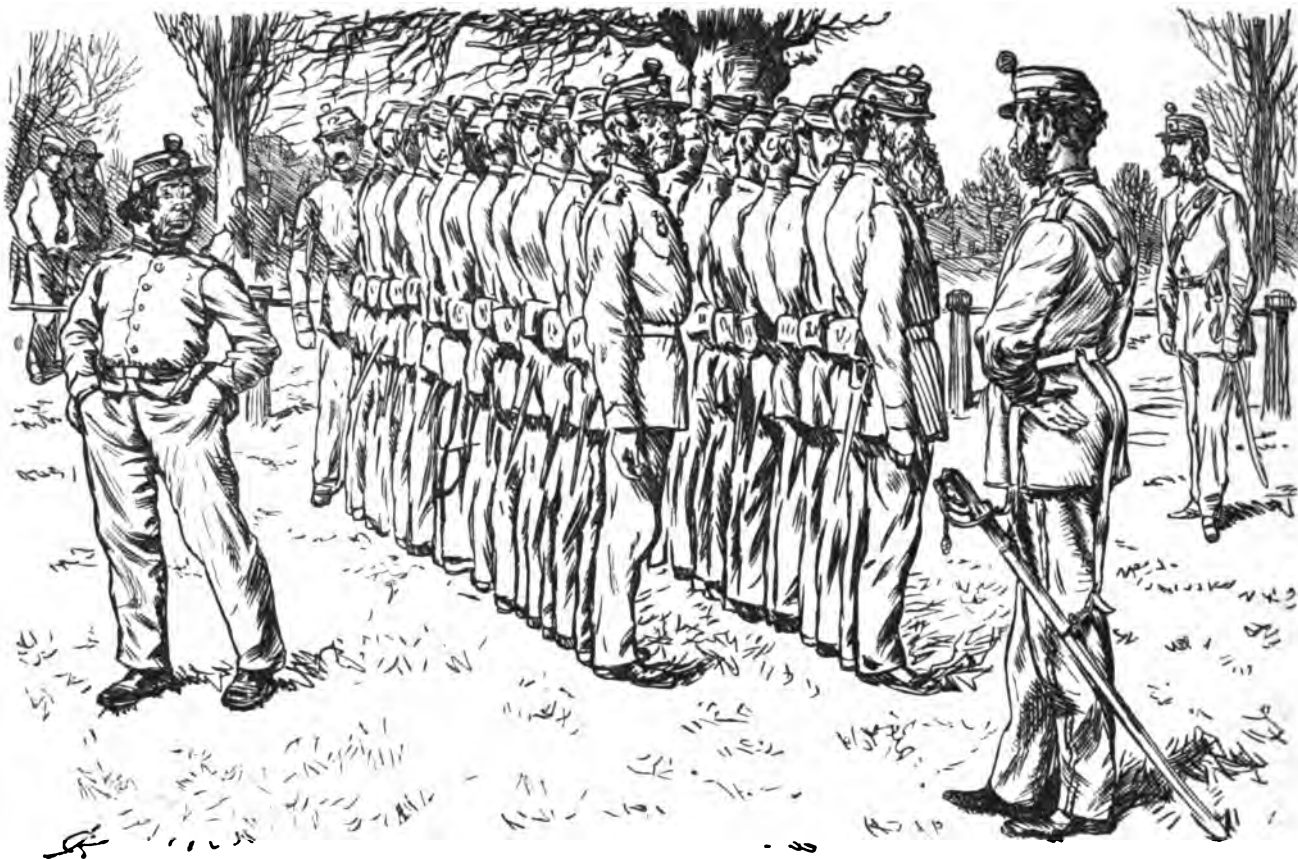
Chorus (by everybody, impulsively).

Oh, the deep, deep Sea

Is the place to be,

Down! down! in the deep, deep Sea!

[TOM re-appears, carrying the CAPTAIN in his arms. The whale glides off slyly, with his finger up to his nose, taking the harpoon with him.]



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Insubordinate Recruit (falling out). "TAINT THE FUST TIME, MISTER ADJUTANT, YOU'VE CALLED ME A ODD FILE"—BLOWED IF I STAND IT ANY LONGER—THERE!!

A CASE IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

COCKBURN v. PRIDEAUX. *Chaff.*

IN the Court of Queen's Bench, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, and Justices CROMPTON and BLACKBURN, the other day, MR. PRIDEAUX showed cause against the rule which had been obtained in a case relative to marriage fees. He said:—

"It was an action brought by the plaintiff, who was described to be no other than a pauper, against the incumbent of a parish in Buckinghamshire for refusing to marry one of his parishioners."

Dulce est desipere in loco: and as the *locus in quo* is of all others a Court of Justice, of course the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE did so. The subjoined joke was instantly elicited by MR. PRIDEAUX's statement about the incumbent sued for "refusing to marry one of his parishioners":—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Two of them, I should think."

His Lordship thought he had MR. PRIDEAUX there. He was mistaken:—

"MR. PRIDEAUX.—Not necessarily two of his parishioners."

The joke was with MR. PRIDEAUX. Then one of the other Judges, whose name indicates Scottish origin, made a remark that was simply explanatory:—

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN.—There were originally two actions, one by the husband and the other by the wife."

This grave observation gave COCKBURN leisure to try if he could not be down on PRIDEAUX. Having taken time to consider, said

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Your statement, MR. PRIDEAUX, sounded as though the reverend gentleman had been called upon to marry her himself (*laughter*)—that is hardly what we should grant a *mandamus* for."

Very good; but MR. PRIDEAUX had the best of it. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in his rejoinder, was driven to shift his joke, and amend his misunderstanding of the word "marry." So, having obliged his Lordship to vindicate his jocosity by changing his quibble, our learned friend discreetly resumed his plea.

There was another joke which might have been got out of the case by a third party, a joke which either of the other two Judges was in a position to make, if they can both joke. At MR. PRIDEAUX's words—"marry one of his parishioners," when the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said "Two of them, I should think," one of his learned brothers might have observed, "That would be bigamy." This most pertinent, apposite, and brilliant joke was, however, missed.

So much for wit in this case. In its conclusion there was wisdom:—

"The Court made the rule absolute. It was better all the facts should come before the Court when the case came on for argument."

Much better, certainly, than when the case came on for fun.

WHAT'S A NAPPLE?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Dorchester Magistrates have decided "that apples are not agricultural produce," that is, are not produced from trees that grow in cultured ground. I thought that they were. But what do the Dorchester naturals—I mean naturalists—declare apples to be? An American philosopher stated that madness was a mineral, and perhaps a Dorchester Magistrate will allege that an apple is an animal. Do you know what animal I take a Dorsetshire Magistrate to be? If you don't, never mind, but at your leisure turn to the 5th Proposition of *Euclid*, Book I, and you will be reminded of a bridge which may possibly be found in Dorsetshire. Yours indignantly,

Pomona Cottage.

JANE PINRAFFLE.

Beef at 8d. per lb.

To Correspondents.—Jerked beef goes farther than butcher's beef. A butcher's boy, however, would not be able to jerk a stone of beef as far as a pebble.

CONSIDERATE REWARD TO A NOBLEMAN FOR BRINGING ONE A FINE TRANSLATION OF THE *Iliad*.—Sending him home to translate the *Odyssey*. (*With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Edinburgh Review.*)



OUR CURATE; OR, JULIA'S OCCUPATION GONE.

Amelia. "OH, JULIA, IT'S NO USE WORKING SLIPPERS FOR HIM, AND MAMMA SAYS SHE IS SURE HE DON'T WANT BRACES; SO WHAT MUST WE DO TO SAVE HIM FROM MARRYING OUT OF THE PARISH!"

EXERCISE FOR IGNATIUS.

GREAT children playing at Roman Catholics are capable of quarrelling as well as small children at play likewise or otherwise. It is said that BROTHER or FATHER IGNATIUS and the REV. G. A. HILLYARD have fallen out, and that the breach which has occurred between them is widening. According to a report of these gentlemen's ecclesiastical amusements, the companions of MR. HILLYARD are associated in the congregation of St. Lawrence, Norwich. BROTHER IGNATIUS's play-mates are combined in the English order of St. Benedict. The Hillyardites and the English Benedictines constitute two hostile camps, as boys do at prison-base. Whilst the Hillyard fellows last week were dancing at the Free Library, the Benedictine chaps, headed by their priest, the REV. G. J. OUSELEY, were doing penance barefoot to avert the supernatural consequences of the dishonour which they considered that MR. HILLYARD's dancing flock were inflicting on the name of the Martyr, their patron Saint, by capers which may, to be sure, be looked upon as characteristic of goats rather than sheep. The chapel and altar of the mock-monastery were hung in black, and the make-believe, or rather make-disbelieve, shrine was veiled in ditto. BROTHER IGNATIUS preached a sermon, wherein he "protested against the dancing party as mixing up the religion of CHRIST with the service of the Devil." He represented the Devil as "trying to uproot a great and good work by mixing up tares with the wheat." By tares IGNATIUS must be supposed to have meant the dancers, whom, by so calling them, he affiliates on the Evil One. St. Lawrence, however, can hardly be offended with dancing votaries, or feel himself insulted by a polka, when there is a St. Vitus's dance, worse than any other.

In further deprecation, however, of the ire of St. Lawrence, the monks sang the 51st Psalm to a wailing chant, prostrated themselves before the altar, recited the seven penitential psalms, and then had their heads powdered with ashes by their priest, after which "compline" was said behind the screen, without music. We can only wish success to the steps which the English Benedictines took to atone for the other steps taken by the Hillyardites.

The narrative whence the foregoing particulars are derived, concludes

with the remark that "when the present rigour of the weather is considered, the barefoot penances of BROTHER IGNATIUS must be regarded as no joke." Certainly, playing at monks is no child's play when the players of that game are grown-up persons; but if they were actually children of tender years, the mildest consequences of playing it just now would be chilblains. IGNATIUS and his monks, however, are proof against at least those puerile affections. So they renounce stockings, as though stockings were works of the demon, and sport sandals, which of course they deem sanctified things if made of wood and leather straps, though they anathematise those which consist of white satin. Still, since they affect sandals after a fashion, they should not, one would think, object to dancing, but rather practise it, in order to make an edifying display of their ankles. For that purpose, as they condemn dancing, they might resort to an exercise which for them would have the advantage of being of a penitential nature. Suppose the monks of the British order of St. Benedict all go skating, and air their sandalled and stockingless feet on the ice.

Oxbridge University Intelligence.

THE Bodley Professor will lecture on CICERO's Oratory and the Oratory of Brompton.

At the Taylor Institution there will be lectures on the Habits of the Ancients.

The Professor of Political Economy will lecture on the "Theory of Rent." The text for his first discourse will be "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The Margaret Professor will, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, during the ensuing Term, give "Woman, Lovely Woman," as a toast.

At Corpus there will be the usual lectures on Bantingism.

The Professor of Logic will give lectures on his own premises.

THE EXTRADITION OF CRIMINALS.—"A Hungry Pauper" inquires whether they have the extra dish because they are criminals.

"CAKES, LEEKS, PUDDINGS, AND POTATOES."



Y the above toast, given at the annual dinner in honour of GEORGE HERIOT—*Jingling Gordie*—of Edinburgh, are typified Scotland, Wales, England, and Ireland. The toast gives title to a little tract just published by a "Scottish Advocate," which *Mr. Punch* has read with a certain pleasure, not unmixed with awe. The bold author has been sketching nationalities with a free and keen pen. Now, we Puddings know enough about ourselves, and quite as much as we want to know about Ap Leek and O'Potato. But having been always told that we know really nothing about

the Cakes—that is to say, the Scotch—we are ever anxious to obtain information touching that interesting nation. Therefore, when a Scotsman writes about his countrymen, we are only too happy to sit at the feet of MCGAMALIEL.

We have extracted a few of this Scotch gentleman's statements touching—and touching very nearly—the inhabitants of the English provinces called Scotland, and we re-publish them, because, while we are discovering the sources of the Nile, and (three cheers for SHEPARD OSBORN!) going to conquer the Seas of the North, it does not become Englishmen to be unacquainted with their neighbours.

1. "The Highlander never understands wit or humour."—WALTER SCOTT.
2. "Precious indeed are the religious privileges of Scotland, but how has she used them? Has she not long been living upon *credit*? and may she not, perhaps unconsciously, resemble the potato, of which the best part is underground?"
3. "The men of the North are not better Christians than many others who have not enjoyed such advantages."
4. "The scholastic inferiority of our Scottish clergy cannot be disputed. Our Scotch divines may be counted on the fingers—on the fingers, indeed, of a single hand."
5. "HUGH MILLER says, 'There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained.'"
6. "The Scot overwhelms you with questions, and turns off every query directed against himself by proposing another."
7. "Pretty faces and shapely figures in Scotland are far from rare, but the frequency of good looks is a striking peculiarity among the female population of England."
8. "A laird," says SCOTT, 'after giving us more champagne and claret than we cared to drink, turned pale at the idea of paying a crown in charity.'"
9. "The paltry ambition of Scotch lairds to appear greater than they are, has long been a common failing."
10. "A large number of our countrymen exhibit a sullen, distant, *dour* uncourteousness of manner, which is far from being creditable to themselves or pleasant to those who are favoured with its display."
11. "That uncourteousness approaches to positive rudeness and incivility, and it may frequently be observed among Scottish tradesmen."
12. "There is a large amount of truth in this: 'the lower classes in Scotland are strongly characterised by a certain kind of cunning and dissimulation, and are constantly trying to over-reach one another.'"
13. "Destructiveness is a Scotch characteristic. In towns, the Scotch injure public buildings; in the country, trees and shrubs. Liberality on the part of owners of property is rewarded by wanton mischief."
14. "The dirty and slovenly habits of the Scotch peasant present a marked contrast to those of our English neighbours."

There! There is Scotland painted by an educated Scot! This is no piece of English insolence, pock-pudding pertness, or Cockney cavilling, as is always said when a Southron ventures to doubt whether Caledonia is an improvement on Paradise before the Fall. We fear—we horribly fear—to give the writer's name or the names of his distinguished publishers, as we have no wish to read in the *Scotsman* that the

three have been immolated at the foot of LORD MELVILLE's monument. But the extracts are genuine; and to prove it, with utter disregard to the laceration of our own feelings, we will cite one passage, without which (and a reference to BURNS) no Scotchman ever wrote article or essay:—

"But with all our faults and failings, I have yet to learn that anything more intensely vulgar and contemptible than the Cockneyism of the Londoner is to be found to the north of the Tweed."

With which delicious and amply-compensating *vos quoque*, we commend our friend to the vengeance of "Bible-loving Scotland."

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

GAS HAS BEEN TURNED ON IN CHINA.

(Translation of Correspondence.)

(1.)

His Celestial and Imperial Highness, Brother to the Sun and Moon, Twin to the Twinkling Stars, Cousin of the Comet, presents his celestial compliments to the Secretary of the Hi Ski Hi Gas Company of Pekin, and requests to be informed of the reason why the Imperial and Celestial Palace was suddenly left in darkness on the evening of yesterday.

Imperial Palace, Pekin.

(2.)

To his Celestial and Imperial Highness, &c., &c., from T. JONES, Secretary of the Pekin Hi Ski Hi Gas Company (Limited).

His Celestial and Imperial Highness, Brother to the Sun and Moon, &c., &c., is hereby informed that as certain moneys (account rendered, enclosed herein) are still due to the Hi Ski Hi Company, the regular supply of gas to the Palace has been, and in future will be discontinued until the above-mentioned debt is discharged. (See Rules and Regulations of the H. S. H. Company.)

(3.)

From His Celestial, &c., to T. JONES, Secretary, &c.

His Celestial Imperial Highness, Brother, &c., &c., requests the pleasure of Mr. T. JONES's head, for the purpose of spiking it on the Celestial Palace gateway before sunset. [Bearer waits.]

(4.)

To His Celestial, &c., from T. JONES, &c.

T. JONES beseeches His Celestial Imperial, &c. to have patience. He has implored the Company to turn on the gas. If the Brother of the Sun will only condescend to pay so much in the pound, all may yet be well.

(5.)

From His Celestial, &c., to T. JONES, Secretary, &c.

His Celestial Imperial, &c., swearing by the shade of CONFUCIUS, and by his immortal ancestors, CHU KEE, HO KEE, PO KEE, WANG KEE, and the transcendent FUM, herewith demands the immediate surrender of all the heads belonging to the pernicious and abominable Directors, Secretaries, and other miserable vermin calling themselves the Hi Ski Hi Gas Company. [Bearer waits.]

(6.)

Report of Bearer of Message to His Celestial Imperial, &c.
To his Celestial, &c.

Your poor slave, crouching and trembling, has to announce the escape of Gas Company.

(7.)

Order of the Day issued by His Celestial, &c.

Bamboo and behead the bearer.

[Bearer bamboozed and beheaded accordingly.]

End of Correspondence.

Notice.

THIS being the third warning that the author of the following has received, he is required to shut up till further notice:—

WHY has the noble animal that carries the QUEEN OF SIAM's palanquins, nothing whatever to do with the subject?—Because its her elephant (irrelevant).

WHY is a summary of to-day's *Times* like a sweet thing in cloaks?—Because it's the Bare-noos.

A CORRESPONDENT from South Shields wishes to know the derivation of the name.

A South Shield is used by persons when attacked by a North Pole.

BALLADS OF THE BILLOWS.



ONLY last week, your Honour, I called your attention to the revival of the Nautical Drama. But where and oh, where! are all the nautical ditties, and the singers of them gone? "Twas in *Trafalgar's Bay*," the "*Battle of the Nile*," "*My Lovely Nancy*," and all the rest of them: where are they? Gone! Ay, ay, Sir, gone! Belay, there! not for ever. No, Sir, not if I, BENNY THE BO'SEN, know it. Inspiration has seized me; I clutch my fiddle, on which I was, and am, no mean performer, and with a view to rousing the poetic fire of my countrymen on behalf of the poetic water, I strike up a prelude, and then commence. Each ballad is intended to be sung with great spirit and

pathos; each will have a tune of its own, which may be obtained by application to

Yours, my hearty,

BENNY THE BO'SEN.

THE ADMIRAL'S TRUE LOVE;

OR, THE BREEZES OF BONNYKIRK BAY.

(*This Ballad is founded upon a legend still believed and repeated by the Mariners of Bonnykirk. The incident itself probably occurred during the sharp and decisive engagement between the British fleet and the united fleets of France and Austria, in which the flag of England was signally victorious. As to the justice and causes of a war that raised the little fishing village of Bonnykirk to such an eminence in the annals of our country's glory, I offer no opinion.—B. T. B.*)

In Bonnykirk Bay, oh, the fleet it was moored,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
As our gallant young Admiral, waving his sword
To the Second Lieutenant, who'd just come a-board
With the Commodore, rigged like an Admiralty Lord,
Cried, ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

"A sail, ho! a sail!" shouts the look-out aloft,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
And our Admiral waved the cocked hat he had doffed,
But the Commodore wept, for his heart it was soft,
While the Second Lieutenant respectfully coughed,¹
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

"Avast!" shouts the skipper. His call we obeyed,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Of Parleyvoe Frogs Hearts of Oak aren't afraid,
Each thought of his country and fond-loving maid,
And wished that at home with his POLL he had stayed,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Says the Captain, "My eyes!" if it ain't a French sloop!"
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
"We'll feed ere we fight!"² growls the Mate on the poop,
But a shot struck the spoon just afore he could stoop
To take from the cook his allowance of soup,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Boom! bang! went the guns from the binnacle's deck,³
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Our brave boarding tars, at the Admiral's beck,
Rushed on with a himpetus nothing could check,⁴
And when three bells was sounded⁵ the sloop was a wreck,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

When we'd keelhauled amidships and spliced the ropes' ends,⁶
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Says the Admiral sweetly, "This locket I sends
To my true love." The Commodore over him bends
With a handkerchief bordered with Va-len-ci-ennes,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

"That handkerchief! oh!" cries the Admiral, "See!"
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
"Tis my LUCY!" cries he, and cries she "Yes, it's me!"
I'm here, though you left me, my WILLIAM!⁷ Says he,

"Then I can die happy," and did: so did she.
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Once each year, in the Bay, when night's curtain descends,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
The Commodore over the Admiral bends
With the ghost of a handkerchief trimmed at all ends
With the lace that is known as real Va-len-ci-ennes.
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Chorus (all together).

Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

- ¹ Repeat this line as a chorus. Every one likes to sing in a chorus.
- ² It has been supposed that the Lieutenant was in the plot. At this distance of time we have no means of ascertaining the exact truth.
- ³ A common expression among nautical men; with now and then a forcible prefix.
- ⁴ "The crew had for some days been inclined to mutiny, on account of their rations having been curtailed."—SIMPSON'S *Lives of the Admirals*.
- ⁵ That part of the ship nearest the jib-boom.
- ⁶ "The engagement was sharp, short, and decisive."—CAPT. CUTTLE'S *Notes*.
- ⁷ Soundings are generally taken on board ship by means of a line and a leaden plummet. "Three bells" is very deep soundings.
- ⁸ The usual plan after an engagement of this sort.
- ⁹ Uneducated, but affectionate.
- ¹⁰ WILLIAM was the Admiral's Christian name. The last line of this verse should be sung with great feeling; and the chorus, if any, should be slightly subdued

FEMININE LONGEVITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do, pray, now use your influence, which I well know is *gigantic*, to put a stop to these unseemly letters about longevity. I declare I feel quite terrified when I think of what alarming disclosures may be made by them. There is no harm in discussing the longevity of *gentlemen*, but it is really most indelicate in people to make public the longevity of *ladies*. As a woman, I protest against one's age being made known, and still more against its being made a subject of discussion. Yet I am shocked to see that letters have been written about old ladies, and the most *annoying* proofs have been given of the ages they are *said* to have arrived at. It really makes one shudder when one thinks of the sad peril to which one is exposed, of hearing such exposures made about oneself and one's feminine relations. I am a single lady, and have, happily, no daughters to remind me of my age, and prevent my looking as young as I can *make myself*. But suppose my elder sister should become an octo—something (it isn't octoroon, I know, and it rhymes with *vegetarian*), suppose that she gets old and unfortunately *looks so*, horrid people may write letters and expose her *real* age, and pray then how can I make people think that I am juvenile?

So, *Mr. Punch*, I must entreat you to stop this *dreadful* theme from being publicly discussed; and I think you ought to mention the matter to LORD PALMERSTON, and get him just to pass a proper Act of Parliament to suppress such correspondence. The statement of a lady's age without her *special sanction* should be viewed as an outrageous *libel* and *offence*, and should be punished by *at least six months'* hard labour and imprisonment. Indeed I think a good sound *flogging* would just serve the wretches right who are guilty of these shamefully indecent exposures, and I wish that every lady had, as SHAKESPEARE says, a *whip* "to lash the rascal *aching* through the world."

No, Sir. Let *male* donkeys boast of their *long years*, if it please them so to do; but a lady's age is *sacred*, and it should be penal to violate its sanctity. For sacrilegious monsters who are infamous enough to perpetrate such outrages, a proper punishment should forthwith be invented by the law, and these miscreants be dealt with by the officers of *justice*. Now that Parliament has met, not a moment should be lost in applying for some wholesome legislation in the matter, and surely Parliament must feel it is of *personal* importance to take the matter up, for among its Members Parliament has plenty of *old women*.

Hoping, my dear *Mr. Punch*, that as the champion of the ladies you will come to their protection, and prevent any further exposure of their ages,

Believe me, yours admiringly,

PATIENCE PRIM.

P.S. I enclose my *carte de visite*, by which you may see that when I wear my *visiting* costume I am barely five-and-twenty.*

* Looks fifty, if a day.—Note by Mrs. Punch.

Punishment for Paupers.

Is it true that oakum-picking is work to which paupers are put in workhouses? If so, we would suggest that, as a punishment for poverty, the treadmill or the crank be substituted for a kind of hard labour which has the disadvantage of incapacitating some of the poor for needlework and other lightheaded employment, by spoiling their fingers.



GENUINE ENTHUSIASTS.

AT THE WINDOW YOU PERCEIVE PATER AND MATER EXPOSTULATING VAINLY.

TO CLERICAL MEN.

PUNCH has had of late a good deal to say to and for Medical men; now for a word with Clerical men.

Reverend brethren, read this advertisement, cut from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, one of your own Church organs:—

Price by post, 1s. 6d.

TO CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.—Copies of Bishops' Examination Papers given of late: with PRIVATE INFORMATION as to the peculiarities of each Bishop and his Chaplain in the *vivid voce* Examination of Candidates. London: Publishers' names.

If the Examination papers are not handed to the candidates as private affairs, there can be no objection to letting other candidates know what sort of questions they are likely to be asked. *Mr. Punch* has written to a friend of his, who is a Bishop, to ascertain how this is; but perhaps the examining chaplain who ran to the pillar-post with his Lordship's answer, let the letter get wet, and it stuck in the mouth, and was picked out by somebody else, or perhaps some ass who could not read or would not heed the orders on the pillar, had rammed in a fat newspaper, which choked the way, and left all subsequently deposited letters at the mercy of the public. In one of these ways millions of letters are lost every day. Anyhow, the Bishop's answer had not come, up to our going to press. We, therefore, give the advertiser the benefit of a doubt which we do not entertain.

But this proposal to show up the Peculiarities of each Bishop and of his Chaplain is clearly *Scandalum Ecclesiasticum*. We should like to know, nevertheless, what is told, but we scorn to spend, on any printed book, the price of two cigars, which bring us priceless thoughts. Are the hints in this style:—1. This Bishop is testy and a little deaf. 2. This Bishop is garrulous, and will answer two-thirds of the questions for you, if you take things easy, and give him his head. 3. This Bishop hates any talk of the Evangelical kind; beware of the slightest unctuality. 4. Take a snuff-box, full of the best rappee, and leave it, without offering it, near this Bishop; he will pretend to take a pinch unconsciously. 5. Be so tremendously struck with the picture over this Bishop's fireplace as to disregard a question; he will be awfully

pleased. 6. Seem nervous before this Bishop, as Mrs. B. domineers, and he likes to be a great man somewhere. 7. This Bishop lays harmless traps for you, but he is very kind; fall into one, and he will help you out. 8. Throw in a few Latin or even Greek words, but mind your quantities; this Bishop is a scholar, and likes scholars. 9. Look out; this Bishop knows everything, and gives no quarter. 10. This Bishop is a man of the world, and very good-natured, but don't you quote. 11. This Bishop is rather a crab, but will be just, if you don't show the least morsel of PUSEY. 12. A very good Bishop, but not very learned, so he takes you on doctrine; mind you are sound. And so on, through the whole right reverend roll-call, and their Chaplains.

Well, brethren, this Handy-book to the Hierarchy may be useful, and so may be listening at a door, or peeping into a friend's letters or cheque-book. But, on the whole, one has a prejudice in favour of folks who play the game of life fairly, and—and so we don't give you the publishers' names.

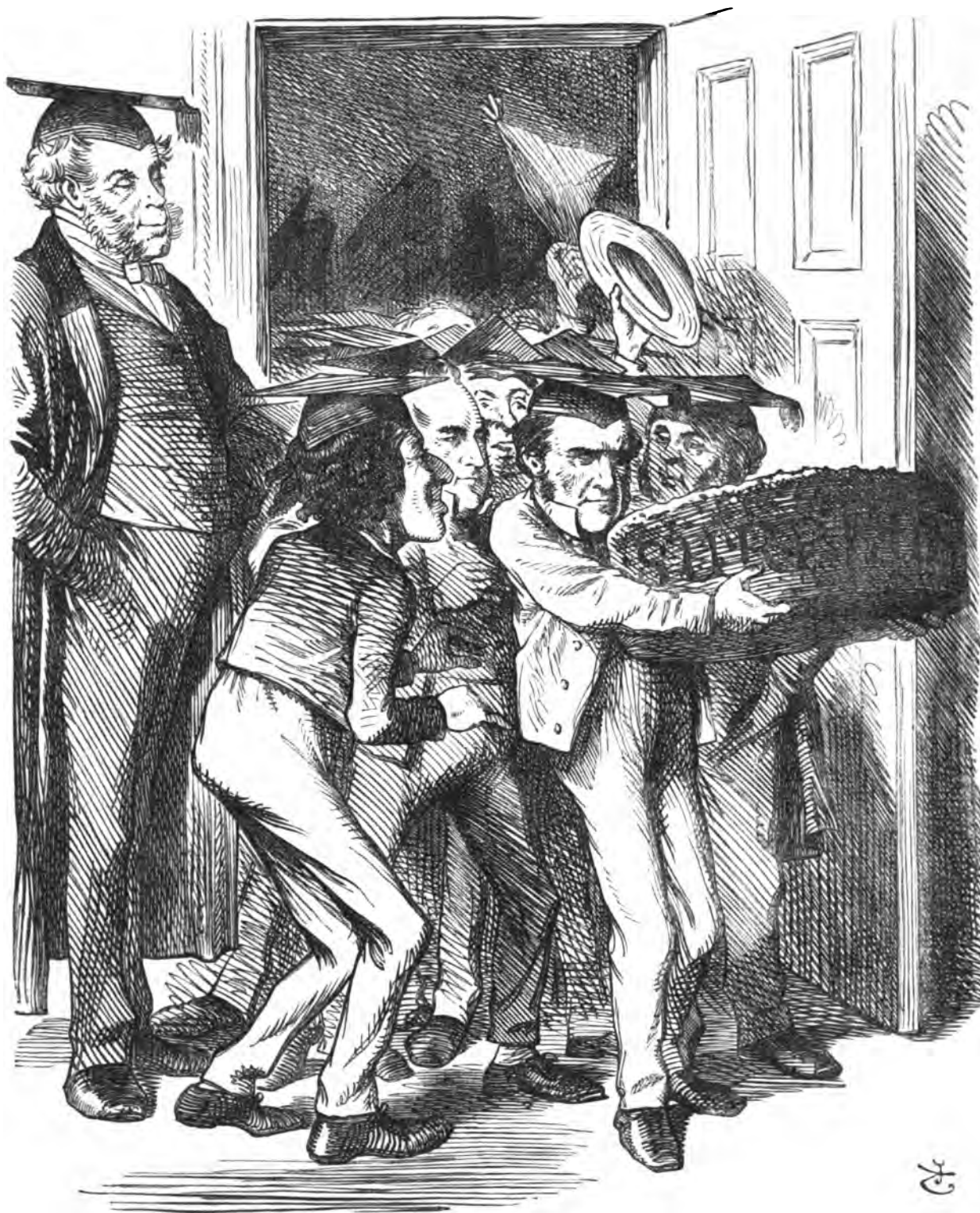
WHERE THE SENIOR WRANGLERS GO TO.

A PROPOS of the last Cambridge Honour-list—in which, by the way, a nobleman's son *struts* for the first time at the head of the Wranglers, and may consider himself and family complimented by *Mr. Punch* on the proud distinction—some noodles have been asking “where the Senior Wranglers go to.” These inquirers must be of the same sagacious order of mind which, in childhood, is apt to inquire “where the old moons go to.”

The same answer may be given to both questions. As the old moons are cut up into little stars, these larger luminaries of the University are cut up into lesser lights, as College Dons and Heads, University Professors, rectors of fat College livings, Bishops, Judges, Queen's Counsel, M.P.'s, &c., &c.

Pretty Near the Mark.

“WHAT do I think of the DAVENPORTS?” said SMITH, the other night, after attending a *séance*. “Why, I think they are a couple of rather clever conjurors, *et voilà deux!*”



BACK TO SCHOOL.

The Boy with the Cake.

CHORUS OF GREEDY BOYS. "GIVE US A SLICE! GIVE US A SLICE!"

DR. PAM (HEAD MASTER). "KEEP BACK, BOYS! KEEP BACK! OR IT SHALL NOT BE CUT TILL EASTER."

POEM BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliament's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 The Parliament's coming, oh dear!
 And will there be less sense
 To put in the Essence,
 Than Parliament gave us last year?

LORD PALMERSTON's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD PALMERSTON's coming, oh dear!
 With gay observation
 Less like information
 Than meant to elicit "hear, hear!"

DISRAELI's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 DISRAELI's coming, oh dear!
 With prelude so solemn
 To fill up a column,
 And studied impromptu-like jeer.

LORD RUSSELL is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD RUSSELL is coming, oh dear!
 With "meddle and muddle"
 And storm in a puddle,
 But often brave words, which we'll cheer.

EARL DERBY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 EARL DERBY is coming, oh dear!
 So ready to smile at
 The scrapes of our Pilot,
 But never attempting to steer.

THE CHANCELLOR's coming, oh dear, oh dear.
 THE CHANCELLOR's coming, oh dear!
 Exploding, like nitre,
 At sight of a mitre,
 And healing a snub with a sneer.

LORD ELLEN is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD ELLEN is coming, oh dear!
 Proclaiming in thunder
 That peace is a blunder,
 And war not a thing we should fear.

DUKE SOMERSET's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 DUKE SOMERSET's coming, oh dear!
 With answers so frightful
 The one most politeful
 Resounds like a box on the ear.

BISHOP OXFORD is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 BISHOP OXFORD is coming, oh dear!
 To prove Convocation
 And hot Condemnation
 Are parts of the Faith we revere.

LORD GREY he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD GREY he is coming, oh dear!
 To prove that all others
 Are DAVENPORT Brothers,
 And he's not a quack, but a seer.

CHARLEY WOOD he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 CHARLEY WOOD he is coming, oh dear!
 Well-informed, too, behold him,
 For some one has told him
 A jaguar's not a jaghire.

MR. LAWSON is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. LAWSON is coming, oh dear!
 He's cracked if he judges
 We'll yield what he grudges,
 An Englishman's right to his beer.

JOHN BRIGHT he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 JOHN BRIGHT he is coming, oh dear!
 To bid every "rough" rage
 And clamour for suffrage—
 Is *that* your aim—preacher austere?

MR. COX he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COX he is coming, oh dear!
 The Governing Race is
 Not now in his graces:
 But suppose they should make him a Peer?

TRELAWNEY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 TRELAWNEY is coming, oh dear!

Bringing hammers and axes
 To break down Church-taxes:
 Religion must perish, that's clear.

MR. EWART is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. EWART is coming, oh dear!
 He'd do unto all craft
 Belonging to CALCRAFT,
 As did to the hangman, King Lear.

LOCKE KING he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LOCKE KING he is coming, oh dear!
 With the small resolution
 That's *his* contribution
 Towards perfectibility here.

POPE HENNESSY's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 POPE HENNESSY's coming, oh dear!
 With vigour and valiance
 To scold the Italians
 For sending bad Kings to the rear.

Old BERKELEY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 Old BERKELEY is coming, oh dear!
 To paint, with bright palette,
 The charms of the ballot,
 And be called, by its friends, insincere.

MR. NEWDEGATE's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. NEWDEGATE's coming, oh dear!
 To prove toleration
 Has ruined the nation,
 And pay her a Protestant tear.

THE COLONELS are coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 THE COLONELS are coming, oh dear!
 To stand up for arrack,
 Cat, bearskin, and barrack,
 And beg that we won't interfere.

MR. ROEBUCK is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. ROEBUCK is coming, oh dear!
 From "saloons" at Vienna,
 To give us all senna
 And salts, till we feel very queer.

MR. HENLEY is coming, oh dear! oh dear!
 MR. HENLEY is coming, oh dear!
 To growl and to grumble
 If bailiff, or Bumble,
 Or bosh, from our system we shear.

NUM SCULLY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 NUM SCULLY is coming, oh dear!
 Our warm benediction
 Was wasted on fiction,
 Which said that he would not appear.

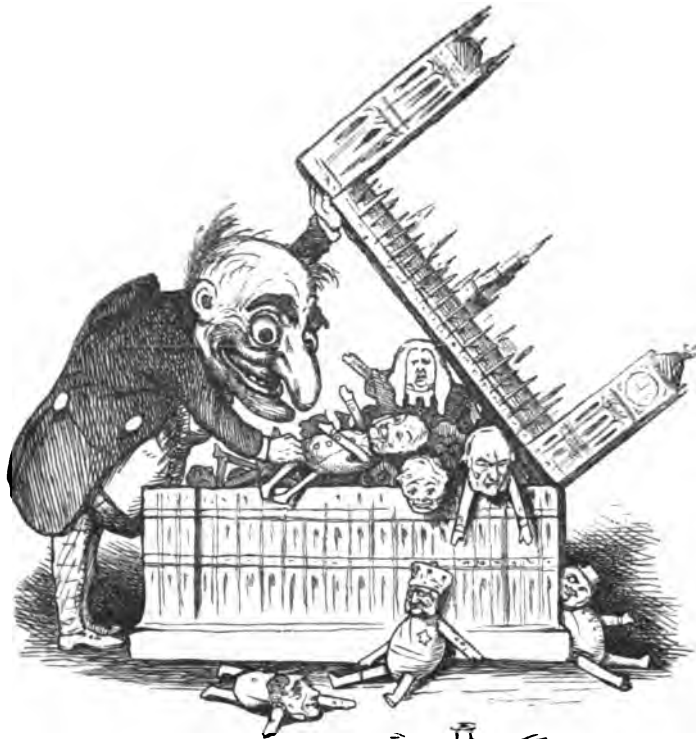
MR. MASSEY's not coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. MASSEY's not coming, oh dear!
 To India goes MASSEY
 To win a peace Plassy,
 And rival the bold BARTLE FAERE.

MR. COBDEN is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COBDEN is coming, oh dear!
 But not, we hope, preaching
 What Liverpool's teaching,
 To spoil a true statesman's career.

MR. COWPER is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COWPER is coming, oh dear!
 To promise that roses
 Shall gladden our noses,
 When Battersea's like Bendermeer.

MR. GLADSTONE is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. GLADSTONE is coming, oh dear!
 'Mid his exquisite phrases
 We're betting like blazes
 Which way the Reformer will veer.

MR. PUNCH he is coming, oh joy, oh joy!
 MR. PUNCH he is coming, oh joy!
 With a new rod in pickle,
 The Toby to tickle
 Of every bad Parliament boy.



OUR PLAY BOX.

MR. PUNCH'S DELIGHT AT FINDING HIS DEAR OLD PUPPETS WHERE HE LEFT THEM IN JULY.

PERFIDIOUS ENGLISH.

THE French journal, *Le Monde Artiste*, is good enough to take the following notice of us:—

"QUEEN VICTORIA has resolved to confer the title of baronet on the Post Lanwren, ALFRED TEMTSON."

We were so grateful and pleased at reading this in a contemporary, that we instantly sent over for *Le Monde Artiste*, and we have had much pleasure in translating, and have still more in publishing the rest of the paragraph:—

"These distinctions are scarcely worthy a nation that boasts a SHAKSPIRE, a BENJONSON, a SHEELEY, and a MARTING TWOPAIR, and we infer, not without a certain lively regret, that the democratic lessons of M. BRIETH and M. WHIT of Brighton, have not taught our fat neighbours better things. Is it an honour to carry as the supporters of your heraldic arms the two gory hands of Ulster, the Irish robber? Would they hold FERADAY's telescope firmer, or make steadier the crucible of M. AIRY? Would they guide better the pencil of STANSFELD, M.P., or of HANDEL, the celebrated animal painter, of the royal FIRTH, of the chivalrous VARD, of the powerful MRELAY? Would they lend what the English call *vigour* to the eloquent GLALDSTONES, or new subtlety to the epigrams of M. DISRALITE? Would they make the admirable SIM REEF a more admirable tenor, or baritonize more eminently the bold ST. LAY, now in Spain? Would they really adorn the shield of DICKONS, or the lozenge of MADAME ADAM, the Venerable BEDE. Ah, no! Let us rather say with the wild exciseman of the Highlands, 'Haman's Haman, for all that, and twist it as much as the stomp on the ginney.'"

THE ZOOLOGICAL SHAKSPIRE.

DEAR PUNCH,

SHAKSPIRE has been proved to have been almost everything. Do you not think that at some period of his life, he was a keeper at the Zoological Gardens of the time? Else, where did he get his splendid knowledge of natural history? He must have known that in India the native princes tame the hunting-leopard and use him for sport. For in *Henry IV.* Part II., Act ii., Scene 4, he makes *Falstaff* say, "He (*Pistol*) is no swaggerer, hostess. A tame Cheetah—you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound."

How beautifully this describes our two animals whom the little boys love to irritate by running up and down before the cages, and I wish they wouldn't.

Yours, respectfully,
A KEEPER IN THE GARDENS.

Regent's Park.

"AS THE OLD COCK CROWS, THE YOUNG COCK LEARNS."

WHILE in the Lords Papa
Rests, and is thankful,
Or at the F. O. wastes
Ink by the tankful,
Lecturing Pruss and Russ,
Dane, Turk, and Hun, Sir—
Prattling away at Leeds,
Hark to "my Son, Sir!"

Huzzaed by rough and tough,
Chartist and coster,
Petted by BAINES AND Co.,
Patted by FOSTER.
Not BRIGHT at Birmingham
More democratic;
Not LEATHAM emptier
Or more emphatic.

From the mob's shoulders,
Cocky and clamberly,
Reaches to Parliament
Young VISCOUNT AMBERLEY:
Reform Bill the first
RUSSELL's RUSSELLS aye reckoned;
So a RUSSELL arises
To father the Second.

Conceive Pa's delight
When "my Son" mounts the hobby,
Whereon erst to glory
Pa rode from the lobby;
To see a new RUSSELL,
With tongue like a clapper,
Puff the old "Russell Purge"
With a new stamp and wrapper!

The old cock crowed loud,
But the young cock crows louder—
A crow's compass must swell,
The more noisy the crowd are;
Yet for Lords to throw dirt
On the Peerage too bad I call—
LORD RUSSELL is Whig,
VISCOUNT AMBERLEY Radical:

Goes in for the masses,
Would trust to the millions
To tool their own drag
Without Peers for postillions:
Would sweep down distinctions
That help young Swells' rising—
Which, considering his debt to them's
Rather surprising.

To your sire's son the hint, p'rhaps,
May seem of the oddest;
But it is held a grace
In a youth to be modest;
Very small trees may grow
From very large seeds,
Though Reform be the plant,
And the Platform be Leeds.

DECIDED INTERVENTION.

THOSE Manchester fellows are—we had nearly written a Rum Lot, but we prefer to say are extremely eccentric. One of them advertises thus:—

WANTED, a WIFE, with £10,000 and a warm heart, by a Widower of mature age, affectionate, and active in body and mind.—Address, &c.

What does the affectionate beggar mean by mature age? Bother his active mind and body! We dare say he is a horrid old fidgety bore. Besides, what has all his activity been good for, if he wants money at his time of life? Warm heart? Boosh!—cool ten thousand is what he is thinking of. Let any lady who may think of answering him, write to us first (if the £10,000 is all right), and we will put her in the way of getting somebody better than this old donkey.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. X.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER.



Of course the Manager's tactics will vary according to circumstances, such as his main object in management, the situation and character of his theatre, the time of year, and the set of public taste.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that every Manager's first object is money. Where, as is every day more common, the Manager is an actor, all sordid aims are very often nobly subordinated to purely artistic considerations, and we not unfrequently see a Manager consenting to lose money provided he may but gratify his artistic instincts by appearing in a great part. Such a sacrifice of course claims its reward. The Manager-Actor, as the head of his company, is entitled to the best business. To throw his own part into strong relief, he will, at whatever cost to his own feelings, find it necessary to keep down all the rest. His company cannot fairly grumble at this. Every picture must have one principal light; and as artists, they must be aware that nothing gives so much effect to a bit of positive colour

as a judicious setting of neutral tints.

If you are an actor, therefore, your object as Manager will be to throw yourself up in the eyes of the public. You are identified with your theatre, and, in the long run, your success must be its success. Besides, you are bound to consider your own professional future. The position you secure as Actor-Manager may be turned to account in subsequent engagements as Actor. You cannot be blamed for making hay while the sun shines; and as you have to fix and pay salaries, it is surely excusable to set yourself down at a high figure.

The public is not apt to analyse successes, nor particularly keen in assigning the proportions in which individual actors contribute to its pleasure, nor how much of this is due to the performers, and how much to the piece. It should be your aim to impress upon them, that, on the stage, all success is due to the Actor, and among actors to the leading one—yourself. You must not neglect any opportunity of guiding the criticism of the Press in a proper direction to strengthen this impression. If you can once succeed in raising yourself to the sphere of a theatrical star, your future ought to be made. Even though you lose money as Manager in the pursuit of this noble ambition, you may soon recoup yourself in "starring" engagements.

To become a star it will of course be necessary that you should play all the best parts. If you revive old plays, you will naturally choose those only which will enable you to distinguish yourself in the most opposite styles. Thus it is well to alternate high tragedy and low comedy, and occasionally to "double" a part, so as to display your versatility in the same piece.

Of new plays, you will only accept those which give you a proper opportunity for displaying your ability, and will take care that all the parts but your own are judiciously subordinated. If in any of them you detect a dangerous amount of colour, on first perusal of the piece, see that the author takes it out. Good situations and speeches may often, you will find, be transferred with advantage to the general effect from other parts to your own.

With all your precautions, however, you will sometimes find a part coming out into mischievous prominence in rehearsal. In these cases you should first warn and advise the offender of his mistake, in a friendly way. If the actor prove incorrigible, and persist in bringing his character into too high a light, take him out of it, and entrust it to some more conscientious member of your company.

You will find this course economical, as well as conducive to the artistic subordination of effects.

It will enable you to dispense with an expensive company, and to concentrate your outlay on yourself, and your scenery, dresses, and decorations, which, between them, make up the attraction of your theatre.

You will, of course, second your efforts in the theatre by taking proper measures to enlighten public opinion out of it. I have already alluded to your duty in relation to the recognised organs of opinion. You will soon find out those of the critics who have the faculty of artistic appreciation, and it will at once be your duty, and your pleasure, to show your sense of their merits by all the little attentions and hospitalities which constitute so agreeable a bond between the artist and the critic.

To the grosser public, which cannot be expected to appreciate criticism, you must appeal by means of the hoarding, and the poster. Much is to be done even by these means to guide and elevate the taste of the masses. They like large letters and flaring colours. The limits of size and splendour seem to have been reached for the moment. But mechanics and chemistry together, will probably soon enable us to enlarge even our present Brobdingnagian sheet-posters, and to intensify the gorgeousness of their colouring. Think of this.

You should not be above bending your mind even to considerations that, at a first glance, may seem rather within the domain of the bill-sticker.

Do not forget that appealing to the public is an art as well as acting, and one which no Manager now-a-days can disdain.

Reiteration and emphasis are as important elements of stage popularity as action of oratory.

If every hoarding and dead wall in London can once be made to proclaim, in gigantic capitals, your greatness as an actor, and the success of your theatre, the public will not be long in taking both for granted, and in flocking, not to ascertain if the announcement is true and well founded, but to satisfy itself that it is so.

What it comes prepared to believe it will believe.

It is a noble public—the British—large of faith, liberal of admiration, facile in enthusiasm, faithful to its favourites, with a nose that is more used for leading its wearer by than for sniffing out faults, and a voice at all times more disposed to cry "Bravo!" than to goose.

It is a public that pays, and is proud of paying, and when it has done so, is too generous to ask whether it has value received for its money,—a public that will confidently allow its admiration to be put into its mouth, and takes its judgments at second-hand with a large and child-like trust that, to me, is inexpressibly touching.

The Actor-Manager is, indeed, privileged in his special opportunities of testing to the utmost the naïve simplicity and gushing enthusiasm of the dear old B. P.!

Of the Manager who is not an Actor, in our next.

TOUCHING EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

THE Imperial and Royal Provincial Tribunal of Vienna, Penal Section, has been sitting in judgment on *Mr. Punch*, in respect of an "article" of his called "Mephistopheles to the Reichsrath," and another "article" called "A Covered Insult." Stay, here is the Tribunal's own language, about the first case:—

"SENTENZA.

"L' I. R. Tribunale provinciale di Vienna, Sezione penale, in forza del potere conferitogli da S. M. I. R. A., ha giudicato che il tenore dell' articolo: 'Mephistopheles to the Reichsrath' contenuto nel N. 1220 del giornale settimanale illustrato *Punch*, che si pubblica a Londra, costituisce il fatto in genere del crimine di offesa alla Maestà sovrana a tenore del § 63 del Cod. pen., ed annette a tale decisione, a senso del § 36 della legge sulla stampa il divieto dell' ulteriore sua diffusione."

The second is like unto it, only instead of calling *Mr. Punch's* article an offence to the Sovereign Majesty, it is called an "insult" to ditto, and there is added a sentence of confiscation.

Mr. Punch begs to return his most humble and hearty thanks to the Sovereign Majesty, to L' I. R. Tribunale, to the respected V. P., one SCHWARZ, who signs the sentences, and to the elegant THALLINGER, his secretary, as also to the Official Gazette of Venice, in which these sentences are published. A more admirable and efficient means of informing Austrians and Italians that there are two remarkably good things in *Punch*, which the Government does not want them to see, could hardly have been devised, and, only adding that any letters from Venice or Vienna, or elsewhere, shall receive all attention at his publishing office, he subscribes himself, with intense devotion to the Supreme Majesty, with best respects to L' I. R. T., with kind regards to SCHWARZ, and with *Toby's* love to THALLINGER,

Il Presidente, PUNCH.

Il Segretario di Consiglio, TOBI.

A Line from Churchill.

(At the service of any Mamma, whose Son is returning from Cambridge high in the Mathematical Tripos.)

"THE Mother eyes the 'Wrangler' with a smile."

RECOGNITION.

THE Federals must not be angry with us, but every time we go to see the juggling of the DAVENPORTS, or other humbugs, we Recognise the Confederates.

HOW TO MEET CAVALRY (IN THE STREETS).—If encountered by the enemy's horse in the van, bring up your foot and attack it in flank.

A MOTTO FOR YOUNG SKATERS.—*Non vi, sed saepe cadendo.*



EARNING HIS CERTIFICATE.

Family Doctor. "AND NO PORT, MIND; IF YOU DRINK PORT WINE YOU 'LL HAVE ANOTHER ATTACK OF GOUT, AS SURE AS FATE."

Country Gentleman. "QUITE CERTAIN!"

Doctor. "NO DOUBT ABOUT IT."

Country Gentleman. "THE VERY THING. YOU STAY AND DINE; WE'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT 'THIRTY-FOUR,' AND—I'M SUMMONED ON A JURY THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!"

THE BUMPKIN AND THE BUTCHER;

OR, JERKED BEEF.

If you be a hunger'd, to comfort your grief
I bring you glad tidings of cheap and good beef,
Zo fill up your glasses and pass the jug round:
Here's prime beef a zellun at threepence a pound.

This here beef from Chili comes over to we,
Likewise from La Plata; they calls it charkee,
Whereof we makes "jerked," like as usual we doos,
Wi they forrun words of Signors and Moossoos.

Sitch beef, beun properly salted and dried,
Must needs be prepared for to line the inside,
And if you proposes upon it to dine,
You must zoak it and steep it to get out the brine.

Then beat it wi mallet, or roll it wi pin,
Zo not for to let no salt liquor bide in;
Then cut it in bits which you biles ur you stews,
Or chops 'em up fine for a mince if you choose.

Says I to PHIL STEERS, in his surplus o' blue,
"We shan't need much longer depend upon you.
Fresh beef must soon come down from tenpence theet 'zee,
Now when we can purchus good salt beef for three."

Says PHIL, wi a grunt like a hog in a huff,
"Beef? Yaa, that ain't beef not that there charkee stuff!
'Tis hossflesh," says PHIL, "fit for no Christian's fare,
'Tis carron," say PHILLUP, a says, "is that there."

"How canst thee, now PHIL," I sez to un, sez I,
"How canst thee stand there now, and tell me that lie?
Dost call that beef hoss? Hass as well medst call me,
But I han't got the ears for believun o' thee.

"The lab'ers partakes it their stummacks to fill
In Cuba, and ates it likewise in Brazil.
There's judges has tried it, knows what they're about,
And all on 'em found it a proper blow-out.

"Zet people agin it you butchers 'ood fain,
For fear it should lessen your proffut and gain;
But zay what you will, you wun't vrighten poor men
From buyun at threepence what you zells at ten.

"Chawbacons fine gentlefolks often calls we;
Well, now then let's chaw zum o' that there charkee,
I zay live and let live, and plenty abound,
Success to the beef only threepence a pound."

A Link in a Fog.

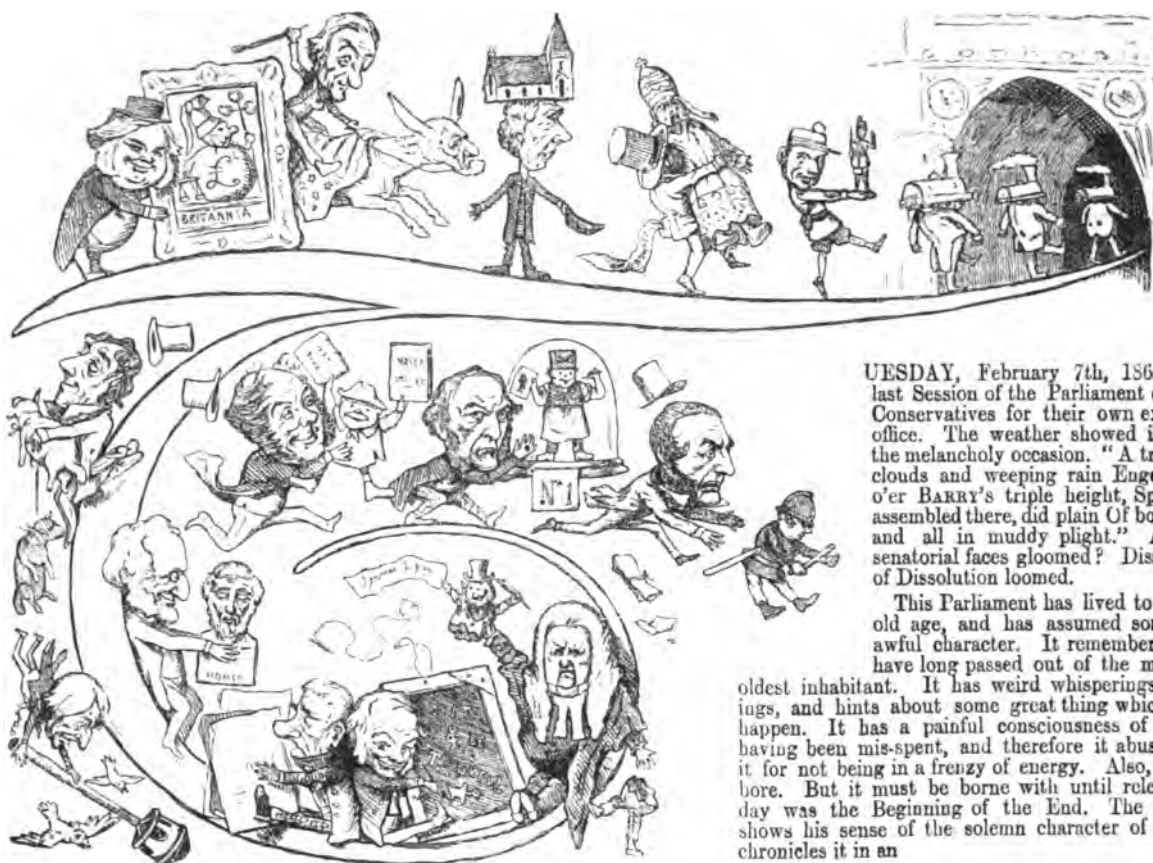
HERE'S some light reading for you:—

THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE is dedicated to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and has the Monthly Reporter stitched up with each number.

The Reporter is much to be pitied. We suppose that the poor gentleman is regularly "sewn up."

THE GENTILITY OF SPEECH.—At the Music Halls visitors now call for "another acrobat," when they want a second tumbler.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UESDAY, February 7th, 1865, began the last Session of the Parliament evoked by the Conservatives for their own extrusion from office. The weather showed itself equal to the melancholy occasion. "A trouble, both of clouds and weeping rain Engendered, hung o'er BARRY'S triple height, Spirits of power assembled there, did plain Of bodies splashed, and all in muddy plight." Ask you why senatorial faces gloomed? Dissolving views of Dissolution loomed.

This Parliament has lived to an unnatural old age, and has assumed somewhat of an awful character. It remembers events that have long passed out of the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It has weird whisperings and mutterings, and hints about some great thing which is going to happen. It has a painful consciousness of its own time having been mis-spent, and therefore it abuses all around it for not being in a frenzy of energy. Also, it is a great bore. But it must be borne with until released, and this day was the Beginning of the End. The Poet PUNCH shows his sense of the solemn character of the day, and chronicles it in an

Idyll of the Queen.

A storm was coming, but the times were still,
When WESTBURY, from Welsh AP ITHELL sprung,
Who keeps the conscience of the blameless QUEEN,
Spoke to Her Peers and Commons in Her name,
And duly mindful of his oes and aes.

'With satisfaction doth the QUEEN recur
Once more to your assistance and advice.

The Austrian and the Prussian with the Dane
Have made a treaty. What is done is done.
Nought bodes the stirring of war's embers now.

Still in death grapple writhe the COLUMBIA'S sons,
Still sternly neutral doth BRITANNIA stand,
Still for their reconciliation prays the QUEEN.

In far Japan a rebel Daimio's rage
Infringed a treaty, and his powerless liege
Failing to right the wrong, our cannon spoke,
Echoed by French and Dutch and Yankee guns,
His forts are ashes, and all seems serene,
Whereof shall documents inform you more.

Not quite submissive yet on earth is laid
The tattooed brow of the New Zealander,
But he hath learned a lesson, learned as well
The easy terms might bring him to our grace.

On Abraham's heights grave delegates have met
Scheming to link in one grand Federal bond
Our North American dependencies.

The project likes us much, and if it fadge
Your solemn sanction shall be surely sought.

India is tranquil, but the Bhootanese
Have had to feel the British boot can kick.

Dread was the hurricane that lately swept
O'er our Palatial city in the East,
And direful was the slaughter. All that gold
And British energy could do was theirs
Who mourn their thousands, and with whom we mourn!

Projecting on a level next his glance
Where the tall DENISON stood full in view

Heading a band of Commons, WESTBURY said:

'The Estimates for the ensuing year
Are ordered to your table by your QUEEN:
They have been framed with economic care,
But due attention to the public weal.'

Again enfolding in one general gaze
That whole august Assembly, he resumed:

'The country's case is satisfactory,
Up to the estimate the income springs.
Distress in manufacturing homes abates,
And the late labour law you gave works well.

The last Hibernian harvest-time was good,
And Erin's commerce soars on emerald wings:
Statements her sons of course will contradict.

To useful legislation we shall ask
Your willing help. A Temple must be reared
Where the twin gods of Equity and Law,
Those Dioscuri of the British state,
May smile their costly smiles beneath one roof.
The Statutes must be cleared of all their trash,
And so condensed, that (as your Sovereign hopes)
A Code Victoria may one day be born.
The patient, thoughtful sage, whose painful toil
Strikes out some grand invention, now is left
At the no-mercy of a Patent law
By which the shallow greedy quack's enriched;
This must be mended. To those sordid Courts
(Named from the County) where, proverbially,
The retail tradesman bears tyrannic sway,
Some Equity must now be taught. The Poor
Should be relieved from the Relieving churl,
Nor treated worse than felons, and the Schools,
Endowed by the great dead, must be reformed
Till fit to train the living to be great.'

Thus, ending gravely with the accustomed prayer,
Spoke WESTBURY, from Welsh AP ITHELL sprung,
Who keeps the conscience of the blameless QUEEN.

Tuesday Evening. LORD CHARLEMONT, in moving the Address, very justly, if not very profoundly, remarked that the Speech presented few matters of importance. LORD HOUGHTON seconded, and gave an artistic sketch of the state of foreign affairs, and specially urged law reform at home. The noble DERBIDES, translator of *Homer*, then addressed the Chiefs:—

On GRANVILLE, first,
Sarcastic glance he cast, and thus he spake:—
" 'Tis well, and thus an aged Minister
May fitly soothe a dying Parliament,
Whose fleetly passing hours should not be stirred
By aught of discord or exciting jar.
Therefore I taunt thee not that in Brazil
England is hateful, mainly through the fault
Of him, thy Foreign colleague, nor demand
Why in Japan we wage a little war,
Or where 's the row in Ind? a point on which
Thy ligneous colleague seemeth uninformed.
But this for future counsel we remit.
Yet hear my words, I pray. Across the brine
Our cousins clutch each at the other's throat,
Though three years since, O chiefs! we all were told
Another month would clutch their hands in peace.
I blame not RUSSELL that this nation stands
Neutral, though all ungrateful are the men
Whom most he favours, but I bid him heed
That LINCOLN burns to cast the fatal spear,
Signal for war, or, like the Athenians old,
To loose a Lamb into the field of Bull.
Ἄρα προβάλλει, as our Cox would say,
Upon the lakes he thirsts to launch his ships,
And why? That he hath fear of Canada!
Canada me no Canadas, the wolf
Was in more deadly peril from the lamb
Than UNCLE SAMUEL from our provinces.
He means aggression, therefore be prepared,
Or we shall summon you to dire account.
No more of that. Sonorous as the Speech
Is your Address, and truly meaning nought,
And therefore let it have our full assent."
Thus spoke DERBIDES, and from off the board
He took his staff, with golden head adorned,
And, careful not to sit upon his hat,
Resumed his seat amid a general cheer,
Bestowed in part upon the statesman keen,
Bestowed in part upon the scholar true,
And ratified by plaudit from great *Punch*.

Having no intention of injuring the success of LORD DERBY's volumes by inditing an Opposition *Homer*, *Mr. Punch* will now descend to prose, if there be no better name for his exquisitely pellucid diction. He proceeds to note that LORD GRANVILLE replied to LORD DERBY, paid him a graceful compliment upon his literary achievement, and intimated that the good humour shown in his speech might arise from his belief that the next election would carry him into office. His Lordship explained that somebody had forgotten to put into the Speech any distinct explanation about the Indian difficulty, which might have been anywhere for aught that CHARLEY WOOD had caused the CHANCELLOR to say. The poet *Punch* has rectified the error in the Idyll; he never snaps at flies. LORD LEITRIM was very sorry that Ireland was very miserable, and was very happy that LORD WODEHOUSE had been made L.L. The EARL RUSSELL then replied to LORD DERBY, with sundry vindications, and specially declared that the latter had not done justice to the irritation in the United States, which had adopted a course that did not seem unnatural. He added, that the Yankees should have no compensation for anything the *Alabama* and her sisters had done, and he finished with some words which *Mr. Punch* quotes:—

"When I see there is a proposition before the American Congress to put an end to an abominable crime—the keeping men in slavery—and to abolish for ever involuntary servitude in the constitution of the United States, I rejoice that so great a blot is about to be removed from the character of a civilised nation. (*Cheers*.)"

And very proper cheers; but the abolition of slavery is quite compatible with the invasion of Canada, and therefore *Mr. Punch* presents his respectful compliments to all whom it may concern, and begs to state that he is on the look-out, and that it will be very awkward for anybody else who may prove not to have imitated him.

In the Commons the debate was so exceeding dummy—double dummy, in fact—that *Mr. Punch* chronicles it only to show his contempt for the Dignity of History. SIR H. WILLIAMSON and MR. HAMBURY TRACY moved and seconded the Address; MR. SCULLY scullified; DR. BRADY said that the paragraph on Ireland was more worthy of *Punch* than of the Speech, but we see nothing in that paragraph to deserve so outrageous a compliment; MR. H. SETMOUR wanted all sorts of reforms, and grumbled at MR. MASSEY's being sent to India; MR. R. LOWE had been to Ireland, and had come away horrified, but wished the PRINCE OF WALES were Viceroy, and for the enactment

of a penalty on absenteeism; MR. SCOURFIELD (we promise ourselves many pleasing jocularities out of his name, and we hope he will like them) objected to any false economy in military matters; MR. MAGUIRE declared that the Irish were deeply discontented and also deeply disaffected—we are sorry to read the first allegation, and glad to read the second, for we hate affectation—SIR ROBERT PEEL argued ably in support of the Irish paragraph; LORD FERMOY thought that the last Session of a Parliament was not a time to introduce a Reform Bill, and he also stated that the last Irish harvest was not an average one; SIR F. CROSSLEY did not see what injustice was done to Ireland; MR. KINGLAKE wished to know why we had recognised EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN of Mexico, whom, he being a *protégé* of another Emperor, MR. KINGLAKE was of course prepared to consider as a kind of second-rate fiend; COLONEL SYKES complained of our conduct in China; and SIR CHARLES WOOD was almost inaudible in the gallery.

The only diverting incident, on the opening night, was the rise of that bright accidental star, MR. DABBY GRIFFITH, who "was received with ironical cheers and laughter," and who "thanked the House for the kind encouragement given him." Nevertheless, he had a sensible suggestion to make, namely, that the threepenny colonial postage stamp should be used in England.

Wednesday. The Commons agreed to the Address, SCULLY and some other Irish taking a division, and showing the weakness both of their numbers and of their brains.

Thursday. The CHANCELLOR exposed the abominable working of the Bankruptcy Law. It cost, last year £283,879 to divide £533,664 among creditors. That sentence ought to be the sentence of the system.

We originate a beautiful aphorism. Truth is stranger than fiction. We were led to invent this saying by a notice given to-night. In one of the most extraordinary and admirable lectures that we have ever heard, one called *A Night with the Speaker* (we regret that we forget the lecturer's name) we remember that among the illustrations of Parliamentary Petitions for Impossibilities was given "a petition against the payment of rent in Ireland." The audience went into a roar. To-night, MR. MAGUIRE gave notice that he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish the law of distress for rent in Ireland, which, of course, is exactly the same thing, for who in his senses would pay rent if he were not obliged? We conceive that the lecturer we allude to has a claim against MR. MAGUIRE for compensation.

Government will not legislate about Railway Accidents, MR. GIBSON stating that very few accidents occur, and also that last year the Railways had paid £174,000 for damages by accidents. The public may either reconcile the two statements, or derive comfort from whichever seems to offer most of the article.

The Bankruptcy System is sent to a Select Committee, so that ample time will be allowed for gentlemen with fraudulent intentions to carry out their little games, before Parliament can interfere. *Mr. Punch* has ordered some carriages, has taken a house at £600 a year, and has requested *Mrs. Punch* to dress in a manner becoming her station and the income he derives from creditors.

Friday. SIR GEORGE GREY said, that in reference to explosions like that at Erith, he had nothing to say at present, but the most careful inquiries were being made as to the probability of gunpowder exploding when fire was applied to it. He should also do nothing to prevent crushes at existing theatres, when alarms of fire were given, but the LORD CHAMBERLAIN would license no new buildings in which a fair chance of escape should not be afforded. If the public is scrouched after this notice, it is the public's own fault, of course.

SIR JOHN WALSH made a speech on the American Lakes question, but LORD PALMERSTON urged that an irritating topic should not be pursued, that he had no reason to believe that the Americans desired hostilities, and that at all events we should not assume the fact. Very proper and meaningless, of course, and just what a Minister is bound to say.

MR. DONSON was elevated into the place of MR. MASSEY, as Chairman of Committees. He is an excellent man of business, and though he speaks a little thickly, this Donson has no connection with Fogg.

MR. GLADSTONE had a good deal to say about country Banks of Issue, to which he proposes to concede certain boons. Without entering into details, which are revolting, *Mr. Punch* informs the amiable wives and pretty daughters of all country bankers that Papa has had a great slice of luck, and ought to give at least one dinner party and two dances. A suggestion of mischief naturally brings *Mr. Punch* to the Courts of Law, and to the mention that the Government now proposes the concentration of the Courts, and the placing them between Chancery Lane and Clement's Lane. The expenses will be a million and a half, which is about the yearly expense of the cabs in which clerks rush about after their learned masters, who at present scatter over Town. The legal members grumbled over the Bills for effecting the purpose, but sanctioned them. Like their divinity, Dulness,

"The lawyers, with a discontented air,
Seem to reject him though they grant the prayer."

And so endeth the chronicle of the first week of the last Session of LORD DERBY's patricidal Parliament.



NARCISSUS.

Little Podgers (who considers himself rather a Lady-killer). "Oh, I'm NOT GOING INTO THAT EMPTY CARRIAGE; PUT ME INTO ONE WITH SOME PRETTY GALS."

Porter. "YOU JUMP IN, SIR, AND PUT YER 'EAD OUT OF THE WINDER, YOU'LL SOON HAVE A CARRIAGE-FULL." [Podgers sees it immediately, and enters.

PUNISHMENT FOR BAD SPELLING.

THE Strand Musick Hall Company owes a trifle of £45,000, can't pay it, and the sheriff has been "in." SIR JOHN ROMILLY has ordered the Company to be wound up. This comes of spelling Music with a K. That letter is sounded, says WEBSTER, "with an opening of the mouth and a depression of the lower jaw." We apprehend that such will certainly be the way the unlucky speculators will sound it for the rest of their natural lives. Perhaps, K being kappa, and the adventurers having had a dose of it, their facetious friends will call them the Cappadocians, a joke that may do much to console them, under the circumstances, or rather in presence thereof; for you cannot be under things which are round you, except the bed-clothes, under which circumstances is the pleasantest place this weather, which is going to be worse, if possible, which can hardly be. We fear that we have digressed, but do not apologise, as we were anxious to get away from an unpleasant subject, to which we at once return by asking what is going to be done with the curious and instructive edifice in Catherine Street? The delicate thing would be to turn it into a school, where particular attention should be given to spelling.

Literary Intelligence.

THE other day a well-known Poet wrote a long poem in *fits*. He was immediately conveyed to bed, where he kicked off all the clothes; he is now perfectly recovered.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

How wrong it seems that London's sweet prelate
Should bear a name so sour as A. C. TAIT! (*acetate*).

THE POLITICAL CAREER OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISHAELL, (By COVENTRY PATMORE.)—"The Angel in the House."

CRAWL ALONG THE CURBSTONE.

(Cabby Sings.)

AIR—"Down among the Dead Men."

HERE's a health to DICK MAYNE, and the kind Police
Wot walks the streets and keeps the peace,
Come, let us drink it whilst we're here;
There is a Jug wot olds no beer.
Here's unto them as winks their eye;
Crawl along the curbstons slowly by.

To cross the way when woman's bound,
Creep wery slow along the ground,
And so hobstructin hof her view,
Her course prewent her to pursue
By keeping right afore her eye;
Crawl along the curbstons slowly by.

In crowded streets your wheels can roll
Intirely free from ball control;
So therefore let them gently move
Close alongside of that old cove
To catch 'is bus wot strains 'is eye;
Crawl along the curbstons slowly by.

Our wested rights we will maintain—
Thank "Bobby" and SIR RICHARD MAYNE;
And them as can't a cab afford,
They shan't no busses get aboard;
'Fore them as won't with hus comply,
Crawl along the curbstons slowly by.

A Chip of the Old Block.

YOUNG VISCOUNT AMBERLEY comes of good family
To help on the cause of Reform;
But his father, EARL RUSSELL, is not in a bustle
To strike till the iron is warm.

A CIVIL (ENGINEERING) QUERY.

THE newest mechanical contrivance announced is Mr. HARRISON's invention of "Weaving by Compressed Air." Is this what has been so long "looming in the future?"

GOOD PLACE FOR HOT WINE IN COLD WEATHER.—
The Isle of Mull.

FLOWER OF TRADE SLANG.

MR. PUNCH,

AT the outside of Covent Garden Market, the other day, on a florist's stall, I observed a lot of roots labelled "Aconite for Planting." Struck with what seemed a rather extraordinary notification of a very common plant though a very virulent poison, and thinking aloud, I observed to my companion, in a tone of some surprise, "Aconite for Planting!"

"Nice Aconite to-day, Sir!" instantly cried the stall-keeper, who had overheard me.

Nice Aconite! Of course he would as soon have said "Nice Henbane," or "Nice Deadly Nightshade." I wonder if, at another time of the day, and the world's age, he would have said, "Nice Hemlock this evening, Sir," to SOCRATES? The flower-stall keeper's commendation of Aconite as "nice" naturally suggested this question to a peripatetic

PHILOSOPHER.

Stagira Cottage, February, 1865.

Suggestion for Sensible Girls.

THE difference between a plain young lady and a pretty one is in general merely the difference between two different arrangements of fat and cellular tissue.—*Smelfungus*.

NAUTICAL.

WHAT are BRITANNIA's weapons for naval warfare?
The Arms of the Sea.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Summary of Latin Classical Education.—OVID's *Art of Love* is the Long and Short of it.



FRIGHTFUL CONSEQUENCE OF THE FROST.

Julia. "THE WATER WAS ALL FROZEN IN OUR JUGS LAST NIGHT."

Mamma. "AND SO IT WAS IN MINE, DEAR. WAS IT IN YOURS, CECIL?"

Cecil. "I DON'T KNOW!!"

DRESSMAKING MADE EASY.

LADIES, give your orders to the London Dressmaking Company (Limited), shortly about to commence business at 18, Clifford Street, Bond Street. Give your orders in time, Ladies, in order to enable this humane Society to carry out its benevolent intentions. The benevolent intentions contemplated by this Association are the production of the prettiest of all possible dresses, and the preservation of the health, and the sufficient remuneration of the dressmakers who construct them. A moderate fixed maximum of profit on capital invested, say eight per cent., all gains above that amount to go to the good of the workwomen; hours of work from eight to eight, two hours out of those twelve to be allowed for meals, making the work-hours ten, whether in or out of the Season: these are the principal points which the London Dressmaking Company (Limited) proposes to go upon.

Consider, Ladies, with what unalloyed pleasure you will contemplate your clothes in the mirror, knowing that they have been made with no ruinous expense of vital energy on the part of their makers, who, to make them, will not have been obliged to sit up all night in close rooms, breathing carbonic acid. For well ventilated work-rooms constitute part of the scheme of the London Dressmaking Company (Limited). Fancy with what unmitigated ecstasy you will dance in ball-dresses made under wholesome conditions. Think of the perfect self-complacency and satisfaction with which you will appear in Church on Sundays, attired in the height of fashion.

The London Dressmaking Company, Ladies, is patronised by the Lord BISHOP OF LONDON and the Lord BISHOP OF OXFORD, and also by the Right Reverend the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. It has engaged hands that will get you up anything as sweet as was ever confectioned by a Parisian modiste.

So, give your orders, Ladies, to the London Dressmaking Company; in time, Ladies: time is the one thing needful to enable it to accomplish its purpose, which is to provide you with dresses that shall cost you a reasonable price, and not cost the young women who make them

consumption and typhus. In the accomplishment of that purpose, may the London Dressmaking Company (Limited) obtain unlimited success.

THE GREAT UNPAID FOR EVER!

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused at Leeds by a sentence of one month's imprisonment lately pronounced upon ELIZA STRAFFORD, a respectable woman, aged 55, servant of H. CHORLEY, Esq., J. P., for stealing a pound of dripping which she had given away under the impression that it was her lawful perquisite.

The Leeds Justices, the other day, also distinguished themselves by the administration of justice thus recorded:—

"MARTHA DRURY, a middle-aged woman, appeared in answer to a summons charging her with using abusive language to MATILDA DAVIDSON, a neighbour. She was also charged with having assaulted her. The case having been proved, the defendant was fined 20s. and costs, with the alternative of serving 14 days in prison. The defendant expressed her willingness to serve the time stated, and as she was leaving the dock, she turned to the complainant, and making use of threatening language, said, 'I'll give it thee, lass, when I come out.' The Bench, hearing the threat, immediately called her back, and told the woman that she was guilty of contempt of court, and that her sentence would be altered to two months' imprisonment without the option of a fine."

They do not manage these things better in Russia or in Turkey, or in a British school governed by a clergyman. The laughter occasioned by a Bench of Country Magistrates enabling a sham detective to plunder young MR. ASHWORTH, has hardly yet subsided. Under these circumstances the nation may be congratulated on the omission, from the QUEEN'S Speech, of the following paragraph, which might have been expected to appear in it:—

"Your attention will be directed to the consideration of a measure, substituting for unpaid Justices of the Peace, ignorant of law, and senseless of justice, Stipendiary Magistrates who understand their business."

This innovation, which would only have the effect of protecting individuals, at some expense to the public, is for the present postponed.

"NO CARDS."

AN IDYLL OF THE HEARTH.



HEN bubbling urn proclaims
the matin meal,
Fresh eggs from Uncle
REUBEN's forest farm
Disclose their amber yolks,
rare rashers tempt,
And unctuous sausage from
my Oxford's mart
I see a room that over-
looks "the Broad."
The sheet, with all the
news of all the lands
By means subaqueous and
terrestrial brought,
The rustling sheet I open,
and extend
To her who sits before the
peaceful urn

The part that cries our myriad wants and wares,
Wherein diurnally the column stands
The bassinette begins, the grave concludes.
And when I've mused on battles and burlesques,
On earthquakes, storms, steam-rams, and papal bulls,
A pauper famished, and a porpoise fed,
The last new Canon, and the latest gun,
The length of churches and of human life;
And warned her curtains are no longer worn,
And bonnets, like republics, banish crowns;
She reads that LEBLA DRAFIELD's trouble's past,
And GERALD owns a roaring boy, then smiles
When lower down she finds that marriage rites
Have welded CHARLES and FANNY into one,
And tells me of the time, the place, the priest,
And quotes the terminating words—"No cards"
With meaning voice and looks that signal scorn.

The middle stone on life's rough road in sight,
When custom veers and shifting fashions change,
We croak a mild duet, and praise the times,
The good old times when we were twenty-five,
And spent a happy moon by lake and tarn,
Before the session of our lives began.
So taking these two chilling words for text,
With shrug and sigh contrasting now and then,
We picture, thus and thus, their sure results,
And with a telescopic glance foresee
The hymeneal changes they forebode.

"No cards"—to show where CHARLES and FANNY live:
Whether in some suburban nest they coo,
Or watch the river sparkling by the lawn,
Or hear the thrushes singing in the Park,
Or in Woburnia's placid squares consort.

"No cards"—to fix the date of their return
From misty mountains crowned with snowy helms,
(And tinfoil on their crowns); from beach and bay,
The haunt of sea-fowl and the home of shrimps;
From passes, passports, valses, and veiled nuns,
To cake, and calls, and gratulating friends,
To butchers' bills, plain cooks, and ten to four.

"No cards"—but here LAVINIA interposed
To prophecy, as time goes thieving on,
Successive cheapenings of the nuptial dues.

"No cake"—to rear its snowy splendours high
Above the marriage board, and sweet and thick
To comfort distant kin, and thick and sweet,
With almond zest, to lure devouring youth;
No mystic morsel and no merry rite,
No ring, no pillow, and no dulcet dream.

"No bells"—(a moment, ARCHIE, to recall
The merry peal St. Mary's ringers rang,
And how they brought their great brown jug for ale,
And drank our health with cerevisial shouts)—
No joyful bells to greet the mated bride
Who'll walk from church—no carriages, of course—
Through jeering crowds, through staring street and gate,
In silence reaching the paternal door.

"No breakfast"—with its choice of various cheer:
The lordly lobster in his scarlet mail,
Plumed pheasant, partridge, and the humbler fowl,
The Strasbourg *pâté*, and the Yorkshire pie,
Dark grapes and peaches from the Chauntry wall,
The lucid jelly and voluptuous creams,

Westphalia's ham and char from Cumbrian lakes,
With speech-inspiring effervescent wines.
"No bridesmaids!"—blossoms round the perfect flower—
A lovely octave, blondes and bright brunettes,
In filmy fabrics, mauve and azure trimmed,
With wreath, and rose, and long-dependant veils,
Their fair ringleader following down the nave.
No swan-white robe, no flounce of Brussels lace
(You know what ELLEN FORSTER lately wore—
A black tulle bonnet and a blue silk dress).
"No licence," but by banna, as WILLIAM WAKE,
Who works for EDWARD at the plaster pits,
And EDWARD's cook were married last July.
No chariot with its pair of favoured greys—
An omnibus will take them to the train,
A carriage of the second class to Town—
No wedding tour to Paris, or—but here
The clock, that scythed Time surmounts, toll'd Ten;
My hour had come; I could no longer stay;
So kiss'd a cheek—the fairest cheek to me—
And Westward went.

ORGIES OF INNOCENTS.

A RICH treat to a body of navvies in the service of MESSRS. BOLT AND GIRDER, the extensive Railway Contractors, was given yesterday by their employers, in conjunction with the Society for the Mollification of Adults. At mid-day the men were taken in vans to MADAM TUS-SAUD'S Waxworks, and spent several happy hours in that interesting exhibition. They were then conveyed to the Temperance Music Hall, and regaled with an abundance of tea and plum-cake. This simple but appetising fare was enjoyed by them with evident relish, and they apparently made a most delicious meal. The repast being concluded, the huge fellows were invited to join in recreation, combining mutual amusement with instruction, on the plan instituted by the Society. Accordingly, a navy of about seven feet high gave a comic recitation of "*The Chameleon*," with a mildness the effect of which was heightened by his deep and powerful voice. Another, of equally gigantic proportions, in a similarly sonorous key, sang DR. WATTS'S pretty little poem, "*How doth the little busy Bee*." Other hymns, songs, and recitations, moral and mirthful, amongst which were "*Twinkle, twinkle*," and "*Little Boy Blue*," were given by various individuals among the stalwart labourers, who, finally joining in chorus, with much expression, and in very good tune, sang "*Baa, baa, black Sheep*." They were then addressed by the Rev. MR. SLACKJAW, who pointed out to them, in a most affecting manner, how very nice it was to be good, and how wrong it was to be naughty. Several gentlemen, reverends and other, followed in the same feeling strain. A distribution of lollipops was then made, and a benediction having been invoked by the Rev. MR. GHRIMES, the company separated at a seasonable hour, highly gratified with their entertainment; and the burly wielders of the pick and shovel, who had evidently been only just weaned from short pipes, went away sucking their thumbs.

BIRDS OF FASHION.

OUR exquisite contemporary, *Le Follet*, among the "Fashions for February," gives a list of model dresses, and the following description of some very peculiar decorations of one of them:—

"In the hair, between the bandeaux, is placed a beautiful bird with wings spread, and another on the centre of the body."

A bird in the place of the clasp or buckle which unites the cincture of the waist, is the only idea that we can exactly form of an ornamental ornithological specimen, situated as the latter of these two birds is said to be. Perhaps, however, we are to understand that the bird is worn upon the bosom, like the dove which maidens are sometimes represented in pictures as cherishing. But a stuffed dove in that situation would be not a hollow mockery only because of being, in fact, stuffed.

Ornamental and Useful.

WE have much pleasure in announcing a sweet thing in coiffures. It consists in a *bandeau* formed of gold and silver, and set with diamonds and other precious stones of various colours, arranged in two numerical figures indicating the wearer's age.

Feather v. The Queen.

MR. FRATHER brought an action against the Government to recover compensation for the infringement of his patent. Of course he lost his cause. In the scales of justice what could a Feather expect to weigh against the Crown?

THE EXECUTIVE, DETECTIVE AND DEFECTIVE POLICE.

Extract from Diary of Police-Constable SMIRKE.

Monday, 1 P.M.—On my beat. Saw little boy taking sites at me. Pretended not to see him. Caught him *one*. Ordered happle woman to move on. Told crowd generally to move on. Bought a few walnuts of stall-woman. Nutts not much account this season. Only two good out of twenty. Looked down number 29 Hairier and ummed a tune as I parsed the railings. HANNE not hin, nor MARY. Carn't make that hout. Shall keep a hey on suspicious parteyes in unaform as goes down unbeknown to the fammally. Lor I ain't been in the force but I know what Cusins is: Ho what a green heyed monister is jellusy! I am a washing the Harrier still. No one come. Oh HANNE! My hown, my butifal! I ought to be down the nex streets, Green Street and Snug Street on dooty! Wot and dessert my HANNE! No. The two nex streets is as quite as posable. A solegier of the Ors Gards Red as disented the Hairier steps. Ho! HANNE!

2 P.M.—Still 'ere, an so his the ojus solegier. Their dress ain't no great things as beside our elmets. He comes hout. HANNE bekens me hin. I cum.

Extract from Tuesday's Newspaper.

Daring and Extraordinary Robbery.—A robbery of the most audacious character was found to have been committed yesterday at No. 29, Snug Street, Pimlico, at the House of MR. SNOOZEN, between the hours of One and Two in broad daylight. There are ordinarily two servants in the house; but one it appears had gone out on an errand, leaving the other up-stairs dressing. The thieves broke open a valuable desk, ransacked the cupboards, regaled themselves with some of the contents of the cellar and the larder, laid hands upon a large quantity of plate, and finally decamped with their plunder. They must have stayed at least half-an-hour in the house, and the damage done could not have been effected without considerable noise. Detective POTTER has examined the premises, and declares himself unable at present to come to any conclusion. Vigorous measures have been promptly taken, and a telegram has been sent to every Police Station, stating the nature of the Theft. Police-Constable SMIRKE, A 102, in whose 'beat' this lies, says he can't make out how it could have escaped his vigilance,

as in the course of his duty he is up and down the street every quarter of an hour.

Extract from Police-Constable WINK's Note Book.

Tuesday, 11 P.M.—On my beet, in the City. Narsty cold night. Miss JANE, as minds the house at VESKET's, the Tailor's, didn't come hout for the beer as ushal. Hodd. Kep a sharp look hout for her.

11:30.—Walked parst DIMOND's, the Julier's. Good dodge is his: round oles in his shutters as a party can look through and see. Thort I saw JANE on the dorastep of VESKET's. Wornt er. Saw a omeliss poor on the step. Told him not to loyter. Wont ave no loytring. Moved im on. Cold night. Torked to man with hot chesunts as was goin ome. Chesunts not good this ere, sumow.

12.—Narsty night. Moved on another omeliss poor. Stood in a doorway, hout o' the wind. Sor JANE's lite in VESKET's. "O happy lite!" ses I to myself, "I wish I wor with NANCY has I hadore fore evermore, hi ho!"

12:30 A.M.—Warked to the corner of the street. Looked up and down. Nobody about. Went to doorway again. Nother bad nut. JANE's lite his hout. Halass!

Extract from Wednesday's Paper.

Daring and Extensive Robbery at MR. DIMOND's, the celebrated Jeweller's.—Last night, between the hours of eleven and one, MR. DIMOND's shop was broken into, and jewellery to the amount of several thousand pounds abstracted. The iron safe had been wrenched open, and the strong iron chests literally smashed to pieces. This could not have been effected without considerable noise. MR. DIMOND's shutters and doors are perforated so as to allow the policeman on duty to look in every quarter of an hour, as he is passing on duty. The gas is kept alight in the shop, and renders everything plainly visible through the several apertures. Police-Constable WINK was on duty that night at the time stated, but avers that though he kept the usual watch upon the place, he neither heard nor saw anything calculated to excite his suspicions. Telegrams have been sent to all the Police Stations stating the particulars of the robbery; and Inspector STROPE has minutely examined the premises. This experienced officer has expressed his opinion, that in his own mind he has no doubt whatever but that a robbery has been committed.





VALENTINE'S DAY.

A GENTLEMAN, WHO DOES NOT WISH TO GIVE HIS NAME, FROM FAMILY REASONS, STATES THAT JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING, HE LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW TO SEE IF HE SHOULD HAVE A VALENTINE, AND



THAT WAS WHAT MET HIS EYE.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. XI.—THE MANAGER WHO DOES NOT ACT.

THE Manager who does not act himself, and is not blessed with an acting wife, may be called comparatively a happy man, and the first question such a Manager must ask himself is, what he will go in for, or, in other words, what will pay.

To answer this question, requires a rapid review of the field of the Dramatic Art, and an intelligent application of the conclusions resulting from that survey to the facts of the day.

There is, first, "The Legitimate Drama"—whatever that may mean—both tragic and comic, the claims of which are sure to be dinned into the ears of everybody who has anything to do with management.

The people who talk most about the Legitimate Drama are generally supposed to be those who don't go to the theatre; or, if they do, don't pay for their places. The cry proceeds principally, it is often said, from the writers of unactable plays. At all events, if it doesn't, you may plausibly maintain that it does, should you conclude—as I take for granted you will—against trusting to "the Legitimate."

But what is the Legitimate Drama? Nobody that I ever heard of has ever answered that question.

Practically, however, the name seems to include all the Stock Tragedies, Comedies, and Farces, which have grown threadbare with repetition, and, from the change of times and manners, have lost nine-tenths of any colour or effect they might once have had.

Still, something may be done even with this generally hopeless material, and there is credit to be got by it, without sacrificing profit.

If, for instance, you have a good scene-painter, and a star who insists on being put up in five acts, you may do something by throwing all your strength into scenery, dresses, and decorations, for which some eminently legitimate plays afford almost as much opportunity as a Pantomime or a sensation spectacle. W. BEVERLEY, for instance, can make even SHAKESPEARE go down. A rattling siege, or an effective battle, is a pretty safe draw, though it be in a real old-fashioned tragedy. I am not at all sure that a good adaptation of PEPPER'S ghost-business to *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* might not carry either of those plays through a highly profitable season. Perhaps it is even safer to take a legitimate

play—say one of SHAKESPEARE'S histories—as a substratum for scenery, dresses, and decorations, than to put the same money into a melodrama from the French, or a burlesque. People like to flatter themselves they are doing the correct thing to a great author with a reputation past all question, while they gratify their love of show and fine scenery.

As for Legitimate Comedy, there is not here the same field for display. Except to fill up an off-night now and then—for there are always old fogies enough to be attracted to your stalls and boxes for a night or two by the bait of SHERIDAN or GOLDSMITH—you must be on your guard against anything which requires so much art in your actors and so much cultivated appreciation in your public.

Remember everybody has eyes, but those with brains are a small minority.

You may, however, sometimes "cannon" with good effect, from the "Legitimate," by putting up a heavy play—whether tragic or comic it matters little—when you have a good Pantomime or Burlesque at the back of it.

The former will give your theatre a tone, and enable you to assume the airs of a guide of the public taste, while the attraction of the latter bears you harmless.

A foreign star may sometimes justify you in resorting to the "Legitimate," almost as much as a great scene-painter. SHAKESPEARE'S lines come with such a novel effect from alien lips, that the public forgets to be bored by them, and if once the foreigner can be made the fashion, there is hardly anything you may not venture. Who are the attractive *Juliets* and *Hamlets* of the day? You do not require to be told how much of their success is due to their broken English, and foreign *chique*. The Managers are only beginning to open their eyes to this source of profit. Next to a real foreigner, a native who can ape a foreign accent is a good card.

I assume that if you go in for the Legitimate, either heavy or light, you will confine yourself to old plays which cost nothing.

To play pieces of this class, by living Authors, is out of the question. They would cost far too much money. How can you be expected to afford the extravagant price nowadays set on "literature," and at the same time to meet the demands of your actors, your scene-painter, mechanist and carpenter, and, above all, your printer and advertising agents? Let literary people go for payment to the publishers. Managers have other uses for their money. And besides requiring expensive authors, the Legitimate business, in any case, requires good actors.

Their demands are sure to be far too exorbitant to leave you what you require for the inevitable claims on your purse of your scenic and advertising departments.

You will, therefore, if you are determined to encourage contemporary Dramatists, and to paint contemporary manners, eschew the Legitimate, and choose between the Sensational, or Spectacular, and the Burlesque.

The great advantage of the former is, that it requires the gymnastic element in its Actors, much more than the intellectual. Muscles are, as a rule, cheaper than brains.

I except the case of a man who makes one leg or arm go farther than his rival's two. He is worth any money.

So is a woman who has the courage to lay aside all the attributes of her sex with her sex's garments, and in defiance of narrow prejudices, strips, rides, fights, dances, and goes in for slang or spicy singing, like a man.

But these are jewels which you cannot expect to light upon every day, and it is unsafe to lay out your programme with a view to them.

A wide range of Sensational successes is quite open to you, with Actors possessing the normal allowance of limbs, and women who recognise the restraints of sex.

You have only to insist on the proper spicing of every dish you serve up to your audience with the appetising condiments of crime, horror, and break-neck situation. That these may the more harrow up your public, they must be introduced into a setting as exactly copied as possible from the most familiar scenery and localities. The more improbable they are in themselves, the more they require a setting of unmitigable outward fact to make your public realise them. A murder that would be tame if thrown back to the days of good QUEEN BESS and the streets of mediæval London, becomes a genuine sensation if introduced in the reign of VICTORIA, and transacted before a well-painted picture of the Charing Cross or Radcliffe Highway of 1864.

The reports of the police and assize-courts ought to supply your Author with subjects in abundance. If they have not the art to use these, they may find plenty of suggestion in the penny romances, or the *répertoire* of the boulevard theatres.

You will find it more profitable to work the latter source, on the principle of the intelligent householder who always went for his brooms to the man who stole them ready-made.

A good scene-painter and mechanist, working in collaboration with an author who understands the sensation-business, and is not above writing up to an effect—whether of the pound-brush or the winch, sloat and counter-weight—ought to make you well nigh independent of the caprice, insolence, and costliness of actors.

In this class of pieces they are reduced to their proper insignificance

as little better than lay-figures or dummies. Provided they are active, and hard, have no objection to be slung down from the flies, or shot up from the mezzanine-floor, and can scream, attitudinise and express the broader forms of guilt, alarm and terror, they will serve every sensational purpose.

This sort of thing ought not to cost much money, and you will have the more left for more essential outlay.

If you go in merely for Burlesque, your requirements, whether in the way of Authors or Actors, ought not to be much more serious.

But this field must be reserved for another Chapter.



THE FOG, JANUARY 21st., 1865.

Link-boys (Masters of the Situation). "IF YER DON'T GIVE US A SHILLIN' WE'LL SINGE YER WHISKERS!"

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

At a tea-party last week, at the residence of Miss — (our gallantry forbids us to divulge the name), there were present nine old ladies, whose united ages amount, it is computed, to six hundred and fifty years. The evidence on which this estimate is based, has been obtained by questioning each member of the party, separately and in private, and tempting her to make confession (in, of course, the strictest secrecy) of the ages of her friends. It is a somewhat curious fact that the number of years to which each lady herself owned in the aggregate amount but to three hundred and thirteen. This slight discrepancy possibly may occasion some astonish-

ment to unreflecting people, who forget to make allowance for the weakness of memory with which ladies are afflicted with regard to their own ages, and its vigorous tenacity when they are asked in confidence the ages of their friends.

POLICE DEAD BEAT.

UPON mine ear, as book in hand,
I sat, there smote a distant fall
Of solemn music, from a band
Approaching; the triumphal, grand,
Dead March in *Saul*.

"There goes a soldier to his grave,"
Hasting to see, in thought said I,
As hither rolled the human wave,
"Here are the comrades of the Brave."
Police marched by;

With funeral pomp, with trumpet and drum;
Band of Policemen, clad in blue;
And he that, stark, and cold, and dumb,
Thereafter in a hearse did come,
Policeman, too.

Why not? All honourable scars
Alike, are those of gallant fight
By constables, or sons of Mars,
Or Neptune's own intrepid tars,
Waged for the right.

Whether thief's bludgeon leave a dint,
Or shot or steel of foreign foe
Its mark on hero's front imprint,
The stamp has equal glory in 't
From either blow.

Well done then, when the soul had fled
That fired the stanch Policeman's breast,
To bear his corse with soldier's tread,
And play him with the soldier's Dead
March to his rest.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR SPIDER.

MR. PUNCH,

PLEASE ser, i see in the *mornin' adwer-tisur* a Count about Spyders hout of a booke by a MR. THOMAS W. BROWN, how a gentlman a frend of Is'n in orse tralyer use To Destroy as Manny spiders as e cood Cum nigh ontill 1 day e see won of their nestes of wun hof the Biggest on 'em serounded with the remanes of Buggs witch the spidar ad Destroy'd. Hand witch he therefour Recommend the Presawa-tion of Spyders in ouses insted of sweepin the Cobbwebbs all away, now this His to riquet You *mr. punch* to hadwocat the Same in Bed-rooms and helswear about the Ouse by witch a grete Save in Brooms and mutch Trubel with contingal Hanger and Scoldin from Missusses, will be Spared manny hard-worked Maid of Hall Work like yures to Comeand,

JANE TIDY.

The Kitching, Valentine's Day.

THE GAS OF OTHER DAYS.

THE Gas of other days has faded:
How dim is ours, alas!
At night our streets with gloom are shaded,
So bad is now the Gas:
For this obscure illumination
Too much the public pays;
Restore, enlightened Legislation,
The Gas of other days!

THE PROPER DAY FOR MARRIAGES.—
Wedd'nsday.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The Bill for Relieving Dissenting Municipalities from the necessity of declaring that they do not intend to upset the Church of England was read a Second Time, and will be duly thrown out hereafter.

Tuesday. The Doctor in *Roderick Random*, who resolved to distil a certain liquid from tinder, by means of animal heat, was a practical philosopher compared to *Mr. Punch*, that is to say supposing *Mr. Punch* should seek to obtain any Essence out of such tinder-like Parliament as that of the past week. But, to pursue the illustration, he will endeavour to make the sparks that emanate from his wit, when struck against his wisdom, fall on the tinder, which he will next blow up, and then he will show himself a match for Parliament.

To-night the CHANCELLOR expounded the working of his Act for Selling Little Livings, and improving others with the proceeds, and stated that upwards of £100,000 had been thus obtained and applied in two years. An ingenious London Parson has hit on a plan for augmenting his own living without troubling the Legislature, and offers, if a generous public will give him £100, to charge nothing for marrying people during the rest of his incumbency. The scheme does not seem to please some of his brother Parsons, who inform the generous public that the proposed compact is invalid. LORD LEITHAM abused the Irish police, and was himself rebuked by LORD GRANVILLE for violent language, which could not add to the dignity of the House. This LORD LEITHAM was a Magistrate, but was very properly superseded for indecorum, and if he does not mind his manners, it may be the painful duty of His Majesty the EMPEROR PUNCH to invite him to reside on his Lordship's estate at Killadoon until further notice.

Government issues a Commission for inquiry into the costs of Railway Conveyance, and the charges made by the companies. This was MR. GLADSTONE's announcement, and it betokens an early onslaught upon the Tyrants of the Rail. Our pike shall be ready, whenever it may please MR. GLADSTONE to cry havoc, for sixpence is a great deal too much to charge for a ride from Portland Road to Farringdon Street, especially as nobody can possibly want to visit either station. MR. GLADSTONE, however, in answer to NUMSCULLY, said that Government did not intend to buy up the Railways this Session.

NUMSCULLY then delivered a long howl against the Irish Church in general, and certain appointments in it, in particular. The *Morning Star* says that the House hates this orator, and that he knows it, and talks less out of silliness than for the sake of tormenting the Saxon. This, if true, elevates his conduct, and entitles him to a certain amount of respect. DR. JOHNSON, hearing that somebody had been kicked, said that he was very glad to hear it, and being asked whether this were not an un-Christian feeling, replied that it was not. "I am glad, Sir, to hear that his character has sufficiently improved for any one to think him worth kicking." *Mr. Punch*, of course, is not to be restrained from introducing an anecdote, appropriate or not, by any consideration for anybody's feelings, but may as well add, that he has nothing to say against the character of MR. SCULLY, except as a Parliamentarian, in which capacity he is an unmitigated and intolerable bore.

MR. COX—"here we are again, and how do you do to-morrow?"—brought in a Bill for modifying the Early Closing of Public Houses Act. It appears that drovers and market gardeners are inconvenienced by not being able to procure refreshments between one and four in the morning. MR. COX also contended that gentlemen connected with the Newspaper Press are similarly annoyed. He mentioned that the *Times* had instituted a refreshment room for its *employés*, but that many other journals could not conveniently do so. *Mr. Punch* considers that in common

ONDAY, *February 13.*
Hooray for THWAITES and the Drains. They are nearly done, and MR. TITE says that they will come into general operation at the end of next month. Thenceforth the breezes of London will be balmy breezes, the Thames will once more be a silver flood, *nec sine salmonibus*, and the swans,

"As if they would the charmed air repay,
Shake thousand odours from their dewy wings."

The Moral Sewage is not so easily got rid of, but SIR GEORGE GREY introduced a Prisons' Bill, which is to improve the present state of things. It is to go to a Select Committee, whom *Mr. Punch* will assist with his invaluable suggestions, when he shall have had time to read the measure.

justice, not to speak of gratitude, to those who are toiling and molling all night to prepare the newspaper which gladdens the breakfast table, some arrangement ought to be made for their comfort. He asserts this the more resolutely, because his young men have no interest in the question, he having fitted up, at reckless cost, an exquisitely luxurious *restaurant* for them, under a French cook, where, at any hour of the day or night that they choose to rush in with a witticism, they find the choicest repast and the most delicious wines ready at the first sound of a silver table bell. SIR GEORGE GREY said that the Act was working very well, that somebody must be inconvenienced by any change, and that in this case it must be the market folk. As for the drovers, they are travellers, and therefore may get refreshments all along their roads. He recommended the gentlemen of the Press to unite, and hire a room for their own accommodation. If they do, Parliament ought to vote them a subsidy to keep it up, seeing that but for them nobody would know anything about Parliament and its orators.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, Knight of Malta, proposes to improve the law of evidence, which at present works very unjustly, as the Divorce Judge writes to testify. He desires that in all SIR JAMES WILDE's cases all parties may be at liberty to give testimony, and that the same rule shall hold in criminal cases. *Mr. Punch* heartily approves of this reform, he having always ridiculed, in the most caustic manner, the old stupid devices by which the Law stops its old ears against hearing the truth.

This Tuesday being Valentine's Day, *Mr. Punch* was occupied from ten until five in opening, kissing, and making cigar-spills of the myriads of affectionate epistles forwarded to the Old Dear by the young ladies of the nation. He has been unable to get the odour of the perfumed notes off his aristocratic hands up to the present writing, and this fact gives him an opportunity of complimenting MR. EUGENE RIMMEL upon the publication of a very elegant and instructive Perfume-Book, which *Mr. Punch* has carefully put away in an airy attic, and will read with pleasure when the scent shall have subsided. He hates all perfumes except onions.

Wednesday. The Commons gave a Second Reading to about two hundred private Bills, as they are called, many of them being Bills about new Railways, and Committees are to examine them. Good days for us, my learned friends, quoth *Mr. Punch*, Q.C.

Thursday. Hammersmith complains to the Lords about its heavy poor-rates, and about the system of metropolitan improvements, which drives the poor from the heart of London to the outskirts, there to become burdens. We trust that the prayer of the impetuous and intelligent suburb will be heeded. LORD GRANVILLE intimated that something was to be done.

LORD PALMERSTON paid a kindly tribute to the memory of MR. GREGSON, late Member for Lancaster.

MR. CLIFFORD brings in a Bill to do away with the law that punishes people for not going to church. This is right. People ought to go to church, but ought not to be sent to prison for staying away, especially as in a vast number of parishes the fault is with the Parsons, who make the Services much too long and the Sermons much too stupid. But we suspect that before the Bill passes, there will be a row between the mover and Mother Church.

"She'll call him CLIFFORD, and he'll call her MADAM."

which line reminds us that the new *Julia* (*Mr. Punch* hereby expresses his profound contempt for about four hundred correspondents who have sent him a miserable joke about JU-LIA and JEW-LEAH, and JEWASS LEAH, and similar trash) is ill—not that *Mr. Punch* needed any reminding of his affliction, and the loss to the public. He hopes that MISS BATEMAN will bring an action against ADMIRAL FITZROY for damages caused by his detestable weather.

Then came up the Law Courts question. This will be battled a good deal, as many interests are concerned. As *Mr. Punch* perfectly comprehends the whole business, and what everybody means, he will feel personally obliged by the omission of any attempt to humbug him or his protégé, the Nation. Everybody is fighting, like HARRY WYND, for his own hand. Lincoln's Inn does not like the idea of its valuable property being less valuable, and MESSRS. WALPOLE and SELWYN talk for Lincoln's Inn. The Parliamentary lawyers want the Courts to be held at Westminster,

so that those gentlemen may pop out of Court into the House and back again, with convenience, satisfaction, and delight. The Templars would like the Courts to be erected close to Little Bethell. The public wants a Temple of Justice in a central and convenient place, and has a savage recollection of the cellars and attics of Westminster, and how some of the Courts could never be found, and a man's estate went away while he was begging the porters to tell him where the place of trial was, and how he finally detected the Judge sitting on a sink in a back kitchen, the Counsel squatting on inverted washing tubs, and the eight public, being all the place would hold, balancing themselves on the window-gill, or heaving themselves up by aid of the jack-towel roller. The City has behaved excellently, and surrenders the cucumber-frame, called a Court, at Guildhall. We must have the Temple of Justice in a satisfactory place, and that proposed by the Government will do very well. The Inner Temple admits this.

There seems some want of general comprehension as to the history of the Suitors' Fee Fund, and its rightful owners, and whether it ought to be used to pay for the New Courts. The Fund has been formed out of the results of the extortion of the Court of Chancery in other days, and out of the results of the ignorance or negligence of suitors. It really belongs to nobody, and the best thing would be to give it to Mr. Punch, but the next best to apply it to the useful purpose of erecting a Temple of Justice, or at least of Law. Mr. Punch has spoken, and there is an end of the matter. The Government Bill was read a Second Time.

Friday. A fierce Irish debate on the Belfast Riots last year. Everybody accused and abused everybody. Can any reader of *Punch* desire another word on the subject? We think better of the world.



AN AGREEABLE ACCIDENT.

CAPTAIN PIPPS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FROST, SKATES, AND FALLS, QUITE ACCIDENTALLY (!), INTO THE ARMS OF LADY JULIETTA DE FLOWERWING!
[Papa looms in the distance.]

The Davenports Undone.

SURE the DAVENPORT Brothers got
To the end of their rope, well nigh,
When their FROGGEON cut the knot
Which their spirits could not untie.

FRANK TERMINATION OF THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

"UTOPIA is to welfare what Imperialism is to liberty, and what illusion is to truth."

INCOME BEFORE BEER.

TAXPAYERS all, both great and small,
With voice both loud and clear,
Let's merrily sing, "It isn't the thing
To charge us for other folks' beer."

Chorus.

Now I own I like good cheer,
And especially loves my beer;
But bless their eyes if ever they tries
To charge me for other folks' beer!

Some people thinks all stimulant drinks
From duty should be clear;
But I'll always contend, unto my life's end,
That Income should come afore Beer.
Now I own, &c.

From drinking rum the means do come
The national ship to steer,
And the same you find from the Malt Tax, mind
Which is fact is a tax on beer.
Now I own, &c.

Brandy and gin brings revenue in,
And so ought swipes, 'tis clear;
If on Income you puts 'tisn't fair if you cuts
A tax off the malt as makes beer.
Now I own, &c.

O 'tis my delight, by day and by night,
At all times of the year,
When MOLL and I is anyways dry,
To tippie our gallon of beer.
Now I own, &c.

MOLL, when I choose, reads out the news,
And by that means I hear
That before time's ripe some wants to wipe
The Malt Tax off of our beer.
Now I own, &c.

Of all things thirst isn't quite the worst,
And the tax upon Malt I don't fear;
I can dodge that about just by going without
My usual indulgence in beer.
Now I own, &c.

While Ministers shape, without escape,
On earnings a tax severe,
Bless all their eyes whenever they tries
To charge me for other folks' beer!
Now I own, &c.

WALL FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM what is generally known as a Dead Wall; but as the present proves, my surname is a base attempt at defamation on the part of party walls or others pierced with doors and windows, who are jealous of my position and health, which is enhanced by the fact that I have never had a pane in my side, and have more of the brick in my composition than others. But this is neither here nor there, for I have a complaint, and a sad one, much like ophthalmia in its symptoms, for I can't see an inch before me now, I am so covered and filled up with posters. Even my bricks cry out against it. It is these bills continually brought against me that I wish you, my dear Punch, to take up for me. One evil-disposed character, who they say has been fetched here on purpose, says I'm a "Roadside Inn": he must mean the wrongside out. Another pastes me all over with his Hidden Hand. A third, no doubt for the fun of misleading people, calls me the "Streets of London." I leave you to imagine the smell of the paste, not to speak of the ignominy of holding up to the public gaze portraits of Clowns, Singing Fish, Performing Dwarfs, and colossal selections from all the floating capitals of all the printers in London. So have me pulled down, or get a Railway to go through me. I am sick of posters.

Yours,

A DEAD WALL.

MOTTO FOR SMOKERS.—"Il sigaretto per esser felice."



HOW WE DINE AT THE ART-SCHOOLS AT KENSINGTON. (OH! MR. COLE!)

HIGH TREASON AT HEMEL-HEMPSTEAD.

DURING the late Christmas holidays, many of *Mr. Punch's* young friends, and some of his old ones, walking about in the country on the skirts of a cover, may frequently have had their attention attracted by a series of explosions, pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! They were probably aware that these noises were made by country gentlemen and their friends rabbit-shooting.

The *Hemel-Hempstead Gazette*, in a report of the Petty Sessions at Great Berkhamsted, before F. J. MOORE, Esq., Chairman, and R. BRIGHT, Esq., records "an unusual number of prosecutions under the Game Laws," which sound to the mind's ear, singularly like the poppings of rabbit-shooting squires. Only in these cases, the game did not consist of rabbits, but chiefly of rabbit-killers. "SIDNEY HUMPHREY and FREDERICK AUSTIN were charged with trespassing on the first of January in search of conies, on land belonging to EARL BROWLOW." Pop! pop! They were knocked over, right and left, convicted and sentenced, HUMPHREY to a fine of £1, and 13s. 3d. expenses, in default committed for three weeks; AUSTIN to 5s. fine, and expenses 14s. 2d., in default committed for fourteen days. The same defendants "were then charged with committing a similar offence on the 28th of January on land in the occupation of FRANCIS CUTLER and others." Pop! again in the case of HUMPHREY, knocked over a second time with a fine of 15s. and 13s. 3d. expenses, in default committed for twenty-one days more. AUSTIN did not appear. DAVID HOLLAND, of Caddington, JOSEPH FARR, JAMES DEAN, ALBERT CLARK, and THOMAS GREGORY, were then charged with trespassing in search of game, FARR singly, the others in conjunction. Pop! flogged also. Pop! pop! pop! likewise flogged with fine or imprisonment. THOMAS PHILLIPS, WILLIAM CREESEY, HENRY PRESTON, and JOHN ARNOT, were next charged with the like offence. Pop! for CREESEY rolled over; the rest got off.

Then came the case of REUBEN DWIGHT, charged with trespassing in search of game on a common, on land in the occupation of J. ROBINSON, Esq. DWIGHT proved an *alibi*, which, being contradicted by the evidence of a gamekeeper, the Justices chose not to believe. Pop! Bagged, too, apparently; fined £2, and 14s. 6d. expenses, and in default committed for two months, and sent to the police station.

Later in the day, MR. ROBINSON's farm-bailiff sent the Bench a note to say that DWIGHT was not the trespasser, that the case was one of mistaken identity. DWIGHT was therefore provisionally let go.

Really country Magistrates seem to be doing all they can to convince the Legislature that the Great Unpaid ought to be the Great Unofficial. If that is their object, it is perhaps to be hoped that they will succeed in it; for, although there is some economy in getting gentlemen to administer justice for nothing, there is not much in their gratuitous administration of injustice. If they cram the gaols with rustics, convicted, on insufficient evidence, of destroying such creatures as conies, scarcely esculent vermin, their administration of injustice is expensive, and Parliament may come to think that what would be spent in the salaries of competent stipendiary Magistrates might be saved in county rates.

PRETERNATURAL VORACITY.

If the subjoined story had appeared in any one of those journals which represent the interests of the United Service, it would perhaps have been set down by vulgar incredulity as a narrative intended for the information of the Marines:—

"The *Patria* of Naples states that there is at present in the Hospital of Incurables in that city an old woman who is suffering from a strange disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, 70 eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet, she raves like a mad woman. PROFESSOR ZAMOGIA has recently attempted to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired."

Not, however, to the Marines, but to the Spiritualists, should the extraordinary relation above-quoted be told. The *Times*, to be sure, heads it with "Something Like an Appetite," which seems equivalent to appending to it the name of WALKER. The *Post*, apparently in a similar spirit of scepticism, entitles it "A Good Digestion." But we expect that the *Spiritual Magazine* will ascribe this prodigious case of what doctors call *bulimia* to the same agency as that to which is ascribed the manifestations that attended the Brothers DAVENPORT; whose last and greatest marvel it has been reserved for *Punch* to announce. At Liverpool, the other day, they positively disappeared!

THE GREAT WHALING EXPEDITION.

BY BENNY THE BO'ANN.

'Twas in the Northern Sea,
 Brave boys!
 With BENBOW¹ did we sa-a-a-ail,
 When one stormy night
 We went, not to fight,²
 But we went for to catch a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We went for to catch a Whale.



'Twas in the middle watch,
 Brave boys!
 As the wind was blowin' a ga-a-a-ale,
 When the Mate sings out,
 With a very loud shout,
 "My dear eyes! there is *such* a Whale!
 Brave boys!
 My dear eyes! there is *such* a Whale!"
 Cries the Captain, "Port and belay,³
 Brave boys!
 Bring the tackle as will not fa-a-a-ail;
 Fetch the chains and the ropes,
 'Cos I am in hopes
 That we're *going* to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 That we're *going* to catch that Whale."
 "Geo ho!"⁴ cries the man in the mizen,
 Brave boys!
 "Must I here my fate bewa-a-a-ail?"⁵
 But no one would listen
 To the man in the mizen,
 For *we* went to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 For *we* went to catch that Whale.
 The order to "lower the boats,"
 Brave boys!
 Made every stout heart qua-a-a-ail;
 But sternly we did
 Whatever we was bid,
 And we pulled out to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We pulled out to catch that Whale.
 Bring cutlasses, pikes, marlin-spikes,
 Brave boys!
 And whatever else will awa-a-a-ail;
 With hammers, knives, and brads,
 So merrily we lads
 Went out for to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Went out for to catch that Whale.

Asleep on the deep lay the brute,⁶
 Brave boys!
 Like a mountain in a da-a-a-ale;
 The sea wasn't ruffled
 By our oars, which was muffled,
 As we *crept* up to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 As we *crept* up to catch that Whale.
 Harpoons by the score, mayhap more,
 Brave boys!
 Did the monster's side impa-a-a-ale;
 When we all saw him shiver
 And perceptorbilly quiver,
 We shouted for joy to the Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We shouted "Hooray!" for the Whale.

He lashed, and he dashed, and he splashed,
 Brave boys!
 Till our boat we had to ba-a-a-ail;
 While the skipper he kep' on
 A throwin' of his weapon,
 Till he managed to hit that Whale,⁷
 Brave boys!
 Till he managed to hit that Whale.
 Pull your backle, and your tackle, and your lines,
 Brave boys!
 Your prize securely na-a-a-ail;
 "Heave a-head!" cries the Cap'tan,
 Who'd he' thought o' what 'ad happen,
 As we strained and we craned at the Whale,
 Brave boys!
 As we strained and we craned at the Whale.



A long pull! A strong pull!! He's ours!!!
 Brave boys!
 When—fwhisk! up went his ta-a-a-ail:
 With our hooks and tackle too,
 He vanished from our view,
 So—*we did not catch that Whale*,
 Brave boys!
 So *we did not catch that Whale*.⁸

¹ Real name suppressed from motives of delicacy

² It was a vessel bound for the Pacific.

³ Very sensible order, showing presence of mind in the moment of danger.

⁴ No doubt he had some good reason for an exclamation, that is not, strictly speaking, of a nautical character.

⁵ He, too, would have been a sharer in the glory that awaited his more fortunate comrades; but stern duty, or aloft duty, prevented him from joining the party on this occasion. This verse suggests a very touching picture of sublime and solitary resignation.

⁶ The mariner's deep-seated hatred for the huge leviathan is inexplicable.

⁷ Moral.—Perseverance meets with its due reward.

⁸ It has been proposed to me, BENNY THE BO'ANN, to arrange the song in parts. But it needs only a careful study of the last verse to learn that the song would lose all its point if set as a catch.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. XII.—THE MANAGER WHO DOES NOT ACT.—CONTINUED.



HE Burlesque will, naturally, be your strong card, after Sensation, or in default of it.

The word is said to be derived from the Italian "*bar-lare*," to joke or jest. But the thing, now-a-days, has ceased generally to have anything to do with "joking or jesting," happily for Managers.

There was a time—in living memory, too—when joking and jesting were thought indispensable to this kind of entertainment. A prettystory, neatly and dramatically told, opportunities for arch and graceful or humorous acting, smart satire, and ingenious allusions to topics of the time, pointed writing, and well-timed parodies, were expected in a burlesque.

Old fogies still talk of burlesques of this kind with a simple, old-fashioned enthusiasm that is almost touching, and wonder why Managers now-a-days don't produce something like them.

The simpletons forget that burlesques of this kind imply wit in Authors and art in Actors; both things difficult to find, and which, when found, come expensive.

Of course pretty faces and good legs are required to give these their proper effect, and happily, gifts of this kind are common, and come cheap. If you play your cards properly, pretty girls, with the required

stock-in-trade of brass, alanginess, freedom from feminine squeamishness, and a readiness to sacrifice womanly daintiness, in matters of costume, to purely artistic considerations, together with a thorough command of the nigger business, may be had for nothing, or next to nothing.

The old-fashioned burlesque, as I have said, depended on wit and word-play. What you want now in your Authors is command of the nigger *répertoire*, and industrious word-torture—the very reverse of word-play.

The worse the puns in a burlesque now-a-days, the better. The very consummation of success in this kind is a pun so bad that all the house says "Oh!" to it.

Allusions are dangerous. They require wit in the audience to appreciate them. And they are sure to become stale in the course of the long runs which, of course, you will aim at.

I need hardly say that good story, neat writing, felicitous parody, though not absolutely fatal, are perfectly superfluous.

There is nothing you must guard against so carefully as shooting over the heads of your audience.

Why should you pay for qualities which nine out of ten of your public don't care for, and won't miss.

As an artist of course you can appreciate such things just as well as the pretentious Authors and jaundiced Critics who make such a fuss about them. But as a Manager you must look first to what tells, and these things don't get laughs or bring down the house like a show of legs and pretty faces, a rattling Virginy break-down, or a sparkling transformation scene.

Never mind what you pay for scenery and mechanism, and it is your duty as a Manager to encourage art and ingenuity.

I conclude with some general hints useful for all Managers.

Never let down your house. If money doesn't come in, "paper" it.

Nothing makes Actors or Audiences so flat as the sight of empty benches.

Full houses look like success, and with the dear old B. P. that is half the battle. They delight to swim with the tide, and they don't know how much paper has to do with the crowds who flow into your doors.

Never bank a run.

Let bilious Critics grumble that your Actors get flat, and mannered, are forced into exaggeration of their points, become careless, or take to gagging and geying under the *enema* of a part repeated for two or three hundred nights. What of that? The public pays, and applauds; and you put money in your pocket. Let those who want novelty go out of town for it. They will see change of bills enough in the country, and I wish them joy of it.

Lastly, look upon Authors and Actors as your natural enemies. Proceed on the axiom that these people have a constant design on your purse, and a settled determination to encroach on your profits.

I do not mean that you are to display this feeling openly.

On the contrary, if you wish to have your Actors thoroughly under command, to work 'em round your finger as it were, always ~~show~~ the greatest consideration for their *amour propre*—ask everything as a favour, be hail-fellow-well-met with them, laugh with them, joke with them, lay bare your difficulties before them, and invite their sympathy, while you put your hand in their pockets.

I have known Managers who by this masterly policy have laughed at bad business and defied bankruptcy for a life time. It is impossible to refuse to go on with such charming fellows, though the "ghost walked" out Saturday after Saturday. Half salaries are sweetened by the exquisite grace with which this sort of Manager turns his empty pockets out in the face of his company. If they never neglect to take their own salaries with exemplary regularity, they are so *corry* that others have to go without!

Such a gifted man's impudently may be no secret. His every managerial venture may end in catastrophe. And yet he has only to trust his banner and he will always find an attached troop to march with him into the jaws of bankruptcy.

I remember an Author once, whose piece one of those Machiavelian Managers was playing, and not paying for, and who had long dunned him in vain, so vanquished by his charming manner, that he burst out, "By Jove, I'd rather have you play my piece for nothing, than get my money for it from another Manager." "My dear fellow," was the answer, with a genial shake of the hand—my friend was immense in hand-shaking—"That is just the spirit in which I like to be met!"

And that is the spirit in which such geniuses are met all through their adventurous careers. And why? Because however they choose people, they always rub them the way of the hair.

Like clever burglars, they take impressions of every body's keys in soft soap; and there is no resisting the picklock of their "charming manner."

On the other hand I have known Managers who were strict men of business, active, attentive, models of punctuality in payment, whose treasuries were never empty from year's end to year's end. And yet because they rubbed their Actors "against the hair," snubbed them, trod on the soft-soles of their self love, they were always in hot water, and could never keep a company together.

Is it that the first consider their Actors less their natural enemies than the second?

No, but that they betray their true feelings. The wiser man masks it under his charming manner, and so *manages* his company, in the best sense of the word.

You never hear them denounced without the addition, "but he is such a nice fellow."

The same rule, in essentials, should be followed with Authors.

Always seem to be too busy to see anybody, an Author more particularly.

Don't trouble yourself to read MSS. or to return them.

You will be sure to have more pieces than you can attend to from the people who live by writing for the theatre.

Why should you waste your time on outsiders? Really notable pieces will be sure to find their way to the stage somehow or other.

If you feel it a duty to pay some attention to works of this kind, you may always, for a few shillings extra salary, find a messenger who can read manuscript. You can call him your secretary.

Or you may keep a taster, as the booksellers do.

There are many reduced Authors who would be thankful for such employment. They will be certain not to pass too lenient judgments on the works that come under their eye.

A Line from Browning.

(For Hairdressers who recommend a wonderful "Restorative," and are careless of the aspirants.)

"An everlasting wash of air."



"TO THIS ALL OTHER THINGS GIVE PLACE."

(EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS.)

Member of the Hunt (to Huntsman). "WELL, RASPER, I HEAR YOUR MASTER IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, WHEN'S IT TO BE?"

Huntsman. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T SAY, NOT EXACTLY; BUT NOT TILL THE PUPPIES ARE OVER THE DISTEMPER, HOWSOEVER!"

GEESSE IN THE PARKS.

DURING the late frost the water-fowl in the Parks have been visited, it seems, by a good many geese; and several of these geese got a ducking, it appears, through their venturing on the ice, which was not strong enough to bear them:—

"The Long Water in Kensington Gardens is now completely frozen over, but the ice is very dangerous. In spite of the printed cautions posted by order of Mr. YOUNG, the Secretary, and Mr. WILLIAMS, the Superintendent, some 50 or 60 persons went upon it: it suddenly gave way, and some of them fell into deep water. * * * At the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, a large crowd assembled to see the skaters. The Royal Humane Society's men cautioned them against venturing on the ice in large numbers, but they did so in vain. No fewer than 600 persons went on the ice. In all 40 persons fell in, and were saved by the Society's ice-men. * * * At St. James's Park the ice, owing to the snow, was very spongy. About 150 persons, in spite of all the cautions of the Society's men, went upon it. While they were amusing themselves, the ice gave way, and five persons fell in. They, as well as the ice-men, were much exhausted. About 12 o'clock seven other persons fell in, and they were also rescued by the ice-men. One of them was so long under the ice that it was at first thought he was dying. About twenty other persons fell in during the day."

A step on unsafe ice must certainly, we think, be regarded as a goose-step; and assuredly these silly geese may thank their lucky stars if they escaped with nothing worse than a bad cold from their ducking, or perhaps a touch of rheumatism. One would say their heads were cracked as well as the ice through which they floundered. But fools rush in where ice-men fear to tread, and it would serve them only right if they were taken into custody, and carried off to Bow Street for attempting suicide.

Skating is, however, not the only active pleasure which the Parks afford in winter time, as the following will show:—

"Yesterday a large number of persons repaired to the Serpentine, in the expectation of seeing it covered with skaters, and were surprised that not a patch of ice a foot long could be seen. The reason of this is entirely the high wind, and not the temperature, for during Sunday night the thermometer at the Royal Humane Society's Receiving-house in Hyde Park was as low as 23° deg. At 9 o'clock yesterday morning the mercury rose no higher than 24° deg. In spite of the coldness of the weather 20 persons yesterday took advantage of the absence of ice, and bathed in the Serpentine."

A goose takes to the water in winter-time as well as summer, and in this respect these bathers—or waders, in bird language—may be looked upon as geese. But these geese were not such geese in point of silliness as the others, for they did not tumble in and take a bath without intending it, as the others did so foolishly, and risked their lives thereby. Some people may think that out-door bathing in mid-winter is not a wise proceeding; but the geese who went to bathe were wise compared with those who went to slide and skate where they were safe—to tumble in, and get a precious ducking. Indeed, if the bathers be looked upon as geese, their wisdom, in comparison with the silliness of the skaters, fully entitles them, we fancy, to be looked upon as geese of the species called Solons.*

* Yes, we know it should be "Solon." But people might not see the joke, if we put the proper spelling. [Note intended to be read by naturalists only.]

FRA DIAVOLO IN TAMBURINI.

HERE is the picture of a pretty ruffian for you:—

"TAMBURINI is the ideal of a brave brigand chief of Calabria, one of the most handsome men imaginable. He is dressed in a rich velvet uniform, with silver buttons and a silken waistband. He wears a picturesque hat, graced with flowing plumes—he looks every inch a prince."

What a very fine robber, what a splendid thief, what a magnificent cut-throat! How smart a rogue, how gorgeous a rascal, how sumptuously attired and gaily ornamented a villain! The foregoing description of "TAMBURINI" might be supposed to relate to the celebrated tenor of that name, as he may have appeared in *Fra Diavolo*; it relates, however, to a *Fra Diavolo* of actual life, whose real name is TAMBURINI. It is taken from the French clerical journal *Le Monde*, the organ of extreme Popery. SIGNOR TAMBURINI (the highwayman) appears to have been on intimate terms with a certain *jennu fille* whom *Le Monde* represents as being "of fairy form and classical features." Such is the style of sympathetic admiration wherein the leading Popish journal of Paris speaks of banditti and their female companions when the banditti rob and murder in the interests of the Papacy.



THE AGRICULTURAL JEREMY DIDDLE.

MALT TAX REPEALER. "YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE SIX OR SEVEN MILLIONS ABOUT YOU, SIR?"
GLADSTONE. "YES, I DO—AND I MEAN TO *KEEP THEM ABOUT ME.*"

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS ABOUT THE HELMET.



MRS. GRUNDY'S kind regards to *Mr. Punch*, and she can no longer remain silent. No wonder she is short-tempered. Everybody talks about her, but no woman is less understood. It is all very well for newspaper writers to ask "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?" but it is high time she answered that question herself. Now, about these blessed Helmets that have been stuck on to the policemen's heads. Did ever any silly body see such stupid dish-covers? She hopes and trusts the poor fellows use them as kitchen utensils when they get them home. They might boil potatoes, or serve as

washhand basins, mouse-traps, or flower-pots, notwithstanding they are the very worst of hats. They seem on a fat policeman's head like the top stone of the Great Pyramid; while they cover up the lean ones as completely as if they were modelled on the dome of St. Paul's.



Is there no feeling for Art at Scotland Yard, or is it necessary that the Human (X 33) Form Divine be rendered hideous as well as inselent? Who would like to be "moved on" by such an absurdity? A noble classic Helmet, with visor, ear flaps, and a highly ornamental eat on top, would have been better; or if COMMISSIONER MAYNE is really and truly wedded to ugliness, he need not have gone further than the "pot-board" in his own back kitchen, the old iron saucepan is always ready to his hand.

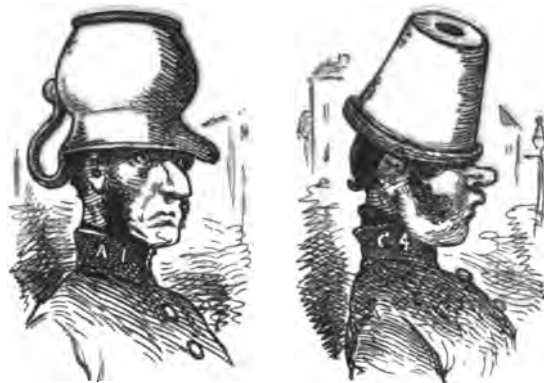


There, it serves him right, why did he not seek her aid, instead of taking his own silly, obstinate way. She thinks if he had but asked her opinion, she could have helped him a little. She has been turning her thoughts to Policemen's hats lately, and with no little success. Seeing that the old Policeman X in his long-faced hat, who was the

image of her glass mustard-pot, has only been replaced by new Policeman X in his helmet, the picture of her pewter pepper-castor, she looked up a few more domestic models.



The Beer-Jug, symbolic of the servant with whom the gallant officer chats at the street corner;
The Flower-Pot, because it suggests nothing in particular;



The Dinner-Bell, to mark the emptiness of his head; and
The China Tea Saucer, as a hint of the shallowness of his brain.



But, after the Helmet, she washes her hands of the whole affair; and while this frightful snail-shell is growing more and more common, she sends you her designs, intentions, and indignation, to record what might have been, and so dismiss the subject from her thoughts for ever.

Answered as Easy as saying Jack Robinson.

An admirable Lawyer, well known in the Central Criminal Court, has, on his elevation, "given rings" with the motto *Et cetera*. Why has he omitted the third C?

OUR FOREIGN "RELATIONS."—Cousins-German.



Aunt Isabel. "BEATRICE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER?"

Beatrice. "No!"

Aunt Isabel. "IS THAT THE WAY TO ANSWER! NO WHAT?"

Beatrice. "NO BREAD-AND-BUTTER!"

SHOPKEEPERS AND SERVANTS.

AN Indignation Meeting was held the other evening at the Wheel of Fortune Inn (the celebrated West End house of call for servants), to consider the system of per-centages from tradespeople, which has lately been attacked. MR. X. FLUNKY, the landlord of the hostelry, having been unanimously voted to the chair, the business of the meeting was begun by his proposing to stand shilling glasses round. The offer having been accepted, and the toast, "Success to Plush," having duly been responded to,

The Chairman rose to explain the purport of the meeting, which, he said, was to consider a "suckler" (query, circular?) that had lately been sent round by His Grace the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, prohibiting his tradesmen from giving bribes. (*A voice, "No! no! per-centages!"*) He begged pardon, yes, per-centages to the gentlemen in his, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's employ, and, no doubt, the ladies also (*shame! shame!*), if the truth was known. Now such conduct he, the Chairman, must stigmatise as "low," not to call it "wile and vulgar," and if he even said "disgustink" (*hear!*) he should not be employing much too strong a word. (*"Not a bit!"*) He had, as his friends knew, been a servant once himself, and had stood behind a chair, as had also a distinguished friend of his, MR. JAMES PLUSH, which had likewise been a nob and privileged to sit in one. (*Immense Cheers.*) While MR. JAMES's money lasted, he dined with Lords and Ladies, and hobnobbed with Archbishops, and was, as his friends knew, as proud as any Duke. But did he ever stoop to corresponding with his shopkeepers, and forbidding them from bribing (*question!*), he meant to say, from tipping the servants he employed. (*No! no!*) Did he ever write to cheesemongers and butchers, and all that sort of people, and say, "Don't you go and give not nothink to the servants in my 'oushold; for if you does, I won't have no more dealings with your firm?" No, he would have scorned the haction (*hear!*) as one unworthy of a gentleman, and dishonest and unfair to them as he employed. (*Vehement cheering, and cries of "Ere's your iolly good edd!"*)

THE SMOKER'S VALENTINE.

HAIL! fairest maid of Flora's ancient line,
Tho' maids of mortal race thou mostly fearest,
Thy perfumed ringlets gently round me twine,
HAVANNA, dearest.

The lover boasts his sweetheart's rosy lips,
And in their praise aspires to win the laurel,
To me an "amber mouth-piece" far outstrips
All lips of coral.

The doting husband, toil-worn, anxious, pale,
The silly swain, for joys domestic burns;
But from my heart what rapturous welcomes hail
Thy "mild RETURNS!"

From witching eyes what fascinations dart,
Piercing their way like bullets from a pistol!
No eye, save one, can so subdue my heart,
Thy "Bird's-eye," BRISTOL.

O matchless fair! a flame I would impart,
Some magic *spell* should make thee cease to scorn me,
And if thou bloomest still, when I depart,
In weeds thou 'lt mourn me.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR 1865.

BY THE ASTRONOMER PLEBEIAN.

IN addition to the customary Solar and Lunar disturbances, the following observations may be expected to happen during the year, all visible to the nude eye:—

The present Parliament will be eclipsed on the eve of a new one.

Reform will be eclipsed, to re-appear with its Bright Satellite. (Some observers think this is all moonshine.)

EARL RUSSELL will be eclipsed by VISCOUNT AMBERLEY (unless there should be an eclipse of the Son, visible at Leeds.)

In November Lord Mayor STORMES HALE will be eclipsed by his successor. (Only visible in the City. Smoked glass to be had of MESSRS. GOG AND MAGOG.)

CHRISTY'S Minstrels will be left in darkness.

DAVENPORT Brothers will be eclipsed by some other humbuds.

MR. PHUNKY said that he had known MR. JAMES PLUSH at the period alluded to, in fact he (MR. PHUNKY) had had the honour to stand behind him at the table of their mutual friend the EARL OF BAREACRES, when MR. PLUSH came a-courting the LADY HANGELINA, the daughter of the Earl. He could certify the truth of what the Chairman had observed, for, though a "leetle 'igh and 'aughty," MR. PLUSH in his prosperity was never mean and screwy, and never interfered with per-centages, and perquisites and other lawful servants' rights. (*Cheers.*)

MR. CORKS remarked that he had lived as butler to the noble Earl aforesaid, who was as poor a nobleman as you'd wish not to see. But if the Earl had dared to stop his (MR. CORKS's) per-centages, he (MR. C.) would not have stopped to take care of his Lordship's cellar, he was [adverb] sure of that! Why, if one's master (*a voice, "Guvnor!"*) well, yes, "Guvnor" sounded better—servants is the masters nowadays, leastways if they like (*hear! hear! and cries of "that's true!"*); if one's Guvnor is allowed to cut one off one's trade per-centages, the next thing he may do will be to cut one off one's wine (*sensation*), and when a butler entertains a party of his friends, he will actually be expected to buy his own Champagne. (*Groans.*)

MR. FILCHER said he thought the worst part of the Duke's letter was his threat that he would never again deal at any shop if once he ascertained that his servants had been fed at it. (*Shame!*) If such a threat as this were given at all generally, of course tradesmen would be frightened, and the system of per-centages be knocked upon the head. (*Sensation.*)

MR. CHAWLES said his custom was, on entering a new place, to go round to all the shops where the family had been dealing, and state plainly what his terms were for continuing the patronage, which it was, of course, within his power to prevent. He believed this was the usual course pursued by servants (*yes! yes!*), and it had usually the effect of frightening the tradesmen into yielding to their terms. This wholesome fear might fail to operate, however, if gentlemen sent [strong word] circulars about, as this [ditto] Duke had done. He hoped the meeting would excuse the vehemence of his epithets, but it

was his habit, when he felt things strongly, to use language to match. (*Hear.*)

MR. MILD wished just to whisper that tradesmen were, he feared, already fighting shy of giving servants fees. His lady having purchased a few spoons the other day, he had called upon the silversmith and held his hand out confidentially, observing that "he found the plate wouldn't take a polish." (*Laughter.*) Well, would they believe it? Instead of handing him some plate-powder wrapped in a bank-note, the blackguard of a shopkeeper coolly said he never listened to a servant's complaints, and very nearly kicked him (MR. MILD) out of the shop.

MR. JOHN THOMAS thought that "pussons" should not be allowed such luxuries as footmen, unless they could afford to be a little cheated by them. (*Hear.*) As his carriage was a-waiting to take him to the Hopperer, he would merely stop to move—

"That this meeting is disgusted with the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and will use its utmost influence to prevent the abolition of per-centages from tradesmen, which all servants are entitled to, or should be if they aint." The resolution being carried, and three tremendous hisses given for the Duke, the meeting resolved itself into a free-and-easy, and proceeded to discuss the rate of discount in the City, and other interesting topics of the day.



DELIGHTFUL IGNORANCE.

Clara. "COUSIN CHARLES, WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY 'LUMPS OF DELIGHT!'"

Charles. "SUCH DARLINGS AS YOURSELF, COUSIN CLARA."

THE HUMBLE PIETY OF THE POPE.

HIS HOLINESS the POPE does not smoke cigars: a lot of cigars were sent him the other day from Havannah, and he gave them all to GENERAL MONTEBELLO; at least so the *Temps* says. PIO NONO might as well have sent a box of them, with his benediction, to SIR GEORGE BOWYER, and another to *Punch*. Well, but although the Holy Father smokes not cigars, perhaps he smokes a pipe, and we may with the eye of fancy contemplate the pretended Head of the Church behind a "churchwarden." The POPE may smoke a meerschaum, though the occasional phenomenon of a winking image appears to show that he does not smoke a mere sham. But if his Holiness does smoke any kind of pipe, let him put the subjoined telegram, received the other day by MR. REUTER from Paris, in his pipe and smoke it:—

"MONSIGNORE CHIEI, the Papal Nuncio, has had an audience of the EMPEROR. His Eminence expressed his regret at the publicity given to the private letters addressed by him to the Bishops of Orleans and Poitiers. He assured his Majesty that he was fully sensible of the duties imposed upon him by the diplomatic character of his mission, and had never any intention of falling in respect to the rules of international law."

Pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink! So, to comparative and fanciful ears, sounds the cry of the little cur under chastisement. So also, CHIEI, found out in writing mischievous letters, may be considered as crying "Pen-and-ink." Unwhipped, and only cowering in the fright of detection, he cries Pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink—*peccavi*! Notwith-

standing, however, that his pen-and-ink and *peccavi* must have been believed by the Imperial *torador* to the POPE's Bull to mean not any repentance of treachery perpetrated with ink and pen, but only grief at being found out in it, CHIEI did not receive anything unpleasant from the foot which he attempted to lick, and according to the authority quoted above:—

"The BARRACON graciously received the explanation of MONSIGNORE CHIEI."

The explanation, consisting of pen-and-ink and *peccavi*, given by MONSIGNORE CHIEI of his detected correspondence, was of course dictated from head-quarters, those which a French army of occupation will perhaps shortly evacuate. The POPE, we learn from the *Tablet*, continues to enjoy good health. We are glad to hear it. We hope the papal digestion will remain unimpaired by the humble pie which it has had to deal with.

ODE TO BUSINESS.

O BUSINESS, thou art Business!

Whene'er I breathe thy name

Awe strikes my brain with dizziness,

And chills my shivering frame.

Thy glory is too glorious

For language to define;

O'er victors most victorious

The victory is thine.

See Tyre and Sidon now no more,

And Venice no more free;

Yet still thy Britons thee adore:

Thy Yankees worship thee.

Before thy form omnipotent,

The dollar, they did bow,

But, for thine images, content

Themselves with greenbacks now.

Perish Savoy and perish Nice,

Poland and Denmark too,

If less of thee, for broken peace,

'Tis likely we shall do!

And how, except for thee, to take

Up arms, can England need?

Who, ever, but for thy dear sake,

Would have his country bleed?

The painter's and the sculptor's art

The Virtues have displayed;

Thou, chosen for the better part,

Hast never been portrayed.

But, high on England's altar placed,

Thy statue should appear,

With apron tied around its waist,

Pen stuck behind its ear.

Make Him a Peer.

HAVING finished his *Udd*,

And ceased to be busy,

LORD DERBY should try

And translate his ODD-DIZZY.

EXPRESS FROM THE KITCHEN.

MARY thanks the Milkman for his Valentine. She knew it was from him, because it was written on the best cream-laid. Her feelings tally with his.

A TRIFLE FROM SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—Why was the Garter given to the Duke of Fire-Engines? To keep up his hose.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(Exclusively reported for the Drawing-Room.)

February.—In this month house-hunting commences. Heir-'unting will begin as early as possible in the ensuing Season. Cards of invitation will be issued as usual for all the best evening meets.

THE RING.

(Secretary's Office at the Clerk's house, St. George's, Hanover Square.)

MRS. A. D. VENCHEE has got a novice, to be brought out this Season, whom she will be glad to match against any eligible young man from the country for £20,000 a side (i. e., on his side).

MISS PRISCILLA DE SQUINCY (the Cheltenham No-Chicken) has been waiting for some considerable time in expectation of hearing from CAPTAIN GRIGG (the Knowing Nobbler). Is it to be a match, or not? Address as above, Owl Lodge, False Row, Cheltenham.

GALLANT FIGHT BETWEEN THE PRETTY PET AND THE DEEP 'UN.

It is needless for us to record the previous exploits of this well-matched pair. Miss FANNY FLYER, alias the Pretty Pet, has already won several battles, and CAPTAIN DEUXTEMPS is no novice in all affairs connected with the Ring. It was expected, indeed, that he would be the victor. The affair came off in a well-known fashionable drawing-room, and was witnessed by a large and distinguished circle of patrons.

Round 1. The Pet came up smiling. The Deep'un confident. There was some pretty sparring for about two minutes, previous to going in for the real work of the round. (Guards' Waltz.) The Pet threw out a feeler to ask him why he had been looking so cross all the evening. The Deep'un countered this neatly by remarking that it was impossible for him to appear happy, while she did nothing but talk to what's-his-name—STUDLYNX. Some nasty hitting.

Round 2. (Guards' Waltz continued.) Both more serious. The Pet managed to lead the fighting towards her own corner, where she cleverly got down on a vacant chair, and was immediately attended by her experienced second and her judicious trainer.

Round 3. (Quadrille.) Both cautiously eyeing one another from their respective corners. Nothing done. A sit out.

Round 4. (Schottische.) The Deep'un going round and round, keeping his eyes fixed on the Pet, who showed no signs of moving. The Deep'un slipped, and went down awkwardly by the fire-place. Pet laughed merrily. Deep'un discomfited, retired to his corner.

Rounds 5, 6, 7. Nothing done; merely tiring out each other's patience. The Pet, doubtless acting upon the advice of her trainer, appeared to be reserving herself for some great effort.

Round 8. (Burlaque Galop.) On again coming up to the scratch, the Pet certainly seemed to be the fresher of the two. This time they set to work in earnest. The Pet, in the course of a sharp, rattling round, planting two blows in the region of the Deep'un's heart, which evidently told severely. The Deep'un threw out his left, which was dexterously stopped by the Pet's right. This was followed by a strong grapple, and a sharp telling return in each other's eyes. This was a very exhausting round.

Round 9. (Burlaque Galop continued.) Both sparring for wind. After a quick round of merry exchanges, the Deep'un and Pet both went down together—to supper.

Round 10. (Supper Room.) Enough work to keep the hands well at it. A cry of fowl was raised for the Pet, but not allowed. The flirtation now became very violent; the Pet and Deep'un doing all they knew. The Pet, with a view to bring matters to a crisis, but, as we imagine, contrary to the wishes of her trainer, led the fighting up towards a quiet corner.

Round 11. (In a dimly-lighted Conservatory.) Short and decisive. The Deep'un, after some pretty exchanges, went down on one knee. In this position he made an offer, but just as the Pet was about to close with him, the authorities, who had been dodged for some time, suddenly appeared on the spot, and put an end to the engagement for the present. A meeting, however, has since been arranged, whereof the particulars must, for obvious reasons, be kept dark.

KITTY SPRIGHTLY (THE LADY'S MAID KITTEN) AND FRED. ROVER (THE AMATEUR).

During a private theatrical performance, a merry little mill came off between these two young'uns on the Landing Place the other evening. The Amateur closed for a second with the Kitten, who briskly shook him off. The Amateur then made another and more successful attempt, but was countered sharply by the Kitten on the auricular. In a subsequent round, he succeeded in getting one on the Kitten's kissing trap, who, however, got away cleverly.

We saw the Amateur afterwards. He was suffering from a pair of black eyes, but in other respects did not appear one whit the worse. The Kitten, on leaving the landing, also had a pair of black eyes, and took away with her, over her upper lip, a nasty black mark left there by the Amateur, who, it is conjectured, is in the habit of using black cosmetic for his moustache.

Notice.—A great Tea Fight will shortly come off. There will only be a certain number of Rounds, and those, as usual, of Toast. For further particulars apply at the office of the Record.

MR. PIVER, of Regent Street, begs to announce that he has a fine assortment of Gloves on hand for Pugilistic Drawing-Room parties.

INTERFERENCE OF THE LAW.—MILL STOPPED.

SAMUEL SQUAREBLE (the Grumbler) and MRS. SQUAREBLE (the Wexatious Wixen) met for the fortieth time last week. After some ugly exchanges, and much awkward encountering, they were separated by JUDGE WILDE.

BREACH OF PROMISE FOR THE MILLION.

Two actions for breach of promise of marriage within a week; damages, £2,000 in each; in one case against a paralysed cripple. Comment is superfluous, and would be hazardous, made without consideration of the possibility of an action for libel, tried by a British Jury and LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

But all heavy damages, awarded by British Juries instructed by the simply legal mind of Judges, why should the superior and middle class of females alone engross? Is the jilted working woman to have no remedy against the capricious working man? As it is, a disappointed milliner-girl is practically denied compensation for her blighted hopes at the hand of a fickle and unprincipled small tradesman!

Surely LORD WESTBURY will see the necessity of immediately proposing a Bill to enable actions for breach of promise of marriage to be tried in County Courts, so that a forsaken young laundress may get her twenty pounds out of a faithless and decrepit old costermonger.

But even this will not suffice for the demand of even-handed justice. Magistrates ought, in all reason, to be empowered to adjudicate summarily on the non-fulfilment of matrimonial engagements by persons of the poorer classes, whose victims cannot afford to go to law at all. Then a deserted village maiden would be enabled to extract the compensation due to her crushed affections, out of the pocket of a faithless old shepherd of seventy in the employment of a farmer at nine shillings a week, and MR. LOONEY MAC TWOLTER, of Seven Dials, that grey-headed old blackguard, might be taught, by being compelled to fork out five shillings, what it was to trifle with the tender feelings of sweet seventeen, embodied in the interesting person of Miss JUDY O'CALLAGHAN.

ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE.

(BY HIS LATE KEEPER.)

TOLL for the porpoise,
His voyage is o'er.
Remove his corpse,
For he is no more.
To death the cold froze him
Up in his basin;
They didn't enclose him
A deep enough place in.

By the Overland Route.

It is not generally known that the country in India, about which there was some obscurity in the QUEEN'S Speech, is remarkable for its Bhootanical Gardens.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE readers of *Punch* will scarcely regard as unacceptable anything connected with the memory of one who was so long their friend.

An imputation of an unworthy kind has appeared in the columns of the *Athenaeum*, and it has been answered. That the amplest publicity may be given to the falsehood and to its refutation, we transfer to our own pages the following extract from the *Athenaeum* of Saturday last:—

"In reply to the Correspondent who inquired 'How it has happened that BARON MAROCHETTI, although a Member of the Committee appointed to carry out the arrangements for a memorial to THACKERAY, has received the commission to execute that memorial,' MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS, the honorary secretary to the undertaking, requests leave to state 'that the allegation of the correspondent in question is simply and absolutely untruthful. That BARON MAROCHETTI is not and never was a Member of that Committee; is personally unknown to all its members, and was merely, in common with MESSRS. DURHAM, FOLEY, and MUNRO, among the seventy-four gentlemen whose names were attached to the memorial to the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER for permission to erect the monument. That BARON MAROCHETTI's conduct in reference to the work has been of the most liberal and honourable character, and finally, that it would not have been thought worth while to offer this explanation, but for the Correspondent's letter having been thought worth an editorial introduction.'"



CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "IF YOU'D LIKE TO SMOKE, YOU KNOW, GOV'NOR, DON'T YOU MIND ME, I RATHER LIKE IT!"

DOING IT "LIKE A BIRD."

"Recently, at a Ball in Paris, a Russian lady adopted the emblems of the peacock, and every ornament and article of dress brought to mind the glittering colours and shining plumes of Juno's bird. The dress was of white tulle, embroidered all over with Argus' eyes. A tunic, reaching from the waist to a little below the knee, was composed of striped velvet, recalling the colours of the peacock; bunches of peacocks' feathers everywhere, held together by bouquets of emeralds and diamonds. A peacock, perfect in form, shape, and colour, adorned her forehead. The ornament was composed entirely of the finest brilliants and emeralds, the neck of the bird, with its crest, being formed of the most splendid sapphires. The whole was most curious and striking."

THE fashionable reporter omits to add, that in order to make the resemblance to the peacock complete, and having read the proverb, which describes it as having "the plumage of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the interior of a glutton," the female idiot in question eat several suppers voraciously, and went off in a screaming fit.

PORCULUS MARINUS LOQUITUR.

Who brought me from the briny wave,
Who with his kindness killed my corpus,
Who dug me a freshwater grave,
And popped me into it, poor Porpoise,
Who choked me with his bits of fat,
And standing where the eider duck land,
Did tantalise me with a sprat,
Who cut me open, eh? F—K B—D.

Literary Intelligence.

A CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate is informed that Pale-on-tology has nothing to do with the works of the author of the *Evidences of Christianity*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 20.

The Lords are very uncomfortable about Canada. LORD LIVERDEN, quoting COLONEL JERVOIS' Report, showed that the colony was in a most undefended state, and urged that there could be no reliance on the peaceful purposes of the Federals. LORD DERBY considered the state of our relations with the Americans to be most critical, and that the Colonel's report was humiliating to this country. Our danger was from the passionate hostility of a great population. We ought, he said, to prepare to defend Canada. LORD EL-

LENBOROUGH was on the same side. The Government came out in a trio—LORDS DE GRAY, GRANVILLE, and RUSSELL defending our conduct, and declining to see hostility in that of America. LORD RUSSELL added that the Congress deserved all credit for having decreed the Abolition of Slavery—a cause always dear to the English heart. Mr. Punch, while delighted at the Abolition of Slavery, begs to remark to LORD RUSSELL, that it would have been as much to the purpose to say that the Federals had repaved Broadway.

Attention, Ladies. Marriages. THE QUEEN issues a Commission to inquire into the state of the Marriage Laws in the United Kingdom. Some of these days we shall have legislation on the subject, and then people will have a chance of knowing whether they are really married or not.

Also, a Bill has been introduced for enabling criminals to be hanged in prison by special licence. A coroner's jury is proposed, and a certificate of the performance of the ceremony is to be granted.

In the *Bride of Lammermoor*, if any remains of a certain feast were totally uneatable, they were to be given to the poor. The remains of to-night were similarly bestowed, and persons interested in the subject will understand what Government proposes when Mr. Punch mentions that the area of charge is to be extended from the Parish to the Union. The change is chiefly to be approved because it tends to the future abolition of the system of settlement, which cheats the ratepayer, and is cruel to the pauper.

Tuesday. The CHANCELLOR proposed to get rid of some Chancery business. He brings in a Bill placing small estates under the care of the County Courts. He also means to advise the Judges of those remarkable tribunals of rough justice to make orders for payment of debts by weekly instead of monthly instalments. He means to introduce a new Statute of Limitations, and to abolish all power of recovering debts for intoxicating liquors supplied on the premises. The British institution known as "chalking it up" will be done away, and a new light will be thrown on the saying, "walk your chalks."

Well done, the Commons. Some people in Cheltenham and thereabouts have got up a Water Company, and come to Parliament for power to take the fluid from the springs that supply the Thames. They would "rob the river," as MR. HENLEY—whom we hereby raise to the Peerage, as LORD HENLEY-ON-THAMES—well said. The House threw out the Bill by 118 to 88. Let the old frumps of Cheltenham drink the Cheltenham waters, which they are always puffing so furiously.

That Wimbledon business occasioned a smart debate. It seems that LORD SPENCER's proposal to limit, civilise, and rail in the Common, does not meet with the universal adulation that was expected, and for which the cue was so confidently given when the scheme was first broached. A Committee of Inquiry on that matter, and similar ones, was agreed to. It was allowed, however, that LORD SPENCER means well.

MR. O'REILLY made a good speech on Recruiting, which

he said was going on ill, and he advised alterations in the system. LORD HARTINGTON said that it was going on very well, indeed. NUMSCULLY advised Irishmen to keep out of the QUEEN'S Army—we are by no means sure that the advice was not high treason, and we request SIR ROUNDELL PALMER to consider whether he cannot hang NUMSCULLY. MR. WHALLEY talked as idiotically on the other side, declaring that the Catholic soldiers were not to be trusted, as they owed allegiance to the POPE. We amend our last suggestion by requesting SIR ROUNDELL to consider whether he cannot tie SCULLY and WHALLEY together and hang them over a line, as the German soldiers used to do with the poor cats. Papist soldiers not fight for the QUEEN! Read NAPIER, MR. WHALLEY, if you are capable of reading anything but Railway reports and Protestant tracts.

Then we had some exceeding good sense from LORD STANLEY. MR. ADDERLEY brought up the question of the local African Establishments, which he condemned as utterly useless, and as hotbeds of disease. After some debate, LORD STANLEY, who is the son of the statesman who carried the extinction of our own colonial slavery, declared that the African squadron ought to be a thing of the past, that we owed nothing to Africa, that the cost of our sea-police for the benefit of the blacks (whom we did not benefit) was very great, and that if we wanted to spend a million a year in civilising savages, there was a population within five miles of the House of Commons that stood as much in need of civilisation as the Africans, and had been quite as much neglected. MR. PUNCH'S cheer was loud. MR. CARDWELL had a weak little official answer, but we may look out for a grand flourish from Lord PALMERSTON one of these nights, in support of the squadron. Nevertheless the truth hath been spoken, and will eventually prevail.

Nearly everybody having left the House—there being no Government except MR. BRAND, and no Opposition at all, MR. BAINES came in with his Reform Bill, for lowering the borough franchise from £10 to £6. There will be a fuller House before the Bill passes.

Wednesday. A Bill, aimed at folks who vexatiously obstruct private Bills, in the hope of being paid to go away, like the organ scoundrels, was committed. The object was to saddle such persons with costs. But there is also legitimate opposition to many schemes, and the House is not inclined to let everything be carried with a high hand, merely because a company is got together, and a flaming prospectus declares that its object is to do the only thing wanting to restore the Golden Age, and to bring on the Millennium. The advice which was bestowed by the aged gentleman who possessed an aged cow, for whom he found it difficult to provide food, is advice which we should always tender, respectfully, to the Commons, when asked to be arbitrary:—

"He pulled out his fiddle, and played her a tune,
'Consider, old cow, consider.'"

MR. DENMAN has a Bill for assimilating the criminal and civil practice of summing up, by counsel. Also, for enabling parties, when a witness swears differently on two occasions, to show that on one or the other he must have been perjured. We are gradually breaking down one after another of the mischievous old fences which Old Father Antic has set up to prevent our getting at truth. Some day or other we shall attain the extraordinary length of asking a man, who is all but convicted of having been engaged in a murder at a certain twelve o'clock, to be good enough to say where he really was at that time. At present, of course, there would be an indignant shout. "Oh, you must not ask him that. He might have been engaged at that time on a burglary, or beating his wife, and no Englishman is bound to criminate himself."

Thursday. Hamilton Place is to be cut through. MR. COWPER said that the Metropolitan Board was too timid about providing useful and efficient thoroughfares. Now, if even the gentle COWPER charges the Board with cowardice, their pusillanimity must be something extraordinary.

The Temple of Justice—(no, not Janus, Mr. Compositor, none of your irony against a single-minded profession) is to be raised on the Carey Street site, and the lawyers, who have hitherto resembled CAREY'S CHICKENS only because they come in storm-time, will have a double right to the name. LORD MACAULAY says of somebody, that he had a double right to be a liar, because he was both a traveller and a Jesuit.

And well said, MR. ROY. He hoped that some access to the New Courts from the Temple would be provided, without compelling persons to cross the crowded street of the Fleet. We should think so. We forget what tragedian used to make such long pauses in *Hamlet*, that when he came on for the celebrated Toby or not Toby speech, and halted at "question," you had time to run over from old Drury to the Albion, get a Welsh rarebit and a glass of beer, and come back in time for "Whether;" but we believe that even a Chancery suit might be heard, at the present accelerated rate, while an elderly person, standing on the south side of the Strand, could decide whether he would risk being run over by a railway van, a hansom, an Embankment slush-cart, a costermonger, a banker's carriage, a brewer's dray, or Her Majesty's mail-cart. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the Bill would provide what was wanted. We suppose that a tunnel will be made.

The Bank Notes Issue Bill, whereof we spoke to Materfamilias, the country banker's wife, and to the young ladies, was read a Second Time, and will pass, so Papa has no excuse whatever for not giving those parties. It will be an awful good thing for him, this will, so don't let him talk any nonsense and mystification to you, my dears.

To-day the great Cardinal was buried, and with him are buried all the long dead bitternesses touching the great quarrel, which, however, England is prepared to renew with any of his successors who may believe that because, irritation over, we are good-natured and indulgent about ecclesiastical arrangements, England has any toleration for Priestly rule, Catholic or Protestant. But nothing save respect was manifested as the long funeral of CARDINAL WISEMAN blackened all the way. *Requiescat.*

Friday. LORD WESTBURY introduced his new plan for rewarding attorneys, instead of leaving them to pay themselves by awful verbiage. He legalises a bargain between solicitor and client. As soon as the Bill passes, MR. PUNCH intends to call on a most eminent firm, and offer them some handsome price—say a set of his volumes—if, by the 1st of April, 1866, they put him in possession of some nobleman's estate—any one they can get, but the Southern counties preferred. If they do not succeed, there is an end.

The Commons, after a sharpish debate, pitched out a Liverpool Bill intended to regulate the Liverpuddlian public-houses. There may be local reasons for the measure, but "good reasons must, perforce, give way to better." The Liverpool Magistrates appear to be Arbitrary Coves, and to have no definite principles of action.

We then had another Irish debate. Ireland has, up to the present date, monopolised exactly four-fifths of the debates since the Houses met. If ours is the Irish Parliament, why don't we hold it in Dublin? The debate to-night, however, was not a vulgar howl, but a discussion, originated by MR. HENNESSY, into the causes of the decline of the population of Ireland. He wished—the Irish always do—for Government aid. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER answered him, on general principles, and declined to depart from the course prescribed by true political economy. "Help yourself," is the great rule of life, to which, however, MR. PUNCH invariably adds, "and pass the bottle."

CARRIAGES FOR NON-SMOKERS WANTED.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM fond of a cigar, and I like to smoke when travelling, if only for the fact that one has nothing else to do. Besides, I find tobacco soothing to the nerves; and, as accidents will happen on the best-regulated railways, it is a comfort to have something to keep oneself from thinking of them, and from shaking in one's shoes. Still, I know I am a nuisance every time I smoke, at least if I do so in a first-class carriage, where the stuffy fluffy cushions are certain to retain the smell of my cigar, and thereby to offend the noses of the sensible, who, as I do, hate stale stinks. Sitting in smoked carriages is nasty enough for men who are not over nice, but it is ever so much nastier for ladies who are nice, as every lady ought to be. Their skirts are more voluminous than the clothing of a man, and more retentive of the smoke with which, by contact with the cushions, they are rapidly impregnated.

Then, imagine what a nuisance it must be to a lady who is going to a concert, or to pay a morning call, to have to ride in a smoked carriage, and feel conscious when she quits it that her dress bears in its folds the flavour of a tap-room. I declare I often shudder, while enjoying my cigar, to think what pretty noses may be turned up in disgust at it, and what pretty cheeks may redden from the consciousness of clothing perfumed with tobacco-smoke, which is sure to be detected by one's dear friends in a drawing-room. But what am I to do? The directors will not charter smoking carriages enough to accommodate all smokers, and if I refrain from smoking, some one else is sure to smoke, for the rule is now to do so, and non-smokers are exceptions.

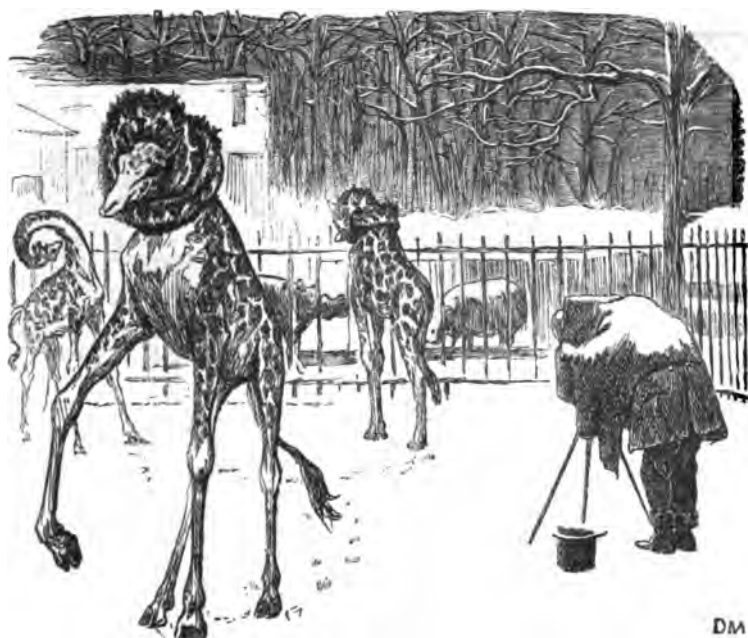
Instead then of supplying a few carriages for smokers, I think that the directors should keep some for non-smokers. A man who does not smoke is generally now in a minority of one, when the point "to smoke or not to smoke" is publicly debated. Let special carriages be furnished where no smoking is allowed, and smokers would take special care never to go into them. But while smokers are penned up in one hot, close, stuffy carriage, like a lot of unclean beasts, they will of course invade any carriage that is open to them, and, regardless of the fine, infringe the law against tobacco.

If you will only help to settle the smoke question by the plan which I suggest, of having special carriages provided for non-smokers, I will gratefully offer a burnt-sacrifice in honour of you every time I travel, and I doubt not there are millions in these piping times of ours who will gladly do the same.

I remain, Sir, yours admirably,

PETER PUFF.

P.S. Was ARISTOPHANES a smoker, do you think? You know he wrote about the *Clouds*.



WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF THE GIRAFFE,

BY WHICH IT ESCAPES DIPHTHERIA DURING THE WINTER. (N.B. A Positive Fact.)

WOMAN'S RIGHT.

(A Billet to BRIGHT.)

DEAREST, could I use a warmer
Word, I would, JOHN BRIGHT, yet oh!
But a half and half reformer,
Far enough thou dost not go.
Manhood's right to the elective
Suffrage thou proclaimest due;
Why, with logic so defective,
Womanhood's assert not too?

Voteless, working men contented
Should not rest, they're told by thee.
Tell us why, unrepresented,
Working women ought to be.
If deficient information
Is no hindrance in men's way
To a share in legislation,
We are quite as wise as they.

Saw, plane, chisel, are they better
Than the washtub and the churn?
If the pickaxe you unfetter,
Let the mangle have a turn.
Oh, JOHN, you should get on faster!
Woman's equal rights proclaim;
Treat the mistress like the master.
Won't you? Naughty man, for shame!

"THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE."—Baby-boys
before they are shortened.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MEMORABLE in the annals of music is the celebrated contest about Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which ended in the utter discomfiture of poor little Tweedledee, who, for aught we know, entered a Convent of Discarded Twiddleumtwees, as Sister Tweedledumb, and has been heard no more. Piece of Music be to her, without variations. *Requiescat*, even through all the bars of a Convent Cell! And now, what has this to do with a University? This, namely, that the other day at Oxford (*Vide Times*, Feb. 24th), the Dons, assembled in a solemn Congregation holden to consider the Local Examination Statute, spent the greater portion of their valuable time in a debate concerning the words "*tum, tum*." The condensed reports of our serious contemporaries did not at the time give sufficient prominence to the laudable attempts made by several eminent Professors to introduce a sing-song tone into the lively discussions of their learned body.

The great question, imported into this debate, was whether, on the entrance of the VICE-CHANCELLOR, the Heads of Houses should all stand up, and, led by the Junior Proctor, his hands playing the melody, should sing, to the tune of "*See the Conquering Hero*," the following psalm:—

(*Con spirito*) "Tum tum ti tum ti
Tiddle liddle lum tum tw-um
(*Affetuoso*) Tiddle liddle lum tum tum ti
(*Bene marcato*) Tum tum tum ti tum!"

The Junior Proctor objected to the introduction of MR. LIDDELL's name into the verse. He did not approve of personal allusions.

The Senior Proctor wished to inquire what was meant in this instance by a personal allusion?

The Junior Proctor thought that

"Tiddle liddle tum tum tum"

contained an animadversion on that respectable and worthy member of the University. He begged to move that after "tiddle" the word "liddle" be removed from the text.

The motion was put, and carried by a majority of ten.

The word "*liddle*" was then substituted amidst much cheering.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON wished to make another amendment. He proposed the omission of the initial and final *tum*. He thought the whole force of the verse would be lost if "*Tum-tum*" should be retained.

DR. PUSEY saw no hardship in keeping the form as it stood. He considered the words to imply that religious education was compulsory. He didn't like these changes. When he was a young man, the refrain of more than one song that he knew was "*Ri tooral looral looral*." Why should they not return to "*Ri tooral looral*?" The Venerable Doctor concluded a lengthy speech by saying that in this form he would be most happy to support the amendment with his (DR. PUSEY'S) "*Ri tooral looral looral looral liddy fol looral ri tol looral li do*."

The members immediately resolved themselves into a chorus of the whole house, and owing to a general ignorance of the tune and time to which the Doctor's words were to be set, speedily arrived at a conclusion.

The Master of Balliol was of opinion that the words *tum tum* only gave a pre-eminence to the subject of controversy. The once popular melody "*Lubly Rosa*" was founded upon an old Puritan hymn tune. He objected to Puritanism, and was afraid that the adoption of *tum tum* would needlessly rekindle the dying embers of old world party spirits.

The Regius Professor of Bye Laws and Regulations wanted to know if the last speaker could quote the line to which reference had just been made?

The Master of Balliol said he couldn't sing without music. But, on being provided with a banjo, he at once struck up in his clear mellifluous voice,

"Lubly Rosa, Sambo come,
Don't you hear the banjo
With a tum tum tum."

The Master then went on to express a wish as to his being jiggered if he didn't entertain sentiments of the most profound affection for the lovely ROSA. The speaker resumed his seat amid some applause.

PROFESSOR BURROWS thought *tum tum* ambiguous.

The Master of Merton rose to ask whether his College, out of respect to a juvenile literary institution, was ever going to be called *Sandford and Merton College*? On being reminded that this had nothing to do with the question, he said he thought that "*tum tum*" ought to be abandoned.

The Dean of Christchurch rose to express his horror at hearing that anything should be "abandoned" in that assembly. What did the Master of Merton mean by it?

The Master of Merton rose to explain. He didn't mean what he (the Dean) meant. He meant something else. He wasn't prepared to support the amendment. But he meant, or rather he should say he *had* meant, or perhaps it might be better expressed by saying that that was his meaning. On reconsideration, he didn't think he meant anything.

The Juniores Proctor present then put the question. Would the original mover of the resolution (DR. PORTLY) press "*tum tum*" in its present form, or not?

DR. PORTLY, University Professor of Medicine, said he felt some pain in doing so. He was not astonished at their scruples. It was his department to deal with them.

The Vice-Chancellor begged pardon for the interruption. On referring to the minutes, he found that it was five o'clock—just time for Hall. Dinner was a necessity. Every one in that assembly was like the Great Poet—"not for an age, but for Hall time." He proposed that the various bills of fare should be laid upon the table. The Proctors would collect votes.

Out of a Congregation of forty members, the numbers were for the Vice-Chancellor's motion—

Placets 39; Non-placet 1 (who was going to dine out at 7).

The House was then dissolved.



ART V. NATURE.

Sitter. "OH, I THINK THIS POSITION WILL DO, IT'S NATURAL AND EASY."

Photographer. "AH, THAT MAY DO IN ORDINARY LIFE, MA'AM; BUT IN PHOTOGRAPHY IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION ENTIRELY!"

YOUR OWN LITTLE BLACK.

Ain't I black enough to be cared for?
I'm not a black nigger, 'tis true,
As armies and fleets is prepared for,
And missionaries is sent to.
But I'm black as dirt can well make me,
And if, by the look of my skin,
You'd nigh for a blackamoor take me,
I ain't not much lighter within.

Although I'm no nigger, I look it,
And haven't been no better taught
Than, seein' a Bobby, to hook it,
In course, to avoid bein' caught.
We're wery much like one another,
We are, arter all 's said and done.
If he is a man and a brother,
Why, ain't I a boy and a son?

And has to is place in creation,
No doubt but my own is the same,
Young monkey without eddication;
And who is the parties to blame?
But while, for all washin' and rubbin',
The nigger a nigger will be,
Your honours, with some little scrubbin',
May make a white Christian of me.

Jesuitical Definition.

BY A STUDENT OF STONESTREET.

A Severe Order.—To be flogged to-morrow.

THE FAIRIES' DIOCESAN.—Bishop of Elphin.

A VERY (IM)PERTINENT DOCKYARD QUERY.

THERE is a "standing-head" in the morning papers called "Admiralty Intelligence." *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know whether the following paragraph, which appeared under this head a short time ago, records a piece of "Admiralty stupidity:"—

"The enormous sheer-legs, made of masses of angle and plate iron, and intended to form the 40-ton hoist at the head of the inner fitting basin in Woolwich Dockyard, will probably be erected to-day. Its transport by Bray's traction-engine was witnessed by the various officers of the yard, and many other persons. The question was frequently raised, 'Why has the Admiralty sanctioned the outlay, stated to be £2,000 for new sheers, while a crane of equal capacity, and similar manufacture, received a short time ago, is lying unemployed in its shed?'"

Dockyard Echo (being in the interest of the Admiralty) answers "Ed," of course; but out-of-doors Echo, not having any views on Admiralty pay or pension, answers "Want of 'ead," decidedly.

THE SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

"DR. BROWN, the principal of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, in New York, when giving evidence on a recent trial, stated that ALDER'S *German and English Dictionary*, which is used as a standard text-book in most of the Colleges of the United States, was written by a person of insane mind in the Bloomingdale Asylum. He also added several others College text-books were written in that Asylum, and that one of the leading newspapers in New York is principally edited in that institution, the leading editorial being written three or four times a week by a person of unsound mind under confinement."

Punch knows now why "Uncle SAM" has always persisted in saying that we didn't understand his institutions; so will all who have read the above; but "Uncle SAM" has only been partly right, for though *Mr. P.* did not know that any of the New York editors were under restraint as lunatic, he has long thought that more than one of them ought to be.

A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never set your heart on a Doctor. He can only love by fits and starts.



TELESCOPIC PHILANTHROPY.

LITTLE LONDON ARAB. "PLEASE 'M, AIN'T WE BLACK ENOUGH TO BE CARED FOR?"

(With Mr. PUNCH's Compliments to LORD STANLEY.)

REFORMATORY RIGOUR.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,—With a view to the rather desirable object of preventing young pickpockets from growing into confirmed thieves, what think you of the discipline maintained at Reformatories, supposing a specimen of it to have been disclosed in the subjoined extract from a letter written home by an inmate of one of those establishments?—

"I hope you enjoyed yourself at Christmas, as I did and all our school-fellows. We had roast beef and plum pudding for dinner, as much as we could eat, and we all sat round the fireside, and sung and danced, and dressed our room with holly. We did enjoy ourselves. I should like one of you to come if it lay in your power, which it does not. You would not know what the place was without being told; it looks like a private house. We took our band out at Christmas and played; a lady gave us a supper. We had plenty of roast mutton, and got home at 11 o'clock."

Not bad for an inmate of a Reformatory, eh? Not a bad sample of letter-writing; not bad Christmas fare and entertainment narrated therein. By no means bad, the beef, and pudding, and mutton, and the merrymaking even; not at all bad, any of it, in any sense of the word—perhaps you will say. For you, Mr. Punch, with your fine perception of differences, will

distinguish between reformatory schooling and penal servitude.

This distinction, however, seems to have been rather overlooked by "A COUNTRY VICAR," who sends the foregoing quotation to the *Times*, wherein it appears under the heading of "A Pleasant Discipline." The Vicar considers the discipline of a merry Christmas far too pleasant for a Reformatory, and deprecates it as follows:—

"May we not imagine how some poor half-starved, hopeless child of sin, hearing of such delights, might think it no bad speculation to qualify for so much roast beef and plum pudding? One small theft would seem to him an easier and shorter path to that to which even a long continuance in well-doing might scarcely lead."

Very likely. What then? A "half-starved hopeless child of sin" must needs be incapable of any "continuance" in well-doing: but he is capable of discontinuance in doing ill, and which will he do least ill by doing; to commit one theft more for the purpose of getting admitted into a Reformatory, or to go on thieving in order that he may manage to subsist half-starved until at last, perhaps, he comes to be hanged?

The "COUNTRY VICAR" concludes with the following serious and sarcastic reflection:—

"Surely a sense of sin and shame, and a certain amount of suffering, should not be forgotten amid so much fun in the work of reformation."

Well; all Reformatories are supposed to be provided with a parson, who preaches to their inmates on Sundays and festivals. He would of course preach them a special sermon on Christmas Day, and a "sense of sin" would hardly be "forgotten," if, in his discourse, the reverend gentleman explained the reason why that anniversary is celebrated, any more than it would be forgotten by a Bishop preaching to a fashionable congregation of "miserable sinners." But do you consider, Mr. Punch, that reclaimed street-urchins in a Reformatory, who have never been taught to know sin from sanctity till they came there, require to be impressed with a deeper sense of sin than the educated occupants of a luxurious pew? And is it your opinion that juvenile offenders reared in poverty and ignorance, ought to be visited with a sense of "shame" for their misdeeds more grievous than that which affects adult transgressors of the superior classes?

As to "suffering," Sir, if I mistake not, children at Reformatories are in no want of experience. A not uncommon incident of their purgation is a severe whipping. For misbehaviour of no great enormity they are often whipped savagely by a strong man with a birch rod. Ought "a certain amount of suffering," beyond that which necessarily attends all education, to be the rule of their existence even on Christmas Day? Why, yes, Sir, if they are to be educated in bitter hatred of their teachers and tormentors and Society at large. If the contrary object is intended, then the way which you will perhaps consider best calculated to effect it is the substitution of a happy childhood for a wretched one. It may possibly

appear to you, Mr. Punch, that "A COUNTRY VICAR" commits the somewhat clerical error of confounding the notion of a Reformatory with that of a House of Correction. Psychology has doubtless taught you that a necessary condition to the development of good feeling is kind treatment, and you will probably allow that the distinction between reformation and punishment is one that is made by strict common sense and not by mere

MAWKISH SENTIMENT.

ENORMOUS REDUCTION IN THE NAVAL ESTIMATES.

THERE has been a good deal said, out of doors, as to the prospect of important reductions in our naval and military expenditure this year. Some say we *are* to have it, some say we are not. We don't know what the War Office is doing, but the Admiralty is evidently straining every nerve to save the public money. Let those who dare to doubt the fact, read this, and blush for their cynical scepticism:—

"A few days ago some of the dockyard men were ordered to assist one of the contractors in a work which it was necessary to complete as early as possible, and as a requital for their extra labours the sum of 5s. each was allotted to them, and deducted from the contract payment. After a lapse of some days the men complained of not having received their money. As an explanation of the cause of the delay, it was alleged that the Paymaster had not been able to calculate the amount of Income-Tax which it would be necessary to deduct. The men were finally paid 4s. 11½d. each a farthing having been withheld from each amount."

There! what do you say to that? That's something like saving! Stop! let us calculate it carefully. Say twelve men, at a farthing a man; why it's actually three-pence saved to the country out of a three pound job—exactly a penny in the pound. To small minds this may seem a small result of several days' intense arithmetical labour in the Paymaster's office, and several days' angry waiting for their money by the dockyard "maties;" but let sneerers and scoffers remember the proverb, "Take care of the pence." Hitherto, the Admiralty has allowed both the pence and the pounds to take care of themselves, and the result has not been satisfactory in the case of currency of either denomination. The pounds got lost, evidently because they wanted somebody to take care of the pence. But now that the DUKE OF SOMERSET has begun to take care of the Admiralty pence, let us hope the Admiralty pounds will begin to take care of themselves.

MR. GLADSTONE, when he read the above startling item of naval intelligence, is reported to have had an attack of hysterics, and to have wept so loud that MR. ANDERSON and MR. G. HAMILTON rushed into his room, and dashed in his face the contents of the official hand-basin in which MR. GLADSTONE had just been washing his hands of all connection with DISRAELI and ARCHDEACON DENISON in the matter of ecclesiastical appeal. MR. GLADSTONE was almost choked—owing to the quantity of odium *theologicum* which had been deposited in the water—and was some minutes before he could explain, which he did with considerable asperity, that the tears which had so alarmed his attached official subordinates were tears of joy.

MR. ANDERSON respectfully begged for some of this precious fluid, and has had it bottled in an eight-ounce phial, with the label,

"Iron tears down Plutus' cheek."

A small quantity of this elegant extract has been sent by MR. GLADSTONE in a lachrymatory of rare old dragon china, to SIR RICHARD BROMLEY, who finds great support from sniffing it, in those frequent moments when he is on the point of sinking under the combined weight of his official duties as Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, his sense of the national ingratitude to himself, and his horror at the extravagance of the House of Commons.

The Unmanageable Island.

IN order to settle the Irish difficulty, it has been proposed to abolish the Church of Ireland as by law established, and to establish the Roman Catholic Church in its place. The consequence of this proceeding would most likely be, that the Irish Papists would all immediately turn Protestants, and that the Irish Church would be as great a grievance to the Irish people as ever.



PITY POOR LUCY!!

OBLIGED TO GO TO THE MONDAY POPULAR WITH COUSIN BESS (FROM THE COUNTRY)
WHO WILL DO HER HAIR *à la théâtre*—THAT IS, TRAPOT FASHION.

MODEL CONCERTS.

BRAVO, MR. MANNS! Your Saturday Winter Concerts, in their way, are model concerts. Thanks to your good judgment, the programmes are arranged to please all ears excepting long ones, such as are not moved by any concord of sweet sounds, and whose owners, though not fit perhaps for treason, stratagems, and spoils, are certainly not suited to the Crystal Palace concert-room.

Another admirable point in your programmes is the notice that an interval of five minutes will occur after the symphony which begins each of your concerts, and another interval before the final overture or other instrumental work. The lighter music in the programme is performed between these pauses; and people who like songs, but cannot understand a symphony, thus have their exits and their entrances without disturbing other persons of more educated taste.

In music, as in other matters, this is a free country, and every Briton has a right to quit a concert in the middle if it pleases him to do so. But he has no right to annoy other people by his egress, which he is sure to do by leaving in the middle of a piece. There are various tastes for music as there are for every other sort of mental food. Some like the turtle of BEETHOVEN, some the venison of MOZART; while others only relish the lollipops of VERDI, or the trifles light as air which are whipped up for the dance. A man—nay, a MANNS—who wishes to be popular must cater for all tastes; but he must take care in so doing that the dishes do not clash. The lovers of BEETHOVEN have a right to growl and grumble if their hearing of a symphony be disturbed by the incoming of the lovers of a dance-tune or a sentimental song; nor is there any reason why people should not hear the last piece in a programme in silence if they like. But, in general, no sooner is the last piece commenced, than silks begin to rustle and boots begin to creak; and the music is performed with a stirring pedal accompaniment which quite destroys its beauty, and robs its would-be hearers of the treat for which they wait.

So, bravo MR. MANNS! Mr. PUNCH applauds your effort to obtain a quiet hearing for BEETHOVEN and MENDELSSOHN; and Mr. PUNCH would simply hint that the person who in future interrupts their hearers should be regarded as a miscreant whom it were gross flattery to call a brainless ass.

It is mainly MR. MANNS who has raised these model concerts to their present eminence, and in consequence a fund is being raised for MR. MANNS, to which the public are invited to subscribe to testify the pleasure he has given to the public.

THE WARNING OF WANDSWORTH COMMON.

MIDNIGHT lay still on fair West Hill,
Wandsworth snored silent nigh;
But for yell and scream of the whistling steam,
As the darkling trains roared by.

That sound alway, both night and day,
Must Clapham Junction hear,
Now Battersea plains are a place of trains
That 'sparagus erst did rear.

'Twixt whistle's yell, that rose and fell,
I heard a voice of woe,
Though the Black-sea birches it scarcely stirred,
So faint it was and low:

An eldritch sound that thrilled the ground,
And through the air did run;
'Twas the Spirit of Wandsworth Common that called
To the Spirit of Wimbledon!

Spirit of Wandsworth Common.

Sleep'st thou, Brother?

Spirit of Wimbledon Common.

Brother, nay!

Sleep from me is scared away.
Round my skirts surveyors stride,
Through my furze-brakes builders glide:
Bold invaders, plotters sly,
Meting me with pace and eye.
Chain and tape—ah, woe is me!
Draw around my dingles free—
'Tis for this I watch and weep,
Now when happier Commons sleep!

Spirit of Wandsworth Common.

Watching, Brother, thou dost well:
'Twas for want of watch I fell.
As secure I sleeping lay
In the shade of SPENCER'S name,
Foemen cut my skirts away,
Left me scarred and bared to shame.

Well thou knowest once how brave,
Robed in green, I met the spring;
How my birch-plumes used to wave
O'er golden gorse and purple ling;
How the April-lovers knew me,
Summer loiterers flocked unto me;
What rich feasts of light and air
'Neath the blue sky's breezy tent,
I would spread—life-giving fare—

To the pale Poor, city-pent!
Happier Common, then, than I
Basked not under Surrey sky:
Freer, fairer Common none
Took frown of cloud, or smile of sun.
So I slept—till evil men
Striped and scarred me; back and brow;
Think, oh think, what I was then,
See, oh see, what I am now!

My green robe's a tattered shred,
Gold and purple's rent away:
Torn the birch-plumes from my head;
E'en my very skin they flay!
Take my bones to mend the roads,
Dot me o'er with vile abodes—
Hideous Cockney-villa spawn,
Each squat in its cube of lawn!
And a prison glares and glooms
From its iron-windowed tombs;—
Burial-place o' the living, here,
And a cemetery, there!
Schools, asylums—well I ween,
Little children are my joy;
In old times my gladdest green
Was put on for girl and boy;
And my lap was full of flowers
To make sweet their playing hours.
But the more I love their play,
From their schools I turn away.

But e'en schools I'd bear to take,
All for Charity's sweet sake.
No such plea my soul resigns
To the hateful iron-lines,
That my wasted forehead score,
Growing ever, more and more!

Then be warned, ere 'tis too late,
Brother, by a brother's fate.
If thou sleep, as I have slept,
Thou wilt weep as I have wept.
SPENCER is a noble name,—
Noble still a SPENCER's aim:
Yet though SPENCER spurns reward,
And though SPENCER seeks not pelf,
Better than e'en SPENCER's guard,
Is his guard that guards himself.
I know how the shoe doth pinch—
And this tale each corn doth tell—
Brother, do not give an inch,
Lest, perchance, they take an ell!

A CASE FOR LAWSON AND CO.



THE attention of the United Kingdom Alliance is directed to the subjoined announcement which has appeared in the papers:—

"CONTRACT FOR RUM FOR THE NAVY.—Her Majesty's Government has accepted the tender of MESSRS. HENRY WHITE & Co. for a further supply of rum to the extent of 65,400 gallons."

From the antecedents of the United Kingdom Alliance it may be hoped that they will see the necessity of sending a deputation of teetotalers to wait on LORD PALMERSTON, and remonstrate with him on allowing the Admiralty to encourage the liquor traffic, and provide sailors with the means of indulgence in the consumption of ardent spirits. If they are only true to themselves, they will not be restrained from taking this step by any

apprehension of being contemptuously bowed out, and of incurring public ridicule anew by a fresh act of conceited folly and impertinence.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE, 1875.

(If the Ladies go on at their present rate.)

WESTMINSTER.—LADY EMILY SLASHGRASS and Miss GALLOPER were brought before MR. SELFE, charged, the former with throwing stones in Hyde Park, and the latter with assaulting the police.

POLICE-CONSTABLE A 256 said that he saw the prisoners in the Park, by the Serpentine, at about five in the afternoon, just when the ring was full; and thinking, from their manner, that they were bent on mischief, watched them. He heard the prisoner GALLOPER say to the prisoner SLASHGRASS, "Em, old girl, I'll give you six to one you don't knock that groom's hat off once in seven shies." The other prisoner said "Done!" and threw a large stone, which passed close to the groom's head. At the third shot she knocked his hat off; whereupon the witness took both the ladies into custody. The prisoner GALLOPER was very violent and abusive, threw her cigar in his face, and struck him a severe blow in the eye, from which he had suffered great pain ever since.

The Prisoner GALLOPER. How was I abusive?

WITNESS. You called me a low, area-sneaking Bobby. (Laughter.)

JOHN HICKS said:—I am a groom, and yesterday was sitting on horseback, leading another horse, when my hat came off.

MR. SELFE. Came off, Sir? Mind what you are about, Sir? Was it not knocked off?

WITNESS. It may have been.

The worthy MAGISTRATE failed to get any further information from this witness, in spite of threatening him with an action for perjury; and the Prisoner SLASHGRASS loudly expressed her opinion that the witness HICKS was a "brick."

MR. SELFE said that these assaults on the police by ladies of the Upper Classes were becoming shamefully frequent. He must make an example. He should fine them each three dozen of white kid gloves, or, in default, have them locked up for two hours in the Pantechnicon.

MADAME CHARLES, who was present, immediately paid the fine.

MARYLEBONE.—LADY ROMPINGTON and Miss SARAH DE SPINSTER were charged with dog-fighting for a wager in Kensington Gardens, against the Act; and Miss WAXEND, with four other ladies, were charged with aiding and abetting, and obstructing the police in the execution of their duty.

PARK-KEEPER HIGGINS said, that early yesterday morning he was looking for a blue-nosed baboon which had strayed away from a lady the night before, and got lost in the new Mandrake plantation of the Acclimatisation Society by the Serpentine, when SIR COWPER COLES came up to him, and informed him that a large number of fashionably-dressed ladies were assembled by the Round Pond. He immediately dispatched a messenger for a large force of constabulary, and cautiously proceeded to the spot. A large crowd of excited ladies were assembled. The prisoners ROMPINGTON and WAXEND were encouraging the prisoner SPINSTER in a loud tone of voice. They were all very abusive.

Miss WAXEND. How was I encouraging?

WITNESS. I heard you call out three or four times to Miss SPINSTER, "Go it, SARAH! I'll hold your bonnet." (Laughter.)

The MAGISTRATE. You say that the other ladies were abusive. Pray how?

WITNESS. They said I'd been shaving, and kept calling out, "How's DILKE?"

The MAGISTRATE. I don't see much in that.

The CHIEF CLERK explained to his Worship that LORD DILKE had recently been forced to put a stop to Croquet in the Gardens in consequence of the riotous proceedings of the ladies playing. At the last great match between Belgravia and Tyburnia, there had been a regular set-to with croquet hammers, and one case had terminated fatally.

The MAGISTRATE said that he was determined to put an end to this sort of thing. It was a most extraordinary and most unfortunate thing, that the young women of the present day should be led away by the delusion, that acts of "fastness" like this could be attractive to any one whose opinion was in the least degree worth having. By the style and tone which they had lately chosen to adopt, the women of England were throwing to the winds all that vast influence which their mothers had possessed, and had used for so much good. The ambition of the girls of the day was, it seemed to him, to make themselves rivals in the follies of the more unthinking of the other sex, who despised them, while they encouraged them. The Prisoners were each fined eight boxes of chocolate drops, or in default to be locked up in the Hanover Square Rooms for half an hour.

The Prisoners, who were evidently taken aback by the severity of the sentence, asked, through LADY ROMPINGTON, whether the chocolate was to be "Masson" or "Menier."

The MAGISTRATE. Half of each.

After a short delay, MR. GUNTER, of Berkeley Square, and M. MENIER, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, appeared and paid the fine. The Prisoners left the Court in their carriages.

HERE AND THERE.

SONG BY CLOWN.

HERE we are! Let you and me
Think how long we've here to stay.
We are here now, ah, but we
Shall be there another day!

When we weren't here, there we were.
Here when we no more remain,
Then again we shall be there,
Shouting, "Here we are again!"

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR 1865.

BY THE ASTRONOMER PLEBEIAN.

SOME "dark" phenomenon may appear in the course of the Derby day, but not equal to the original "Eclipse."

The transit of Venus will take place along Rotten Row, round the Park, and through the crush-room of the Opera. Observers are coming from every quarter of the Globe to watch this constellation of beauty.

Charles's Wain has consented to have its carts taken by CHIEF BARON POLLUX.

Aries and Taurus have engaged MR. COXWELL's balloon to bring them to the Cattle Show.

The next Pope may be Leo.



FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

FROM THE "JOURNAL DES COIFFEURS."

[The Ladies have already begun.

THE LICENCE OF THE LONG ROBE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE honourable Member for County Clare has introduced into the House of Commons a bill to amend the law of libel, of which I cannot approve, because it is designed to diminish litigation, and therefore calculated to injure the learned and scrupulous profession to which I have the honour to belong. In this measure, SIR COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN proposes to exempt the proprietors of newspapers from their existing liability to action or prosecution for libellous or defamatory matter contained in their reports of speeches made at public meetings, and to transfer that liability to the speakers thereof. I should not object to this alteration if I thought that, whereas actions are now brought against newspaper proprietors, they would, if it were to become law, be brought just as often against the makers of speeches; but I am afraid that practically such would not be the case, because a man's speech is one thing, and its report by another man is another thing, responsibility for the former is not responsibility for the latter, and there would be more or less difficulty in proving coincidence of one with the other. This consideration would somewhat discourage rogues from going to law with the object of getting vindictive damages; and that would be detrimental to business.

The clause proposing this objectionable change in the law of libel, is, however, accompanied by the considerate provision that it is not to affect the privileges of Parliament or courts of justice. Parliament would of course take care of its own privileges; but those of the courts of justice might be sacrificed by a too hasty law-reformer. If a man, speaking in public on public affairs, which are no business of his own, allow himself to be carried away by feelings of indignation, however natural, and his words can be brought home to him, let him take the consequences of his indiscretion—an action for slander, and heavy damages. If a newspaper proprietor publish libellous speeches for public information, let him suffer the penalties of libel. But ever respect the privileges of courts of justice! It is of the utmost importance that a barrister, pleading for hire on behalf of his client, should be at perfect liberty to cast the grossest and most groundless imputations that he may think it expedient to invent on anybody's character which it may suit his purpose to blast.

"Devil's Own" Club, Feb., 1865.

CAUSIDICUS.

A CHANCELLOR DIVIDED AGAINST HIMSELF.

IF HOMER sometimes nods, even LORD WESTBURY may now and then be allowed to snooze. Still, a Chancellor's snoozing is a serious thing, except on the Woolsack during a debate in the House of Lords. In that "Sleepy Hollow" a Chancellor snoring with his eyes shut seems rather in keeping than not with the "solemn drowsy-head" that reigns around.

But when a Chancellor takes forty winks on the Bench—above all, when he delivers judgment in this winking state, it may be a very serious matter both for clients and counsel.

It must have been in one of these non-lucid intervals of obliviousness, that WESTBURY, Chancellor, the other day, decided in his own Court the recently reported case, "*Ex parte POTTER, Re BARRON*."

The case turned on the question whether the execution of an unstamped deed of assignment by a debtor could be relied on as an act of bankruptcy. Counsel brought forward two cases in which such a deed had been judicially decided to have this character. The second case (*Ex parte WENSLEY*) was cited as a decision of LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL's.

Who was WESTBURY, that he should be guided by CAMPBELL? He deliberately overruled the decision cited to him as plain JOHN's, adding, with that happy courtesy which distinguishes him, that "he did not wish to be held as agreeing with the decision cited to him in *Ex parte WENSLEY*: it would take a good deal of argument to convince him of the soundness of that decision."

It subsequently turned out that this decision was one of LORD WESTBURY's own!

Really, counsel should be more careful. Not only "circumstances" but Chancellors "alter cases." If decrees are quoted with wrong names, who can tell what they ought to weigh? Cited as CAMPBELL's opinion, WESTBURY was in honour bound to pick a hole in *Ex parte WENSLEY*. Cited as WESTBURY's, though not the more sure to be right, the judgment would of course have been respected by our courteous and candid Chancellor.

LORD WESTBURY is always understood to consider one person at least as infallible. That person is LORD WESTBURY.

If that infallibility is to be divided against itself, what are the Courts of Equity to believe in?

It is as bad as the POPE condemning in the Encyclical the very principles he was "Viva-Pio-Nono-ed" all over Italy for setting his name to in 1848.

If this sort of thing goes on, the proverbial uncertainty of the Law will be nothing to the uncertainty of Equity.

Unless, indeed, WESTBURY is weary of his infallibility, as TITHONUS was weary of his youth, and, having nobody else left to snub, is determined to snub himself—RICHARD against BETHELL, and BETHELL against RICHARD—like that famous JOHN LILBURN of CROMWELL's time, of whom his friend SIR HENRY MARTIN said, that "if there were none living but he, JOHN would be against LILBURN, and LILBURN against JOHN."

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

(From the "Hansell Mercury.")

Two pounds of Cambridge sausages at Oxford were yesterday admitted *ad eundem*.

The planet Venus, now so conspicuous an object in the heavens, has put forth a tail. This phenomenon may account for the fact that the Moon has been making faces.

Three blind mice were couched for cataract at the Ophthalmic Hospital to-morrow.

The POPE has sent a Syllabus of Errors, with his apostolical benediction, to TOM THUMB.

Police!

WHAT tune would a person whistle who had been stealing milk? "Robin Adair," eh? (Robin's a dairy!!!)



AN INCURABLE.

Mamma. "ALGERNON, YOU GREAT SILLY GOOSE, I AM ASHAMED OF YOU! TO GET INTO SUCH A STATE ABOUT THAT ODIOSUS LITTLE MISS GRIGGS! WHY, SHE WAS DROPPING HER H'S ALL OVER THE ROOM!"

Algernon. "WAS SHE? I ONLY WISH I'D KNOWN IT; I'D HAVE PICKED 'EM UP—AND KEPT 'EM!"

TOM KING,

ONCE FUGILIST, NOW SCULLER.

ONCE in a well-roped twelve-foot ring
TOM KING displayed his mug,
But times are changed, and bold TOM KING
Is now a bold "Tom Tug."

Among the heavy weights no more
His one-two he'll deliver;
King of the Ring no more, he hopes
To shine King of the River.

He knows no counter but his skiff's,
And sudden peaceful grown,
Instead of cracking others' sculls
Now feathers but his own.

So long as in a wager-boat
There's still room for a spar,
He that would match with him will catch
A Tartar in this Tar.

His right and left will still keep stroke,
Howe'er his combats fought are,
And fame that's o'er upon the shore
Awaits his oar on water.

The Faith as it is in Westbury.

A VENERABLE Bishop was complaining bitterly the other day that Ecclesiastical Causes should come under the cognisance of the LORD CHANCELLOR—"a person of no serious or settled belief, and extremely lax, he believed, even in attendance on public worship."

"Oh, no," said SAM OXON, "The LORD CHANCELLOR is a most regular worshipper, and his Church is Little Bethel."

THE AMERICAN FLAG RE-QUARTERED.

WHETHER the South be recognised or not, as a consequence of the War, it is clear that the Negro will. When the Stars shine again, the Stripes will have disappeared.

PREFACE FOR A GRAMMAR.—Accidence will happen in the best-regulated Syntax.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"Circæda nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."

ONDAY, February 27.

As at a good dinner, we began with Oysters, but it was only to hear from LORD GRANVILLE that Government does not intend to legislate for the Bivalves. Of course, if the oysters are unconcerned upon the subject of reform, it would not be statesmanlike to agitate them. We repose some confidence in the President of the Council in this matter, as he has a reputation for knowing—as a gentleman should know—what constitutes an artistic banquet, and we have not the slightest doubt in the world is a match for our friend JUVENAL's oysterish epicture:—

Most ladies can read Latin, but for the railway interest, Evangelical bishops, and fast young men, we will paraphrase:—

You may blindfold his eyes, put the fish on his tongue,
And he'll tell you the place where from spat it has sprung.
The fat little Native, of oysterdom Queen,
The oyster that Paris adores for its green,
Nay, try with American fish that sedate man,
He'll say, "They sent this who have sent us MISS BATEMAN."

Transportation was mentioned, and the Government, using courteous terms towards the Australians, renewed its assurance that in three years the system should entirely cease. The delay was caused by the want of prison accommodation. This want is caused by our ridiculous system of filling up our prisons with lodgers who could be much more easily disposed of. If, instead of offering an ordinary culprit hotel accommodation for six months, you gave him a mild flogging, and discharged him, you would have plenty of room for criminals of a worse caste, and also for children whom you might reform, instead of leaving them to a Pariah life, while the prig and the wife-beater are in comfortable lodgings, with cocoa, chops, chaplains, and *Gil Blas*. Moreover, his skin being the only thing he respects, the chances are that you would not see him again, instead of, as at present, being favoured with his patronage every season.

Propos of Gil Blas, SIR GEORGE GREY explained that in the prison where that work was perused by the scoundrel whom the mad doctors served so efficiently, that class of reading would not be allowed in future. Accident revealed the indulgence, and we dare say that until other accidents occur, chaplains' pets will enjoy similar recreations in many of Her Majesty's gaols.

The debate on the condition of Ireland was resumed. MR. ROEBUCK was severe on the "mendicant whine of the Irish," and was very contemptuous about their plebeian priests, whose vulgar ignorance and bigoted prejudice he considered as the roots of Irish evil. There is no doubt that a low and uneducated clergy is a curse to any country. But LORD PALMERSTON, who closed the debate (there were two or three good speeches between) thought that the natural features of Ireland had much to do with her want of prosperity. Her climate made her properly a pasture country, while her peasantry clung to patches of land, which they insisted on cultivating. The inference is, that until we can make her a manufacturing nation—the priests will hinder this, if they can—the Irish must emigrate. The PREMIER offered a Committee, but MR. HENNESSY likes the flourish of a division, and had 31 to 107 against him. The English of this Irish debate is, that certain of the leading Tories meant, with the expected aid of the Hibernians, to give the Government a fall, but the Sunday cooled divers heads, and some of the most respected Conservatives refused to come up to the scratch. So there was sulk in the camp, and the end was that MR. DISRAELI took no part in a large debate which called up the crack Ministerialists. Do the Parliament men think that the great *Punch* does not see all their little games? In proof that he does, he hereby lights up this business with his Magnesium Wire, even as PIZZI SMYTH has just done unto the interior of the Pyramid.

Tuesday. A Sewage debate in the Commons. The world is aware that there is fierce strife as to the proposed method of treating our sewage. The fact is, that we have only recently discovered that what we thought rubbish, to be got rid of, is fertilising treasure, to be thankfully used. But we know as yet no more how to turn it to account than a baby knows how to use a bundle of bank-notes. A hybrid Committee has been appointed to consider the subject, half the members chosen by the House, and half by the Committee of Selection.

Then we had an Education debate, led by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who desired a Select Committee. The opponents of the present system declare that it helps only those who can help themselves, and does nothing for the helpless. Its authors defend it strenuously. But why should *Punch* take any notice of such a trumpery matter as the Education of the Poor? The Commons were not inclined to condescend to such trifles—the House was nearly counted out in the middle of the discussion, and when a division was called for, there were 18 on one side and 68 on the other, nothing like a House in fact, and so we adjourned.

Wednesday. POPE GREGORY THE GREAT having introduced the Sprinkling of Ashes on the first day of Lent, and that day being called *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash-Wednesday, the name is retained, although at the Reformation we abolished the sprinkling as a "vain show," and also as very uncomfortable when the ashes were sprinkled on the head, and got down between the medieval shirts and the respected backs of our ancestors; and therefore the House of Commons did not meet until two o'clock, instead of twelve to-day. SIR FITZROY KELLY moved the Second Reading of his Bill for Improving the Law of Evidence. The intense wisdom of our present system was admirably illustrated on the very next day, when an Italian, who was civilly dead, being under sentence of death for murder, was examined as a witness, and allowed to prove the guilt of another person, though he, the witness, had been forbidden to speak on his own trial, and therefore had been deprived of the opportunity of showing his innocence. He would assuredly have been hanged if the spirit of MR. NEGRETTE, the eminent thermometer-and-every-other-ometer maker, had not ascended to "spirits boil," and sent him flying to Birmingham to catch the real stabber, and compel him to repent and confess—a fact which we register for all time, to the honour of MR. NEGRETTE. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL clings to the old system, and means to oppose SIR FITZROY. For once we have the honour of agreeing with MR. SCULLY, who remarked that Ministers might be better law-reformers if they had the advantage of the leisure enjoyed by the Opposition.

MR. CLIFFORD—what puts the words *Stat nominis Umbra* into our head? unless it be that we have just lost a beautiful umbrella with our name on it, from our stand—pushed on his Bill for doing away with fines for not going to church. We trust it will pass, but would ask MR. CLIFFORD to introduce a clause for also doing away with the fines for going there. They are called fees to pew-openers. Because one has not always got a bad shilling handy for pew-opener or box-keeper. Moreover, something should be done to restrain those pertinacious Beggars, the parsons, from having more than ten Collections in one month. Here is an account of what we have paid in that way since the first ultimo:—

1. For Converting Jews	£ 2	s. 1	d. 2
2. For ditto Hotentots	0	0	3
3. For ditto Irish	0	1	0
4. For ditto Spitalfields	0	5	0
5. For an Evening Preacher	0	2	6
6. For the British and Foreign Anti-Colonno Society	0	0	6
7. For the Society for the Propagation of Missionaries	0	1	0
8. For a Church in some Scotch Island—Muck, we think	0	0	6
9. For some Clerical charity—we could not catch what, the preacher mumbled so	0	1	6

10. For Schools in Tipperary	£0	1	0
11. For a new Hymn Book (not nearly so good as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S)	0	2	6
12. The regular Collection	0	4	0

This is our own experience, and scores of correspondents who beg us to intercede with the Clergy to let them alone will probably now let us alone, as we have brought the case under the notice of the Legislature.

But now, here is another financial grievance. ALDERMAN SALOMONS wants to open all the Bridges free, and levy a general rate upon the Metropolis to pay the cost of such enfranchisement. This, while the City levies a vast tax, and pockets most of the money, *via* the Corporation. Let the City buy up the bridges.

Thursday. Notice in both Houses that we are to have a grand Museum debate. The place is so crammed that the Curators are perfectly outrageous. We fully expect to see a general onslaught upon the stuffed collection, and to behold it flying out of the window into the quadrangle—in fact, when we go to the Library we always run up the steps as fast as possible, lest we should get an elephant or a crocodile on our heads. We should not blame these gentlemen—we mean the Curators, of course—if they made short work with the dusty old Zoological lumber. Why is it not got rid of? Who wants to see the dirtiest and worst stuffed giraffe in the whole world, when he can see half a dozen beautiful live ones walking about with their necks twisted round like comforters, as depicted in *Mr. Punch's* pages last week?

MR. BAINES postponed his New Reform Bill until the last of Chimney-Sweepers' Days.

We had a Gun debate, and MR. BAILLIE demanded a Committee to inquire whether the QUEEN's ships are properly armed. He went into the question, and fired very heavy charges at the Admiralty. LORD HARTINGTON resisted the motion, said that some of our big guns were not so bad as had been alleged, and that he did not believe we were worse off than other nations. LORD CLARENCE PAGET said that a Committee was sitting on the best means of rifling guns, and this reminded *Mr. Punch* of the trunk-maker in DOUGLAS JERROLD's comedy, who compliments *Lord Skindeep* on having spoken beautifully, especially when he described BRITANNIA as seated upon her polished trident. MR. BAILLIE was defeated by 57 to 22, but he deserves the thanks of MRS. BRITANNIA aforesaid. There was then a discussion on the awful expense of repairing ships—for instance, the *Lyra* cost, for repairs, £26,642, while she could have been built for one hundred and fourteen pounds under that sum. The Government answer was brilliantly unsatisfactory.

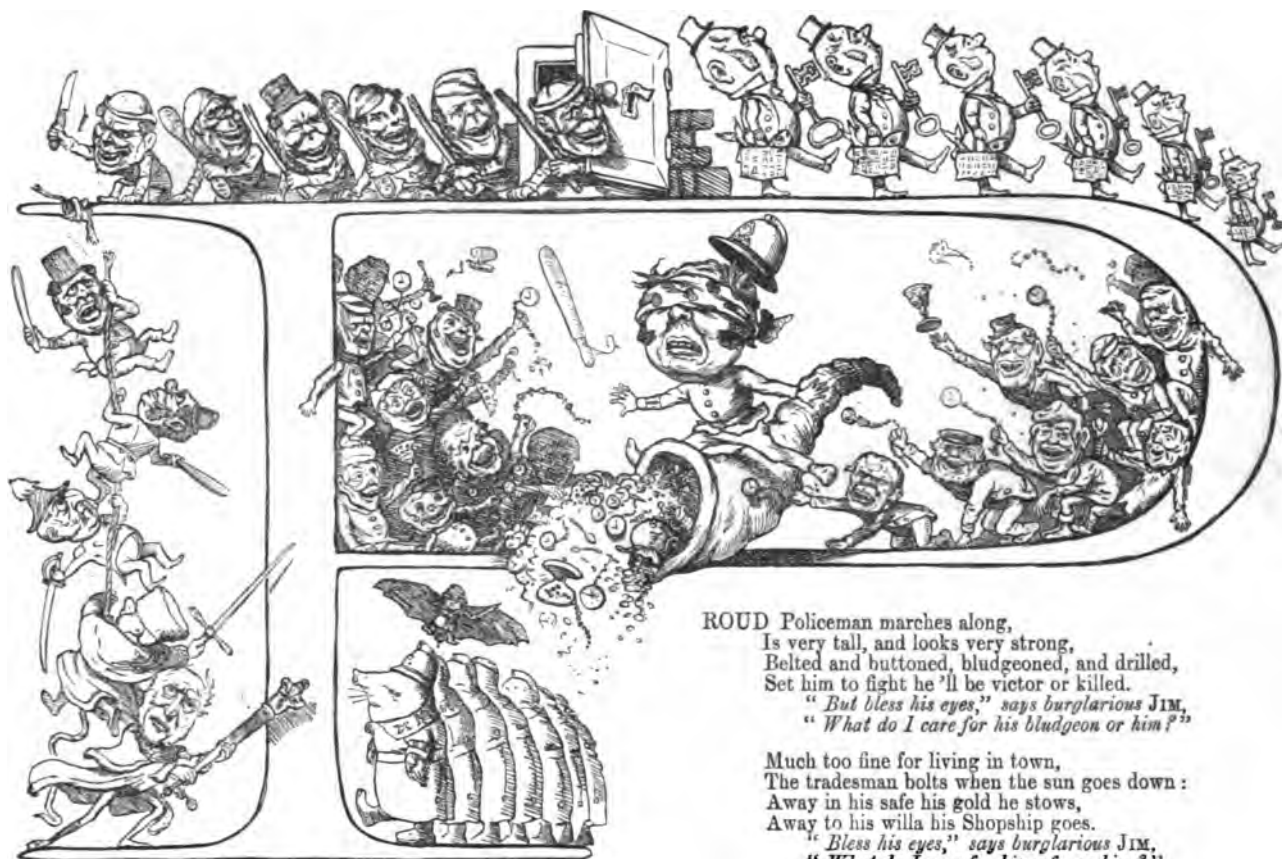
Punch is not a sentimentalist, but he must be allowed to say that he thinks there ought to be some difference made in the prison treatment of persons who are only charged with offences and those who are convicted. SIR GEORGE GREY does not, and was good enough to "hope that he had made it clear the other night that persons under remand, persons only charged with an offence, were not subjected to greater hardships and privations than those actually convicted!" Really! Well, that is something to know. This part of our prison system must be overhauled. Any innocent person may, by the machinations of a scoundrel and the obtuseness of a Magistrate (especially one who has a fatal facility of belief in police narratives), be sent to prison, but until tried, he ought not to be treated as a felon is rightfully treated. It is scandalous that one has to enunciate such a platitude in these days, when a Judge is so careful of the interests of a self-condemned stabber as to force Counsel on him to rebut the man's own confession.

The Colonial Secretary brought in a Bill for enabling the Colonies to defend themselves at sea, entirely at their own expense. *Punch* is economical to a fault, but can see no objection to this.

Friday. Ex-Chancellor LORD ST. LEONARDS did not think that the County Court Judges were fit to administer Equity, and he believed that they would sell the poor man a bad article. Ex-dittoes LORDS CRANWORTH and CHELMSFORD partly approved of the new scheme. Actual Chancellor LORD WESTBURY said that there was no choice in the matter, we must have those Judges or none. He believed them perfectly qualified, and added that if they had any superfluous Modesty he should advise them to get rid of it. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons had a Popish debate. MR. NEWDEGATE made an awfully long speech on the wickedness of convents and of those who dwell therein, and demanded a Committee. MR. HENNESSY contended that the existing law sufficed to deal with proved wrongs. MR. NEATE thought that the Catholics themselves required protection from their priests. The House, having then had enough of the serious business, shouted and roared for MR. WHALLEY, and also shouted and roared at his Protestant oration, especially when, alluding to the case of one ELIZA RYAN, said to have been abducted, he declared that if the QUEEN herself wanted to know where that person was, HER MAJESTY could get no answer. Imagine the QUEEN asking, "Where's ELIZA?" SIR GEORGE GREY thought that no case had been made out, and that law was of no use when people were led away by religious impressions. MR. SCULLY went into a rage, and then the House went to division, when MR. NEWDEGATE was defeated by 106 to 79. Nevertheless, gentlemen Oratorians, if—

BURGLARIOUS JIM. BY OUR OWN BROWNING.



ROUD Policeman marches along,
Is very tall, and looks very strong,
Belted and buttoned, bludgeoned, and drilled,
Set him to fight he'll be victor or killed.
"But bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his bludgeon or him?"

Much too fine for living in town,
The tradesman bolts when the sun goes down:
Away in his safe his gold he stows,
Away to his willa his Shopship goes.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his safe, or him?"

It's Sunday morning, O, jangle bells,
Calling to Church the pious swells:
The parson stands in his Humbox high,
Abusing JIM and his friends hard by.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his sermon or him?"

A jolly big hole in his Shopship's wall,
In goes JIM, with his pals and all:
Now for a wrench, with the strength of four,
At Somebody's Patent Impossible Door.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his patent or him?"

Door, or side, or something to smash—
Now for watches and jewels and cash.
And now for a wash, and a tranquil meal,
Hark—the clink of the iron heel!
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his boots, or him?"

Home, and rich—and we'll lurk a bit:
Thieves fall out, and a thief has split.
A gang's in quod, and there comes a day
When my Lord the Judge has a word to say.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his wig or him?"

A chaplain whines to his softening pets,
Very soft sawder that chaplain gets,
Very sweet hymns the convict sings,
Very quick Ticket his piety brings—
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his hymns or him?"

Out on Ticket of Leave he stalks,
Tries garotte, to amuse his walks:
Trapped again, and again he sings
In tune with a scourge that whistles and stings.
"You've opened my eyes," says persuaded JAMES,
"I'll take the hint, and I'll stop my games."

GAS COMPANIES, BEWARE.

THERE is good news from Egypt. The Great Pyramid has been lit up with the Magnesium flame. This is no "allegory from the banks of the Nile," but a fact which MR. PIOZZI SMYTH publishes, and Mr. Punch triumphantly blazes abroad. The next mail will probably announce that Memnon was vocal for joy when the rays fell on his aged lips, that the Sphinx has been serenaded by wire-light, and the Cataracts of the Nile illuminated by the same brilliant agency.

Chairmen, Directors, Shareholders of Gas Companies tremble for your supremacy, look to your despotism! Cash your dividends, clutch your bonuses, get rid of your shares! Escape from your bad gas, your dear gas, your dribbled gas is nearer than the most benighted consumer ever dreamed of. These alight metallic filaments may strand you, cut you off from the use of the globes, and drive you into the shade. Before long your meter will not be the common meter it is now; your piping times are coming to a close; the main chance you have so well looked after is in danger!

A word of advice. Be abundant, be brilliant, be cheap, and you may yet save yourselves from "all this coil," and hear no more of these cutting retorts; yet keep your feet (but at a considerable reduction per thousand). Determine that you will be no longer in such bad odour; set to work with all your might and main to satisfy our Equitable demands, and make our houses light-houses, and your "branches" shall still flourish, your "standards" never be lowered.

A word of warning. Persevere in your dimness and dearness, and every consumer amongst us will join a great Magnesium ribbon conspiracy, and gas become an exploded antiquity, as curious as a carriage and four, as strange as a stage coach. Don't gasconade, don't get into a flaming passion; but be wise, be enlightened, or you may have to swallow a dose of magnesium that will disorder you for many an annual meeting to come, and possibly, completely ruin your constitution.

Lampeter, March 1.

For the Nursery.

WHERE must little boys who put their fingers in their mouths expect to go to? Why, Gnaw-thumb-erland, you bad child.



A DELICATE CREATURE.

Mistress (on her Return from a Visit). "I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SMITHERS, THIS DAILY ITEM OF FIVE SHILLINGS FOR DINNERS. I THOUGHT——"

Smithers. "WELL, MUM, THE LOWER SUVVANTS WAS SO ADDICTED TO PORRIDGE, MUM, I RE'LLY—I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T OBJECT TO MY 'AVING MY MEALS HIGHERWHERE!"

CÆSAR AND HIS CRITICS.

EVEN as the mighty JULIUS stood
With secret daggers round,
Drawn, when his mighty back he showed,
Hid, when he turned and frowned.

So the Imperial scribe is seen
Of CÆSAR and his fall,
Girt round, with pens, as poniards keen,
Filled less with ink than gall.

Eager—though safe from JULIUS' fate,
Their Gallic CÆSAR feel—
Upon his book to wreak their hate,
And stab it with their steel.

And he that from their wielders' fists
Had struck the pens of France,
Dares in the literary lists
With them to break a lance!

Henceforth be KINGLAKE's sneer withdrawn;
NAPOLEON ne'er did quail,
Before the muskets of Boulogne,
Or Piedmont's leaden hail.

His courage is of higher flight
Than soldiers need or know,
Who thus has dared a book to write
With France's wit his foe!

THE KING OF PRUSSIA CRYING.

SOME people have been too hard upon the KING OF PRUSSIA. They have represented his Prussian Majesty as being, in reward for the exploits of his army in Denmark, decorated with the Order of the Gallows. Schleswig and Holstein have been likened by them to the watch and chain of MR. BRIGGS, and they have pointed out an incomplete analogy between KING WILLIAM and MÜLLER. Were there, however, a European Central Criminal Court, before which princes and statesmen, the authors of unjust wars, could be arraigned for their crimes, and were the Sovereign who slew the Danes and took possession of the Duchies tried by that tribunal for robbery and worse, there is good reason to hope that he would be acquitted of those charges. According to the Prussian correspondent of the *Times* :—

"A most affecting scene occurred the other day in a Berlin military hospital. In going the round of the wards, the King noticed a man who had lost both his arms and legs. The King inquired if there was anything he could do for him. The human torso, a victim of the late campaign, replied, 'Your Majesty, have me shot.' Deeply affected, the King replied that he could not possibly fulfil this unchristian wish. Upon this, the unfortunate man, dying into a passion, cursed the doctors that had kept him alive. The King turned away crying."

Poor old man! After all, the KING OF PRUSSIA has a soft heart; there is no denying that: but it is evidently accompanied by as soft a brain. He could weep at the sad spectacle exhibited by a "human torso, a victim of the late campaign," which he himself had ordered, out of ambition, and to pacify discontent. When he came to see a single example of the consequences of what he had done by waging a war of aggression, he was moved to tears. The sight of one poor wretch, his instrument in the work of slaughter and spoliation, who, in doing that work, had been deprived of all his limbs, and now begged to be shot out of his misery, made his Majesty cry. He was unprepared to behold such results of warfare as those presented by that truncated object. He had never forethought the effects of rifle and cannon shot on human shins and thigh and arm bones. Being at last confronted

WEALTHY AND WISE.—It's as easy as A B C to be rich and make a good use of your riches. Witness Miss ANGELA BURDETT COURTIS.



NULLUS AUT CÆSAR.

LOUIS (*An Ambitious Boy*). "AH HA! MON AMI! I SALL MAKE 'IM SO BIG AS YOU!"

with a solitary instance of them, he turned away crying. Could it possibly have occurred to him that the unhappy soldier, who implored death, and "cursed the doctors that had kept him alive," was a mere molecule in the mass of torment and woe created by the King who willed the Danish war, surely his tears would have drowned the wind.

The fact that the KING OF PRUSSIA cried on beholding an individual example of mutilation incurred in battle, conclusively shows that when he went to war he did not know what he was about. It bespeaks simple want of imagination and reflective intellect. Then, too, his refusal to have a man shot who wanted to be shot, evinces a scrupulousness which, combined with any capability of thinking, would have restrained him from needlessly causing to be shot men who did not want to be shot. The conscience which rejected the petition to be shot and put out of pain as "unchristian," would, in conjunction with the least degree of reason, have felt that the employment of needleguns and rifled cannon in aggressive war, to the infliction of the direst suffering and injury on multitudes, would be contrary to Christianity. No such sense gave the KING OF PRUSSIA pause in dooming thousands to a death of agony or a life of howling. Could he be brought to trial for the atrocities which at his bidding were perpetrated on Denmark, the verdict of an unprejudiced jury might well enough be Not Guilty, on the ground of ineptitude.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially reported for the Drawing-Room.)

THE RING.

THE Match between the Pet and the Deep'un (whereof a detailed account was given by us a short time ago), which was interrupted by the authorities from the Home Office, was resumed the other day, and, after a gallant struggle, terminated so far satisfactorily as it is possible for such encounters to terminate.

It was very difficult to arrange such a safe place of meeting as should at once baffle the myrmidons of a maternal government and be moderately easy of approach for the parties engaged. This was admirably managed by one of the Pet's backers, well known in these circles as the Cousin, to whose cautious arrangement it was agreed on all hands that everything should be left.

Before the meeting it had been whispered that the Pet wished to be "off" with the Deep'un, and wanted to make a Match with ENSIGN GORDON (the Wacant Wallflower), but there was no truth whatever in the report.

The Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace was the place fixed on by the Cousin, acting for the Pet. The Deep'un was attended by CAPTAIN SLIGO, of the Enniskillens. The Deep'un was first to arrive. The Pet was somewhat behind time.

On coming up to the scratch, both combatants advanced to meet one another, the Deep'un being the first to put out his hand, which was immediately taken by the Pet, and good-humouredly shaken.

The Cousin and BOB SLIGO, after whispering some parting advice in the ears of their *protégés*, then retired, and left the pair to the business of the day.

The Pet evinced a slight hesitation of manner, for which we can now easily account, but the Deep'un's compressed lips and steady gaze showed that he did not undervalue the difficulty of the task before him.

Round 1. The pair walked round, eyeing one another anxiously. Deep'un threw out a cautious feeler as to that fellow GORDON. Pet tried to stop it laughingly, but, in doing this, she made a slip, and was knocked almost out of time by a direct blow in the region of the heart.

Round 2. The Pet, on recovering, tried to look as if she did not care very much for her antagonist. But before she knew where she was, Pet was catching it heavily. Pet put in her right—to be heard, but was gently stopped. First tear for the Deep'un.

Round 3. (Pompeian Court.) Pet's eyes and nose bore evident marks of the Deep'un's punishment. Some desultory and random hitting on both sides. One or two sharp exchanges.

Round 4. (Nineveh Court.) Pet keeping well away, and timing the Deep'un. The Deep'un made a desperate attempt to close. Pet shook her head and got away laughing.

Rounds 5, 6. (Tropical Department.) Deep'un advanced, but could not better his position. He attempted to plant one on the cheek, but was stopped. Mutual sharp exchanges, gradually losing power on both sides. Deep'un now appeared to pluck up, and got closer and closer. The Pet evidently anticipating the next move, carefully guarded her face. This, however, did not *a-vail* her. The Deep'un got in cleverly underneath the guard, and planted one on the cherries. It was promptly returned by the Pet on the Deep'un's left whisker-bed, who, being a glutton of punishment, appeared anxious for a repetition. The Deep'un had evidently held himself back for this moment. He suddenly delivered one powerful one, which she caught directly in her ear. Pet returned softly, but truly, then fainted, was caught, but was stopped, and then went down on a seat. (This was the decisive point in the fight.)

Round 7. (Leaving the Crystal Palace: evening.) When they again came up Deep'un appeared with a grin of triumph on his good looking phiz, while the Pet, although still smiling, was evidently somewhat shaken by the last encounter. It was probably by her backer, The Cousin's, advice that Pet made several attempts to get well home. At last Deep'un allowed her to do so, and when Pet wanted to get away drove her with his left right up to her corner (Hyde Park Corner), where the Pet warily got down.

Round 8. It was now considered by all spectators a settled thing, and it was felt that it would be better for all parties, and more charitable to the plucky pair, if the fight was brought sharply to a conclusion. Deep'un's friends, four or five sporting gentlemen known as The Bachelors, were strongly opposed to this course.

When time was called (11 o'clock at St. George's, Hanover Square, *no cards*) the Deep'un appeared calm and collected, though by the nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth we could see that he wasn't as yet exactly at his ease. The Pet's eyes were much swollen, and it was apparent to all that it was as much as she could do to last out this final call upon her strength. After some hesitation both went down by the rails, where there were some heavy exchanges between them, the effects of which they will probably feel for life.

Pet had to be carried to her corner, and shortly afterwards her friends threw up the sponge-cake in token of defeat.

The umpire, the Rev. C. UPLER, Rector of St. Bride's, of course gave his decision in favour of the Deep'un, who thereupon received the congratulations of his numerous friends.

The admirers of the Pet presented her with more than one valuable testimonial to her gallant conduct and undaunted pluck, throughout the late encounter.

The Pet's colours were orange and white; the Deep'un's variegated. The courageous couple are now making a tour of the provinces for their mutual benefit.

THE COUSIN AND THE MATCHER.

Out of the above meeting arose a merry little mill between The Cousin and Pet's first trainer (maternal), known as The Matcher.

The Cousin came right at her antagonist, sending in one with her right by way of a salutation. The Matcher countered her heavily on the stairs. Both down by the library.

In the new rounds, the Matcher went in at the Cousin heavily for claudestinely assisting the Pet. This severely taxed the Cousin's powers. The Cousin, after some dodging, fibbed away merrily, evincing an amount of tact and discretion hardly to be expected of her, and the Matcher having apparently had a dose of it, refused to answer when called upon. This lasted 20 min. 15 sec.

THE COMMONS TO THE RESCUE!

Rise Barnes and Streatham! Wandsworth rise,
At Wimbledon's loud summons!
We can't afford to let a Lord
Play tailor to our Commons.

The coat I'd save that Nature gave,
Though sorely torn and tattered.
The gorse gold-lace frayed off its face,
The turf's green velvet battered.

That coat though rough I would not doff,
In spite of gods and men, Sir,
To show myself, my skirts cut off,
In what is called a *Spencer*.

Call Folks by their Right Names.

THE Jews in New York have presented a petition against a proposed amendment to the Constitution, one of a theological character. The Jews beg, in fact, that the Yankees will not call themselves Christians. While regretting that Jews will not cease to be Jews, we are bound to say that in this protest they stand up for consistency.

ONE FOR THE EMPEROR.

(Quotation from a certain Shakspearian Play, Act i. Scene 2.)

"WHO is it in the Press?"—*Julius Cæsar*.

A GENUINE SUCCESS.

Faces in the Fire. Those of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR, at the conflagration of Savile House.

THE Gas Companies' Lawyer.—COKE.



"AS CLEAR AS MUD."

Irish Waiter. "AN' WILL YER 'ANWER HAVE AN INSIDE KYAR OR AN OUTSIDE KYAR?"
Inexperienced Saxon. "OH, AN OUTSIDE CAR, OF COURSE; I DON'T WANT A COVERED CONVEYANCE; I WANT TO SEE THE COUNTRY."

Irish Waiter. "OH, SHURE, MATTHEW OF 'EM'S COVERED." (*Closing door and preparing for a luminous explanation.*) "IT'S THIS WAY, IT IS, SIR. THEY CALL 'EM INSIDE KYARS BECAUSE THE WHEELS IS OUTSIDE, AN' THEY CALL 'EM OUTSIDE KYARS BY REASON THE WHEELS IS INSIDE!"

HOW NICE IN HIM.

WE seldom notice criticism, but as, like BACON, we hold Everything to be in our department (including breakfast bacon), we are never debarred, by precedents of our own making, from saying just what we like. And just now we like to say how much we are pleased with recent demonstrations on the part of the Musical Critic of the *Athenæum*. That he is utterly devoid of the crotchets and the spitefulness so frequently observable in critics whose range of subject is limited, and whose reverence for it is fanatical, everybody knows, but for the warm-hearted and generous tributes which he has paid in circumstances which would have dictated smaller conduct to a smaller man, the majority of readers of the *Athenæum* may not have been prepared. The greatest pianist of the day, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, whom we must also call by her rightful name, MRS. DAVISON, for the fuller elucidation of matters, has lately added to her renown by some magnificent performances of a composition by DUSSEK, called *L'Invocation*, and she has so marvellously well expounded a difficult masterpiece, that it has been demanded again and again at the Popular Concerts. The *Athenæum* writer not only felt a true artist's admiration of a true artist's performance, but a brotherly regard for a fellow-labourer, and as the lady's husband, who is the leading musical critic of London, was debarred by good taste from giving much more than a simple record of his wife's success, the hebdomadal reviewer has demonstrated at once his sense of justice and his feeling of chivalry, and has published the frankest and the warmest homage to MRS. DAVISON'S genius. He has attended all her performances of *L'Invocation*, listened with profound attention, and remained until the last applause ceased, so that when he came to write on the subject he spoke glowingly of what he had heard

STATISTICS OF POPULATION.

SIR,
 MY Son Tom and myself occasionally talk over scientific matters after dinner. It's wonderful what can be done over some fine old Port. TOM wrote the following Paper from my dictation. Three bottles of dry, yet full-in-the-mouth, liquor, brings my son TOM out to advantage. As the Paper was sealed up and directed overnight (I suppose TOM did this, for I don't recollect it), I have not undone it to see whether it wanted any corrections or alterations this morning.

I remain, Sir, yours, ever in the cause of science,
 MATTHEW MUDDLE.

N.B. The Compositor had great difficulty in deciphering the enclosed letter. It was blotted in several places with a liquid, that both in colour and smell bore a strong resemblance to Port wine. The commencement was in a pretty fair hand, but as the letter progressed, the writer apparently lost himself in the subject. The heading was written up in a corner, and was evidently an after-thought:—

STISICS O POPSHUN.

There's a mean population in Ireland. 257 mean populations in 1841 square miles. Pass the bottle. The Fresh popltion—no stop—the French population is below the Irish stannard. I don't mind if I do have nother, buzz it. There are sixty-two apartments of France below the soil. I take the lowest figure and throw him in. It's corked: try nother. 53,975,000 of Fresh poplshon live in a reduced aria. Pass the Pyramids, no the Pyrenees, and pass the Borel, not corknow into Spain where there are cops crops and other advances. Only 80 people in Spain.

Popshun of Iland blow the Danube. Curous fac that, vercurous fac, not genelmanly known. Pass bol. I remain, yours tudaly, my dear boy, nofished, no finished yet.

Russians Popshun 32 black moles in ekseshional condshon. Shant write nymore see Guvnor bowd first. Dear-boy bed. No more stisics. Curousfacs vercurous facs no gellymally known. Gooight ol flow.

I signself,
 TOM MUDDLE.

A Historical Parallel.

SOME people object to the parallel which the Imperial author of the Life of JULIUS evidently intends to draw between biographer and subject. The likeness will be more clearly seen, if the name be written—as it should be—"SEIZER."

lovingly. Again, in the case of the Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, who has not been so successful as his varied efforts to amuse the public deserved, the *Athenæum* critic has been as kind, if not as warm. He has pointed out defects and errors, but in a candid spirit, and at the close of the season, instead of exulting in the fulfilment of unfavourable prophecies, and bestowing a parting sneer upon a gentleman who has not been fortunate, he has credited him with his energy and spirit, and with his abstaining from availing himself of his position in order to come before the public, and has bid him cheer up and hope for better luck next time. He has also proclaimed, and we are only too happy to follow his lead, that the popular favourite, MR. W. HARRISON, will take his benefit at Her Majesty's on Thursday, the 16th of March, when he ought to be exceedingly well befriended by the lovers of English music and English honesty.

Fair Play for the Davenportes.

THE DAVENPORT Brothers "die hard," and PALMER and FAY, their touters, are not to be silenced by failure and exposure. PALMER now demands a "jury of twelve" to decide upon the merits of the Brothers; and considering the blasphemous assertions of the mountebanks—amongst others, that of being "released from their bonds" by a spirit—we think PALMER'S request ought to be granted, and a "jury of twelve" summoned to try the gang for receiving money under false pretences.

NOTICE BY THE SPEAKER.

THE gentleman who dropped his voice may hear of it again by applying to any of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons.

THE KING OF THE LUMBAGEES.

BY BENNY THE BO'SEN.



I'LL sing you a song o' my father,
Who was bo'sen aboard the *King Arthur*,
Which wessel went sailing out rather
Beyond all Her Majesty's seas;
I think I now see him as he's
Talking to my boy JACK on his knees—
"We sailed all about the horizon,
Seeing sights as was awful surprisin';"
This yarn spun my father to my son
Of the King of the Lumbagees.

The old Salt,
BENNY's father,
begins his rela-
tion to MASTER
JACK, his grand-
son.
Early domestic
troubles.
His flight.
He appeases
MASTER JACK's
impatience.
Geographical
information.

Type of race.

Distinguished
PassengerHis charitable
object.Protracted
Passage.Fearful situa-
tion. No grog.
No prog.Poor relief
Dark hint.

"When I was a young 'un at Spithead
I met KITTY KICKSY as fitted
My taste: I was much to be pitied,
As she turned out a regular tease.
She was always a raising a breeze;
When my tail she would angrily seize.
I got a berth on the *King Arthur*,
All along of my knowin' a tar there,
And sailed, leaving your grandmamma there;
And now for the Lumbagees!

"The wessel was bound for Lumbago,
Which is somewhere not far from Podargo,
We took out a curious cargo
To land on the furriner's keys.
Now this here Lumbago be's
An isle in the Southern Seas;
The native's a sort o' confusion
'Twixt African, Chinese, and Rooshian,
The chief city's name is Mashushan,
And the people are Lumbagees.

"On board there was a Missionary,
Who spoke the brogue of Tipperary,
And he'd preached to the blacks in the prairie
What he'd learnt in his Collegues.
For promoting of life's decencies
He took out some little coatees.
In flannel he'd some of the best kits
Of thingummyfigs and warm westkits
Which he took with some grog and ship's biscuits
For the good of the Lumbagees.

"We sailed for a year and a quarter,
We hadn't a drop of cold water,
And only one bottle of porter—
Such accidents happen as these—
We'd killed all the ducks and the geese,
Our bread was as dry as our cheese,
We couldn't ha' held out much longer
If we hadn't cot a fine conger,
Or we should ha' done something wronger
Than a cussin' the Lumbagees.

"We were talking of eating the skipper
With winegar, mustard, and pippier,
When a cheer from the mizen cries 'Hip-hur-
-ray! for the tops o' trees!'
The voice was the Missionairee's,
As was working his compasses.
'We've got,' says he, 'near the Equator,
My glass jist makes out a young cratur
Almost in a state o' natur'—
'Twas the state of the Lumbagees.

"We landed: the King with an escort
Came down, and a white flannel westcoat
We gave him; and this as his best coat
He wore till his royal decease.
He wasn't unlike a Chinese,
With a liking for green and black teas;
And while he was being converted
With all the Princesses I flirted,
And by pretty manners diverted
The beautiful Lumbagees.

"The bold Missionary did in go
For talking the Lumbagee lingo,
And the King gave up worshipping Jingo
And the heathenish goddesses;
And the people who fricassees
Had made of all Missionarees,
Refused this good person to dish up,
Canonicals they made him fish up
From his box, and they called him Archbishop
Of the various Lumbagees.

"And I, for my wisdom, soon arter
Was spliced to the King's eldest darter,
And was made by position a martyr
To all the Court ceremonies.
With forms I *always* disagrees,
For I likes to sit down at my ease.
They bow'd and they scraped in a bevy,
Which they did ev'ry day at a levy;
The work done by Royalty's heavy
At the Court of the Lumbagees.

"I reigned for two years in this fashion,
Till the parleyment got in a passion,
And the populace all day kept smashin'
The windows of plate glasses;
They pulled down my shiver de freeze';
As I couldn't the beggars appease,
I went to the bishop, the clerk too,
We all smuggled out in the dark, to
Find a ship in which we could embark, to
Get away from the Lumbagees!



"They took us aboard the *Red Rover*,
They gave us a passage to Dover,
And here I am living in clover
On the bounty wot's her Majesty's.
I wouldn't be monarch of Greece,
Nor bishop of all the high Sees—
I'd sooner rub on as a lackey,
I would! Bear a hand, MASTER JACKY,
You hand down a pipe of tobacco,
And bother the Lumbagees!"

Delicacy.

Land.

The charitable
person from Tip-
perary addresses
the sailors.Indelicacy.
Explanatory.The King, with
his escort, re-
ceives the
strangers.

More type.

An impression.

Great success.

The Primate.

Grandmamma
being, it is sup-
posed, defunct.

Taste.

He is made
King.Remarkable;
Fact.
Riots.
Abdication.He becomes a
Pensioner.
Wise conclusion.The old gentle-
man ends his
narration in
smoke.



AN ADVOCATE FOR PROGRESS.

Cabby. "WHY, SIR, IT AIN'T O' NO USE STOPPING, BECAUSE THE LONGER WE STAYS, THE WORSE WE'LL GET IT!"

REPRESENTATION AND REASON.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

It is not true that I was buried at the Holy City in a steel coffin suspended between two loadstones. I was taken up in a trance into the seventh heaven, and remained there until I was let down again the other day, when the FERGUSONS got me into their power, and, for purposes of their own, immured me in this place, from which the angel Gabriel will shortly liberate me, and then I shall be revenged upon them!

In the newspapers which are allowed here, I see that MR. BAINES and others have prepared a Bill for extending the elective franchise to six-pound householders. Sir, I ask, why draw the line at six pounds? Why not go the whole animal? I do not say "hog," because I hold that beast unclean.

Sir, I am for universal suffrage. If the mass of six-pound householders have intelligence enough to vote, I want to know who has not? I am for real universal suffrage, mind you. Some advocates of a suffrage which they call universal would limit their liberality by allowing a vote only to every unconvicted person of sound mind. Setting the case of criminals, who have forfeited their political rights, aside, I protest against the implied exception.

There is a man in this place who labours under the delusion that he has discovered perpetual motion. Though insane upon that one point, on all others he is perfectly rational. He is a person of vast information, and most logical reasoning faculties; and he is particularly well up in constitutional history. Is the single slate loose in this man's well-furnished upper storey a disqualification for the exercise of the elective franchise so great as the ignorance and general mental deficiency of the uneducated masses? He, I am sure, would, standing at the polling-booth to vote for the man of his choice, know perfectly well what he was about. Are we as certain that even every ten-pound householder would, supposing him, for the sake of argument, to be sober?

But do not mistake me, Sir. My voice is for the representation of all classes and all orders of intellect, not excepting the lowest, and

inclusive even of the disordered. Derangement, Sir, is very inadequately represented in the House of Commons—only by a few Irish Members with lucid intervals, and perhaps one Englishman. No wonder that the law on the subject of lunacy is in so unsatisfactory a condition.

One of the inmates of this establishment believes himself to be ALEXANDER THE GREAT. I say, Sir, that, consistently maintaining the principle of inherent representative right irrespectively of intellect, you ought to allow a vote even to that fool, who says that he is older than I am, and flourished more than nine hundred years before my flight from Mecca. Of course, Sir, you are aware that I am

Hare House Asylum, March, 1865.

MAHOMET.

The Duke's Motto.

Now who my Patron Saint shall be?
Quoth the bold DUKE OF SUTHERLAND:
There's Saint *Sophia* might do for me,
But *she* belongs to another land.
For an Englishman my voice I'll raise,
My Patron Saint shall be Bishop *Blaise*.

Parliamentary Waste of Time.

EVERY one to his own opinion about the value of the Minutes of Council respecting education; but at any rate those minutes do not amount to such a bore as the hours on hours of empty jaw which the House of Commons is continually devoting to the inconclusive discussion of that tiresome subject.

A THOUGHT IN THE PARK.

WHAT an aggravating reminder—to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dun ponies.

HISTORY EPITOMISED (by LOUIS NAPOLEON).—"CESAR and BONEY very much alike: specially BONEY!"



SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

1st Sweet. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF THE LAST TWO MONTHS, CHARLIE?"

2nd Ditto. "LITERALLY, BY DEAR FELLAR, BLOWID BY DOSE IDIOSCRADLY; WHAT HAVE YOU?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 6.

Discussion in the Lords about new military hospitals, said to be constructed on the "glass and glare" principle. Some tolerable jokes were exchanged on the subject, which showed that the Lords had not degenerated from that witty nobleman, "my LORD BIRON," who undertook

"To jest a twelvemonth in an hospital."

In the Commons to-night, and in the Lords on the next evening, came questions and explanations on what will be known as "the LEONARD EDMONDS Scandal." If it were

not that one great name, which has ever been honoured in these pages, though its owner has also contributed in no small degree to their fun, has been mixed up with this business, *Mr. Punch* would make very short work of it. There is clearly a

whole chapter of omissions and commissions to be read. But *Mr. Punch* is certain that he shall please all honest readers (and he never desires to please any others) by forbearing from detail or comment until HENRY BROUGHAM shall have been heard, and then all good men will be both grieved and astonished, should not his speech be instantly followed by a unanimous verdict of acquittal. Call the next case.

The next case was that of JOHN BULL v. Railway Mismanagement. MR. BENTINCK, for the plaintiff, demanded that Government should have power to inquire into accidents, and frame regulations.

As for the latter desire, the fact is that regulations are framed already, and the frames are nailed up at the Stations, but officials do not observe them. MR. MILNER GIBSON utterly declined, on the part of Government, to undertake the proposed responsibility. On the whole, we incline to think that the best preventive of accidents which has yet been discovered is the old but invaluable machine called the British Jury. It frightens Directors into something like vigilance. The machine is kept in a box, and when properly Charged, it explodes with splendid effect, and is in fact a tremendous fog-signal, for intimating to mis-managers that something is wrong.

And now for "*Rule Britannia*."

The martial, naval, and majestic hymn having been executed, and our minds having been brought into what good *Tony Lumpkin* calls a "concatenation" accordingly, LORD CLARENCE PAGET introduced the Navy Estimates.

Never mind about the money—we must pay what LORD CLARENCE asks—but let us see what we have got for the money.

We have got (in addition to our Wooden Walls, in which we are not to trust) Thirty Armour-Clad Ships, most of them ready, and the rest (save one—now then, Millwall, wake up!) so forward that they can be ready to do slaughter at Christmas.

We are to have, for this year, 69,750 men, 2,200 fewer than last year; but fewer men mean more officers, and therefore better-served ships, in these days of science.

We are to have 7,000 boys—the same number as last year.

We reduce the number of our Marines on shore, and we knock off 500 men from the expensive Coast Guard.

Among the Thirty Tyrants of the Azure Main, we have 19 iron-plated Line-of-Battle Ships, 7 smaller ones, and 4 of great value for defensive purposes.

We are to have Four Ships of tremendous speed, which his Lordship described as "*Four Alabamas*," *Abis omes*.

We are to have a "really" sea-going vessel (there is a history in that word "really") on CAPTAIN COWPER COLES's principle.

We are to have new Docks for the new set of large armour-clad Ships.

All that reads pleasantly, and if we add that we are asked for £10,392,924 to pay for these things (some £300,000 less than last year), *Mr. Punch* does not set the fact down to damp satisfaction, for

"Estimates never were designed
To make our pleasures less,"

but because business is business as well as pleasure.

A good deal was said in reply to LORD CLARENCE, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON declined to wear rose-coloured spectacles, and had a many things to say against various ships, and against MR. REED, the Government designer, who, SIR JOHN considered, had bewitched his employers—they, like *Sylvia*, rejoicing in

"Telling how, with eager speed,
They flew to hear the vocal REED."

SIR J. ELPHINSTONE accused the Government of wasting money over bad ships. We resumed the subject on *Thursday*, and SIR MORTON PETO was very severe on the Government, and as to MR. REED, the Baronet said that the appointment of that gentleman made him disbelieve in the DUKES OF SOMERSET, but what profanity may not be expected from a Dissenter, MRS. GRUNDY? SIR MORTON appealed to CAPTAIN SHERRARD OSBORN's report in favour of the *Royal Sovereign*, which is adapted to the COWPER-COLES plan, and is stated to be the best ship in the navy. So said SIR J. HAY, who declared that the country was not in a proper state of defence. To all these charges LORD CLARENCE replied, complained that Members picked up gossip, quoted ADMIRAL DACRES, who seems to have commanded all the ships in the world, and thought

well of many of them, denied that the Admiralty had opposed CAPTAIN COLES (we dare say), defended MR. REED, and did his duty gallantly as an official. But we had not half done with him. COLONEL SYKES urged that the French navy was scarcely more than half as costly as ours, SIR H. WILLOUGHBY went at figures, and declared that the real reduction from last year was only £25,000; MR. BENTINCK objected to all reductions. MR. STANSFELD made a most clear and able speech—so good that it must have delighted the Opposition and MR. COX to think that they had driven so good a man out of office. He showed a thorough sea-going knowledge on the subject, and the sooner he is in place again the better. MR. CHILDERS, who is in office, defended the figures cleverly. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON remained, like the *Brothers Cheeryble's* butler, "unconvinced," and then the men and boys and the money to pay them were voted, MRS. GRUNDY.

"Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the waves,
Those who insult her tread upon their graves."

With a sweet smile *Mr. Punch* resumes his habitual bland, pacificatory and pacificawhig manner, and takes a flying backward leap into

Tuesday. To-day a gentleman took his seat for Tralee. This gentleman calls himself THE O'DONAGHUE, but THE PUNCH has a little story to tell him. Last year but one, *Mr. Punch* was sailing on a certain Lake, or Loch, in what MR. GLADSTONE calls a conquered country, and which the map calls Scotland. In the boat, a magnificent Highlander fraternised with *Mr. Punch*, and as they smoked the pipe of peace, the former,

"In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old rum,"

said to the latter, pointing at a third, "That person calls himself 'THE MAC *****.' He is wrong to do so. There are but three personages in this world (besides yourself) who are entitled to prefix the definite article to their names. These are THE MAC *****, *The Mac* *****, and *The Devil*." Now, as the Irish gentleman in question is not *Mr. Punch*, nor any one of the other three gentlemen named,* he must excuse *Mr. Punch* for not giving him the Article. But wise compromise is the essence, as MACAULAY says, of all political action, and *Mr. Punch* has no objection to borrowing a Christian name from a very delightful story in that admirable publication *Once a Week* (BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars), by MISS ANNIE THOMAS, and calling the gentleman THE O'DONAGHUE. His admirers, and we dare say he has many, for he has pluck and manners, though he makes wild mistakes, may at their liking suppose him to have been christened THEODORE, THEODOSIUS, THEOPHILUS, or THEOPOMPUS. But not for all Ireland will *Mr. Punch* break the Promise of Odin, which he made to that great Highlander, never to mis-beatow a title.

The entire night was taken up by a debate on the Malt Tax, at the end of which discussion the Agricultural JEREMY DIDDLE was informed, by 251 to 171, that MR. GLADSTONE had such a thing as Seven Millions about him, and meant to keep it about him. If JEREMY would only study the cartoons of the Prophet *Punch*, so much time would not be wasted.

A Bill was brought in for enabling the Government to acquire the block of houses between Parliament Street and King Street. Another metropolitan eyesore is to be cured with Golden ointment. It is time.

Wednesday. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU tried to carry a measure for protecting all the Rivers of England from the abominations which are cast into them, and which convert our sparkling streams into foul and fetid sewers. The proposal is a noble one, but—business is business, and as MR. BRIGHT said (and he is a devoted fisherman, and no debilitated scoffer at out-door sports), better the fish die than the manufacturers, to whom the drainage is necessary. SIR GEORGE GREY, of course, resisted the measure, but many Members called on him to take up the subject, and try to do something with it. Nothing of the kind, and ultimately the Bill was withdrawn. Nevertheless the British Naiades owe their smiles to LORD ROBERT, and next time he goes into Poet's Corner, very likely dear old MICHAEL DRAYTON, who sang of all our rivers in his *Polyolbion*, will say that he is much obliged. Meantime we say it for him.

Thursday. Good gracious, MRS. GRUNDY, can't you mind what's said to you? We have told you what was done on Thursday, you inattentive old woman. "In the Lords?" Oh, ah, well, yes, in the Lords the Chancellor brought in a Bill for Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, except by the County Courts. A Committee was appointed to inquire into The Scandal, and LORD RUSSELL said that we were not going to interfere in a war which is being waged on the Plate, between—what does it matter?

Yes, and MR. GLADSTONE refused to tell MR. WHITE whether the Surplus Cake was to be cut before or after Easter, but has told since.

* "Edgar. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,
Moro he's called, and MAYHEW."
King Lear, Act III. Sc. 4.

Friday. Question in the Lords about the sale of nineteen Irish barracks. LORD MALMESBURY said that they ought not to be sold for a song. Slardy pend, as the French say. Some songs are worth ninety and nine Irish barracks, for instance, the composition of DEAN SWIFT's (which isn't a song, but the moral's the same) about an Irish barrack, and which contains an officer's views on classical education—

"Your NOVIDS and BLUTARCHS and OMERS and stuff,
By Jove, they don't signify this pinch of snuff."

So we are not to make bargains with our lawyers. The Lords are afraid that innocent clients will be done, and rejected the Chancellor's Bill by 23 to 21.

A New Zealand debate Below, — chiefly potable because MR. ROEBUCK vomited flames against the Maoris, and declared that civilised man did a service to humanity by killing all wild beasts, of whom the worst was the wild man. The House, to its credit, was indignant at this display of Christian philanthropy, and the Colonial Secretary bore testimony both to the valour and chivalry of the Maoris, many of whom behaved, he said, in the spirit of true gentlemen.

MR. LOCKE brought in a Bill touching theatres, whereof *Mr. Punch* will have more to say when he shall have seen its provisions. If it is a Free Trade measure, and if provision is made against Music Hall abuses, it shall have the favourable consideration of *Mr. Punch*, and he is the oldest theatrical manager in the world.

THE RUIN OF THE RIVERS.

O YE Gods and little fishes!
Deities, our streams that pour,
Finny tribe, that furnished dishes
Which we now can taste no more,
What a doleful revolution
Hath befallen your domains,
Bearing all the foul pollution
Of our cities through our plains!

Bus in urbe is right pleasant;
Urbs in rure pains the nose
When its refuge, as at present,
In the turbid streamlet flows,
Mixed with floods of poison, welling
From the factory and the mine,
How insufferably smelling!
Cast away the rod and line.

Trout can be no longer taken
In the stream whence eels have fled,
Which the halcyon has forsaken,
But the wagtail's feet can tread.
All the birds, as from Avernus,
Soon from putrid streams will flee.
Into what will PLUTUS turn us?
What will poor old England be?

River-gods, to swains imploring
Streams pellucid, from your urns
What is it that you are pouring
Into rivers, brooks and burns?
Fluid that, with reek ill-scented,
Loads so heavily the gales
That you should be represented
Not as bearing urns, but pails.

In its progress to the billows
Of your mixture people drink.
Rank and flush, the fattened willows
House the Naiads of the sink:
And their mistress, CLOACINA,
Holds with you divided reign
O'er what something is between a
River and an open drain.

With the instinct of the beaver
Whilst our money-makers toil,
Do they never dream of fever,
Sweeping Britain's crowded soil?
To those spoilers if we give in,
This land will be, by-and-by,
Surely made unfit to live in;
Then it will be time to die.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.—FIGHTER's acting in *The Roadside Inn* may be described as the devil-may-care style.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—Matchmaking.



OUTSIDE.



INSIDE.

JONES'S STUDIO-DOOR THREE WEEKS BEFORE SENDING IN PICTURES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AN EXCUSE FOR EXETER HALL.

LIBERAL AND TOLERANT MR. PUNCH,

You and I, and all men of decent scholarship, refined minds, enlarged views, and genteel connections, entertaining a due contempt for the greasy and half-educated middle classes, must rejoice at the defeat of MR. NEWDEGATE's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the extensive character and increase of monastic or conventual societies in Great Britain. Must we not, Sir? At the same time, however, we cannot but be naturally disgusted with the largeness of the minority in favour of that proposal, 79 to 106. But, *Mr. Punch*, there is some excuse to be made for a few if not many of the members of that minority.

Of course, Sir, everybody who constitutes himself a party to any measure in any way opposed to Roman Catholicism, exposes himself to be looked upon as an Exeter Hall bigot, and an ignorant and vulgar brute. The sanctity of all Roman Catholic nunneries is indisputable; tyranny and cruelty are unknown within the walls of any of those establishments. Whosoever believes that there have ever occurred, or can occur any exceptions to these rules, *anathema esto*, and, besides that, he is a fool and a Snob. No such a thing as abuse of the confessional, on the part of a Roman Catholic priest, has ever transpired; notwithstanding that an enormous instance of it was pleaded on behalf of the defendant himself in the case of *ACHILLI v. NEWMAN*. All this is as true as the miraculous translation of the House at Loretto. Nothing goes on in any Roman Catholic convent that would not bear the light, and edify the beholders. Nunneries might be built of glass for that matter, and then they would be crystal conservatories, through which only the flowers of sanctity would be visible, in full bloom. The thought that any nunnery can require inspection or regulation can only exist in the mind of a fanatical and prurient ass. There is no necessity whatever for the supervision exercised over monastic establishments by the State in Catholic countries.

But, *Mr. Punch*, though all Roman Catholic nunneries can be safely presumed to be abodes of goodness and purity, there are some other establishments of a cenobitical nature which cannot, Sir. There is an Agapemone or Abode of Love, which, for aught we know, may be the Abode of Humbug, and worse. The same may be said of all Protestant convents and monasteries. What is sauce for the Roman Catholic goose, unfortunately, must also be sauce for the anythingarian gander. The unconditional allowance of Roman Catholic convents you see, Sir, necessitates the like toleration of others not so immaculate. Any religious impostor might keep a seraglio and call it a convent. That consideration may have induced some of the members of MR. NEWDEGATE's minority to vote for inquiry, which, we well know, could only result in the glorification of the convents of the Roman Catholics, but would be necessary for the merited exposure of the others, at present without any.

INSPECTOR.

"HOW TO TIE THE TOM FOOL KNOT."—MARTY.—*Old Bachelor Brute.*

SENTIMENT AND THE STREAMS OF ENGLAND.

In opposing LORD ROBERT MONTAGU's motion for a Bill to prevent the rivers of England from continuing to be poisoned and polluted with the sewage of towns and the washings of mines and chemical works, MR. BRIGHT is reported by the *Morning Post* to have said:—

"The noble Lord, he was sure, was not well acquainted with the state of things throughout the country, and had a sentimental feeling that it would be much better if all our streams ran pure water."

Sentiment is fast declining in this country, thanks to the influence of such men as the honourable Member from Birmingham, and others who, in or out of Parliament, represent the breeches-pocket. These estimable gentlemen are trying to make us all ashamed of sentiment by sneering, under that name, at every impulse that does not tend to the creation of material wealth. "Perish Nice, and perish Savoy!" was an exclamation which signally evinced this sensible contempt for sentiment. But the application of the derisive epithet, "sentimental," to "a feeling that it would be much better if all our streams ran pure water," surpasses that utterance of a highly unsentimental intellect. MR. BRIGHT is made of sterner stuff than the queasy aristocrat who entertains a weak predilection for the purity of water which we drink. What does bluff JOHN BRIGHT care about drinking the Thames, to which the sewers of towns are tributaries? "Your liquid manure to its right use," says LORD ROBERT MONTAGU; "'tis for the land." "Pooh!" we may suppose his opponent to rejoin; "it will do as well for the cup." If the Thames run drab as a member of the Society of Friends, MR. BRIGHT would perhaps say, "What matter?" The matter is more easily swallowed by a man with MR. BRIGHT's unfatigued views about the purity of rivers, than named by one of ordinary squeamishness. The idea of the Roman Emperor about the inodorousness of money falls far short of the philosophical insensibility of the representative of Birmingham to the unpleasantness of diluted sewage. To be sure, no Member of Parliament, who has sat out even one Session, and has any nose at all, can say *Thamesis non olet*. MR. BRIGHT does not say so, but he says, in effect, that if the Thames is offensive to sentimental people, it is good enough for the beverage of people who are not more nice than they need be. Some, whom others call sentimental, are apt to call those others sordid. Such dainty creatures will doubtless consider sordidness as having culminated in a strong-minded derision of a preference of streams which run pure water to streams that run turbid with the dirt of money-making, and the abominations of towns. But when MR. BRIGHT twitted LORD R. MONTAGU with sentiment, it was perhaps only scent he meant.

CONFIDENTIAL.—GEORGINA gives an unanswerable reason for putting as much as possible into the letters she writes to the absent one in Mauritius. She says they are *crossed* in love.

APPEAL OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.—Am I not a Man and a Bother?



COOL.

Hunting Man (who has got over without trouble.) "OH, NOW YOU'RE DOWN, SIR, WILL YOU KINDLY GIVE ME UP MY WHIP!"

THE TORTURE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

"Another triumph for science! The Electric Wire is now laid down from Kurrachee to London, *via* Constantinople, and a message from Bombay is flashed to our Indian Minister in eight hours and a half."—*London Papers*, March, 1865.

Office of SIR CHARLES WOOD, Secretary of State for India. SIR CHARLES is discovered with a Map of India before him, and MURRAY'S *Hand-book to India* in his hand.

Sir Charles Wood (reads). "The Bombay Presidency contains"—stop, which side did I say Bombay was—I see—left hand side of India; I must remember that somehow—Bombay is in Bengal—two B's, and Madras is in the Middle—recollect two M's—now then. "The Bombay Presidency contains"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Collector of Hyderabad telegraphs to know what he is to do in the dispute with the Collector of Shikarpur.

Sir Charles. Bother them both. I'll consider. (*Exit Clerk.*) Where's Hyderabad—I don't see it—I believe there's no such place—fabulous, like the Hydra, and that's not *bad*, ha! ha! (*A knock.*) Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but there is a telegram to say that the Rajah of Akalkot has attacked the other Satara Jagirdars, and you are asked to say instantly what is to be done.

Sir Charles. Say he ought to be ashamed of himself, and I will write by the next mail. (*Exit Clerk.*) Confound all Rajahs, and this Akalkot particularly—I shall remember his name by A. CALLCOTT, the painter. "The Bombay Presidency"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Bhil Agent of Ahmadnagar telegraphs to complain that the settlement officer at Ratnagiri has called him an old cow.

Sir Charles. Extremely rude—tell him I say so, and that I hope I may never hear such an expression again. (*Exit Clerk.*) This infernal telegraph; I wish it would snap; I wish somebody would cut it; I wish the Turks would steal it; I have no peace in my life. But I must understand this. "There are four divisions"—why the deuce

should there be four?—just to give me extra trouble. "Poonah comprehends"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but we have a telegram from the Commandant of the Gujarat Irregular Horse, saying—

Sir Charles. I won't hear anything that is irregular, and an irregular horse is my abomination. Say everything must be done regularly, and in conformity with the rules laid down for the service. (*Exit Clerk.*) "The total area of this Presidency is one, eight, ought, seven, one, five"—let's see, that's a million and seventeen—no, only six figures, and a million wants seven, GLADSTONE told me that for a fact—"one, eight, ought"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Deputy Opium Agent in Mahabaleshwar sends a telegram to say that he wants a holiday to visit his grandmother in Babriawad.

Sir Charles. He shan't have one. I never get a holiday. Let him write to his grandmother, and mind his opium. (*Exit Clerk.*) What right has he to have a grandmother, when I'm bothered like this?

"The territory lying to the south of Belgium," that's a misprint for Belgium, I suppose,—no, Belgium's in Germany—"south of Belgium"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but you promised to telegraph this morning to Sholapur to say what the GUIOOWAR was to do with the jamdiddies of Jhamkandi.

Sir Charles. So I did. Confound their jams and candies. Tell him to persevere in the same line of policy which has been indicated in previous despatches, unless unforeseen eventualities, of which he will apprise me (by letter, mind) necessitate a re-arrangement of relations. (*Exit Clerk.*) I'll have that telegraph stopped; be hanged if I won't.

"The Collectories of the Native States are"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but we have a telegram from Ratnagerry, stating that the Bohras of Balasinsheshwar have strangled the Woppertoddy of Okalmandel—

Sir Charles. Serve him right.

Clerk. And that unless we instantly order a catakodas of elephants into the Ramjezzas of Krishnarajaparam, the Kunjetti Anderhalli will not be answerable for the consequences.

Sir Charles (in a rage.) And who asked him, her, them, it, or what—



THE TORMENTED MINISTER.

SIR CHARLES WOOD BELIEVES THAT IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

ever he is, to be answerable? I am the Minister for India, and I am answerable for everything. Send him word to go to blazes, or whatever is equivalent to that in the religion of Juggernaut, or whatever other Mohammedan creed he holds. And I'll have no more messages to-day, mind that. (*Exit Clerk.*) It's enough to make a man tear his hair and throw bottles.

(*As he resumes MURRAY, scene closes.*)

A NEW BALLAD OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Showing how certain sely Knights of the Shire would have had SIR JOHN lead their raid on the Treasure, and how SIR JOHN said them nay.

'Tis of SIR JOHN THE BARLEYCORN,
That stalwart English knight,
And against the game some PALMERSTONE
'Tis he must lead the fight.

To him there drew brave BARTELOTT,
And that stout squire, DUCANE,
That on a managed Essex calf
Came pricking o'er the plain.

And SIR FITZBOY KELLY, good at speech,
And eke stout hand in stout;
And HENLEY out of Oxfordshire,
And MORRITT of Rokeby Tower.

"Now, up and ride, JOHN BARLEYCORN,
Our leader thou mote be;
We are boune for an onslaught on PALMERSTONE,
And a raid on the Treasure.

"And a doughty Captain there lacketh us,
A flag, and a battle-cry,
For Protection's dead, and the Church nigh-spied,
And Election time draws nigh.

"So put thy casque upon thy head,
And mount thy dray-destrere,
And take thy malt-shovel for lance,
And shout thy shout of 'Beer!'

"When England's yeomen the snow-white crest
That crowns thy head shall see,
And hear thy shout, brave hearts and stout
They'll flock apace to thee.

"And we that ride behind thy back
Will loud our trumpets blaw,
We have fighting will, and can wield the bill,
And eke the long-bow draw.

"And if that PALMERSTONE's to beat,
And the Treasure to win,
'Tis under the banner of BARLEYCORN
That we shall come therein!

"For though the Treasure walls be strong,
And mock a siege's fear,
Like Jericho's they'll tumble down
To a shout—if the shout be 'Beer!'

Then up, and spake JOHN BARLEYCORN,
From the buttery where he lay:
"I rede ye false knaves and forsworn,
And for answer give you 'Nay!'

"I were an ass 'gainst BUXTON and BASS
To ride a tilt with you,
And HARDCASTLE, out of Colchester,
That is my liegeman true.

"What if my father, Malt, they tax,
And my mother, Hops, they toll?
I've never a merry-man the less
Upon my muster-roll.

"And though I be an English knight,
No fighting man am I,
Albeit my blood is poured in flood
To a hot election-cry.

"Against LORD DERBY I bear no grudge,
Nor yet against PALMERSTONE,
All parties are one to JOHN BARLEYCORN,
That foe, save LAWSON, has none.

"Here is my eldest son, Brown Stout,
And my youngest son, Small Beer,
And eke my grandson, Bitter Ale,
That is so brisk of cheer.

"In this your quarrel they shall not ride,
But keep their strength and skill,
To fight the LAWSON of Carlisle,
And meet him, Butt to Bill."

Then back they rode, those sely Knights,
Crest-fallen and forlorn,
For wool they went to JOHN BARLEYCORN,
And from him they came shorn.

BREACH OF PROMISE AVOIDED.

YOUNG EUSTACE DE VOKES fell precipitately in love with ANGELICA PENDRAGON. Between the pair ensued an intimacy which, under the auspices of ANGELICA's Mamma, soon ripened into an engagement; for EUSTACE had means. One day, however, the young man discovered a bottle of SCROGGES' Capillary Thaumato-poison in the possession of his betrothed, and found out that her dark brown hair had originally been of another hue. He also ascertained that one of the maiden's front teeth was terro-metallic. Incompatibilities of temper between himself and the young lady also turned up. She dressed to please other eyes than his own; she cared about the opinion of contemptible people, she preferred dance-music to HANDEL's, and shopping to walking in the fields. She would not take enough exercise.

In short, EUSTACE soon bitterly repented of the contract to which he had committed himself. Hints, which he dropped to that effect, were, however, so received both by MISS PENDRAGON and her Mamma as to convince him that there was no hope that they would let him off. He saw clearly that retirement from the situation would expose him to an action for breach of promise of marriage.

EUSTACE tried to temporise in vain. The PENDRAGONS pressed him. He had to choose between wretchedness and ruin. On the one hand there was ANGELICA, with Mrs. PENDRAGON for mother-in-law; on the other the verdict, inflicting awful damages, of a British jury. What was he to do? He took counsel one night with BRADSHAW and RUGGLES over a cigar; and the result of their deliberations was that, next morning, they all repaired to the residence, or, as BRADSHAW said, den, of the PENDRAGONS; EUSTACE with something to say to those parties: RUGGLES and BRADSHAW as witnesses of his words. EUSTACE spoke as follows:—

MISS PENDRAGON,—under the influence of feelings which have now subsided, I made you a promise, the fulfilment of which will render me, and I should think yourself too, miserable for life. I have entirely ceased to retain any the slightest affection for you, and, this being the case, if you insist on my marrying you, I shall lose all respect for you as well. Our minds are so differently constituted as to render your society insufferable to me, as mine, no doubt, would be to you if we were obliged to live together. Will you, then, relieve me from the obligation which I have so rashly incurred? If you will not, I will perform it, as I am legally bound to do. But, in so doing, I will not incur the guilt of making a solemn vow which it will be impossible for me to keep. I will not abuse a religious ordinance, and commit profanation and sacrilege. I will not promise, on my faith, to love and cherish you, when I know that I shall hate you and keep as much as I can out of your way. I will not, I cannot, MISS PENDRAGON, lead you to the altar. But if you will hold me to my bargain and exact—not your pound but—your eleven stone ten, or whatever I weigh, of flesh: if you insist on my forming with you a union which will be one of mutual aversion and disgust, be it so. We will be married, if you say we must, but not by a clergyman. No; our marriage shall take place before the Registrar. We will not go to Church. Certainly not; but I will conduct you to the Registrar's Office. *La ci darem la mano.* Now, then; if after what I have said, you are still determined to have me, name the day, the woful day, and I will buy the ring, if that is necessary, but not otherwise; and man, and man only, shall join us together in unhallowed matrimony. Will you claim your bondman or let me go? Speak!

ANGELICA could not for some time. Her mouth had gradually opened to its utmost width; so had her eyes, and she stood without power to close either. Mrs. PENDRAGON presented the same image of blank astonishment. At last the younger lady gasped,

"Wretch!"

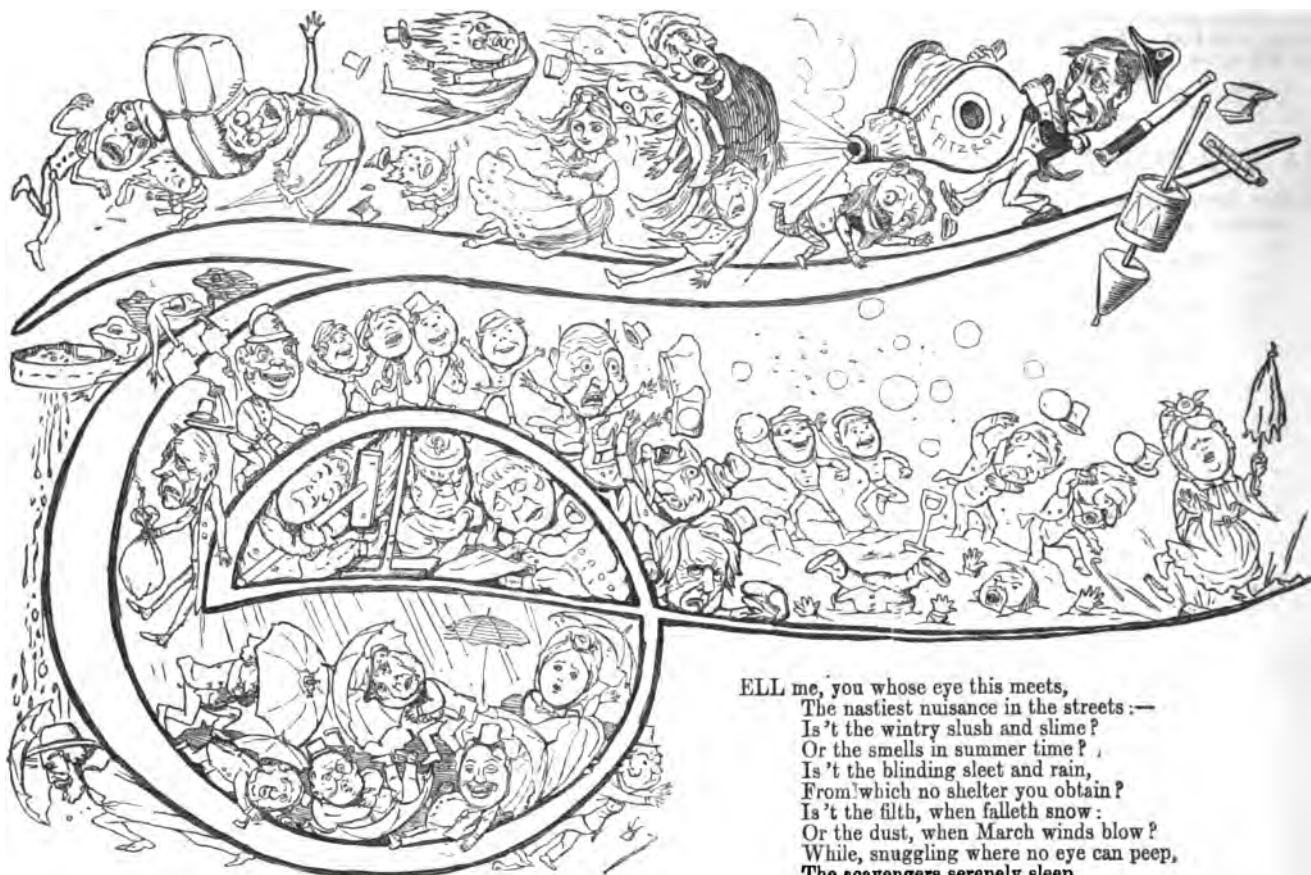
"Monster!" screamed the elder one. "Leave the house!"

"Good morning, ladies," said BRADSHAW and RUGGLES.

"Farewell!" cried EUSTACE. And they hooked it.

He was saved!

A SONG OF THE STREETS.



CHEMICAL CANONISATION.

THE celebrated Chemist, BARON LIEBIG, having refused to exchange his present position for a much more advantageous one which has been offered him at the University of Berlin, the KING OF BAVARIA, in acknowledgment of that self-sacrifice, has sent him an autograph letter accompanied by "the Cross of Commander in the Order of Merit of Holy St. Michael." Undoubtedly BARON LIEBIG's labours and discoveries in chemistry are highly meritorious; but who is the St. Michael that presides over the chemical Order of Merit? Has the POPE canonised a Protestant philosopher yet living, and constituted that eminent man of science who adorns our Royal Institution ST. MICHAEL FARADAY?

THE FLAG OF THE DUCHIES.

"The Austrian and Prussian Ambassadors lately waited on LORD JOHN RUSSELL to present him with the provisional flag of the Duchies."

THE field is *gules*—blushing a bloody red,
Half shame, half in-grain of fraternal slaughterings;
DUKE FREDERICK's coat erased, and in its stead
The Prussian arms displayed in Holstein's quarterings.
In chief, the double eagle, sable, spread,
With outstretched talons, beaked and gorged improper,
Below, BOCKUM DOLFF's hat, without a head,
And a pen, *saltire*, with a 'bacco-stopper.

A Pesth-tilent Example.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, we are informed, has made a contribution of 50,000 florins, and a yearly subscription of 12,000 florins, for the purpose of restoring the Hungarian Museum and Library at Pesth. It seems that the 200,000 books in the library relating to Hungary are *unbound*. It is very natural that FRANCIS-JOSEPH should wish to have the books bound as well as the people. Anything unbound, particularly books, might spread the dangerous contagion of independence!

ELL me, you whose eye this meets,
The nastiest nuisance in the streets:—
Is't the wintry slush and slime?
Or the smells in summer time?
Is't the blinding sleet and rain,
From which no shelter you obtain?
Is't the filth, when falleth snow:
Or the dust, when March winds blow?
While, snuggling where no eye can peep,
The scavengers serenely sleep.
Is't the hansom, dashing by,
That flings the mud-flake in your eye?
Is't the bustling, hustling throng,
Thro' which you fight your way along?
Is't the chaff, that greets your ear,
When in a white hat you appear?
The yells of "sparrergrass" or "taters?"
The hussies with perambulators?
The struggles into which you get
With your umbrella, when 'tis wet?
The crinoline that chafes your leg?
The tops that on your toe boys peg?
The rumbling drays, the rattling cabs:
The hideous, painted, foreign drabs?
The bakers, who with slackened bit
Round every corner drive full split?
The ponderous vans that block the street,
Or crush the wheels of all they meet?
The filthy language that one hears,
When costermongers fall by th' ears?
Is't the thundering, blundering busses?
The babies, bigger than their "nusses,"
Who crowd the courts, and hindrance make,
Whene'er a short cut you would take?
The four-wheelers that creep and crawl?
The brats who whistle, shriek, and squall,
Or pelt you with a snowy ball?
Is't the beggars at your heel?
The slippery bits of orange peel?
The greasy mud that sticks like glue?
The butchers, who are greasy too?
The organs, that distract your mind
With their "demd low perpetual grind?"
The jabbering Jews who cry "Old Clo!"
The brutes who bawl out "Milk below!"
The squealing cats, the yelping dogs,
The smoky, choky, yellow fogs?
The blatant bands, the bellowing Blacks,
The foul museums of the quacks?
Such are the nuisances one meets,
Whene'er one walks the London Streets.

RESTORATION OF POETRY IN THE EAST.

(By our own MACAULAY.)



THE well-informed need not be told—and we do not care about telling anything to the ill-informed—that Poetry had its origin in the East. It is a curious fact, that even to this day the cardinal points have an influence on the matter, and that many more ballads are sung in Ketchikan Highway and Houndsditch than in Belgrave Square and Hyde Park Gardens. SOLOMON was an Oriental, so was HOMER. MR. TAYNIXON lives in the Isle of Wight, which is more to the East than most part of this island; and the town residence of Mr. Punch, the greatest bard of

ancient or modern time, is situated at the foot of the noble tower of St. Bride, and in the district to which the Government has assigned the distinction of being regarded as East Central.

It cannot be surprising, except to the foolish persons who are surprised at everything, that Poetry should always be inclined to flow back to its ancient fountain. It is true that water does not do this, and in so far the illustration may offend the shallow-minded, but to those who recollect that poetry is not water, even when wishy-washiest, the image will suffice for its purpose. We have to notice a case in which the Great Watershed, or shall we say Poetryshed, of the East has again sent down a lavish stream of song.

Some persons are fools enough to believe everything; other persons are fools enough to doubt everything. We despise both classes. But if an ingenious mind, affected and afflicted with hesitation, should pause in uncertainty as to whether the verses which we are about to cite are genuine and original, or what we believe is called, in the language of the Great Vulgar and the small, "a sell," we have pleasure in assuring that mind that the poem is authentic, that it is the composition of a student at the College of Delhi (in the East Indies), and that it has reached us in company with such certificates as can leave no doubt of its genuineness. In fact, the person who cannot perceive this, from internal evidence, must, to use the mildest language, be a born idiot and a blasing owl.

The poem was composed upon Christmas Day, and it is interesting to note the treatment of that festival by a poet whose religion does not recognise the celebration. His eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, transports him from the gorgeous towers and golden groves of royal Delhi to the isle of her conquerors, and he begins boldly:—

"Hail, Source of joy, ye Christmas day,
When all Britania seem delightful and gay.
From Meadows, the perfuming air how gently flow,
And all the flowery fields smile their happiness to show.
In the groves the feathered Choir fluently sing,
And Church has begun its bell to ring."

The touching, simple recognition of "Church" by one of another faith, is very pleasant, and so is his idea that at Christmas our fields are in flower, and our birds in song. But he soon returns to his own glowing land:—

"To welcome thee, the morning in her crimson vest,
With ornaments of golden clouds is drest.
At thy coming, the corn of India fields begin to ripe,
And Cold Countries come in sight full of Ice,
Every one enjoy thy pleasures fresh and new,
And partake with thee a pleasant View.
How the glorious flowers, the pink and purple rose,
Pay thee respect, and their fragrant leaves disclose.
All the riches are spent for thy name
And all the English with joy and fame.
Even the poor, glorious of his race,
Decks his table with different grace.
Thou art alike to be seen on the sea and land,
With a precious garland in thy hand."

This is a noble passage, but the line we have marked suggests a solemn question. This Oriental poet must have drawn his inspiration

from the aged urns of the East, whence HOMER also drew. Where did the Grecian bard obtain his idea of Juno?—we borrow the admirable translation of EARL DERBY—

"With one hand resting on the fruitful earth,
The other laid upon the sparkling sea."

It is profoundly interesting to find the young poet of Delhi and the ancient of the Seven Cities bowing their heads at the same fountain. But we proceed to the grandest passage in the composition—that in which the eye of the poet is cast with an eagle swoop over the nations:—

"On Thames bank, the immortal London, behold!
Filled with poms, riches, and gold.
Let from heaven itself the holy Ganges flow,
And harvest on a hundred realms bestow,
Let Volgas stream run through countries good and fine,
And Magnificent buildings glitter on the Rhine—
Let Chinese boast of their ancestry from the Moon—
And with white flattened nose the Laplander near Frost Zone—
The Cashmirians be proud of their precious Wool.
And with the light of Stars the inhabitant on Southern pole.
Let Australians be glad of their golden sand,
And savage brown Indian of his productive land—
The Romans for being once the seat of pomp and fame—
And the Russians possessing great lands in vain—
The Egyptians for having their pyramids sublime—
Each Country blessed with some particulars, at time.
Every Nation seem proud of whatever blessings they bore,—
From the Chinese Wall to the Atlantic Shore.—
Let the Persians possess their grandiose Train—
Be thou the blessings of English peaceful reign."

Mankind, from China to Peru, has seldom been so daringly surveyed, or so graphically depicted. The poet is brave, as MRS. BROWNING has well said that all poets should be, and even while honouring our festival, he claims holiness for his own Ganges, and records its alleged descent from above. The scathing scorn at the Russian for his waste of snows, bespeaks a loyal subject of Her whose army destroyed Sebastopol; but we would chiefly note the touch of human nature in the penultimate line. When all the recital is over, and the fatigued eye of the muse is gently settling, it glances at the nearest neighbour of India, and suddenly flings out another flash in honour of Persia. This is an exquisite touch, but we fear that the large majority of mankind, who are asses, will not appreciate it. We now approach the more fanciful, yet not less graceful conclusion:—

"Come and the lofty towers of London behold,
Where the riches of the World are bestowed—
Where the fairies in crowds abound
Descend from Heaven to bless that town."

Notice the artistic antepenultimate word. A dull pedant would "correct" this with "bless," as a thousand miserable pedants have spoiled a thousand happy fancies, and lie, we trust, in the least pleasant of DANTE's circles for their crime:—

"See that City, and with thy precious jeuil,
Bless the inhabitants where they dwell—
At thy coming, the blue transparent Thame,
Swells with joy, for the Anglo-Saxon name—
For thy fame the learned poets even wish to rise—
Homer, Milton, and Dryden from the earth where they lie."

Again we warn off exact and cold-blooded correctors. "Lies," in the last line, offends their prejudices. Not so with us. The poet sought to show the one-ness and amalgamation of the glorious Three, inseparably intertwined and interwoven with one indissoluble cable for the transit of electric poetry. And he used the singular verb. It is a noble boldness. Our readers will grieve that we have but a few lines more:—

"It is hard to say for the skill and polite,
Where real happiness has its original light.
Though even a swain would be apt to praise—
His Country pleasures good to him always—
The Noble say then to surpass in fine
From all mankind better is the mine—
But Thou art the origin of that truth,
Giving old the same pleasure as to youth—
All nature seem glad to survey
Of thy being followed by New year's day.
Welcome to thee, and thy everlasting name,
Ever be, and bless the Britania Sons with thy fame."

The completeness of the poem, the recurrence of Christmas Day, and the affectionate apostrophe to it, the philosophical idea that some of the pleasure of the season arises from its prompt departure, and the truly Oriental "Live for ever" at the end, are features which most readers, whom we believe to be utterly ignorant and miserable, may not understand, but which must enchant and enchain the enlightened. For them and them only we have preserved and re-set this diamond from the casket of India.

MUSICAL NOTE.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?
Be mine, ah!



SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Lady. "NEWCOOME! NEWCOOME! THE POLE OF THE CARRIAGE BEHIND HAS COME RIGHT THROUGH!"

Coachman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO, MY LADY; BUT SOME COACHMEN IS SO WERRY CARELESS."

A BALLAD BY A BEEF-EATER.

HAVE you seen this jerked beef? 'tis a new sort of food,
From La Plata they ship it by tons, prime and good,
And tender, when pounded and soaked well, and stewed:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Your butcher may say that as leather 'tis tough,
And your cook, at his bidding, declare in a huff
She can't even make soup of such horrible stuff:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Pay no heed to their grumblings, but give it fair chance,
Good dressing of course will its virtues enhance;
At the worst, 'tis as good as the *bonillons* of France.
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

'Tis more fattening than ass-flesh, which there, as one hears,
At the table of gourmands now often appears,
And assists them no doubt to attain length of (y)ears:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Indeed, there are dozens of dishes, I'm sure,
That are neither so nourishing, wholesome and pure,
Or so certain a sharp touch of hunger to cure
As—oh! the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Through the growing demand and the drought of last year,
Beef and mutton are getting tremendously dear,
And we soon must all turn vegetarians, I fear,
Or else eat the jerked beef of La Plata.
A platter give me of jerked beef!

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE,

AND BY ALLOWANCE OF HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS OF CUSTOMS.

If you can smoke you love a joke,
Now this is true, and good "for you."

So much rubbishy tobacco having been imported into this country and sold under pretence of being cheap and good, whereas it has been dear and nasty, burned at the peril of the smokers, and to the disgust of all near them, a company of enterprising individuals has been organised under the already-named distinguished patronage. By special allowance of the above honourable Board, the Company import the very best tobacco without paying any of the accustomed duties, and so are enabled to supply a genuine article at very low rates. Indeed the returns of the Company are so good that they can afford to divide the duty with regular customers, whereby lovers of the weed may save one half of certain expenses.

For samples, prices, &c. &c., apply to the French Leaf Tobacco Company, (Société Anonyme), Wholesale Agents, MESSRS. DARKE KNIGHT AND HAZEL, Darkhouse Lane. N.B. Cheapside.

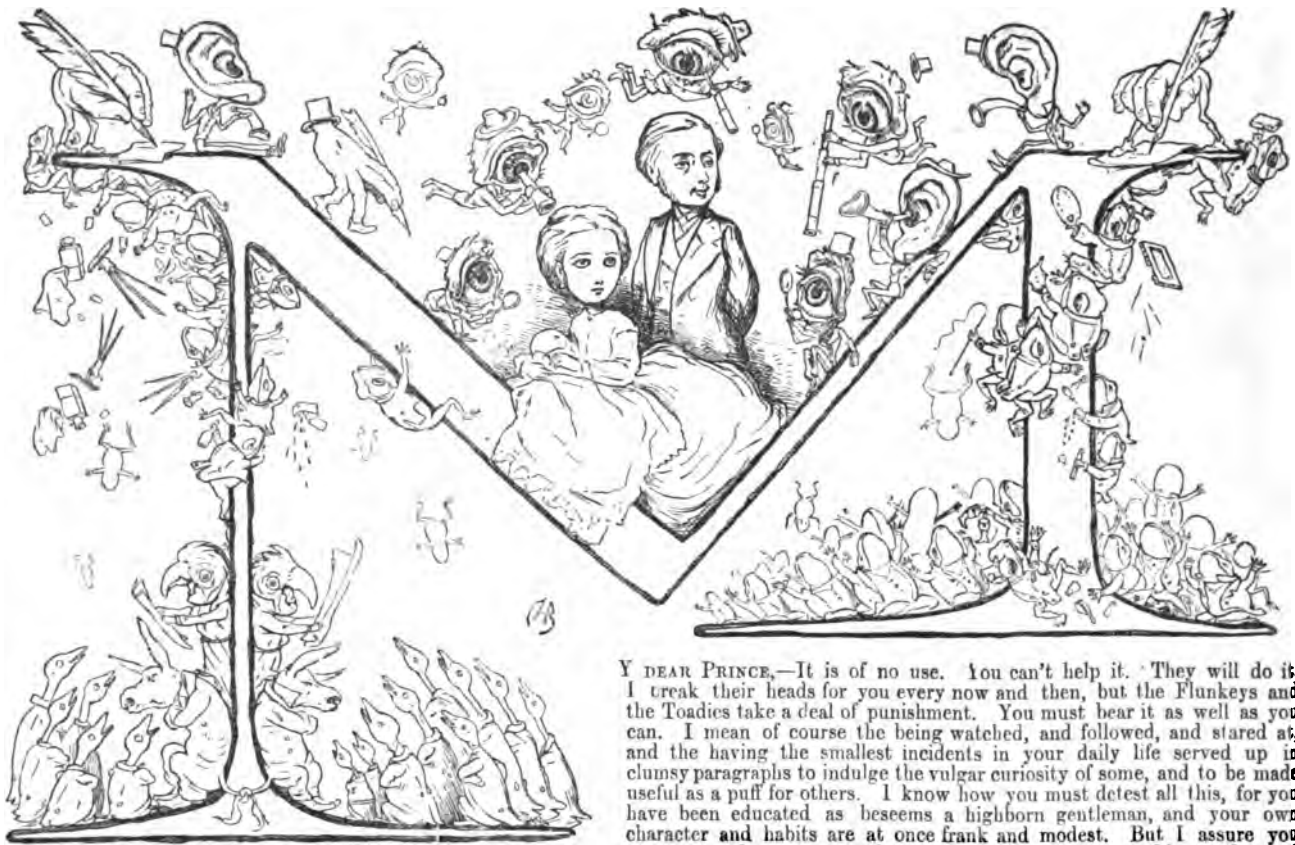
Also, an assorted package, value five pounds, will be sent to any address, and carriage paid, upon receipt of order and remittance to that amount by MESSRS. DOWTIE, HOUSEHOLD ET GHETTIT, Bird's Eye Terrace, Cavendish Square, London.

An Item in the American Bill.

AMONG the claims which the Government at Washington are reserving to enforce on this country with the alternative of war, when their struggle with the South shall have terminated, there will, it is understood, be included a demand for the amount of damage sustained by the Brothers DAVENPORT for the demolition of their "structure" at Liverpool.

AMENDED MAXIM FOR THE IRON DISTRICTS.—"Don't Strike while the iron's hot!"

PUNCH TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Y DEAR PRINCE,—It is of no use. You can't help it. They will do it. I break their heads for you every now and then, but the Flunkies and the Toadies take a deal of punishment. You must bear it as well as you can. I mean of course the being watched, and followed, and stared at, and the having the smallest incidents in your daily life served up in clumsy paragraphs to indulge the vulgar curiosity of some, and to be made useful as a puff for others. I know how you must detest all this, for you have been educated as becometh a highborn gentleman, and your own character and habits are at once frank and modest. But I assure you once more that you must bear it. A cat may look at a king, and a toad may look at a prince.

You cannot even take a bath without a paragraph being published recording that event, and telling us at what temperature you bathed, and how you were graciously pleased to be soaped and towelled like any other gentleman. Bless you, my dear Prince, the scribblers won't stop at this. The system will become more and more offensive as you grow older, so you had better become pachydermatous at once. I would say, don't read the papers, but you must do that. It is very hard that you cannot be allowed to peruse an account of the fall of Charleston, or of the death of the Porpoise, or of the flogging a garrotter, without coming upon a statement that His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES was graciously pleased, yesterday, to have his hair cut; but you must take one thing if you want the other.

Yes, my dear Prince, things will grow worse and worse, and so I tell you. Be prepared to read, from time to time, that His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES always peels his oranges instead of cutting through peel and all, whereas Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES prefers the peel removed. That His Royal Highness, standing out of the rain at a keeper's cottage, expressed great admiration of a large cat on the rug, and that Her Royal Highness desired to have one of the next kittens. That your Royal Highness left your umbrella at the Zoological Gardens, and was graciously pleased to accept the loan of one from MR. SAWNEY BUTTER (a tradesman whose address will be given), and that it was duly returned the same evening by a footman from Marlborough House. That Her Royal Highness often amuses herself in an evening by looking through the beautiful photograph-book which was manufactured for Her Royal Highness by MESSRS. GUMM & STICKLEBACK. That your Royal Highness has been most unjustifiably represented as having a bad cold, the fact being that you happened to sneeze once or twice on Monday evening, from having taken a pinch of snuff out of a box which you accidentally found among some old china. That Her Royal Highness takes cream with her coffee, and that cream is always placed near Her Royal Highness at breakfast, in an exquisite little silver churn, purchased of MESSRS. ICHABOD & MERTHOSHETH, the celebrated silversmiths. That your Royal Highness is not particularly partial to perfumes, and that the only one you really care about is the Ethereal Essence of Tiger Lilies, manufactured, &c. That Her Royal Highness has been pleased to declare that the first instruction of His Royal Highness PRINCE VICTOR shall come from herself, and has already procured an ivory alphabet to be ready for the interesting purpose. That your Royal Highness amused your baby, one day during the frost, by tossing up snowballs at the nursery window, to the great delight of the royal child. That Her Royal Highness nearly dropped her playbill over the edge of the box at the theatre the other night, but smilingly secured it against future peril by the agency of a pin. That your Royal Highness is pleased to take occasional notice of the groom who brings your horse on a hunting-day, and on a recent morning you made the remark, as you mounted, "that the rain seemed likely to hold over." That Her Royal Highness let her embroidery needle fall, a few afternoons since, and that it may be mentioned, as a proof of Her Royal Highness's consideration for her attendants, that she picked it up herself, and calmly proceeded with her work. That your Royal Highness gave a shilling to a child who was crying on the Duke of York's steps because it had lost a penny, and that Her Royal Highness, who was with your Royal Highness, would not go on until she had ascertained that the juvenile martyr was acquainted with the *route* to the residence of its parents.

Yes, I repeat it, my dear Prince, there will not be anything that an unaffected and kindhearted couple can do or say for many years to come, but will be snapped up and made into a paragraph, especially if that paragraph can serve the purpose of a puff for somebody. I promise you and the Princess that I will, as a celebrated Doctor from your Principality remarks, "smite the noddles" of as many Snobs, sinning in this way, as I can, and where I can spoil their Puff-market, I will certainly do so. But the tribe is very large, perfectly shameless, and exceedingly persevering, and moreover, there is a great lot of people who like to read such things, and who actually call them news. So you must make up your mind to the worst, and must explain to the Princess that such scribbling is a trade, and that it is as much despised by English ladies and gentlemen as it can be by yourselves.

Having thus acquitted myself of my duty as your Royal Highness's Extra Privy Councillor, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Royal Highness's faithful Servant,

85, Fleet Street.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 13.

Wise in their generation, the Conservatives have considered that if they should come into office it may be convenient to stand better with the Federal Government and its admirers than certain utterances by LORD DERBY and others may have seemed to render probable. So [it was arranged that we should have an American debate, which should give the leader of Opposition in the Commons an opportunity of redressing the balance. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, who was charged with the initiative, discharged his duty with his accustomed

ability and adroitness, and made the Defences of Canada his peg. He was quite generous, and thought that we ought to have allowed the Federals to increase their force on the Lakes, in order to suppress the Raiders. He saw more conciliation than before in the American despatches to this country, and he paid a gracious compliment to MR. ADAMS, who was in the House, and was, no doubt, pleased. MR. FITZGERALD did not believe that the Yankees wished to go to war with us, but accidents might produce collision, and we should be prepared to defend Canada. MR. FORSTER attacked LORD DERBY, and made a strong Federal speech, declaring that the North was fighting only to save the country.

Government—that is, MR. CARDWELL—assured the House that our relations with the States were most friendly, echoed the praise of MR. ADAMS, and stated that we were to defend Quebec, and the Canadians Montreal, and that England was to pay two-fifths and Canada three-fifths of the expense.

Then spake MR. DISRAELI. Of course he defended his Chief, whose opinions and confidence he alike shared. The behaviour of the North to us had been marked by amity and discretion. He would not prophesy as to the result of the war, but if the South should be put down, he did not believe that the North would be eager to begin war with an enemy at least as powerful and determined as the Confederacy. Rising from a mere political level into philosophy, MR. DISRAELI observed that the American people were a Territorial Democracy, and that ARISTOTLE, who had taught us nearly all our wisdom, had declared that persons addicted to tilling were not given to killing. Still, at the end of the war the country would be in a disturbed state, and as there was no saying what might happen, we ought to be prepared for anything. He did not care for American Rowdy Rhetoric, which he did not believe represented the feelings of the people. All this was so calm, statesmanlike, and opportune, that we need hardly add that MR. DISRAELI could not be

"Content to dwell in deencies for ever,"

but relieved his mind by finishing off with a slashing onslaught on the Government, for the contradictory opinions which its members had expressed on the war.

The Opposition having said its say, divers other gentlemen had theirs. Suffice it to Mr. Punch to record that MR. LOWE believed that we could not defend Canada, and had better tell her so, and that LORD ROBERT CECIL thought that we ought not to humbug Canada as we had humbugged Denmark. MR. BRIGHT then delivered one of his most aggressive and effective orations, praising the Yankees, abusing England for having distrusted and been harsh with them, declaring that most of our papers had been lying about America ever since the war began, and now were trying to back out of their blunders, that the City alarms were the alarms of share-jobbers, who were always in the wrong, that we all felt rather ashamed of ourselves, and had prickings of conscience about the way we had treated America, that the Federals had no idea of warring with us, that in the centuries to come we should be proud that from the loins of England had sprung the millions of prosperous Americans, and that if we now acted with discretion, the two great Commonwealths would be seen marching abreast, the Parents and Guardians of freedom and justice. Right or wrong as to the past or the future MR. BRIGHT may be; but Mr. Punch, who, like Robin Hood, in *Ivanhoe*, always adds his holloa when he sees a good blow or a good shot, declares that to-night the Quaker stood up to his work like a man.

The PREMIER, nevertheless, like an old hand in the ring, made his mark on the Birmingham Boy, and put in the neat one that MR. BRIGHT's speech, which seemed so fiery, was eminently conciliatory to America, for nothing pleased men so much as to be told that they were ill-used. He easily disposed of the charges against Government, and then declared that he believed that both the Government and the people of the North were well disposed to us, but as the best security for peace was the ability to resist war, we should take all precautions for the defence of Canada.

And thus ended the most important debate of the Session, and inasmuch as it may be referred to, because of subsequent events, Mr. Punch has, in the exercise of a discretion which it would not be wise in any one to attempt to control, recorded it with some fulness, and has abstained from adorning his record with those exquisite and sparkling gems of wit which might distract the attention of the Ages from the sentiments of the Representatives of Public Opinion.

MR. HENNESSY then attacked MR. NEWDEGATE in regard to a correspondence between himself and DR. ULLATHORNE, Catholic Bishop, about the imprisonment of nuns, and called on the ultra-Protestant to apologise. MR. NEWDEGATE had not the slightest intention of doing so, and referred DR. ULLATHORNE's statements to some supposed oath to keep priestly secrets inviolable. THEO. DONOGHUE did not believe MR. NEWDEGATE in earnest, and thought that he went away into secret places to laugh privately at the stories he told publicly. Here the matter may drop, Mr. Punch thinks, for the present, or the above trio, and the Bishop, had better go in four cabs to the Nunhead Cemetery, fight the subject out, and bury it decently.

Tuesday. The Irrepressible Nun up again; this time in the House of Peers. EARL RUSSELL had to explain the story of MARY RYAN, a lunatic nun, who had been illegally removed from this country, but who, he thought, had now better be left where she was. LORD MALMESBURY suggested that SIR GEORGE GREY should be told to read a general and severe lecture to the heads of convents.

The hardy Northmen and the softer Orientals then rushed into fierce conflict, and soon the spears of the Vikings were red with the blood of their prostrate foes.

"Hurrah for the Hypokrismenoi!
For the men who dwell below
In the crystal mines
Where the golden vines
And the silver fig-trees grow!"

The fact, less poetically stated, was that the Great Northern and the Great Eastern Railways had a fight over a new Bill desired by the latter, and that Parliament, considering that a decision last year had induced the G.N. to undertake an enormous new outlay, refused to sanction the rival project—162 to 121 were the numbers, and they make together such a house as rarely assembles on questions of mere public interest, and—an intelligent public may add any remark which occurs to that respectable body.

About sixty-four years ago something was done in India of which SIR FITZROY KELLY, in the name of PRINCE AZEM JAH, to-night complained in a speech of appropriate length. There was a debate, SIR CHARLES WOOD said that the Prince's demand was monstrous, and the House affirmed its monstrosity by 53 to 38, and put the cover on the jar, as MR. COX might have said. "A zeem to have heard of this here afore," as MR. WHALLEY might have added, affecting a rustic dialect. We are unprepared to assert that either said anything half so ridiculous.

Wednesday. A Bill containing various apparently excellent suggestions for improving the Jury System was opposed, successfully, by her Majesty's Government. Among other comforts, jurors' bodies are to be still starved for the improvement of their minds. And we send Missionaries to the savages.

Thursday. LORD CHELMSFORD pushed on his Bill for allowing Counsel in Criminal Cases, to speak twice, even when the criminal called no evidence. LORD CRANWORTH made the very profound remark that such a permission would lengthen trials, but the CHANCELLOR did not see that this, which is certainly probable, was an objection, inasmuch as the justice and not the brevity of an English trial is vulgarly held to be one of its chief merits.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE (which reminds us that St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, is likely to come down, if not repaired, in which case we shall labour to get Bristol disfranchised, and all her inhabitants sent to Bath) wants the new map of the frontier between Turkey and Persia. It has cost £57,000 already, and it is well that JOHN BULL is an Atlas that can bear such taxation for maps. What awful capitalists MR. STANFORD and MR. WYLD must be, if their magnificent cartography is prepared at such prices. There is a practicable joke here about MAPPIN, but we are not going to make it, because we consider cab and omnibus advertisements a nuisance.

LORD HARROWBY objects to the Education order which submits children under six to "examination for results."

We should prefer examining them for goodies and toffee, and if none were found on them, the Privy Council ought to instruct the nearest resident confectioner to take the necessary measures, and weights, for supplying the deficiency. LORD GRANVILLE thought that the small creatures ought to be present at the examinations. "He has no children," LORD LYTTLETON, who is a father, and LORD REDESDALE, who deserves to be one, protested against tormenting the little ones. However, they are to be tormented until further notice.

The case of the unfortunate Coventry ribbon weavers which has been so often and so ably pressed by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON (as Government said) was to-night urged by his colleague, MR. TREHERNE. Nothing, said MR. GIBSON, can be done. All the mischief, said MR. BENTINCK, has been wrought by free-trade. MR. WHITE made the bold suggestion, that "the Illustrious Lady who ruled despotically over the fashions of Europe" should be asked, in the interest of her husband's subjects at St. Etienne, as well as of QUEEN VICTORIA's at Coventry, to set the fashion of wearing ribbons instead of gimp or *passementerie*. The COUNTESS OF PUNCH will be perfectly happy to go over, at the request and charge of the nation, as a deputation to make this request of the beautiful Empress, but not until the March winds are put down.

The Army Estimates, MRS. GRUNDY. We want £14,348,000 for the soldiering purposes, a saving of about £800,000 on last year. There are some reductions, which LORD HARTINGTON said were improvements in the Service. Government thinks that the Armstrong Coil Guns are the best we have yet obtained. The price of our new forts

will not exceed £3,000,000—three millions, M^r. GENERAL PHEL said that the Tories had been more economical than the Liberals. If you wish to read what the various millitary hoxifers said, MRS. G., you are at liberty to go into any penny reading-room at your own expense, and see.

Friday. The Covent Garden Opera Programme came out, and M^r. PUNCH was far too much interested in examining MR. GYE's plan of campaign to pay much attention to the debates. We are certainly to have *L'Africaine*, if it comes out in Paris, and Paris or not, we are to have *Il Flauto Magico*, which we regard as better news still, especially if anything like a reasonable libretto has been substituted for the insane rubbish which has hitherto been so mischievous to the noble opera. There is a deal of good promise in the programme. As for Parliament, we did not attend,—who would go out in a venomous wind,—but there was a Polish debate, of no utility, and on a discussion on treaties, MR. FORSTER affirmed the ignorance of the Foreign Office, and was told by MR. LAYARD that commercial gentlemen wished all higher considerations set aside for the sake of trade. Police rates were complained of, and MR. WHALLEY said that the police had established a reign of terrorism over the Magistrates. It is not exactly that, indeed it would be unreasonable to expect exactitude in any description by MR. WHALLEY, but the Magistrates, with certain admirable exceptions, are too much in the habit of believing the police, who, as was said by the late MR. O'CONNELL of somebody, are too much in the habit of "postponing the interests of the truth to the purposes of the moment."

BRAVO, PIO NONO!



OUR readers are hereby congratulated on the greatly improved health and spirits of the POPE. Prus is himself again—physically, that is to say; for, to be sure, he is not now what he was in 1847, an apostle of progress in occupation of the Apostolic See.

A calamity to the jocular universe greater than it would be to the serious *Monde*, would result from the demise of the Triple Crown. How do we know that the next wearer of that symbolical substitute for a chimney-pot will play so many fantastic tricks before high Heaven as to supply the place in the gallery of European comicalities which will have been vacated by his predecessor?

A recent letter from Rome informs us that:—

"Soon after twelve o'clock the Pope received in the Throne-room at the Vatican a deputation of about 200 foreign Catholics—non-Pontifical Italians being comprised in the category. An address of sympathy, devotion, and attachment was read to his Holiness, who replied in a few touching words, concluding with blessing the assemblage, and presenting them with his foot to kiss."

Have we any reason to be satisfied that the next Pontiff—may his accession be protracted a thousand years!—will be capable of rewarding a deputation, come to pay him their compliments, by presenting them with his foot to

kiss? Are there not some grounds for fearing that he may shrink from the performance of an act so charmingly grotesque?

Equally funny, in its way, with the absurdity of giving people his foot to kiss, was the following extravagance, also ascribed to his Holiness by the writer above quoted:—

"On Thursday the Pope published a decree for the canonisation of a Spanish Inquisitor—FRANZ PETER D'ARBUER—who was killed by the Jews at Saragossa."

If it is true that the sublime borders on the ridiculous, the converse is also true, and certainly the canonisation of a Spanish Inquisitor is an instance of the ridiculous that borders on the sublime. The devotees who venerate a Pontiff that signalises

himself by such tremendous burlesque as that, deserve having his foot to kiss, and more; for the Holy Father might with great propriety favour each of them, in addition, with a good kick in the mouth.

In the late *Invito Sacro* the POPE has reaffirmed the comic decrees of his Encyclical condemning civil and religious liberty. He disdains to allow his denunciations to be understood in the non-natural sense officiously proposed for them by his apologists. The Pope is "thorough." If he is confronted with the inexorable logic of facts, he meets it with the equally inexorable logic of Popery. He is what Britons call a regular out-and-outer, a character for which they entertain a great respect, just such as they had for the late COLONEL SIBTHORP, irrespective of his politics, and have for the present MARQUIS DE BOISSY, notwithstanding his rabid Anglophobia.

What fun it will be if the POPE, who, with a courage truly admirable, shrinks from no consequences of his theology, shall shortly publish another Bull, condemning all the physical sciences, especially astronomy, chemistry, and geology, as diabolical illusions, corresponding to the witchcraft of the Ages of Faith! The promulgation of such an edict by his Holiness is to be expected daily. Our Roman Catholic propagandists boast of the great increase of their numbers. In the mean time, the Holy Father has virtually excommunicated all of them who are not fools enough to swallow the dogmas of his Encyclical, and must thus have cut the one infallible Church down to small proportions. Eh, SIR GEORGE BOWYER? How many of you are any better than heretics?

Be that as it may, we are glad to know that the Holy Father is "alive and kicking," to speak in the vernacular, although he forbore to kick those whom he might and should have kicked in the chaps. Instead of ugly stories about erysipelas and other ailments, we rejoice to hear that the *Servus Servorum* is once more his own man, although we cannot accept his *Invito Sacro*, whereby we also should be invited to kiss his foot. You are going on admirably, Prus, old boy. Go it!

SPORTING NEWS.

THE Hunting Season being nearly over, there was a grand meeting of The Sly Fox Club, in Leicestershire, the Sliest old Fox in the Chair. The Foxes congratulated one another on the capital sport they had had during the past season, and hoped that no unsportsmanlike vulpecide would thin their ranks before next November. There was a fine show of brushes. The Chairman said that the rising generation couldn't do better, when Cub-hunting should commence, than follow the admirable example set them by their parents. Coverts were laid for twenty. The proceedings were fully reported in *Reynard's Weekly Paper*.

PITY without relief is like mustard without beef.



"WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME."

Messrs (to the Snowed-up Foxhunters, who are grumbling about the Weather). "MAIS NON, DER IS ALWAYS DE CHASSE TO ME. DERRE IS VON LITTLE WOODCOCK IN DE WOODS HERE—ALWAYS, ALWAYS, TOUS LES JOURS, I FIND HEEM, I TIR MON COUP, I DO NOT HEST HIM, BUT I OBTAIN MY CHASSE. I HOPE HE VILL REST TO ME ALL DE SEASON!"

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.

A MASQUE, DEDICATED TO SIR C. WOOD.

Enter a Company of Telegraph Clerks with wires. They catch SIR CHARLES WOOD, and sing to him melodiously.

SONG OF THE HEAD CLERK.

AIR—"In my Cottage."

In my station near thee, WOOD,
I'll receive or send all day
Telegrams both bad and good
From and out to In-di-a.
It eight hours takes to—(pay
Five pounds ten, 'tis right you should)
Telegraph to In-di-a,
From my station near thee, WOOD.

Chorus of Telegraph Clerks, to be Sung dancing up to SIR CHARLES WOOD, and salaaming.

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When a man telegraphs, trouble begins.

Spoken by HEAD CLERK, after tiffin.

Head Clerk. If you please, SIR CHARLES, where wouldn't a Telegraph Clerk go to for a holiday? D'yar gib it up? (*All laugh like Niggers.*)
[SIR CHARLES WOOD cuts a coper, and gives it up.]

Head Clerk. Because—no I mean—He wouldn't go to *The Needles*.
[Exit HEAD CLERK.]

Chorus resumed.

Needles and pins, &c. &c.
[Bells ring violently. *Enrent omnes, salaaming the door.*

NOTES ON THE NAME OF CÆSAR.

THE EMPEROR has raised a discussion on the etymology of JULIUS CÆSAR's name. Some will have it to have been derived from *cæsar*, Punic for an elephant, because an ancestor of his slew one, peradventure with a long bow, which would have been required to send an arrow through the hide of that pachydermatous quadruped. Others contend that CÆSAR was so called for a reason which would have rendered the same name applicable to MACDUFF; but perhaps, with respect to the cæsarian operation, they put the cart before the horse. The more plausible opinion is, that the name in question was derived from *cæsaries*, a thick head of hair, which one of JULIUS CÆSAR's progenitors was not, as superficial scholars suggest, born with, but grew up without. The ancient Romans were very much given to heavy chaff and calling people names, some of which, like RUFUS, were literally expressive of their personal peculiarities, whilst others were perhaps ironically so. As a matter of fact, JULIUS CÆSAR is known to have been bald, and, ROWLAND's Incomparable Macassar Oil not having been as yet invented, to have worn a laurel chaplet in place of a wig, or of a black velvet scull-cap, which, when he got made Pontifex Maximus, would have become his Holiness. He probably took after his ancestor, called CÆSAR for want of a *cæsaries*, in a playful figure, *quasi lacus a non lacendo*, as his countrymen used to say, and as ours might give TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT the names of GOG and MAGOG.

If the original CÆSAR derived his nickname from an artificial head of hair, the name of CÆSAR would seem to correspond nearly to that of WIGGINS.

In quitting this subject, we may remind our readers that, in the time of our own immediate forefathers, the thick head of hair, from which the name of CÆSAR is said to have originated, was termed a BRUTUS.

THE MAN WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEND TO A SÉANCE.—The man who knows how to hit the happy Medium.



SMITHY

VULCAN IN THE SULKS.

BRITANNIA. "IF YOU TURN SULKY, AND WON'T MAKE MY ARMOUR, HOW SHALL I BE ABLE TO RESIST MARS?"

A STATUE AT LARGE.

It was past twelve o'clock in London generally. Past twelve o'clock in Leicester Square particularly. After life's fitful fever Leicester Square, that is the dwellers in Leicester Square, slept well.

From their slumbers they were aroused by a voice, wild, unearthly. Was it a Banshee? or cats? It might have been a Banshee, as no one could speak on that subject from experience, but everyone said it wasn't cats. Again that wailing chaunt! It was dismal enough to be a comic song; but then the Alhambra had been shut up since midnight, so it couldn't be that.

Again: louder, louder, more unearthly, more unmusical than before.

"Hullo!" said PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, auctioneers in the Square. PUTTICK was asleep on the second-floor front, and SIMPSON was reposing in an adjoining room. "Who's that?"

"I should like to knock him down, whoever it is," growled SIMPSON, under the clothes, professionally.

The sound once more.

"Going, going, gone!" cried PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, and jumped out of bed.

"It's strange," said SIMPSON, putting his head out of window.

"No, it isn't," said MR. STRANGE, looking out from a turret in the Alhambra.

BICKERS AND SON, booksellers, peered forth from their first-floor windows, with faces that spoke volumes.

The distinguished Foreigners at the Europe, Provence, and Sabloniere Hotels shivered in their night-caps, but couldn't be distinguished at all, it was so dark.

"Praps it's that HORACE WIGAN," muttered MR. STRANGE to himself, "he's always disturbing me. Never mind, I'll have a Settling Day with him." So saying he grasped the water-jug.

The voice was singing, harshly, gratingly.

"I can't see anything," said MR. STRANGE.

Inventive genius came to his aid: in a minute a yard of magnesium wire illumined the Square.

The cats shrieked and fled.

A Policeman, in a bye-street, sprang his rattle.

In another minute the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND and LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR were on the spot on his Grace's fire-engine.

"Diable! *Der Teufel!*" exclaimed the distinguished foreigners.

"It's the Statue singing," said MR. STRANGE.

"It's the Statue!" cried PUTTICK AND SIMPSON.

"It is the Statue!" chorussed BICKERS AND SON.

"I'll pump on him," said the Duke.

"No, don't throw cold water on him," observed his Lordship, "or you'll put him out."

"I wish I could hear what he's saying," said MR. STRANGE. "Turn your head this way, will you?"

"Can't," said the Statue, who was looking straight at PUTTICK AND SIMPSON'S.

"Encore!" shouted the auctioneers.

"Encore, by all means!" cried the illustrious party, seated on the fire-engine.

MR. GREEN, who, with a large party of friends had been summoned from EVANS'S, here stepped forward, and offered to hum the statue music from *Don Giovanni* to the Dear Boy, dear Boy on the horse.

"I can't come down, MR. GREEN," returned the Statue, politely but sadly, "and if I could, my misfortune, in the matter of legs, would prevent my walking into your supper."

"Sing away, old Boy!" cried the occupants of the fire-engine.

"Sing sharp—I mean look sharp," said MR. STRANGE, who was now holding out the magnesium wire with the tongs.

"It's a little thing of my own," explained the Statue, bashfully, "founded upon a poem written by a gentleman to whose namesake I dedicate my present production."

"Name! Name!" from the fire-engine.

"COWPER," answered the Statue. "I will now oblige the company with my

VERSES.*

(Written by the Statue during his solitary abode in the centre of the Leicester Square Desert.)

"I'm monarch of all I survey,"

My right leg is minus a foot,

My left has been taken away,

And another they haven't yet put.

"Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?"

I've cried till I'm black in the face;

Which black won't come off with the storms
Of rain in this horrible place.

"I'm out of Humanity's reach,"

Except when 'tis armed with a stone;

* It is needless to observe that our reporter was the first at the square railings.

Is there no stern policeman who'll teach
The small boys to let me alone?
The cats that roam over the square
"My form with indifference see,"
The sparrows will perch on my hair,
Their conduct is shocking to me.

My horse has a stick to support
His leg, which (observe the right fore)
Is extended, as if he'd been taught
The trick known as shaking a paw.
Though summer's sun NELSON may bake,
On his friends grouped around him 'twill shine;
There's a coil 'bout his legs; oh, do make,
MR. COWPER, a coil about mine!

Why can't I be placed in the Strand?
CHARLES thinks he adorns Charing Cross!
And yet I would much rather stand—
I should like to get off my horse.
With legs, I might take CANNING's place,
I'm sure he must want change of air,
My dress quite a classical grace
Would shed over Hanover Square.

But the Sparrow is gone to his nest,
The Cat is laid down in her lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
Let each to his mattress repair.
Dear me! why, what colds you have caught!
The weather, 'tis true, isn't hot.
You'll all be laid up! Cheerful thought,
That reconciles me to my lot.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ABOUT JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julium Casarem.—Yes. R. S. V. P. were the letters inscribed on the ancient Roman banners. It was a proud boast, and nobody knew what it meant.

Billy S.—Why did the populace want to tear the poet in SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*?—Why, because he was a miserable CINNA.

Antony Rowley.—What was the Rubicon?—It was a generous red wine, a favourite with the Romans. CÆSAR used to be a regular bottle-stopper; so, as there were perpetual requests to him to "pass the rubicon," his doing it of his own accord, was marked as a red letter day in the Roman Calendar. The dinner-table cry was afterwards shortened into "Pass the ruby;" and, in this abbreviated form, it has been handed down to our own time.

Rum ti iddity rum Ti-berius.—CÆSAR was certainly what Cookneys call an *ero* in Roman History, but it does not therefore follow that his wife was an *era* in Roman History.

Hard Cashius.—The name of CÆSAR's wife? She was POMPEY'S sister, and, everybody knows it well, was celebrated in history as MADAME DE POMPEYDOUR.



RUDE BOY!

Charley. "I SAY, ROBERT!"

Robert. "YES, SIR."

Charley. "I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'RE A FOOTMAN, 'CAUSE PAPA'S GIVEN YOU A COAT; BUT YOU'RE ONLY A PAGE AFTER ALL, AND OUGHT TO HAVE LITTLE BUTTONS ALL THE WAY DOWN!"

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN CHAUCER spoke about the Clerke's power of "entuning" through his nose, he never claimed for it any particular humour; and when low comedians, or those who are thrust into that position, adopt a decided nasal tone of delivery, the audience may be pardoned if they are unable to see the fun of it. Two glaring instances of this elocutionary vice have been lately brought before the public—one at the St. James's Theatre, and the other at the Princess's. MR. FELIX ROGERS at the first house, and MR. DOMINICK MURRAY at the second, are far from being oily comedians, but their extremely dry style of acting might be rendered more endurable if they delivered their words direct from the natural organs of speech. Dr. Cantwell, Mawworm, the conventional Quaker, and the equally conventional Yankee of the Stage may be all very amusing in their way, but their peculiarities of pronunciation are apt to become tiresome when given to all characters. MESSRS. ROGERS and MURRAY are not the founders of this nasal school, nor are they its only pupils.

The revival of *The School for Scandal* at Drury Lane, has had an air of novelty imparted to it, from the circumstance of the two *Surfaces* being played by military gentlemen. MAJOR-GENERAL ANDERSON and LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WALTER LACY, who represented the *Joseph* and *Charles* of the comedy, were recognised as old favourites, notwithstanding their heavy cavalry moustachios. *Sir Peter Teazle* ought to have had a Crimean beard to make the performance harmonious, but MR. PHELPS preferred to be correct and singular.

What is an "apex actor?" or an "apex play?" A gentleman writing in the *Era* has used these terms, and every dramatic critic ought to be grateful for any new discovery in critical language, but no copyist will be safe in using such phrases until they are clearly explained. An "apex actor," we imagine, is an acrobat at the top of a pole; and an "apex play" must be some posthumous production of PEAKE's which is popular in the provinces.

Don't be Rude.

A PLAINTIFF the other day claimed remuneration from a Defendant for "Paving the way to a Butter Connection." It is right to say that this plaintiff had not been introducing a critic to a Manager.

DE MORNAY AND DE MORTUIS.

TWO PICTURES.

FROM LIFE.

A YOUTH of wild excess, where every vice—
The glutton's, gambler's, lecher's, had its turn,
Yet ruled by a cool blood and brain precise,
Which nor shame checked nor sin could rouse to burn.

A manhood from sheer foulness scarce redeemed
By one short interval of soldier-life,
Where scorn of all things stoic courage seemed,
And won such honour as finds root in strife.

That warfare o'er, and those cheap palms still green,
A glad return to the Parisian sty,
With appetites for brief restraint more keen,
Large lusts to feed, and lessened means to buy.

Then arts of industry, in stock and share,
The gambler's practice to the Bourse applied,
With that cool blood, that brain, alert and ware,
Still keeping roguery on law's windward side.

Till, when the House of Orleans met its doom,
And the Republic had out-played its hour,
His life-long purpose veiled in studied gloom,
The Nephew of my Uncle crept to power.

Then this great *boursier* laid his sceptre down,
To one more great than he yielding the *pas*,—
The master-gambler who all *coups* dared crown
With that colossal *coup*, the *coup d'état*.

As a half-brother—half in brains and blood—
Should serve half-brother, he this master served,
With a cool daring, by no bar withstood,
That brooked no check, and at no terror swerved.

And he had his reward: so near the Throne,
What secret men would buy but he would sell?
The "turn of the market" now was all his own,
And practice taught him how to use it well.

So he lived—cynical and calm and cool,
Courteous of speech, of manners polished fair,
Ruling French legislators with a rule
That English laqueys had not brooked to bear;

With everything that the world's wealth could buy,
With nothing that the world's respect should bring;
And when he died he could find tongues to lie,
Hands flowers of falsehood o'er his grave to fling!

AFTER DEATH.

FIRST SCHNEIDER took the brush, *couleur de rose*
Laid in for ground, and with bold hand began
To model up, in lineaments and *pose*,
The portrait of great statesman and good man.

"Firm in his principles, in judgment wise,
Prompt to conceive as he to act was skilled:
Order and progress graced alike to prize,
Noblest support of Throne as nobly filled.

"Such in high office he ne'er ceased to be:
Such in the public love we saw him grow,
And in his colleagues' hearts, that bleed with me,
Dearer and dearer, as our loss we know;

"Impartial President, just and unblamed,
He with firm hand discussion's licence checked:
Admitting all to argument, he claimed
For men and institutions due respect.

"In private life beloved, his generous heart
Drew all affections with resistless power:
In public life, his the wise counsellor's part,
Who reads aright the lesson of the hour."

As large of line, of colouring as brave
As this from SCHNEIDER's pencil bright and true
The second portrait, at that open grave,
Dashed in by ready ROUGER's foot

"Life's fight well fought, the task of duty done,
Upon his death-bed the pure patriot see,
Loosing this earth's affections, one by one,
Into God's bosom so to pass more free."

Pure, gentle, tolerant, wise, and debonair—
What virtues or good gifts but met in him?
Till looking on this image, we despair
To think what eclipse France's sky must dim

With the extinction of the shining star
That such a wondrous radiance can fling.—
But still a life's a life, and lights there are
Seen after death, that from corruption spring.

SOMETHING SENSIBLE FROM SUFFOLK.



MUSTER PUNCH, I humbly
ax yar pardon, Sir, for
troblun yow with my hand-
writun, for I baint over
grand at spellun, and may
be our Soffuk way o' speak-
un ull puzzle yow good
tidily. But blame it! I
fare somehow as if I must
sah suffun bout this here
pack o' lies as hev bun tow'd
about the Malt-tax. Gorm
me if I don't think that
that there SIR FITZ ROY
KELLY hev been swiggun
some sour beer, and it hev
givun him the stomik acke!
Well, there, to hare him
talk yow'd raly ommost
fancy that our faermers
were nigh starved to dead

with this here blessed tax, and cooden afford the best on 'em to drink a
pint of homebrewed. A mort o' fulish gabble he hev gone * us folks,
sure-ly! Why, to hare him prate, yow'd think as how a faermier
dint git northin by high faermun, for the moor baerley he growed the
moor tax he'd hev to pay, and so, yow see, a faermier as do justice to
the land he wornt a mite the better off for a good hairvest.

Well then there's my bor JIM as work for MUSTER SKIMFLINT, he
goo a Sarrerdar * sometimes and buy the *Ipsidge Jernal*, which yow
know is a high Tory peayper, and it's sprisun what a sight o' fulishness
is put in it—Bout this here beer matter I mean, for in most respex the
Jernal is as sensible as many country noospeaypers. But there, it
wholly stammed me tuther night at the Blue Lion to hare a letter read
as was put into the *Times*, and written by a faermier as live nigh here in
Soffuk, and he sah as this here tax be ruination to we labrers, fur if
malt were free we'd all on us goo a brewun good mild beer at 3 hapence
a quart, and ood git as drunk as lords on our own premises for 6 pence.
But 'strue as I sit here, I don't believe we'd get a mite o' good by
gittun drunk, nor by heven cheaper beer and keepun sober, nuther.
Yow see our maisters ud be sure to cut our wages down accordun.
My bief is as the money which now goo to pah the malt-tax woodent
goo into our pockets, nor yet the faermers' nuther. The brewers and
the maltsters might git a howd o' some on it, but we shouldn't see a
doit, leastways that's my opinion.

So when I hare a faermier complainun of the malt-tax, think i—This
here's all grub. The real tax upon the barley is the Geame, and nit the
Guvermint. Why, 'strue as yow're alive we're ommust eaten up wi'
Geame down here in Soffuk. No wonder coorn dont pay for growun,
when it be mostly all cornsumed by hungry hares and rabbits, and
patteridges, and pheasunts! The faermers now t this right enough, but
they're afear'd to haller out, cos why they think if they complain they
all git tunned out of their farms, and spite o' the Geame they most on
em be doing pritty tidily.

So no moor at the present from your bedient humble sarvunt to
command,

JOE HODGE,

Uppards o' thutty year a Labrer in the filds, and arnun 9 shillin a
week to keep my wife and family, and its as much as I can du to find
em in dry bread, but taint the Malt-tax as purwents it from beun pork
and pooden.

* Anglial, given.

† Anglial, on Saturday.

‡ Know.

REASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY ought you never to lend anything to a striot Roman Catholic?
Because what is Lent to him, he keeps.

BIG AND LITTLE BETHELLS.

NOTHING can well be more cruel or unreasonable than these attacks
on LORD WESTBURY for giving away the Clerkship of Patents to his son-
in-law's brother, and the Clerkship of the House of Lords to his son.

His Lordship, like *Silky* in the *Road to Ruin*, very properly considers
himself bound to provide for his family; and the length and breadth of
this pious feeling is beautifully shown in the following list of appoint-
ments which have already been distributed among the House of BETHELL,
without anybody saying a word against the LORD CHANCELLOR:—

"First, a Registrarship at Exeter, and afterwards in London, to the Hon.
SLINGSBY BETHELL, son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and now the Reading Clerkship
of the House of Lords; second, a Registrarship of Deeds to the Hon. R. BETHELL,
another son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, under the New Bankruptcy Act; third, the
Crown Solicitors to the Court of Bankruptcy, to WALTER WILLIAM ALDRIDGE,
Esq., who married a niece of the LORD CHANCELLOR—an appointment created under
the New Bankruptcy Act; fourth, the berth of Architect to the Court of Bank-
ruptcy, to AUGUSTUS B. ABRAHAM, brother-in-law to the LORD CHANCELLOR—an
appointment found necessary under the New Bankruptcy Act. In addition to
these, a Secretaryship of Presentations has been given to A. B. ABRAHAM, Esq., and
a Mr. R. J. ABRAHAM has been appointed Second Clerk in the Land Registry Office,
and his Lordship's son-in-law holds the Official Assigneeship to the Exeter District."

It is a strong proof of the organised antagonism of the Solicitors to
LORD WESTBURY's Act, that they have been able to bring it to a dead-
lock, in spite of an executive strengthened by this powerful force of
BETHELLS and ABRAHAMS. But why should the public strain at the
last two gnats, after swallowing all those camels?

THE PAPAL STATES.

(From our Own.)

March 17th.—The POPE is in good health. He had an audience the
other day: pit quite full—no half-price. French in arms not admitted.
Later in the evening there was a game of hunt the Papal alipper, which
the POPE enjoyed amazingly.

The other day the POPE drove to Pimlico.*

His Holiness is, as you are of course aware, very fond of billiards.
Some few favoured ones are allowed to go into St. Peter's, and see the
canons the POPE makes. When I told his Infallibility this sally, the
good-natured Pontiff laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks;
the wily Cardinal who was playing with him took advantage of it using
a large red cotton pocket-handkerchief to mark up five for himself.
Such is life at the Vatican!

"Lor' BILLY," said Pi to me one evening (I always call him Pi, and
he calls me BILLY), "it's all very well to say, 'The POPE he leads a
happy life,' but I'll tell you in confidence—What he said I cannot
of course repeat. But mark my words. The French will *not* leave
Rome to-morrow. If they do, I give up all chance of a Cardinalate, for
which I am daily intriguing. There are lots of vacant hats, and plenty
of vacant heads to be fitted. *Verb. sap.*

Yours,

THE RUM 'UN.

* Query, the Finto?

Musical Note.

L'Africaine is to be produced at Covent Garden with great splendour.
The plot is very simple; a coloured gentleman, while stopping at a
South African Port, falls in love, and poisons himself with a glass of the
native Sherry. The story was originally told of the first man of colour,
ADAM BLACK. There will be a ballet of Buffalo gals, who will come
out every night, and dance by the light of the usual Moon.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

WHY is the DUKE of MANCHESTER like SHAKESPEARE? Don't be
outrageous, the comparison is *not* "too absurd."
Because he knows "small Latin and less Greek."

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham's Postscript to MR.
NEWDEGATE:—"P.S. I'll be an *Ulla-thorne* in your side. Yours truly,
THE BRUMMAGEN BISHOP."

Nursery Rhymes for Leeds Babies.

LORD NAMEYFAMBERLEY first was a scornor
Of six-pound "franchisee," and was put in a corner:
But he's eaten his words, and it gives us great joy
That LORD NAMEYFAMBERLEY's now a good boy.

AN IDEA FOR A QUACK.—A Schoolboy's Appetite will be regained at
the latest period of life in cases of the most complete anorexia, by
recourse to CHAMWELL'S Peptic Pills. Sold in boxes, at 6s. &c.



AN AWFUL DEMONSTRATION

OF THE POWER OF A LARGE MAGNET AT OLD BUNGER'S SCIENTIFICO CONVERSAZIONE.

RHYMES TO DECREASING CRINOLINE.

With exceeding satisfaction
A remarkable contraction
Of thy petticoat our eyes have lately seen ;
The expanse of ladies' dresses,
Thank its yielding arbitress,
Growing beautifully less,
Crinoline.

On the flagstones of the stree ,
If a man two women meet,
He may pass, if pretty tolerably lean,
And sufficiently alert,
Stepping not into the dirt
'Twixt the kennel and thy skirt,
Crinoline.

Now, when ladies go to Court,
Let us hope that no more sport
They will furnish to the rabble vile and mean,
While their clothes, for want of room,
Stick right out of every brougham ;
For retrenchment is thy doom,
Crinoline.

There will soon be room for us
In the public omnibus,
When the middle class of ladies find the QUEEN,
And the fair PRINCESS OF WALES,
And Nobility's females,
Have all had to reef their sails,
Crinoline.

When to church young damsels go,
Their habiliments to show,
In their bonnets of magenta, mauve, and green,

A not very spacious pew
Will suffice to hold a few,
If the darlings but eschew
Crinoline.

No more ladies death will find,
In their frames of steel calcined,
Set on blazes by a grate without a screen ;
Though some cookmaids yet may flare,
Who dress out, and don't take care,
For the servants still will wear
Crinoline.

But the dashing stylish belles,
And the exquisite fast swells,
Will deride the grotesque fashion that has been
For so long a time the rage
In a comical past age :
Thy preposterous old cage,
Crinoline.

New Music.

"*I'd be a Buttercup, born in a Bower.*" Song written as a companion to "*I'd choose to be a Daisy.*"

"A very charming melody. The poetry is exquisite."—*Review.*

VALE—"*The Pot Luck,*" by the Author of "*The Invitation.*"

"This is an extremely spirited morceau. The popping of the corks and the rattling of the knives and forks are capitally imitated."—*Vide Public Press.*

NEW BALLAD—"The How d'ye do at the Window." By the talented composer of "*The Good-bye at the Door.*"

"Bright and sparkling : really quite a gem."—*Musical Review.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Champagne, Sir?"

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 30. LORD STANHOPE, who is entitled to be heard with respect on any subject, and especially on any subject in which posterity will be interested, made an earnest protest against burying the new Temple of Justice, instead of placing it where it would ornament London. But the site seems to be settled, and the stronghold of Law will be Castle-Carey.

MR. H. BERKELEY, of the Ballot, does not believe in the machinery by which black balls are to be deposited in the ships of our enemies; and he brought on another

American debate. The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON stood to his guns. The Larger BENTINCK abused the plans for defending Canada. This gentleman has taken a dislike to his chief, MR. DISRAELI, and often walks out of the House, in a marked manner, in order to illustrate his disloyalty. CAPTAIN JERVIS said that the cry of invasion was a Bogie. There were some other speeches, and the rest of the night was devoted to the service of Mars, God of War, and good progress was made with the Estimates for the support of the priests and ministers of the Bellipotent.

Tuesday. MR. A. SMITH made an onslaught upon the Office of Works and the Woods and Forests, charging the authorities with all kinds of waste, mismanagement, corruption, and other bad vices, and he demanded a great reform, which MR. FREDERICK PHEL assured him was unnecessary.

MR. MONSELL, who is a moderate Catholic, obtained leave to bring in a Bill for doing away with the oaths which his fellow-believers have to take on being admitted to office. They have to renounce the Catholic doctrine that Sovereigns excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed by their subjects, and they have also to abjure all intention of upsetting the Church of England. MR. PUNCH has the grimmest disfavour for all useless oaths, because they savour of profanity, and inasmuch as the excommunication of a Sovereign by the Pope is usually an excellent means of strengthening that Sovereign's position (as may be observed, your Holiness, in the case of VICTOR-EMMANUEL, King of Italy, your Holiness), we are not much afraid of the process. The QUEEN OF ENGLAND is believed to be in a chronic state of excommunication, but we are not aware that the HOWARDS, or SIR GEORGE BOWYER, or the majority of the Irish Members, entertain any intention of effecting the deposition of the SOVEREIGN. We had rather trust to the loyalty of the Catholics and to the fears of the Papists, than to any oaths. As for the Church oath, MR. MONSELL said, with justice, that it was absurd to exact it from men who would maintain the Protestant establishment, as a bulwark against infidelity, and not to require it of MR. BRIGHT and MR. HADFIELD, whose first words on awakening, when their servants knock with the shaving water, are *Deus est Ecclesia*, or a free and easy translation thereof. Moreover, we flatter ourselves that we are quite able to maintain the Church against all comers, and do not wish to be beholden to anybody's forbearance. Government did not resist the introduction of the Bill, but we need hardly say that MR. NEWDEGATE had an instant vision of the window at Whitehall, and MR. WHALLEY beheld St. Paul's in the fire, which he is not likely to kindle in the Thames. In the course of his speech MR. NEWDEGATE grew vehement, and bonneted MR. HORSFALL, but as the great Protestant apologised like a gentleman, and has sent MR. HORSFALL a new hat, we really mention it only in honour of the orator's energy.

MR. SHERIDAN then beat the Government soundly. Despite the protests of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, that he ought not to be bound to anything, and that votes ought not to be taken on money matters until he should have cut the Surplus Cake, after Easter, the House condemned the tax on Fire Assurance. MR. PUNCH regrets any annoyance to his friend MR. GLADSTONE, and feels that he, MR. P., ought to apologise to him, MR. G., for publishing an epigram which produced this effect. MR. PUNCH having said that he would hear of no assurance duty except the duty of assurance, the tax was stabbed by that glittering poniard. But in the interest of Society he will stick at nothing, or rather at everything that deserves sticking, and this tax on prudence merited the fate which it met to-night.

Wednesday. SIR COLMAN O'LOUGHLIN endeavoured to carry a Bill for giving Irishmen an opportunity of travelling on Railways upon Sundays. As he was defeated, we have little to say on the subject, except that two points in the debate may be worth notice. One is, that an Irish Member declared that Limerick was a dreary place, and he could understand the desire of people to get away from it on

Sunday. Then what does the poet mean by stating in song that "Limerick is beautiful." Of course we agree with another poet, the late MR. PRIOR, that one need not "swear to the truth of a song," but this flagrant contradiction demands explanation. Secondly, it was declared on high authority, that a Railway is a public road, and any person may put carriages on it. On the faith of this statement, MR. PUNCH has ordered a private engine and smoking carriage of his own, and having occasion to go to Edinburgh, to see the new statue to PROFESSOR WILSON, and take a few drams with the editor of the *Scotsman*, with ALEXANDER SMITH, the poet, and with PROFESSOR BLACKIE the Englishman, he will require the road on Wednesday next, and he hereby gives notice that the line is to be kept clear, as he never stops, except to smile at the pretty girls at the Peterborough station, and to punch the head of a surly porter or so at Carlisle.

Thursday. EARL RUSSELL made a Speech intended to promote friendly feelings between us and the Federals. He intimated that there was a probability that the Reciprocity Treaty might not be put an end to, that the American Government had abolished the passport system on the frontier, and intended to withdraw the notice for abrogating the treaty as to armaments on the Lakes. He also said that we had been exquisitely civil in all our despatches, and that the late PRINCE CONSORT himself had suggested some alterations in the Trent despatch, whereby it was rendered still more polite than in the first draft. And though he named nobody, he levelled a pretty straight hit at MR. BRIGHT, for trying to make the Yankees believe that we had treated them harshly. There was no question, he said, between the Governments. SIR FREDERICK BAUCE, whose wisdom hath approved itself in the East, has departed as our representative in the West, *vice* LORD LYONS.

If it be true—MR. SCULLY alleges it—that a child under six and a man of sixty-five have been flogged in gaol, the cases are not for words, but for such punishment of the perpetrators as shall be remembered by all Justices and gaolers for many a long day. But in spite of our ardent faith in the plenary and verbal inspiration of MR. SCULLY, we are obliged to say that we must await further information.

Those Saffron Hill Italian rioters give a great deal of trouble. PELIZZONI, the man who was convicted of murder, and has been pardoned, because the act was not murder, and also seems to have been committed by somebody else, is now to be tried for wounding a potman called REEBROCK. The police are charged with having resolved to convict PELIZZONI, and with having suppressed all evidence that did not tend to that result. It is certain that when a policeman has made up his very luminous mind as to a person's guilt, the official mode of getting up the case is uncommonly satisfactory—so far as it goes; only, as CHIEF BARON POLLOCK remarked at Lewes, the other day, "the object of a criminal prosecution is not to get a verdict, but to get at the facts." This *dictum*, which no doubt seemed most offensive and uncalled-for to the gentlemen whose creed begins with "From information which I received," was elicited in a case in which the police caused an amiable and most respectable lady, the widow of a British officer, to be tried because a fire occurred in her house, and they could not find out how it had arisen. With such a prosecutor as MR. DENMAN, such a defender as SERJEANT BALLANTINE, and such a Judge as the CHIEF BARON POLLOCK, an innocent lady in the dock was, of course, as safe from any serious consequences of police stupidity as she could have been in her own drawing-room; but the pain, the anxiety, the public scene, and the heavy expense occasioned to her, are by no means to be forgotten. "More brain, more brain!" as MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the poet, exclaimeth.

Debate on the fortification of Quebec, and repetition of most things that had previously been said. MR. DISRAELI did not believe that the normal state of America would be the maintenance of armies like those of XERXES. Perhaps not, yet we should not be surprised to hear a Yankee declare that the Republic, like that monarch, would "whip the ocean." MR. BRIGHT complimented MR. DISRAELI on unexpected diffidence. The House felt, like Englishmen, that whether we could defend Canada or not, it was due to the gallant and loyal Canadians to assure them that we meant to try, and the Quebec fortifications were voted by 275 to 40. The Larger BENTINCK, who had moved an amendment, walked out of the House "amid ironical cheers."

Then, we are sorry to say, there was a Parliamentary scene, and *Punch* fears that he cannot compliment his friend the SPEAKER, on having been as autocratic as a Speaker should be. The question was unimportant, but MR. DENISON should have been very important. MANNERS SUTTON or SHAW LEFEVRE would have made short work with HENNESSYS and LYGONS. However, perhaps the right honourable gentleman was not well (the weather was an excuse for anything), and it was very late, and he may have been tired. But in future, please, he must be a Despot.

The Bill for abolishing the oaths which Dissenters do not like to take on assuming municipal office was read a Third Time and passed, and will be rejected by the House of Lords at an early date. Their Lordships like to set the schismatics swearing.

Friday. Quite right, LORDS MALMESBURY and SHAFTESBURY, if a Magistrate sends a man to a lunatic asylum, on the certificate of one doctor, when the law demands that of two, that Magistrate must give a good reason why he should be retained in the Commission of the Peace, and of illegal practices. The Docknall case must be fully understood.

A laughable Irish debate. CHIEF JUSTICE MONAGHAN, one of the best and ablest of the Hibernian Judges, is accused of having got out of temper with the Magistrates of the County Down, and in reply to

one of them, is said to have uttered an impatient execration. Now, as nobody ever swears in Ireland, the pious nation is hideously shocked. Of course, the alleged words (though, if they were used at all, were used in a way which made them utter nonsense) were excessively indecorous, but MR. COGAN stood up like a gentleman for an absent and honoured personage, and demanded full information. There was a wrangle, but SIR ROBERT PEEL's love of fun for once was opportune, and somehow, between jest and earnest, he quenched a demonstration dictated by something like spite.

The Blue Book Grievance was ventilated. Any Member can get almost anything printed, at the expense of the country, and an awful expense the House printing is, and some cheaper article than the Blue Books might be used for wrapping up butter. MR. EWART deserves plaudit for raising the question, and also for introducing a quotation which was very apt, and which was new to the House. We cite it, premising for the information of all our readers but one, that MR. EWART was illustrating the uses to which Parliamentary documents are turned, and, for the information of MR. COX, that *piper* means pepper; and not, as he may imagine, a performer on the bag-pipes.

"Cum scriptore meo, caput porrectus apertū
Deferar in vicium vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptiis."



EXCUSABLE.

COUNT FRANCO, HAVING BEEN SHOWN THE STATUES OF OUR INDIAN HEROES, IMMEDIATELY INFERS THAT HE SEES A COLOURED ONE OF THE LATE LORD CLYDE.

A PRETTY PLAYTHING.

REALLY this piece of intelligence from Paris looks very Oriental:—

"THE EMPEROR, during the day, received in private audience the COUNT DE MOLTKE HOITFELDT, Danish Minister, who had the honour of presenting to his Majesty, M. DE BLUMME, charged to remit the collar of the Order of the Elephant which the KING OF DENMARK has conferred on the PRINCE IMPERIAL."

But perhaps the "collar of the Order of the Elephant," which the PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE has been presented with by the KING OF DENMARK, is not to be regarded as a badge or decoration such as an Asiatic potentate would bestow on the object of his sublime consideration. The truth may be that the Royal donor of that bauble intended it as a toy for the amusement of the little NAPOLEON, suitable to his tender years.

THE ENFIELD'S GOOD-BYE.

"A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER.—A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered by MR. L. H. G. EHRHARDT, a German. It consists of tannic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash. The new gunpowder is stated to be of three times the explosive force of that now in use, and one-half cheaper."—*Vide Standard, &c.*

EACH dog has his day,
So they say
(When the sun shines then let him make hay).
As it is in such trifles
As dogs, 'tis in rifles—
There paragraphed, then thrown away.

Brown Bess first came out;
No doubt
She made in the papers a rout,
But her bullet so lax is,
It won't keep the axis,
And terribly wabbles about.

The Minnie came, too—
Something new—
And made a tremendous ado.
Its grooving was spiral—
Some said it would fire all
Its bullets a mile—some said two.

We the Enfields' attention engage—
The rage
We became, and just suited the age:
The Commons, the Peers,
The troops, volunteers,
LORD ELCHO, and CAPTAIN HOOD PAGE.

But, alas! the times change—
Our range
Is too short now the foe to derange;
And so WHITWORTH's grooving
(With RICHARDS' improving
The breach) has come in as a change.

Never mind! out of date,
We wait
To be shelved, not too early or late.
When they're bringing a mess in
Of potash and resin
As powder, who'd mourn such a fate?

And then there's a change in the lead—
'Tis said
They're making some hard stuff instead—
So good-bye. This will last
Till the fashion is past,
And something else comes in the head.

Dr. Colenso, Please Inform.

AT Florence, the poet DALL' ONGARA has been reciting verse, in which he stated that "the first speech of ADAMO was *Io famo*." Was it addressed to the beasts, and did it mean, "How tame?"



EXTRACT

FROM EYALINA'S LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

"I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU, DEAR, THAT THE VIGNETTE IS FAR PREFERABLE TO THE CARTE DE VISITE, FOR ANY GIRL WHO HAS PRETENSIONS TO GOOD LOOKS. I ENCLOSE MINN."

INTERESTING PICTURE SALE.

AMONG the numerous picture auctions of the season few have excited more interest than has been occasioned by the dispersion, under the accomplished hammer of MESSRS. CHAFFER AND DUFFER, of the interesting collection of works of art lately belonging to MR. PLUFFY PLUMMER, Poulterer and Grocer, at Wapping, and of which he has generously divested himself, through the agency of the Court of Bankruptcy, for the benefit of various residents in that district, to whom he considers himself largely indebted in the way of gratitude and otherwise. The sale took place on the premises, on Tuesday last, and was largely attended by the eminent connoisseurs and dealers of Wapping. We have space to note only a few of the lots, and the prices they fetched. Lot 27. *View of the Great Exhibition of 1851*, on wood, from the lid of a workbox. 3d. Lot 29. *A Valentine*, richly coloured, and opening to disclose Hymeneal rites, mounted on spelling-book cover. 8d. A gem. Lot 30. *Interior View of the Thames Tunnel*, perforated to be lighted by a candle. Slightly damaged. 2d. Lot 31. *The Lord Mayor's Show*, a very long and elaborate work, faithfully representing the superb civic festival; with portraits. After severe competition, this valuable historical work was knocked down at 4d. Lot 35. *Cremorne Gardens*, with balloon ascent, elegantly mounted on varnished card, but slightly fly-blown, it is presumed from exposure in the window of a hostelry. A superb and conscientious work. 6d. Lot 39. *Wapping Old Stairs*, with copy of DIBDIN's beautiful poem, exquisitely printed by CATMACH. The local interest of this picture produced a struggle for it, and it ultimately went at 8d., amid loud cheers for the spirited purchaser. Lot 40. *The Licensed Victuallers' Fête*, a grand composition, including at least one hundred figures, likenesses of the most eminent publicans and publicans. This important master-piece had been cleaned, somewhat hastily, and the soap-and-water had unfortunately removed the background, the legs, and several of the faces, but enough remained to vindicate the genius of the artist, and the work, with black frame, formerly gilt, went for 1s. 6d. The sun suddenly shone into the room at the moment the auctioneer held up the picture, and caused a sensation—some persons being affected to sneezing. Lot 43. *Portrait of the late MR. LISTON, as Paul Pry*, in the celebrated comedy of that name; a fine lithograph. There was competition for this, and it was whispered that emissaries from the Garrick Club and the National Portrait Gallery were contending, but it was finally secured by a resident for 7d. Lot 44. Copy of "*Sherry, Sir?*" by a great German artist, very brilliantly coloured, and with inscription in no fewer than three languages;

a *chef-d'œuvre*, and also deeply interesting as a type of Teutonic Art. 10d. Lot 46. *View of King's Cross*, before the demolition of the Statue of His Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH. This work, of the CANALETTI order, had been damaged (like LEONARDO DA VINCI's master-piece) by having been made a target, but the auctioneer ingeniously suggested that the arrow-holes could be stopped with a little black putty, which he offered to supply at the expense of the estate. The bidding was, however, languid, and the work was bought in. Lot 50. *The Execution of Thurtell*. This fine historical picture, with book of the trial, was felt to be rather a gallery work than one calculated for a private domestic collection, but its conscientiousness and appalling power asserted themselves, and it was secured for 8d. by a local member of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Lot 57. "*Who is King?*" A gorgeously-coloured work, representing a Twelfth Night festival, with elegantly-attired ladies and gentlemen gazing intensely at a gigantic cake, but gaily holding up glasses of Port wine negus, elicited much applause, and was knocked down at 6d. The fortunate purchaser found, inside, several charming little character-pictures, with quaint legends, and a dispute arose as to whether they had become his property. The carelessness of auctioneers in not thoroughly examining every article they catalogue, deserves the severest reprehension. In this case the purchaser expressed such unqualified defiance of the vendor's suggestions for a re-sale, and intimated so distinctly that if they were persevered in, the knocking down would not be all performed by the auctioneer, that it was considered best to let the sale proceed, with notice that the LORD CHANCELLOR would be appealed to. Lot 60. *The Pavilion at Brighton*. This marvellous proof of the utility of Art as a handmaid to civilisation, was a triptych, which opened, and disclosed a nutmeg grater, a paper for kindling lucifer matches, and an almanac for 1839. It was eagerly contested for, and went for 1s. 2d. Lot 64. *Replica*, signed, of black paper cut portrait of a Beadle, name unknown, but the work executed, as the date showed, in the latter part of the mayoralty of LORD WATTHMAN. 4d. Lot 70. "*Something Slap*." A most animated picture of a dandy of 1820 driving a female with a vast bonnet, in a lofty gig, horse about twenty-seven hands high, and violent action. This was the sensation sale of the day, and the work was at last knocked down, to a sporting publican, at 2s. 3d., but the regularity of the transaction being objected to by a broker who had also bid highly, the opinion of the assembly was taken, and at their unanimous suggestion a ring was formed, and a desperate battle ensued, which ended in the broker's victory, and the clearing of the room by the intelligent and obliging Policeman Z 918. The proceeds of the day's sale amounted to £3 11s. 6d.; and as this has to be distributed by the Court of Bankruptcy, it is calculated that about 7s. 6d. will be divided among the creditors.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF FATHER THAMES.

O LOVELY London, what will it avail
Clear of my tide thy feculence to drain,
Or bid my outfall, if that project fail,
Convey it to the disinfecting main?

Faugh! Barnes and Mortlake, Kingston, piff! Ye towns
Above, ascending, phew! What! from your sewers,
If fertilising filth my stream embrown,
I'm cleansed of London's dirt to carry yours.

What boots it, if I'm soiled by thee, my Ditton,
That Chelsea is forbid to stain my breast?
Windsor forbear; nor let me flow on, smitten.
Infectious with thy *sordes*, breathing pest.

Are you to choke my locks, and clot my weirs,
And make my current heavy, thick, and slab,
Divert, to agricultural affairs,
The tributaries making me run drab.

My silver stream corrupt with base alloy
No longer: spread that matter o'er the field.
The richness that my nose doth overcloy,
Let Cloacina, pray, to Ceres yield.

"A Line in Return will Oblige."

THE *Times* says, in reference to Railway Accidents, "Communication between the passengers and the guard is a mere matter of a rope." Just so, and if a fatal accident for want of such communication were also made a mere matter of a rope, we should soon have the requisite invention on all the Railways.

FOR SMALL HOUSEKEEPERS.—Life without a groan is like meat without a bone.

A Joke without salt (Attic) is like beer without malt.

HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

From MR. TITWILLOW to MRS. TITWILLOW, at MRS. GROANET'S,
Clapham. 1

MY DEAREST BETTY, Brighton, Friday Night.

THIS is perhaps a last farewell! I have engaged myself to do a rash thing, and cannot go back with honour.

ELIZABETH! to-morrow I am going out hunting (on horseback!) with the "Harriers" (whatever they may be!). What fiends, champagne-begotten, tempted me to-night to say that I could ride! A friend of our friend's here, after dinner, seriously and in good faith offered to "mount" me. A stout man, six foot four, and weighing nearly 20 stone! and I cannot but think that the horse he is going to lend me, and whose name is *Goliath*, must be in proportion. Oh, BETTY! think of me on the top of such a monster! me, whom you can carry up-stairs in your arms! Would they were round me now! And I hear there are precipitous hills, and dales, and possible jumps; and the "meet" (that is, the meeting of the hounds and hunters) is to be at a place called "The Devil's Dyke!"

When you receive this (or, haply, if you receive it, for it shall only be sent in case of fatal necessity), remember that my last thought in falling off *Goliath* was for you and the unconscious twins, now fatherless! I can write no more, for I must sew some buttons on my trousers for straps.

Farewell, dearest! Tell my mother-in-law I forgave the past. (Oh, that I were with her!—*she's safer than Goliath!*) Farewell! Farewell!

(We are happy to say the above was not sent.)

From the Same to the Same.

MY DEAREST BETTY, Brighton, Saturday Night.

I HAVE had the most glorious day I can remember. I've been out hunting—on horseback, of course.

Yesterday, at dinner here, I met a Mr. JONES, and a very jolly fellow he is! We got talking of sporting matters, and on my happening to say I was fond of riding, he offered to mount me. Let me alone for accepting his offer! And we've been out all day, and had some splendid sport. I don't suppose you are very much versed in these matters, BETTY dear, and it will interest you to hear all about it.

We started, at ten, from Mr. JONES's door, the groom having brought round the horses. Mr. JONES is a much larger man than I, and *Goliath*, the horse I was to ride was *immense*—I heard something about sixteen feet and a half high, if I am not mistaken. It seems a great deal, but I suppose he's about that when he stands on his hind legs (which he didn't do with me, thank goodness!). The stirrup-leathers were shortened to their utmost, and when I found myself across his back, I could just touch the stirrups with the tips of my toes. Mr. JONES seemed to think them short enough, and I didn't contradict him, although I had my own private feelings on the matter. I found, moreover, that I could make a very presentable appearance on the side next to Mr. JONES, by sacrificing the other stirrup altogether,



which is easy enough when walking; when galloping, or especially trotting, I've no doubt he was too much occupied in keeping on himself to notice me (if I can judge of him by my own experience).

Well, we arrived at the "meet," at a very pretty place called "The

Devil's Dyke," and there were the hounds, and lots of men and women on horseback—such a pretty sight! I wish you had been there! The hounds went smelling about, the huntsman in a green coat, uttering singular falsetto noises, smacking a big whip, and now and then blowing a horn; presently they began to bark in a peculiar manner, and run all in a line, and we followed. I chose a beautiful young green field for my first gallop, and found it easy enough; and altogether the beautiful fresh air, the manly excitement, the musical notes of the hounds, and the men all crying out "warewee! warewee!" at the tops of their voices, have left an impression never to be effaced.



I had hitherto felt rather nervous, but now all fear was banished. All of a sudden I saw the hare scamper up hill, and in a little while the hounds went after him. I galloped—JONES galloped—we all of us galloped; and anything easier or more inspiring than galloping up hill I can't conceive. But, by Jove, going down the other side, BETTY, even at a walk!—and I galloped! fortunately behind the rest; for though I managed to stick on, I am afraid I did not do so in quite the usual manner.

After a series of these gallops up and down, there was a pause. I observed the huntsman get off his horse among the hounds, who were all in a heap at his feet, and pick up the poor hare, who had done something called "doubling," which had proved fatal to her, for she thereby met her doom. * * * I felt very faint, and would gladly have given my day's sport for the poor thing to have effected its escape.

In the middle of my distress a very gentlemanly-looking man rode up, and asked me to "cap" him, and not knowing how to do it I was very much put out. Fortunately, an elderly gentleman saw my embarrassment, and told me that "capping" was giving half-a-crown, which I did, although I had great difficulty in getting at it, for my fingers were benumbed, and already taken up with two bridles and a whip. I wouldn't have dropped that whip, with nobody but myself to get off my horse and pick it up; no, not for all the hares in England!

Here Mr. JONES gave me a pull at his sherry flask and a biscuit, and then we set out after another hare: more up and down hill, and delightful galloping along occasionally level plains; on one of these was



Here Mr. JONES gave me a pull at his sherry flask and a biscuit, and then we set out after another hare: more up and down hill, and delightful galloping along occasionally level plains; on one of these was

a sheep-fold, with a wooden railing near it, a very desperate leap in fact; the huntsman who rode in front of me jumped over, and a sudden



inspiration prompted me to follow. I held my breath and went at it; in going over all my past existence revealed itself to me as in a single flash, and when we got on the other side, I found I was still following the huntsman, and still on *Goliath*. I will own to you, BERRY, that I was as much surprised as if your Mother had sent me a fifty-pound note for my birthday. I patted the faithful *Goliath's* neck, and vowed that hunting and leaping should henceforward be my only relaxation. Why did my Mother, in her too careful solicitude, bring me up in ignorance of this exciting, daring amusement.

Well this hare was caught (without doubling) and I was in at the death; had I chosen I could have ridden before any one else, or indeed in advance of the

hounds themselves, but MR. JONES prevented me. I asked him if I might not have the brush to send to you, BERRY; but he explained to me that hares have not got one, and I now recollect he was right.

He now proposed that we should return to Brighton, and as I fancied I was feeling rather sore, I acceded, though with regret. The ride home was not by any means so pleasant as everything else had been; *Goliath* adopted for the return a kind of jog-trot which was very dis-



treasing. I seemed to grow less and less, and he to become quite camel-like; indeed I was conscious of very ungrateful feelings towards *Goliath*, which increased in intensity until we reached the stables and dismounted; that is MR. JONES dismounted first, and then dismounted me; for, dear BERRY, I was utterly incapable of lifting my leg across

the saddle, and when I alighted, upheld by MR. JONES's hand on my collar, (he is a very strong man), I felt as if I was only resting on the



ground by means of a pair of empty trousers, which would have yielded had they not been coated with dried mud.

This wore off, of course, and I was able to follow him into the house. Didn't I eat a lunch, and didn't I eat a dinner after! I swore eternal friendship to MR. JONES, and so far from feeling any fatigues I offered to run a race with anybody, and here I am in my bed-room writing to thee; and recollect, BERRY, I hereby solemnly declare that in future all my energies shall be devoted to keeping a hunter, and hunting him (in boots); you shall hunt, your Mother shall hunt, the twins shall learn to hunt before they learn to read.

Good night, good night, beloved. I'm so sleepy, but not at all tired; I must have a natural gift for field sports.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAREST WIFE,

Brighton, Sunday.

You must leave everything, and come immediately to the bedside of your possibly dying husband. My constitution is irrevocably shattered. I am surrounded by people who laugh at my woes. The very Doctor, whose mission is to heal the sick and assuage bodily anguish, does not even preserve a decorous gravity when I detail my symptoms. Oh! none but you, BERRY; no hand but yours can soothe these fearful sufferings. I cannot move a limb without tortures. I am doubled in two, BERRY; my poor legs are worn away to the bone. Oh never, never more shall leg of mine bestraddle the back of a brutal horse. May they both fall off ere I again participate in such barbarous sport as yesterday's. I am expiating the fate of the hare who doubled. *She* is out of her misery at least.

Oh, BERRY, wife, helpmate! leave twins, Mother, everything, and come; your Mother even would compassionate me now. Come, oh come, to your

Wretched, penitent, and utterly excooriated,

HUSBAND.

THE BAKERS' CLUB.

CLUBS for working men are becoming the fashion, and nobody wishes them "God speed" more heartily than *Punch*. The Cabmen have theirs; and even the Costermongers have theirs. We are not informed whether they have insisted on the protection of the black-bell and the ballot, which is found necessary to keep West-end clubs what they ought to be. And now the journeymen Bakers have theirs. And why not? Surely those who make the staff of life have the best right to make a club. There is no more over-worked, ill-cared for, and industrious body of workmen in London than the journeymen bakers, whose club, with a daring defiance of the small wits, has just been opened in Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane. Perhaps the site was chosen with a double reference to 'breakfast bread' and the slavish toil and confinement to which the journeymen bakers were condemned that London might have its hot rolls regularly. Indeed, if the new Club wants arms we cannot think of more appropriate ones than a Roll and a Fetter, improper, charged *saltire-wise*. But the Bakers' Club wants a lift; £250 would set it fairly on its legs. Let everybody who has been in the habit of eating hot rolls for breakfast, and has thereby impaired his own

health, as well as that of the journeymen bakers, give a shilling, or even a penny, to this good cause, and the trick is done. Such contributions might more fairly be called "conscience money," than the arrears of Income-Tax which one now sees so often paid under that name to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

GREAT FALL IN CRINOLINE.

MADemoiselle HAUSMANN, the daughter of the potent Préfet de la Seine, was married the other day "without a vestige of Crinoline." Does the daughter mean to assert her empire over steel and stiffening, as the father asserts his over *moellons* and mortar; Mademoiselle defying the dress-makers as Monsieur defies the dwellers in Paris? If so, we must regard this daring act as simply a symbolic expression of the pride of the HAUSMANNs, which sets its heel even on fashion, as the German Emperor trampled PRISCIAN underfoot with "*Ego sum Imperator Romanus, et sum super grammaticam.*" Or does MADemoiselle HAUSMANN mean to imply that her Crinoline is out of place now she has been transformed from a *Hausmann* into a "*Haus-fran*," or "House-wife" in plain English?



A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.

Irritable Captain. "YOUR BARREL'S DISGRACEFULLY DIRTY, SIR, AND IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO —."

Private Flannigan. "SHURE, SOR, I NIVER —."

Captain (Irish too). "SILENCE, SIR, WHEN YOU SPEAK TO AN OFFICER!"

THE COLENSO JUDGMENT.

20TH MARCH, 1865.

PLEASED BETHELL showed the treble flaw.
 "Bishops are Creatures of the Law.
 Though the Great Seal in '53
 Was freely used by CRANWORTH, C.
 I think my friend could hardly mean
 To give what was not in the QUEEN.
 I don't exactly know, or care,
 What entities called Bishops are,
 Though doubtless they may pray and preach,
 Or (like S. OXON) make a speech,
 But Jurisdiction can be lent
 Only by Crown and Parliament,
 Which joined in '47 to shape
 A Constitution for the Cape.
 Therefore the acts of DR. GRAY
 Are nothing more than priestly play.
 He says NATAL has sworn an oath:
 What childish nonsense in them both!
 COLENSO had no right to swear
 Obedience to an empty chair,
 And GRAY no title to exact
 A compact that was bosh, in fact.
 There's not a shade of doubt, we feel,
 About COLENSO's just appeal,
 And we shall certify the Crown
 That he's all right, and GRAY's done brown."

INTERESTING TO THE TUILERIES.—M. VICTOR HUGO is engaged in composing the Life of the EMPEROR TIBERIUS, the third of the—CÆSARS. From M. HUGO's incisive way of treating Imperial biography, a piquant treat may be expected.

IN THE (P. M.) GAZETTE.

OUR smart young friend, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who apes, with considerable success—allowing for the inevitable second-hand smack that all imitations must have—the superfine airs of our sour old friend, *The Saturday*, in a notice of Mr. Artemus Ward, *His Book*, has the following:—

"Except in the poorer numbers of *Punch*, and similar periodicals, it would not be easy," &c. &c.

Now, we wish to remind our young friend that there is no "similar periodical" to *Punch*, and that though one number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may very properly be described as *poorer* than another, the proper form even for depreciative comparison for *Punch*, is not "*poor, poorer, poorest*," but "*rich, less rich, least rich*."

While we have our young friend in hand, as he is evidently proud of his Latin, his University training, his typography and getting up, and all that concerns himself generally, we may as well remind him that "*Vivus defuncto narrat Cæsare de Cæsar*" (see p. 9 of his Number for March 23, four lines from the bottom), won't scan. If we adopted his own style, we should say:—

"It is rather cool of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to call this halting hobble an amended version of even M. FORBARD's lame epigram, "*Mortuus est vivus, narratur CÆSARE CÆSAR*."

Of course, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is suffering under a printer's error, and the line should run—

"*Vivus defuncto narrat de CÆSARE CÆSAR*."

Having corrected the press for our young friend, how would he like it if we were to ask, in his own style, "How is this? Cannot the *Pall Mall Gazette* afford a 'Reader'?" Or is it possible that the *Reader* of a periodical apparently intended for tolerably educated people *can* not scan a hexameter?"



BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

BISHOP OF NATAL.

THE COLENZO JUDGMENT.

"COLENZO HAD NO RIGHT TO SWEAR
OBEDIENCE TO AN EMPTY CHAIR,

AND GRAY NO TITLE TO EXACT
A COMPACT THAT WAS BOSH, IN FACT."

See p. 130.

THE MUSIC HALL QUESTION.

(Before a very Select Committee.)

It being certain that the important question of Dramatic Licences will at no very distant time occupy the attention of Parliament, a Select Committee was the other evening deputed to visit the Alhambra, in order to make themselves personally acquainted with the merits of the representative case with which they would have to deal. Having previously dined with LORD SYDNEY at a restaurant in the neighbourhood, MR. LOCKE in the Vice-Chair, the Committee were conducted by MR. W. BODHAM DONNE, wearing his Orders for the Play, to the Moorish palace of amusement.

On the following day, the members, in a body, waited upon the LORD CHANCELLOR, who, according to previous arrangement, spent a considerable time in examining them, and in taking down such evidence as their careful individual observation had enabled them to give.

The LORD CHANCELLOR explained to them that the question was, whether the Ballet, that the Committee had witnessed, was a Dramatic Entertainment within the Act. Either it was, or it was not. It would be highly advantageous to the interests of the community generally, to note down their particular impressions of this class of amusement, while yet fresh, in what were by courtesy termed, their minds. He would call upon the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, and would ask him what meaning, if any, did the Ballet at the Alhambra convey to his mind?

LORD PALMERSTON, rising amid dense cheering from MR. BRAND, which was immediately suppressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR, said, that the notion conveyed to his mind was that of a race-course.

The LORD CHANCELLOR inquired what his Lordship meant.

LORD PALMERSTON explained, that the idea of a race-course had been forcibly brought, before him by the Ballet, because he did not recollect ever having seen, in one place, such an assemblage of "Legs."

Here MR. BRAND, having borrowed the HON. EVELYN ASHLEY's pocket-handkerchief, wherewith to stifle his emotion, was led out of the room by the latter gentleman.

MR. COX tried to explain the joke to MR. VINCENT SCULLY, who had just begun to grasp it, when

EARL RUSSELL said that he didn't recollect any particular notion being conveyed to his mind by the dancing. If pressed, he must own that he wasn't attending very closely to it, as he was engaged in writing letters to the *Maître de Ballet*.

The LORD CHANCELLOR wished to know if his Lordship's impressions were conveyed in these notes?

EARL RUSSELL wished to say that he had only written these letters in his capacity of Foreign Secretary. He was rather fond of writing letters.

MR. GLADSTONE said he would divide it into three heads—

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed that it would be more convenient if he would confine it to one—his own. What impression did the Ballet convey to the Right Honourable Gentleman's mind?

MR. GLADSTONE said that Ballet suggested Budget. Both began with B. He couldn't help thinking of his own Novelty for Easter. While at the Alhambra, he was engaged in considering what he could tax.

The LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had invented a new tax upon his (LORD WESTBURY's) time and patience. He might stand down.

SIR GEORGE GREY said, that while witnessing the spectacle in question, the idea had occurred to him, that, if the Police were dressed in a similar costume, it would be very cold for them in winter.

MR. VINCENT SCULLY said that the Ballet-girls held up green leaves. It reminded him or the Wrongs of Ireland. The LORD CHANCELLOR would, he hoped, excuse these tears.

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed, that there was a certain class of people for whom one must always make allowances.

MR. LAWSON, on being asked his opinion, said that he thought the Ballet, generally speaking, "Permissive." He didn't know what he meant, but he certainly thought it was "permissive." He would go into a few statistics. If there were 100 Ballet-girls, it is probable that each dancer consumed two or more glasses of wine, spirit, or malt liquor during the evening. This gave an average consumption of at least 200 glasses of some liquor or another. Now, supposing an increased ratio—(the witness here pulled out a bundle of papers, and a ready reckoner)—

The LORD CHANCELLOR said, that, without any wish to extol or disparage the dancing ladies, this was not a question of figures. As the present inquiry was, moreover, not a mere matter of form, he must remind the Honourable Member for Carlisle of the nature of their business. He could account for MR. LAWSON's anxiety to give them his calculations in matters of wine, spirits, and malt liquor.

MR. LAWSON, apologising for the interruption, said he believed the Dancers represented Water Nymphs.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said that if it was anything to do with water, the Honourable Gentleman would be quite out of his element.

MR. BERKELEY said that the Ballet reminded him of the Ballot. (The Witness was immediately removed, and placed, by order of the LORD CHANCELLOR, under the care of a Certificated School-master.)

SIR E. B. LYTTON read out from a paper something about the Real smiling on the Ideal, while the Agile blended with the Voluptuous.

MR. WHALLEY said, that he only saw in the Ballet of the Alhambra, one of the many deliberate attempts, on the part of the Romish Hierarchy, for introducing Papistical practices into this country. Did the LORD CHANCELLOR know that at this moment there were two hundred Nuns, in the disguise of Ballet-girls, employed by the Jesuits to exercise their proselytising arts among the guileless young men of this Protestant community? Did the LORD CHANCELLOR know—

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed that he didn't know, and didn't care.

MR. NEWDEGATE said that he hadn't visited the place himself, perhaps he could speak with greater certainty about it for that very reason. It had certainly struck him in the same light as it had MR. WHALLEY—perhaps more so. He must be pardoned if he didn't express himself very clearly, in consequence of his having last week had a "go in" at some Bishop that was rather too strong for him. He hadn't been well ever since.

MR. COWPER here entered, and proposed an adjournment to Leicester Square, where they would see the celebrated One-Legged Statue that had been engaged by MR. GYM to appear at Covent Garden in *Don Giovanni* during the ensuing season.

The meeting adjourned accordingly.

REMANDED TO NEWGATE.

"ALDERMAN STONE moved, and ALDERMAN SALOMONS seconded, an inquiry into the system of treating prisoners under remand in Newgate."

My Aldermen, my Aldermen, you're constantly in grief—

One day you go crusading against La Plata beef,
Declare that for the food of man it is too hard and lean,
And when fat—*proh pudor!*—sentence it, because the fat is green!

And now you run your addle-pates right against Newgate wall,
Though e'en the very *Stones* arise, and 'gainst the system call,
And though SALOMONS' (mild) wisdom cries "ditto" unto STONE,
Bumbledom's sins your noodledom's contented to condone.

You give your turnkeys power to deal with prisoners on remand,
As they'd treat, after conviction, your "regular old hand,"
Making them clean their prison-cells, and eat the prison fare,
And insisting upon cutting their meat, if not their hair.

Just think, my stupid Aldermen, were one of *you* remanded—
The human mind *can* picture such a thing, yet not be stranded,
Considering the awful heights temptation runs its rig to,
And what lengths Respectability will sometimes drive its gig to—

Should one of you, in evil day, so far in life miscarry,
As to come inside your own stone-jug, as now the MESSRS. BARRY,
How would *you* like, before trial and sentence, in such plight to be,
As I've no doubt *after* sentence you would own you'd every right to be.

Do condescend to common sense and justice now and then,
And remember that, though Aldermen, you're at the same time men;
And that what is sauce for Geese (like MESSRS. BARRY, in disgrace),
Would be also sauce for Ganders, like yourselves, if in like case.

A NOT MUTE IF INGLORIOUS MILTON.

A SACRED Epic was published in the year 1667. We used to read the literary papers of the day, and we do not remember perusing anything of this kind:—

NEW SACRED EPIC.

PARADISE LOST. A POEM, in Ten Books. Highly spoken of in one hundred Reviews and Literary Notices. For forty extremely laudatory opinions of the press, see pages 238 and 264 of the *Athenaeum*, Feb. 24.

Cheap Edition, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

Large Edition, gilt edges, 8s. 7s. 6d.; extra morocco, 15s.

London: SAMUEL SIMMONS, Bookseller.

Still, the Poem made a certain success, and may even now, nearly two hundred years later, be found in a few English houses. But how much better it would have been had MR. J. MILTON caused his publisher, MR. S. SIMMONS, to have issued such a notice as the above, which we do see in the literary journals of the day, as an announcement of a "New Sacred Epic." That is the way for poets to address the public. "O brave poets," if you would only be brave enough for this sort of thing, you would soon be "made." What a pity MILTON and SIMMONS lived in times when advertising was not understood.



THE COUNTY BALL.

Town Belle. "I LIKE THE OLD QUADRELLS BEST (maliciously) IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO CONVERSE —."

Bashful Provincial. "OH, YES, AND IT'S SO MUCH SOONER OVER."

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

WE have seen comedies in three acts, tragedies in three acts, and dramas and operas in three acts, but we never saw a joke in three acts until we went to the Haymarket Theatre the other night to witness the *Woman in Mauve*. MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, the author of this ponderous piece of pleasantry—this well-meaning, but very unsatisfactory and somewhat vulgar attempt to ridicule sensational literature—has either not completely grasped his subject, or has played fast and loose with his mission as a reformer in order to please the groundlings. The *Woman in Mauve* is a broad and improbable farce of the old Surrey type, tacked on to a burlesque in plain clothes, which is little more than a feeble copy of MR. TOM TAYLOR'S *Sense and Sensation*. All the science and mechanical tricks of the so-called "sensation drama" are carefully used to increase the effect of the piece, though "sensation" writers, like MR. WILKIE COLLINS, MISS BRADDON, and others, are attacked in the dialogue. The lime-light is laid on with the utmost liberality.

At the close of the drama on the first night, MR. BUCKSTON made a speech, in which he said that the few hisses which had greeted the piece were the work of an organised clique, who were acting from private motives. MR. BUCKSTON was correct. No one hisses any actor or any piece in these days for purely critical reasons. MR. BUCKSTON might have gone further, and have denied the right of the public to hiss under any circumstances. There is hardly a privilege which may not be lost if not used for a certain period, and a public which has not hissed for twenty years, deserves to have its right of hissing questioned.

The real Irish drama has again "taken the floor" against all comers, and "*Arrah na Pogue*," or "*Arrah na Brogue*,"—we hardly know which to call it—is now the staple entertainment at the Princess's. Justice has been done to Ireland by importing native actors and supernumeraries to work the play, and play the work, and the author has done justice to himself by writing an original, humorous, pathetic, and well-constructed drama. The scenery, the stage management, and the acting—the latter with one or two exceptions—are admirable. There is a

CÆSAR TO NAPOLEON.

DE life ob CÆSAR, Siar, you write;
Now CÆSAR song your book requite:
You try to help de POPA ob Rome
Out ob de fix him in at home,
But, whatsomedebeber you propose,
De way him answer always goes:

Non possumus.

O hab you 'm 'Perial Majesty
Heard ob de Possum up a tree,
And dat ar Colonel ob renown
Dat stand and call, "Jis you come down?"
De Possum sot and wink him eye,
And to de Colonel him reply,

Non possumus.

"No Possum you?" de Colonel say,
"Don't talk to me in dat ar way.
'Tink I mistake you for a coon?
We'll see about dat berry soon."
Meanwhile de Possum, up on high,
Kep on a larfin, while him cry

Non possumus.

But when de cunnin' critter seed
De Colonel on him draw de bead,
Him holla, "Colonel, don't you fire,
And I will do as you desire;
Dat nassy rifle only lower,
I come down, Possum; say no more

Non possumus.

De ole POPE in the Holy See
Jis like a Possum up a tree;
He won't come down for all you say:
But jis you take your sojers' way,
De POPA will den agree to treat,
And not no more keep on repeat

Non possumus.

Spirits for the Army.

In the Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, a vote of a considerable sum was taken for the Disembodied Militia. Recruits for this branch of the Service may perhaps be obtained by application at the Office, No. 15, Basinghall Street, E.C., of the "Spirit-Power Institute."

brogue upon the stage which is like the whiskey got upon an emergency from the public-house round the corner,—you can never tell whether it is Scotch or Irish. Such a brogue is not heard at the Princess's. The *maximum* of good dialogue, good situations, and good characters is given with the *minimum* of "sensation," but still there is a "sensation." The author climbs a lofty prison wall in a way which is either suggestive of the tread-mill or the ascent of Mount Parnassus. The last scene—a lovely expanse of rock and bay, which is most artistically painted by MR. LLOYDS, is called "The Keep! The Ivy Wall! The Watch Tower!" As this hardly explains the locality, we beg, out of respect to the scene-shifters and machinists, to call it *The Gulf of Carpentaria*.

MILL'S POLITICAL LOGIC.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL, in reply to an invitation to stand for Westminster, addressed to him, on the part of a committee of electors of that borough, by MR. JAMES BRAL, has written a letter, which, if *Mr. Punch* had not done something of the same sort before, might be regarded as a perfectly unique model of the proper answer to such a request. MR. MILL acknowledges the honour done him by his fellow-subjects in asking him to represent them, consents to undertake, as a duty, the onerous task which they desire him to perform, if they persist in desiring him, points out the circumstances which perhaps might be considered to disqualify him for the office, tells them that he can spend no money to get returned, and will not even canvass the constituents. Finally, MR. MILL indicates the persons whom he conceives to be fitter to represent Westminster than himself. The mainly seriousness of his conditional acceptance of the proposal to allow himself to be put in nomination, stands in fine contrast with the cringing cajolery of those abject supplicants which the majority of men who aspire to become Members of Parliament usually address to the "free and independent electors." MR. MILL has answered the solicitation to represent Westminster just as *Mr. Punch* would have answered an entreaty to represent London. Only *Mr. Punch* could not have named anybody so fit to do that as himself.



A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Mamma. "I AM QUITE AFRAID OF YOUR GOING OUT ON THAT MARE, CLARA, DEAR."

Uncle Charles (goes about as straight as the Crow flies). "ONLY FRESH! JUST LET THEM GET ON TO A GOOD SCENT, AND WE'LL SOON TAKE IT OUT OF HER."

A CATALOGUE OF SINGERS.

(Being an Operatic echo of the Catalogue of Ships.)

SING, O Muse! and rehearse the names of the Opera Singers, Singers engaged by GYE many-counselled, wary, and prudent, GYE, of COSTA the friend, the tamer of wild primadonnas: Sing, in hexameter verse, the verse adopted by HOMER.

First in the list stands PATTI, the bright-faced, clear-throated PATTI, PATTI the charmer of men and pet of the Gods (in the Gall'ry); She as *Amina* will sing, as *Adina*, *Norina*, *Zerlina*; She in the *Magic Flute* will assume the part of *Pamina*, All these names bearing rhyme to her own pretty name *Adelina*.

Next shall we have the good luck of hearing the delicate LUCCA: Sudden she flitted last year, being ill—many doubted the reason, Hinting she left in a huff: but who'd doubt the word of a lady? She *Valentina* will play, and the principal part in *L'Africaine*, Latest of MEYERBEER's works, which critics long have expected.

Who cometh third on the list? 'Tis the honey-tongued MIOLAN-CARVALHO:

She as the *Star of the North* will shine, the fair *Caterina*, And will make love and go mad, the victim of *Faust* and *Mephisto*.

All these three have we heard: but a name that is new is GALLETTI: Covered with laurels she comes, and as *Norma* will make her *début* here.

Norma by *Pollio* loved, and deserted for *Adelgisa*.

Six fair maids are engaged, whose names are new to us also:

From Munich D'EDELBERG, to play *Fides* in *Le Prophète*, From Berlin D'AHNA, to sing the contralto song *Il Segreto*, From Milan BERINI will come, from Moscow the maiden HONORE, From Lisbon BIANCHI the fair, from Italy fair SONTERRI; These are new singers all, and doubtless are pleasant to look at: These great PUNCH will adore, if their looks be as sweet as their voices.

Sing we now of the men: 'mong whom stands MARIO foremost,

Sweetest of tenors is he, and, whenever he singeth, the great PUNCH Sucks in his honeyed tones, as the bluebottle flies do the treacle! WACHTEL too will appear, the far-famed shouter of high notes, Splitter of ears in the stalls, but charmer of Gods (in the Gall'ry): They, being farther away, can enjoy a robustious bawler. TASCA from Naples will come, and from Milan famed SACCOMANNO: Known for a tenor the one, and the other a baritone singer, SCHMID the deep-toned will appear, and CIAMPI the humorous buffo, RONCONI more humorous still, for far less forced is his humour, TAGLIAFICO the tall, and the tenor-tongued NERI-BABALDI; POLONINI, FALLA, GRAZIANI, GASSIER, ATTRI—Names with no epithet joined, that all in a line we may lump them.

These will COSTA command, the tamer of wild primadonnas: COSTA, whose well-trained band obeyeth each beat of his *bâton*, Like as the general world obeyeth the voice of the great PUNCH.

Musical Notes and Queries.

THE Monday Popular Concerts have become so vastly popular that extra Monday Concerts are now given on a Saturday. Perhaps on the same principle there will be, next year, an extra Shrove Tuesday or two, which, to please the pancake lovers, will be holden on a Fry-day.

A new singer, SIGNOR FALLA, is announced at Covent Garden. What a chance for all the Swells to try and make a little joke about his being a charming "falla!" Who knows but SIGNOR FALLA may be followed by SIGNOR TOLDEROL or SIGNOR RUMTI LDDITY?

INTERNATIONAL POUNDING.

It is calculated that a shot which will do any good against—that is to say, any harm to—an iron-clad, must cost about twenty pounds. This fact should occasion a change in the nomenclature of gunnery, so that when a shot is called a twenty-pounder, that denomination shall be taken to mean twenty pounds sterling.

MORE OF MR. NEWDEGATE.



How unfair of MR. NEWDEGATE to "decline the THORNE and MR. LANGDALE to inspect nunneries, and allow his charges respecting monastic establishments to be tried on those gentlemen's own terms! How unreasonable this conduct is, how justly it merits the scoffs of all those exquisite gentlemen who, because they know Roman Catholics that are good fellows, are therefore judiciously ready to deride, with the view of cushioning, any proposal for

MR. NEWDEGATE has drawn down upon himself the vengeance of all the Saints that are patronised by some of the first among the Nobility and Gentry—S. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI and the rest. He has received fresh punishment for the impertinence of asking for a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject of Convents. BISHOP ULLATHORNE having thrashed the Member for North Warwickshire with his crosier, MR. CHARLES LANGDALE has been punching his head.

MR. NEWDEGATE failed to obtain a Parliamentary sifting of evidence which he had collected touching a certain convent. So BISHOP ULLATHORNE tried to beat him into submitting it to the test of private investigation. MR. LANGDALE has now pitched into him with the view of making him produce, before a competent tribunal, that same evidence, which he had offered to lay before a Committee of the House of Commons.

invitation of BISHOP ULLATHORNE

legislation, and even for inquiry, based on the supposition that their creed, like any other, can possibly co-exist with official misconduct!

Not to consent to inspect convents and submit the evidence against them to scrutiny on the conditions proposed by BISHOP ULLATHORNE and MR. LANGDALE, is to treat that prelate and that gentleman as sceptical philosophers treat the DAVENPORT Brothers. It is not only ungentlemanly, but it is also old-womanly.

Has MR. NEWDEGATE any reason to apprehend being met with anything but the most ingenuous openness on the part of Roman Catholic and conventual authorities? Does History, do the canons of the Council of Trent, afford any the least ground for suspecting that anything ever can go on within the walls of convents which, like the operations inside of the DAVENPORTS' structure, would not bear the light?

Of course MR. NEWDEGATE grossly insults the sisters of Roman Catholic gentlemen by imagining that religious enthusiasm could possibly subjugate their minds. But the sting of the insult which he offers to gentlemen, his fellow-subjects, by proposing that Parliament shall entertain a question which presumes monastic institutions to be capable of abuse, does not lie mainly in the imputation cast on their sisters. It lies rather in the assumption that the faith which they revere does not exempt from requiring to be looked after, like other people, its ecclesiastics, who rule their consciences, and by whom some of them can as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are.

A Barrister and a Brother.

It will be recollected that, a short time ago, a gentleman of colour was admitted to the American Bar. His professional brethren, however, will not tolerate his presence in their company at the White House. For the reception of the darker class of American citizens, there should also be a Black House at Washington.

A BONNET without a face is like the grand-stand without a race.

COLENZO THE BRAVE.

BY OUR OWN MONK LEWIS.

A BISHOP so wise and a Native so tame
Conversed in an African mead,
COLENZO the Brave was the Suffragan's name,
But the pensive Zulu's is not given to fame,
And they talked upon questions of Creed.

"O hush those suspicions," the Suffragan said,
"Offensive to Church and to me,"
But something the Native put into his head
He mused on at board, and he mused on in bed,
And he talked of the same in his See.

Then over to England the Suffragan flew,
And published some tomes full of lore,
Which brought on his Lordship each savage Review,
Some called him a sceptic, some called him untrue,
Some said he'd been answered before.

A dreadful sensation, too dreadful to tell,
To the bench of the Bishops he gave,
As when MR. WHITWORTH explodes a big shell,
But they rallied, and all in a body they fell
To demolish COLENZO the Brave.

From the Cape, demon-haunted, a spectre arose,
It was clad in a mantle of Gray,
And it stalked to COLENZO, and said, "I depose
A priest who can propagate volumes like those!"
But a stern Apparition cried, "Nay!"

In a voice full of sweetness, but cold as a stone,
"I forbid you to touch him!" it said,
"You are phantoms alike—if you want flesh and bone
Go pray Three Estates; for a Monarch, alone,
Is nought to the Church but a Head.

"He is free to return to his pensive Zulu,
By whom it appears he was posed,

He owes no allegiance to LONGLEY or you:
Behold me, and know what I tell you is true!"
Then a Chancellor's face was disclosed.

The sentence was final, and left not a doubt,
His smile of derision they saw:
The lawyers ran in and the lawyers ran out,
They hooted and mooted the Temple about,
But no one could challenge the law.

And while all the Bishops look awfully grave,
Dancing round them Dissenters are seen,
Their liquor's Cape-port, and as horrid a stave
They chant, "To the health of COLENZO the Brave,
And his Convert, the Native so clean!"

A BULL ON THE LINE!

IN Ireland you can't have even a Railway without the risk of a bull making its appearance on it. SIR C. O'LOUGHLIN on Wednesday brought in a Bill to compel Irish Railway Companies to run trains on Sundays.

The answer was, that the Sunday trains between Limerick and Waterford (which SIR COLMAN had in his eye) had been laid off because nobody travelled by them. But SIR COLMAN insisted, and MR. ROXBURCK argued that "as Railway Companies obtained exceptional privileges, they ought not to object to exceptional obligations."

Who ever heard of any but an Irish Railway Company reduced to pray that it might not be forced to run trains by which nobody travelled, or any but an Irish Member—or MR. ROXBURCK—asking for a law to compel Companies to run trains which have been laid off because it was found nobody went by them?

Put that in your Pipe.

It is announced that the 1st of May will be celebrated at Odessa by the opening of a grand exhibition of tobacco. We anticipate the remark, which will no doubt be generally made, that this extensive display of samples of the fragrant weed will present the spectator with numerous bird's-eye views.



A NAUGHTY PAPA.

Young Mother. "JUST TAKE HIM, CHARLES; YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A WEIGHT HE IS!"

Paterfamilias. "MY DEAR GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF; TEN TO ONE I SHOULD DROP IT DOWN AND BREAK IT TO PIECES."

IL Y A CÉSAR ET CÉSAR.

WHEN Rome's first CÉSAR, conquest-flushed, from Gaul,
Deep-pondering marched o'er the Cisalpine plain,
He whom no stream of slaughter could appal,
Upon the banks of Rubicon drew rein.

Passing that streamlet which athwart his road
Twixt Gaul and Italy as frontier ran
He felt that o'er the barrier-line he strode
Where servant ended, and where chief began.

Our new French CÉSAR, bound on like emprise
By other arts, came, where there flowed along,
The Rubicon which severs truth from lies,
Sworn faith from perjury, and right from wrong.

JULIUS had stopt: but LOUIS, calm and cold,
Nor paused, nor pondered, nor e'er bridle drew,
But reckless how those bitter waters rolled,
Dashed boldly in, and, dirt-stained, waded through.

Quiddities.

For the Old Ladies.—A Tea-party without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A Land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A Master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

A Man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A Quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.

A PRETTY JOB FOR A PRINCE.

THE office of Mason, performed in laying a foundation stone, is generally esteemed worthy of a Royal Personage, and considered to be one which he may with propriety be requested to accept. Mankind at large may be less unanimous in the opinion that a certain other function, of a needful, but also of an unsavoury nature, is one which Princes may be solicited to undertake consistently with due regard to their dignity. There was something peculiarly British in the taste which invited the PRINCE OF WALES to open the Southern Main Drainage Works on Tuesday last, by starting the engine which was then, for the first time, to deliver their contents into the Thames. This complimentary loyalty is much of a muchness with that which originally did HER MAJESTY the honour of naming the sewer of Victoria Street the Victoria Sewer.

There was a PRINCE OF WALES who considered himself to have "sounded the very base string of humility" when he consorted with a "leash of drawers." What would he have thought of carrying condescension to the depth of acting in the capacity which his present successor deigned to be employed in at the Southern outfall of main drainage?

A MARE'S NEST.

WE are authorised to contradict the report, that at the Dinner about to be given to MESSRS. TATTERSALL by their equals and betters, the principal dishes, in imitation of a modern French whim, will consist of horseflesh in various forms. The rumour was too absurd to rouse the anger of the gallant Admiral who will take the helm; indeed one of our most successful jockeys assured us (with a winning smile) that the tale met with the exact reception it deserved—a horse-laugh. Who should be saddled with the story is not clear. Let him rein in his imagination, or *Mr. Punch* will give him a bit of his mind.

The musical arrangements for the Dinner are not yet completed, but it is understood that an eminent vocalist will sing "*The Stirrup Cup*;" and, in the course of the evening, as the decanters circulate, there will be instrumental performances, consisting of galops, &c.

N.B. Nothing so vulgar as "trotters" will be in the carte.

DEFINITION OF "THE HAPPY MEAN."—A Joyful Miscr.

THE EMPIRE OF LETTERS.

HENRY THE EIGHTH, it was remarked, wrote with his sceptre: NAPOLEON THE THIRD, it may be said, writes with a bayonet. When his *Julius Cæsar* was given to the world, it was graciously announced that writers were "at liberty" to criticise the work; indeed, official organs stated that critics were "invited" to say frankly what they thought of it. Among others, M. ROCHARD incautiously accepted the imperial invitation. He freely spoke his mind about the startling feat of authorship the EMPEROR had performed, and he has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for doing so. This is the French notion of the freedom of the Press. A writer is "invited" to criticise a book, and upon accepting, he gets shown into a prison, and is officially presented with a pair of handcuffs. To represent aright the Liberty of the Press, costumed à la mode Française, she should be habited in prison garb, with shackles on her limbs, and at her side should stand a huge gens-d'arme, with a drawn sword or bayonet pointed at her breast, while a picture of Cayenne should be prominent in front of her.

Election Intelligence.

THE HON. CAPTAIN GROSVENOR has been addressing the Westminster Electors in the Temperance Hall, and it is said that, thirsting for a little applause, he is going to invite their wives and daughters to the same place, to partake of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." With a Nobleman—say a Marquis—in the chair, and a brother peer to face him (Westminster is partial to the *Adelphi*), success would be certain, especially if the Leeds people were to spare, just for one evening, LORD AMBERLEY to act as the Captain's Lieutenant. (How the silk dresses would rustle with excitement! It cannot be contested that against such a combination of talent neither MILL, nor CHADWICK, nor ROMILLY could stand for a moment.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 27. SOLOW-SOCRATES-SOLOMON, first Marquis of Westmeath, and Baron Delvin by tenure, has discovered the reason why the Irish Papists do illegal acts. "The influence of the priests is at the bottom of it, the Irish Government is nothing, and the Popish priesthood directs the Constabulary." The Marquis was born in 1785.

The Affirmations in Scotland Bill passed the Lords. We never take the liberty of inquiring what Scotch legislation means, but we may just say that if we were called upon to make an

affirmation touching the conduct of a Scotch clergyman who has just excommunicated a compositor in the printing-office of the *Glasgow Herald*, because the poor man, who has a wife and children, would not refuse to do certain Sunday work necessary to the bringing out the paper on Monday—an impression which the minister owned that he regularly read—we should affirm that Scotchman to be a Pharisee and a Humbug.

As may be supposed, the decision in the COLENSO case is occupying the attention of Government. At present, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER can more easily say what are not than what are the effects of Letters Patent. They are clearly not Letters Patent, as LORD PALMERSTON would say.

MR. VILLIERS, for Government, moved the Second Reading of the Union Chargeability Bill. Its chief object is to prevent landowners, farmers, and others who dislike the poor, or at least dislike supporting the poor, from turning them out of parishes. A rate is to be thrown over a group of those districts, so that the neat tidy parish in which the cottages have been pulled down, and out of which the labourers have been expelled, may no longer profit by its Paradisaical exclusiveness. Of course the country gentlemen (many of them against their own sense of justice) opposed the measure, but the Second Reading was carried by 203 to 131. This is the most important Bill of the Session, and if passed, the House may expire like *Lochiel*.

"Looking proudly to Heaven from a death-bed of fame."

After a row, or what in Speakerish language is called much irregularity, the House got on the Mutiny Bill, and MR. COX spoke against the flogging clause. *Mr. Punch* has ever opposed the use of the lash upon the British soldier, inasmuch as its true use is for the castigation of the British scoundrel. MR. COX was talking, however, for the Finsbury hustings, and for the information of the constituency *Mr. Punch* begs to state that MR. COX did very great mischief to the cause he affected to support. When a man talks insufferable nonsense on the side of reform, he creates a number of new anti-reformers, and when MR. COX said that if soldiers were flogged for absence from duty, Members of Parliament ought to be flogged for not attending in their places, he excited contempt for himself, and for constituents who could elect such a Wind-bag. The flogging clause was carried by 85 to 42, and COX may have increased the majority by his vulgar folly.

Tuesday. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE and MR. DARBY GRIFFITH inserted themselves between the House and a great debate on the Irish Church, much as a rubbishing farce is now played at the theatres before the drama of the night, in order to give people time to eat their dinners and have a cigar. MR. COCHRANE had a personal wrangle with MR. GLADSTONE, who was contemptuous, and MR. GRIFFITH made a long speech to prove that the Post-Master General ought not to be a Peer. As he certainly ought to be in Parliament, and as it is against the law for him to be a Member of the Commons, the House thought, with MR. PEAR, that there was no need for MR. GRIFFITH's motion.

Then we had our debate on the Irish Church, MR. DILLWYN, in a sensible speech, urging that its position was unsatisfactory, and called for the early attention of Government. If any person thinks that *Mr. Punch* is going to discuss the subject, that person is less wise than *Mr. Punch* desires all, and believes, most of his readers to be. THEO. DONOGHUE seconded the motion in a neat speech. SIR GEORGE GREY declared that there was "no practical grievance." MR. HARDY made a sturdy fight for the Irish Church, and MR. GLADSTONE delivered a kind of two-part oration. He admitted that the condition of the Irish establishment was unsatisfactory. He was not disposed to take up the subject, or even to promise to do so. It was a question for the future. That is—if MR. GLADSTONE should be Premier, he will see how the land lies. MR. WHITESIDE, of course, went in for a fight,

upheld the Church, and made the curious statement that among the present Members for Ulster were "men who had sat in that house for nearly two centuries." Dear us, they must be very old. Surely they don't serve on Committees. Some Members wished to conclude the debate, but it was adjourned by 221 to 106 until the 2nd of May, when MR. GOSCHEN will resume it.

Wednesday. Ireland again—and we are reminded of the fable of the Two Mice—the doors are flung open, and in rush

"Butler, chaplain, dogs, and all."

We had the butler last week, on the Spirit-Duty question, yesterday we had the chaplain, and to-day we had the dogs. It appears that in Ireland great numbers of dogs ran wild and eat sheep, (though MR. SCULLY says it is the otters that do it,) and the Irishmen, instead of shooting the beasts, come to ask Parliament to kill them. An Anti-Dog Bill was read a Second Time.

Then we had an Anti-Quack Bill, or rather two. SIR FITZROY KELLY and SIR JOHN SHELLEY, to their credit, open a crusade against the low class of Chemists and Druggists, who do incalculable mischief among the poor, especially in the way of poisoning children. Both Bills have merit, and the respectable Chemists send in large numbers of petitions in their favour. The case stands thus:—

Says KELLY to SHELLEY, "It's not *mino velle*, To wish every Chemist aware of what kills, That when you go in with a pain in your—stomach, He may not administer strychnine for squilla."

Says SHELLEY to KELLY, "I'm happy to tell ye You've not got a call to look red in the gills, We're near, or in Lancashire dialect, 'Welly' Agreed, but I'm dealing with recognised ills."

Says GREY, "When they send out JANE, SUSAN, or NELLY, To fetch in a powder, wise men make their wills, But I humbly suggest unto SHELLEY and KELLY To let one Committee consider both Bills."

Thursday. LORD KILGERRARD introduced a good Bill for placing Metalliferous Mines under inspection, for the benefit of the health of the miners. As these mines never blow up, no pains is taken to ventilate them. It is well to take thought for the poor Troglodytes.

Posterity may like to be informed that this evening we finally and for ever settled the site of the Temple of Law. Protest was made against placing it where no one will see it, but it was answered that the Courts ought to be near the lawyer's chambers. So we lose in architecture and save in cab-hire.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained, at vast length, a Bill for reforming the Irish Courts of Chancery (Ireland again), and MR. WHITESIDE abused it very much. The debate was protracted, and at the end MR. WHALLEY tried to speak. The House made an awful noise at this, and MR. WHALLEY said that it was very hard that they would not let him speak when they did not know what his opinion of the Bill was. May we tell him a little thing which we heard from MR. JOHN PARRY, in one of the REED entertainments. "My child, why did you not ask whether your poor aunt's headache was better?" "Because, Mamma, I didn't want to know."

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY, in a speech of length, dwelt on the hardships occasioned to the working classes by the destruction of their residences for metropolitan and other improvements. He proposed that ample notice should be given of any intention of demolition. LORD REDENDALE said that the noble Earl's statement, though interesting, was much exaggerated, and that the land of London was far too valuable for the lower classes to be allowed to live upon it. The subject is to be "considered."

RAPHAEL's *Cartoons* (for which, never be it forgotten, England is indebted to the good KING OLIVER CROMWELL) are to come from Hampton Court Palace, to be shown at Brompton, to the discontent of the Hampton folks. If they could be seen at the Palace, we should advocate their remaining there, but the room was not built for pictures, and on most English days the *Cartoons* might as well be shut up. LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced the subject, and also demanded why statues were not put on the pedestals in the Hampton Palace Gardens. The fact is, there were statues, but (whisper) they have been taken away to adorn Windsor. The pedestals are very convenient for putting your hat on while you sit on the grass, also for fat babies whose mothers require rest, and we think, therefore, that new statues are not wanted.

Protestant MR. NEWDEGATE is in a fright lest the POPE, when expelled from Rome by his devoted children, should come here. LORD PALMERSTON said that every one must feel great personal respect for His Holiness, but that his coming to England would be a political solecism, in fact an anachronism. But England had, on a previous occasion, offered the Vicar an asylum in Malta. We cannot see why he might not come here, and our Coliseum in the Regent's Park, instead of being converted into a Cockney terrace with a sham stone front, might be put into repair for His Holiness. The lake is nearly as yellow as the Tiber, and the chained eagle would be a pleasing memento of his enemy the EMPEROR, the owls would remind him of the Cardinals he might leave behind, the statuary is decidedly Vaticanese, and in the ascending room he might rehearse his own apothecia. We think the idea most felicitous.

Ireland again. But if all her patriots behaved as wisely and temperately as **MR. MAGUIRE**, we should never grudge her the four days out of five which she now gets. He spoke on Tenant-Right, and was followed by many other Members who dwelt upon the impossibility of regenerating Ireland while a tenant had no fixed tenure, and could claim

nothing for improvements. The Irish landlords are a good deal like dogs in the manger. They cannot or will not improve the land, and they refuse such conditions as would justify a tenant in doing so. No doubt, such conditions would soon cause a good deal of property to change hands, but so much the better. LORD PALMERSTON waited to see what the House thought, and at last, perceiving that the current set strongly for inquiry, he made a clever speech against tenant right as he chose to describe it (the Conservatives cheering) but conceded a Committee to look into the working, or rather the failure, of the Improvement Acts of 1860. But even this would have let in the whole question, and MR. WHITBREAD got the inquiry again limited to one Act only. Let the wedge in, Gentlemen, and *Punch* will help you with such a knock. At the same time we are convinced that any sort of agricultural arrangement would be but a tinkering business. The real thing to do is to transport all the priests, convert all the Irish to Protestantism, and make the Brogue felony. When these little reforms shall be carried, Ireland will indeed be the first gem of the earth and first flower of the See of Canterbury.

A WORD WITH JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Tune of "John Brown."



INCE a penny I can
 spend, for the Star
 I'll quickly send.
 'Tis the paper that
 reports your
 speeches best.

JOHN BRIGHT:
There doubtless I
shall find a reflex
of your mind,
Which from jar and
jangle never seems
to rest, JOHN
BRIGHT.

Tho' of war you dis-
approve, a wordy
war you love,
And oft in this your
prowess you have
shown, JOHN
BRIGHT;
But it sorrows me
to see that, 'spite
of good advice
from me,
The country you
most fight with is
your own, JOHN
BRIGHT.

Some faults we may have got; we've shortcomings, who has not?

Are your Yankee clients all from failing free, John Bingham?

But JOHN BULL upon the whole is a very worthy soul.

And I wish the world were all as good as he, JOHN BRIGHT.

Let others vent their spite, and vow we ne'er act right:
There are many our wrongs to offend. I am Brown.

There are many our prosperity enemies, JOHN BARTON:
We may safely trust our foes our enemies to oppose.

And we need no ill-judged censure from our friends, JOHN BARGENT.

I hate as much as you the silly boastful crew.

Who vaunt our very vices to the skies, JOHN BRIGHT:

But they who snarl and sneer when from error we are clear,

Such critics I most heartily despise, JOHN BRIGHT.

I hate the bunkum trick of rowdy rhetoric,
That blackens with a breath the whitest acts, JOHN BRIGHT :

And I hate the carping tongue, that twists right into wrong,
And from wisest deeds maliciously detracts, JOHN BRIGHT.

So prithoe mend your ways, nor old England so despise.

Of unpatriotic rancour clear your breast, JOHN BRIGHT:

While in comfort here you live, to JOHN BULL some credit give,

'Tis an evil bird that fouleth its own nest, JOHN BRIGHT.

If Yankee land you love all other lands above,
 Why not hasten to that Freedom's shore?

Why not hasten to that Eden o'er the sea, JOHN BAKER?

Who may value you more highly than do we, JOHN BARETT.

MUCH TO BE DESIRED.—When Constituencies send such men to Parliament as the great writer on Logic, the political Millennium may be expected.

SWAINS AND SPARROWS AT SHIPLEY.

THE ignorance of natural history disgracing the rustics who till the soil of certain parts of England is just equal to the grossness of their opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of it. Many of them believe that the cuckoo changes into a sparrow-hawk, that the slow-worm and even the stone-loach are venomous, and that a horsehair put into a pond gets animated and becomes a worm. Subjoined, from the *West Sussex Gazette*, is an illustration of this bovine ignorance which the clowns of a Boetia in the South of England rejoice in :—

" SHIPLEY.

"SPARROW CLUB.—On the 2nd inst., the members of the Sparrow Club held their annual meeting at the Selacy Arms Inn, when 23 sat down to an excellent dinner, served up by Mrs. and Miss SLATES in their usual style. After the removal of the cloth the accounts were examined, and the Chairman announced that 10,807 sparrow and other birds had been sent in during the year, that being about 904 more than last year, and about 3,000 more than the year previous, showing clearly there is no scarcity of birds yet, and it was unanimously agreed to carry the club on another year, in spite of Punch, 'or any other man.'"

Now, ye pretty warbling gairs! would be the song for the song-bird slaughtering Swains of Shipley, if their ears were short enough to appreciate it. Are there no local gentry about Shipley who take enough interest in their tenants to be desirous of restraining them from doing themselves damage, for want of knowing better than to attempt the extermination of the little birds? If there are, they should organise some method of imparting the requisite instruction to such louts as those who dined the other day at the Selsey Arms, to celebrate the destruction of 10,807 sparrows and other small birds which they had caused during the past year. It would be a charity to beat, if possible, into the heads of these boobies a calculation of the number of caterpillars and grubs whose increase they must have occasioned by that stupid impolicy. A Clodhopper's Institution, whereat lectures on ornithology could be delivered, might be established at Shipley with some advantage, if the Shipley bumpkins were capable of understanding any lectures. What, however, would probably answer the purpose in view better, would be an opposition to the Sparrow Club, under the name of a Caterpillar Club, established to promote the extirpation of mischievous insects by preserving the sparrows, and finches, and feathered songsters, of which the massacre is encouraged by a society of blockheads. The chawbacons of Shipley understand eating and drinking, if not much else, and if they were annually to meet and dine, their swinish obstinacy might be so far overcome by the influence of a good dinner as to allow them to be persuaded to let the little birds live and eat up the vermin.

GOOD NEWS.

THE Police are at last beginning to put down street mendicants and impostors. The excitement this invasion of the vested rights of tattered vagrancy has caused, in Crutched Friars particularly, beggars description. The movement, as it affects that crying evil, professional babies, is yet in its infancy; but the blind, with or without their leading articles, and their steps dogged, and the spurious sailors, deked in nautical attire, are all at sea.

We have reason for believing that the sphere of operations is likely to be extended. Begging the question, especially in the neighbourhood of Westminster, is no longer to be tolerated. Lame excuses will not be listened to, and all those persons who are wilfully blind, and shut their eyes to the consequences, will be transported, say, to the Cataracts.

Any one, after this notice, halting between two opinions (or two lamp-posts) is liable to be brought before the Alderman of Cripplegate, in whose worshipful presence he will find himself in a hobble, and without a leg to stand on. As ragged clothes (too often *ex suite* with rents in arrear) are viewed with suspicion, persons out of elbows are cautioned to keep the Police at arm's length.



A LITTLE FRIGHT.

THE BOUNCEBYS GIVE ONE OF THEIR "STUCK-UP" DINNER-PARTIES, AND ARE HORROR-STRICKEN AT THE ENTRANCE OF LITTLE SPADGER IN THE COSTUME OF "GENT OF THE PERIOD."

Spadger. "DIDN'T LIKE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, OLD FELLOW, BUT I PROMISED TO GO TO FLAMPOYNTE'S FANCY BALL, SO THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL KEEP BOTH ENGAGEMENTS!"

THE UTILISATION OF FLOGGING.

MR. PUNCH,

A PARLIAMENTARY return just issued affords us the gratifying information that the Garotters' Act of 1863, punishing attempts at robbery, accompanied by violence, with flogging, has not been allowed to remain a dead letter. In the first year of the operation of this salutary measure, under its beneficent provisions, according to the document above referred to, 19 prisoners were flogged in England. Three of those ruffians underwent the unpleasant application of the cat-o'-nine-tails in Coldbath-fields Prison, one at Horsemonger-lane Gaol, three at Kirkdale (Liverpool), one at Salford New Bailey, four in Birmingham Borough Prison, four in Leeds Gaol, one in the County Gaol at Reading, and two at Durham. Out of the three rascals who experienced the ecstasies of deserved flagellation at Kirkdale, there was one, a young villain of 19, who, in addition to four years' penal servitude, had been sentenced to fifty lashes. These appeals to the only tender feeling which a Garotter has, were addressed thereto with such vigour that the subject of them was completely subdued, and became so deeply affected that the surgeon in attendance was obliged to order him to be taken down from the whipping-post by the time that he had writhed under thirty-six.

The infliction of useless pain, however, is to be deprecated, and the pain inflicted on the nineteen villains flogged in 1863 under the Garotters' Act was not so useful as it might have been rendered. It has had little publicity beyond that given to it by respectable papers, and its exemplary effect, which constitutes its use, has been proportionally limited. Yells and shrieks have, indeed, not been wasted on the prison air, wherein they have doubtless made a desirable impression on many ears; but their vibrations, arrested by walls, have not extended to the atmosphere of thieves' houses of call, and other haunts of the felony in the slums. There are objections to public flogging similar to those which would apply to surgical operations. But one thing might be

done to give the roughs, who are inclined to be Garotters, some idea of what the flogging inflicted on a Garotter is. An elaborate photograph of the face of every such criminal condemned to be flogged could be taken whilst he is experiencing the sensations excited by the scourge, at the moment when his features are contorted with their strongest expression. What a pretty portrait-gallery might thus have been derived from the nineteen Garotters who were flogged in 1863! The police might distribute copies of these sun-pictures amongst those whom they would be calculated to edify; and engravings from them might be published in the low illustrated papers which are principally devoted to reports and narratives of crime.

The utilisation of flogging, thus effected, would soon reduce the statistics, so painful to many an amiable mind, of the infliction of that cruel punishment on the poor offender who, for the sake of a little money, or a watch and chain, has only crushed somebody's windpipe, or knocked his front teeth down his throat, or cracked his skull, without

MEBOY.

The Birthday of Uranus.

THE Members of the Astronomical Society dined together on the 20th ult., to celebrate the completion, by Uranus, of his first revolution round the Sun, made since HERSCHTEL discovered him, on the 13th of March, 1781, and thus occupying a period of eighty-four years and seven days, corresponding to the 365 days and 6 hours which this planet takes to perform its annual circuit. The jovial astronomers drank the health of Uranus on his accomplishment of another year, and wished him many happy returns of the day.

CHRISTIAN NOMENCLATURE.

WHAT would be the best Christian name for a female street Arab? ARABELLA.



ARBITRATION BETTER THAN EMIGRATION.

Plutus and Vulcan Accept the Decision of Justice.

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THE SORROWS OF FATHER CAM.

1. H. WATNEY	Lady Margaret.
2. M. BERRER	Lady Margaret.
3. E. V. PIGOTT	Corpus Christi.
4. R. A. KINGLAKE	3rd Trinity.
5. D. F. STEAVENSON	Trinity Hall.
6. G. BORTHWICK	1st Trinity.
7. E. GRIFFITHS	3rd Trinity.
8. C. B. LAWES	3rd Trinity.
F. H. ASHNER (Steerer)	Corpus Christi.

One night as I silently wandered
By Cam's slow meandering stream,
And many things mentally pondered,
I saw, as it were in a dream,
A black head emerge from the billows,
A broad body swim through the flood,
Till, beneath the o'ershadowing willows,
It sank gently down in the mud.

All alone—as a Scholar of Tyrwhitt
When examined in Hebrew he sits—
On a log that mysterious spirit
Smokes in silence, and silently spits.
And yet not alone sat the vision;
There came, as he sat on his log,
A wag of delight and submission
From the tail of each demi-drowned dog.

Black eels from his temples were hanging,
His teeth were like teeth of a jack;
His lips were inaudibly "slanging";
His eyes were all muddy and black;
And water-snakes, round his neck twining,
Were hissing; and water-rats swam
At his feet; so without much divining
I recognised Old Father Cam.

"All hail to thee, Camus the weedy!"
I cried, in alarm and surprise;
"Say, why are thy garments so reedy?
And why are these tears in thine eyes?"
Then the River-god answered me sadly,
"My glory aquatic is gone!
My prospects, alas! look but badly;
Not a race for four years have I won.

"I have as oarsmen as strong—even stronger—
Than when my first honours I bore;
Their arms are as long—perhaps longer;
Their shoulders as broad as of yore.
Yet the prospects of light-blue look bluer;
I am losing my swing, form, and time;
For who can row well in a sewer,
Or pull through miasma and slime?"

Thus murmured the River-god moaning,
But I bade him to dry his old eye—
"In vain is this weeping and groaning,
Let your motto be, 'Never say die!'
Though your waves be more foul than Cocytus,
Though your prospects, no doubt, are most blue;
Since Oxford is ready to fight us,
We will try to select a good crew.

"My friend Lady Margaret tells me
She can lend me a Bow and a Two:
The Lady, I own, sometimes sells me,
But this time I am sure she'll be true.
For WATNEY is wiry and plucky,
And that BERRER's A 1 all allow;
And our boat cannot fail to be lucky
With a double 1st Class in the bow.

"Then Corpus its PIGOTT shall lend us,
Young, healthy, and active, and strong;
And Etona her KINGLAKE shall send us,
To row our good vessel along;
And five, from the head of the River,
Like Pallas from Jove's head appearing,
Shall add to the weight of the quiver
Of the feather-weight Argonaut steering.

"Then BORTHWICK, the mighty and massive,
Shall row like a Briton at Six;
And GRIFFITHS, not prone to be passive,
Shall pull us to glory like bricks.
Our 'Stroke,' people say, on the feather
Is a trifle too fond of a pause;
But while some say 'there's nothing like leather,'
I maintain there is nothing like LAWES.

"Washerwomen, not over aquatic,
Says he rows 'like a mangle'—what tash!
That his swing and his time are erratic;
That he puts in his oar with a splash.
But these wonderful judges of rowing,
If we win, will be loud in applause;
And declare 'the result was all owing
To that excellent stroke, MR. LAWES.'

"Our Coach, on the bank briskly riding,
Will keep this strong team well together,
His Bucephalus gamely bestriding,
In spite of the wind and the weather.
For the laws of the land you may send me
To Counsel from chambers in Town;
For the laws of true rowing commend me
To the CHAMBERS of Cambridge renown.

"Then cheer up, beloved Father Camus!
Blow your nose! dry those tears that are falling;
You will live once again to be famous,
In spite of the prospect appalling.
Though dead dogs down your fair stream are floating,
Father Cam will their odours defy;
Though Oxford may beat us in boating,
Yet Cambridge will 'never say die!'"

VETERINARY POOR-LAW.

At the Bakewell Petty Sessions, the other day, before the local Magistrates and LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH, Chairman, MR. JOHN BIRLEY, a farmer at Wardlaw, was charged by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with having ill-treated, abused, and tortured four cows and a calf.

Having been convicted of this charge, MR. BIRLEY was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour in the Derby House of Correction.

The ill-treatment, abuse, and torture of four cows and a calf, for which FARMER BIRLEY has been sent to pant and perspire on the treadmill, or work his fingers' ends raw with picking oakum for two months, did not, indeed, amount to wrenching those animals' tails off, breaking their heads or limbs, cutting, lacerating, prodding, or otherwise violently hurting them, but it consisted in keeping them without food, and neglecting them, inasmuch that they became exceedingly emaciated and filthy, and lowed aloud with hunger and pain.

The only excuse which MR. BIRLEY could offer to palliate his want of care for his own stock, was, that he "was very sorry for it, but he could not help it, hay was so scarce." The scarcity of dead stock was all that he could urge in extenuation of letting his live stock want. What if they had actually starved? Would BIRLEY have got off with two months' imprisonment and hard labour? A wretch may merit, but cannot earn penal servitude by cruelty to animals. MR. BIRLEY, however, had his cows and calf positively died of famine, would no doubt have received the fullest allowance of correction, in the House thereof, that the Bakewell Magistrates could have legally awarded him.

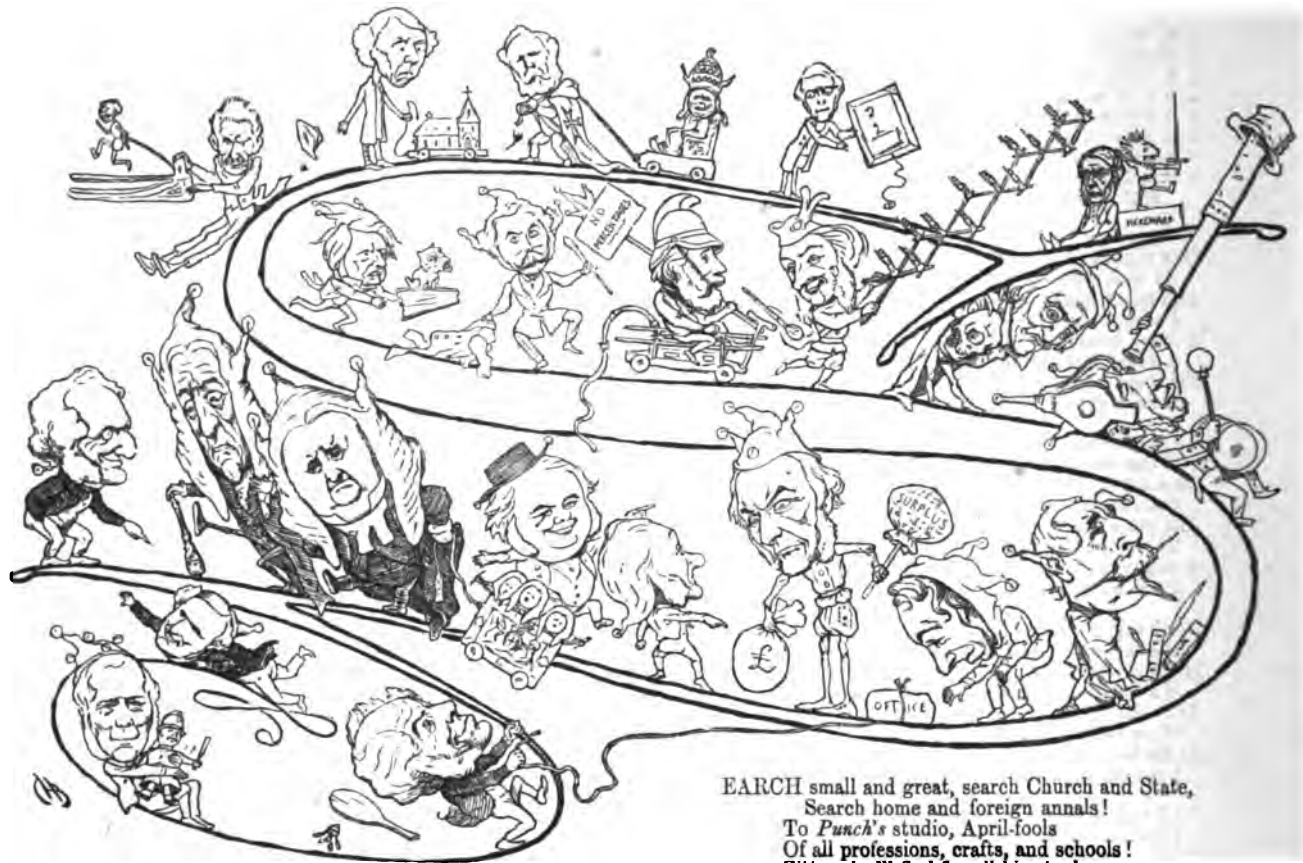
It is something to be said for British benevolence to the brute creation that the offence of withholding the necessaries of life from four cows and a calf, subjects their owner, a man in the respectable position of a farmer, to the punishment of a thief. Suppose those animals had been only so many paupers, and MR. BIRLEY a relieving officer who refused them the means of sustenance on the plea that he could not help it, but really the rates were so high. That would have been quite another affair. There is no County crop or treadmill, or oakum-picking, or crank, for "Cruelty to Paupers;" nor do Boards of Guardians and Workhouse officials incur penal consequences from that economy to which is owing the very frequent announcement of a human creature's "Death from Destitution."

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. LAVALETTE has been nominated Minister of the Interior without a Stewpan.

How would MILTON have described the prevailing style of comic song?—"Most music-hall, most melancholy."

MR. PUNCH'S FIRST OF APRIL LEVÉE.



EARCH small and great, search Church and State,
 Search home and foreign annals!
 To *Punch's* studio, April-fools
 Of all professions, crafts, and schools!
 Sitters he'll find for all his stools,
 Faces for all his panels.

STRANGE CAB PHENOMENON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Natural History of the Cabman must always have been interesting to the human zoologist. Permit me to describe a phenomenon.

I am an Author. I had, however, chambers in the Outer Temple. For reasons of my own, one being that I like to be able to ring people up in the night, like POPP, when I have an inspiration, I now reside at one of the Great Railway Hotels, which we will call the East-Southern Hotel.

When I lived in the Temple I never had a row with a Cabman. He always drove me straight home thither, and he was always satisfied with his fare, or at least he never remonstrated, far less abused me.

Now, that I live in the Hotel, I almost always have a row with my Cabman. He tries to take me a long and roundabout way home, and, the other night, insisted on going over two bridges, when he needed to go over none; and he always remonstrates about the fare, and often abuses me.

Yet one place is as well known to the Cabmen as the other, and the fares are printed and hung up at my present abode.

How do you account for this strange difference? A cynical friend of mine says that while I was in the Temple, the drivers took me for a lawyer, and one who would take vengeance for any attempt at cheating, while they now suppose me to be a provincial, ignorant of London topography, and of the just rights of the cab.

But, I think better of Cabman nature. Surely, men who have a Club, and talk pretty, and sing hymns to Lord SHAPPEESBURY, cannot be such sordid and greedy wretches. There must be some other explanation. Can your readers offer one, or will the Cabmen themselves discuss the topic at their next meeting, before the hymn?

Believe me, ever yours,

JOHN GAY.

P.S. I discovered a singular mode of quickening a Cabman's apprehension the other day. I told him to go to Argyll Place, and, as usual, he pretended not to know where it was, in order to see whether I knew. When I said, "Close to the Marlborough Street Police Office," you should have seen how he dashed off, and he was so civil when I got out.

First, room for Church!—Left in the lurch,
 Our Reverends might be grumbling.
 But ere we seek Church-fools at home,
 With the bold BOWYER shoot to Rome,
 Where—fool's-cap o'er a close-cut comb—
 The old tiara's tumbling.
 Believe in POPP and Papal rule,
 You April-fool, you April-fool!

But Rome-wards why with NEWMAN fly,
 Or MONSIGNORE MANNING?
 While GRAY COLENSO votes Old Harry's,
 Nor, ere he hurls perdition, carries
 To find out if his patent carries
 The privilege of banning.
 So much Church-cry, so little wool!—
 Lo! GRAY done brown as April-fool!

For ex-Zulu COLENSO too
Punch has a cap becoming.
 Who thinks the written record's floor
 Dropt out, since two and two make four,
 While MOSES' total comes to more
 Than doth COLENSO's summing.
 Ground your faith on a ciphering-rule!—
 You April-fool, you April-fool!

Nor Broad Church drops behind in crops
 Of rich, ripe, April folly:
 Here's KINGSLAY writes, talks, lectures, bustles,
 To prove faith, somehow, hangs on muscles;
 That with Old Nick the more one tussles
 The more one should be jolly!
 Trade-competition's fire would cool!—
 The April-fool, the April-fool!

London's fat purse TAIT would amerce,
 And "Church, Church, Church!" his creed is:
 For "churches!" "churches!" crying still,

While we have more than we can fill,
And parson's wit, not parson's will,
Our congregations' need is.
To church send charity to school!—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

Can Science boast our April host
No son of hers has in it?
Who o'er brain-folds and jawbone-angles
About man's kin to monkey wrangles,
Till man with monkey she so tangles,
We scarce care which may win it.
Mysterious mind make matter's tool!—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

Then test the tricks of politics,
Sound Lower House and Upper:
Lo, jaunty PAM at eighty-one
Still keeping up the ancient fun,
As was *first* childhood just begun,
Not *second* at his crupper.
Still fishing in that troubled pool!—
Oh April-fool, oh April-fool!

Lo, DIZZY, bent to sniff the scent
Of Treasury-trap well baited,
In England's eyes still trusts 'gainst trust
To fling Caucasian diamond-dust,
And as Church Angel see his lust
Of place and power full seated.
Spurned by the party he would rule,
Poor VIVIAN GREY's an April-fool!

And GLADSTONE, wasting giant-power
On every pigmy foe-man,
With aim confused 'twixt bad and good,
"I dare not" waiting on "I would,"
E'en by himself scarce understood,
Quite understood by no man:
Half Manchester, half Oxford school—
Whole April-fool, whole April-fool!

And BRIGHT, with pluck to run amuck
At all which Britons hold to,
On shoulders of the middle classes
Still struggling to instal the masses,
Who'll soon write BRIGHT & Co. down asses,
Their shape the mass who'd mould to:
Cutting the throat of thy own rule—
Oh April-fool, oh April-fool!

And BOBBY PEEL, of Irish reel
And faction-fight the hero:
And ROEBUCK, in wrong cause or rightful,
Striving to make folks think his bite full
Of sting, as his bark is of spite full,
Till his fame falls to zero.
Why, TRAMP, not for once be cool?
Thou April-fool, thou April-fool!

See ELCHO's joy since his new toy,
The Rifleman, appears!
He trots his hobby all about,
Air-drawn invaders puts to rout—
'Twas clearly to bring ELCHO out
We raised our Volunteers!
There's room at Hythe, in HAR's own school,
For April-fool, for April-fool!

If their's the stool of April-fool
Who on wild errands fall,
Sutherland's Duke that stool ascends,
Who to put out the fire pretends
Which lights the candle at both ends
Within the servants'-hall.
A Duke his servants dare to school!—
Out, April-fool!—out, April-fool!

Prick up your ears, my noble Peers,
You who have ears abnormal,
Lo, from the Woolsack condescends
One who your ranks a lustre lends—
"Hit him hard, he has got no friends!"—
WESTBURY, fine and formal!
He mounts the penitential stool,
Chief April-fool, chief April-fool!

Was't not enough the maws to stuff
Of BETHEL'S big and little
Out of the CHANCELLOR's brodered purse,
But, spurred by nepotism's curse,
You must "go farther and fare worse,"
The horse-leech swarm to victual?
Kill the goose!—spite of ESOP's rule—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

And nothing loth, beside home-growth,
I've foreign fools to think on:
See the long phiz and shambling figure
Of him who with rail-splitting vigour
Strives with the "inevitable nigger."
Much-puzzled ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
If he "concludes" with such a tool
To split his nail, he's April-fool!

Last, but not least, with laurelled crest,
His toga draped about him,
Lo, the last CÆSAR, with the pen
That tells how JULIUS died for men,
Reveals their saviour to the ken
Of those who dared to doubt him,
Including critics keen and cool,
And earns the crown as April-fool.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING BAD-LOOKING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT a blessing it is that one is not a beauty! I declare, the longer I live the more thankful I am that I was born with carrotty hair, and a nose that is turn-uppy. The trouble I am saved by my plainness is incalculable. See, for instance, what a martyrdom I must have undergone if my hair had been worth frizzing up and fashionably dressing. This is how the pretty hairresses of Paris are now tortured:—

"LADIES' HAIR.—The Paris correspondent of the *Post*, in reply to an appeal from a lady, writes:—"I have consulted a great hairdresser of the sublime school, who says that this winter he has often commenced work at 1 P.M., so that the lady must remain some ten hours in full toilette, with her hair pinned, bound, stretched, flowered, jewelled—painfully uncomfortable. It is only as a great favour that these famed hair-artists can be had at all; ladies during the season are obliged to implore them to attend."

First catch your hair: this of course must be the rule with the "Sublime school" of *coiffeurs*. Their Sublimities would never condescend to waste their talents on a woolly head like mine, which the highest art would fail in rendering attractive. So I am safe from having to sit for ten hours at a stretch, without the liberty of stretching. And see, here are other nuisances that I escape by being, happily, anything but beautiful:—

"He declares that you may wear your hair in any fantastic fashion; some ladies at Court have adopted the classical Grecian style—the hair dragged off the face, and a bunch of clustering ringlets at the back of the head. Others have gone in for a series of small curls all over the forehead, and little impertinent twisting locks round about the ears—baby curls, just beginning life; while the mass of hair is gathered up on the top of the head, and there studded with flowers, or butterflies, or even gaudy insects."

Fidgety little ringlets must be troublesome enough; but how nasty it must be to have one's back hair full of insects! Fancy having dragon-flies and spiders on one's head! Ugh! I shudder at the notion! I think I'd rather be quite bald than let my hair be full of butterflies; and who knows but the fashion may be soon to wear big blue-bottles, or, more horrid still, black beetles? A girl who is insane enough to put a butterfly in her hair, might be fairly thought to have a bee in her bonnet. O the sorrows of the Handsome at the hands of the hairdresser! "O the pleasures of the Plain" in escaping such inflictions! When I peep into my glass, and think what torments I might suffer if it were not for my ugliness, I shall heartily thank goodness that I am not good-looking.

So believe me yours contentedly,

MARIA MILDEW.

Quotation from Virgil.

(Dedicated to LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Successor as Gold Stick.)

"— Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescent virga metallo."

"WALKER!"

How unfair to sneer at the City tradesmen for being above their business, when so few of them live over their shops!

QUAKER AFFIRMATION.—"Od drab it!"



Clara. "WE ARE GOING TO GET UP A DANCE, MR. CHIFFEY; YOU MUST LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER."
Mr. Chiffey. "WELL, THANK YOU, NO: NOT TO-NIGHT. THE FACT IS, I'VE HAD A VERY HARD DAY'S HUNTING."



WHICH WAS TRUE ENOUGH, FOR THIS IS THE WAY MR. CHIFFEY HUNTED; AND THOUGH IT DID NOT LAST MORE THAN TWO HOURS, ALL MUST ADMIT THAT IT WAS TOUGH WORK.

GEMS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

WHENEVER one takes up an Irish newspaper, one is pretty certain to discover something brilliant. Here for instance is a specimen:—

£5 NOTE LOST.—Lost, in the Royal Bank, about half-past two o'clock on Friday, the 17th instant, a Five Pound Bank of Ireland Note. Any person bringing it to Mr. NORTH, at the Bank, may retain for his trouble whatever sum he thinks reasonable.

If Mr. *Punch* had found the note and had acted strictly on the terms of this advertisement, the loser would not have been much the gainer by the finding. Mr. *Punch* values his time at a sovereign a second; and as picking up a five-pound note would take at least five seconds, Mr. *Punch* would feel quite justified in pocketing the note, which he would think a "reasonable" repayment for his trouble.

Another gem of Irish composition is the following:—

A TIDY, active, and willing little Woman, of great experience, desires to wait upon an elderly Lady or Invalid; could on an emergency nurse a baby, make an excellent plum pudding, dress a good dinner, make a delicious cup of coffee, or act as housekeeper; would be found a most trustworthy person, and a great acquisition in a respectable family; is a Protestant; without followers; a native of Belfast. Address, &c.

If this little woman wants to "wait upon an invalid, or an elderly lady," what she says about herself will not tend very much to carry out her wishes. Invalids cannot eat "good dinners," and the sight of a plum pudding would tantalise them terribly; while old ladies, as a rule, have not a baby to be nursed, and even if they had, they would scarcely choose a cook to help them at the cradle. Perhaps in Paddyland, however, a scullery-maid is hired to look after the nursery, while the office of a nurse is to make the pies and puddings and keep the kitchen tidy.

IMPORTANT.

To obtain a Situation under Government, call yourself "MR. BETHELL." No other qualification required.

AN AWFUL QUESTION.

TOUCHING what is called "POMPEY'S Pillar," and which is as much POMPEY'S as that at Charing Cross is CÆSAR'S, a contemporary says:—

"The engineer employed by the VICEROY of EGYPT to repair this column, has found that the pillar rests on a cube of very hard pudding-stone within the basement. This cube bears an inscription in hieroglyphics turned upside down, and is, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, conveyed hither for the express purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. MARINIER has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of SESOSTRIS THE SECOND, the father of the great SESOSTRIS, mentioned in it; so that POMPEY'S pillar, now 1500 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least seventeen centuries before the Christian era."

All this chronology is nothing to the purpose, and the column itself, as everybody who can read, and remember what he reads, knows, is merely the last remaining pillar of a temple. But the question is this—Has the French engineer obliterated a name which is not in hieroglyphics, upside down or not, but in the biggest and plainest English? Has he defaced the world-famous legend,

W. BUTTON:

If he has, we can only say that we are glad the *Agin-court* and the *Minotaur* are so nearly ready.

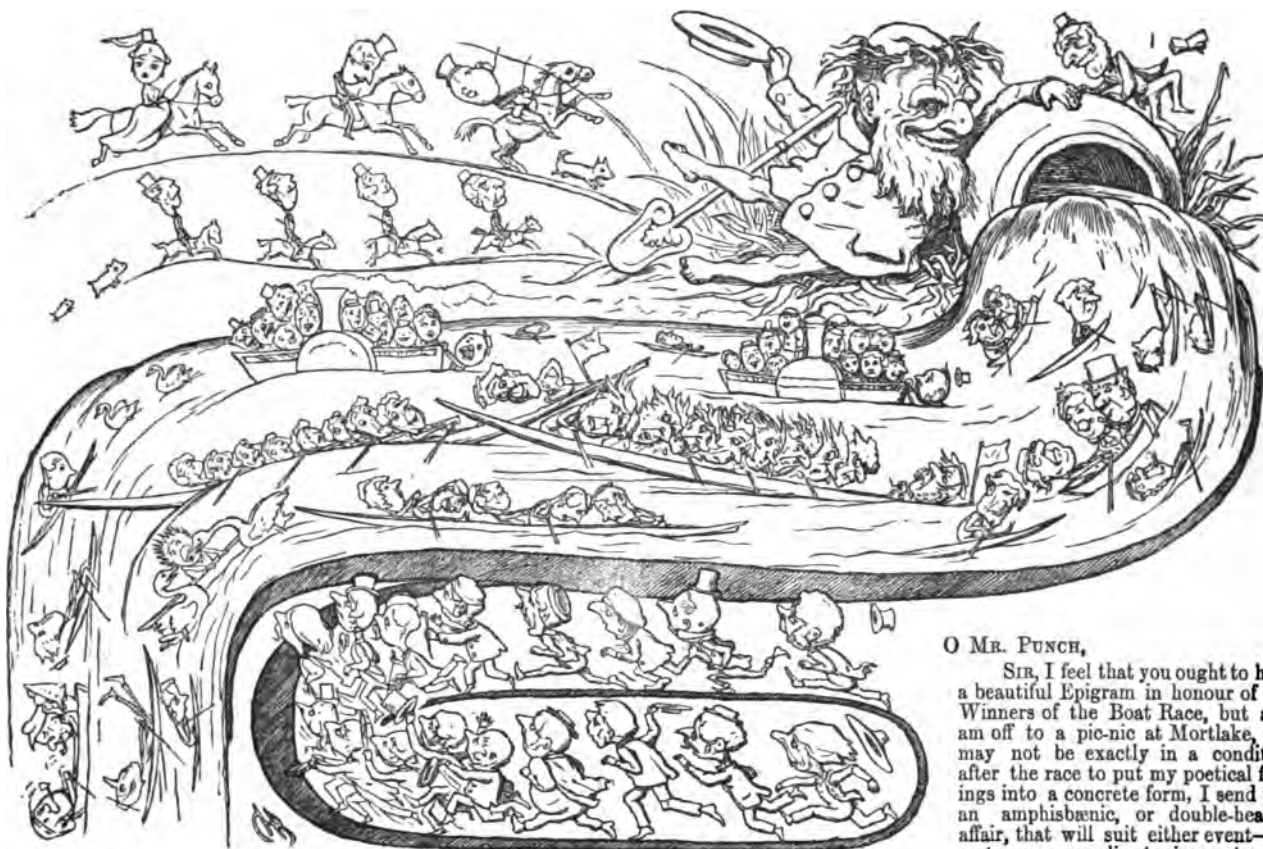
The Gifts of Morpheus.

WHEN Sleep has brought pleasures that seem
As real as those of broad day,
How jolly to wake from your dream
And find that you've nothing to pay!

AN ARCTIC MARCH.

THE month just departed in cold and snow has not exactly verified the popular saying, that if March comes in like a Lion he goes out like a Lamb. This year, indeed, March came in like a Lion, but went out like a White Bear.

THE BOAT RACE IMPROMPTU.



April 8th, 1865.

O MR. PUNCH,

SIR, I feel that you ought to have a beautiful Epigram in honour of the Winners of the Boat Race, but as I am off to a picnic at Mortlake, and may not be exactly in a condition after the race to put my poetical feelings into a concrete form, I send you an amphisbænic, or double-headed affair, that will suit either event—in-
sert names according to circumstances.

Ever yours, JANUS SQUINTER.

[We prefer inserting our Correspondent's unconscientious effusion as received.—PUNCH.]

TO THE VICTORS.

BY A PARTY WHO BETTED RIGHT AND BACKED { OXFORD.
CAMBRIDGE. }

Well done { Priests of Isis
Gallant Cantabs } ! I pledge in a gallon

Of jolly good ale the good health of { Dark } Blue ;
{ Light }

May each Book you take up, in your *heiligen Hallen*,
Bring each as much luck as I've booked about you.

A SENSATION SITUATION.

Who would not be a Lady Teacher in a Ladies' School? Only see what a quantity of knowledge she must have, and what a quantity of money she can make by it:—

WANTED, a TEACHER, over 21, in a very Large, Old-Established Ladies' School. She must be a thorough arithmetician, well versed in geography, general history, grammar, with the rudiments of French and music. None need apply without a good method of teaching, combined with health and activity. Unexceptionable references required. Salary to commence at £12 per annum.

If MR. BARBAGE were the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and knew as much of general history as HALLAM and MACAULAY did, he might perhaps, were he a lady, be deemed tolerably competent to fill this situation, provided he were thoroughly well grounded in good grammar, and knew enough of French and music to teach them with success. Stay, though—he must have a “good method of teaching” (whatever that may signify), and he must “combine” it with “good health and activity,” or he would not be eligible for this attractive place. Then, if he were a lady, and were over twenty-one, and had the good luck to obtain this lucrative appointment, his salary would “commence” at £12 per annum, and goodness only knows in what a vast increase of income it might ultimately end. Even £30 a year might eventually be paid to him, supposing he were she who is so fortunate as to secure this most remunerative place. Dramatists

on the look-out for a “sensation situation,” should turn their eyes to this one, which no lady could fill without having the sensation of being greatly overtasked and grossly underpaid for it.

Politics and Music.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that MR. BRAND, the famous H. C. Whip, is about to be deposed. The report, it is believed, arose simply from the fact that, a few evenings ago, a number of young Members lounged into the lobby, coming fresh from the Fourth Act of the Opera of *Faust*, and singing lustily the chorus, “*Depotiam il Brando!*”

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

THIS celebrated summit has just been reached by a juvenile member of the Aristocracy. MR. GROSVENOR continues to offer himself for Westminster, although MR. JOHN STUART MILL is ready to become a candidate. The Alpine Club has shut up in despair.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le Maudit is to be placed in the Index unless the opinions contained therein are somewhat *modi-fied*.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



But then all Head Masters ought to be ARNOLDS, or as near that pattern as possible. There will be a great deal of discussion before this Bill becomes law, and a measure which is to affect the training of the entire upper and upper middle classes of England deserves all consideration.

SIR MORTON Peto delivered himself of a speech against the Board of Admiralty. His attack was greatly disapproved of by LORD CLARENCE PAGET. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had his own objections to the present system. It is all very well to talk over the business, but the plain English is that no Minister dares reform the Admiralty system, for there are too many votes dependent upon the maintenance of things in their present condition. Everybody, except the innocent believers in speeches, knows this. Some day we shall be in a war, and the war will be in a muddle, and then the Admiralty will be blown—where MR. BOTTHORN, in *Bleak House*, wanted to blow the Court of Chancery.

The Barnet Magistrates ordered two boys to be whipped, and also ordered the police to perform that operation. Now, criminal boys have not that Spartan courage which is inculcated (under penalty of an extra wopping in the play-fields) at Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and instead of receiving a whipping in silence, they bellow. Perhaps the absence of elevated teaching, and also of beef and bread-and-butter and other strengthening influences, may in some measure account for the difference. Anyhow, they *do* bellow, and the noise is not pleasant to hear. The police object to whip, and say also that crowds are attracted by the sound. SIR RICHARD MAYNE sustains them. MR. ADDERLEY protests against police assumption. The HOME SECRETARY thinks the police right. MR. HENLEY made much fun of the punishment, ridiculed birching being described by the sensation term "lashes," and intimated that the floggings which he, and probably SIR GEORGE GREY, had received in earlier life had done them no harm. But, he added, we were fast becoming the most police-ridden country in Europe. We do not know how the Barnet Magistrates have settled the affair, but it says in *Boyle's Chronology* that in a country place a culprit was, some years ago, ordered to be flogged, and that there was no one who would lay on the cat except the Mayor, and therefore his Worship himself tucked up his robes, and let into the rogue like a man.

We then voted all sorts of Estimates, and finally another row broke out, and the Head Master was obliged to say that the boys might go away, for that they were "not in a temper" for their work. The sudden change in the weather makes us all quarrelsome—

"Our bloods no less obey the Heavens
Than do a courtier's looks the king's."

A much-disputed passage in the Divine W., which Mr. Punch has, with his usual acumen, rectified into the sense which distinguishes most of the writings of Divine W. With a thermometer one day at 43° in a gas-lit bed-room, and the next at 60° in the open air, no fellah ought to be expected to be reasonable.

Tuesday. The Lords sat down and got up again, and the Commons did not even go through that formality. For this was a great day for the Metropolis of the World. We feel that we ought to get up a little classic learning to flash off about the Grand Sewers, but DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S Dictionary is on a shelf on the other side of our library, and our getting up for it is out of the question, and Mrs. Punch is gone to hear MARIO in *Faust*. So we cannot draw upon our memory. There were Sewers in Rome, woppers, made by TARQUINUS PRIMUS, who married TANQUIL, a lady who had the feminine art of making the best of things, and we like her. When an eagle flew away with her husband's hat, MRS. TANQUIL, instead of saying that it was just like him, and that he could no more take care of his things than a child, and that he had need have a fortune to be going every day to LINCOLN & BENNETT'S for new hats, said, with a proud smile, "A good omen, love! and it

ONDAY, April 3.

LORD CLARENCE moved the Second Reading of the Public Schools Bill. It has merits, and nobody is pleased with it, which may be another of those merits. Everybody has an interest in some one school, which he conceives to be perfect, because it educated him, or is educating his boys, but he allows that other schools require improvement. Mr. Punch decidedly objects to any authority being set up to dominate over the Head Master, upon whose personal character depends the welfare of a school.

means that your head will be very high." He was made King, and he made drains. LITVY says that you could drive a load of hay through them, and we wish that our drains had been made large enough for the railway vans, and the Van Demons were compelled to go through the sewers. We do not remember any other classical remarks at present, and therefore proceed to state that this day the PRINCE OF WALES went to Crossness, and set the engines at work, and that it was a great day for THWAITES and BAZAZET—what's his name, BAZALGETTE—and we suppose that they will be knighted or barrow-knighted, as they deserve, or be decorated with the Order of the Sewer. We have not seen any Thames salmon yet, but MR. QUARTERMAINE has taken up his place in his balcony, with a long rod and line, to be ready to catch the very first, and has promised to telegraph. Pensive public, what? The Essence is a good deal pleasanter when there is no Parliament? But you mustn't say such things.

Wednesday. THEO DONOGHUE wishes to do away with an Irish law of QUEEN ANNE'S, by which "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees" can be sent to penal servitude for begging. If it include Tories who beg for votes at elections, we imagine that the Act may be inconvenient, but we see no reason for the repeal, and for once MR. SCULLY agrees with us.

But if Beggars are not to be sent to penal servitude, MR. VILLIERS has introduced into his Houseless Poor Bill an excellent clause for dealing with Mendicants. If the measure becomes law, Begging in London is at an end. The police are to take into custody every person who begs, or professes to be in distress. If he be a deserving object, he is to be taken into the Casual Ward, at the Workhouse, and the Dogberry there is to be compelled to receive and relieve him. If he be an impostor, he is to be dealt with under the Vagrant Act. This is good news for the really distressed, and also for the ladies in the suburbs, who cannot take a walk without being importuned or bullied. Could not the Act be made to include Crossing Sweepers, who are a horrible nuisance, as Mr. Punch has often set forth, he having to repulse at least seventeen, every time he walks from his villa to his office. What right has the Crossing Sweeper to "squat" on the QUEEN'S highway, and play highwayman?

Thursday. Holborn and Whitechapel are to be improved—a Bill for the purpose passed the Lords. We are very fond of taking pensive walks in Whitechapel, and should go there oftener, but for the incessant importunities of the inhabitants that we should buy and devour the staple product of the district, namely, whelks, of which we are not extravagantly fond. As regards Holborn, it is at present the most detestable thoroughfare in London. Everybody who walks is run over in High Holborn, and everybody who rides is thrown out of his cab on Holborn Hill. We shall rejoice to see any improvement.

The Wimbledon Common Inclosure Bill was read a Second Time, after considerable opposition. A Committee has reported against LORD SPENCER'S three proposals—the fencing, the selling part of the land, and the extinction of everybody's rights except his own. Nevertheless, it was thought that the Bill ought to go before the Private Bill Committee. It was rather plainly hinted that the public might get much worse terms, but we decline to believe that LORD SPENCER would do anything of an ungenerous kind, even if his plan should be defeated. *Noblesse oblige.*

Another Canada debate, and it appears that the Colonists are by no means satisfied with the amount of defence which England proposes to supply. One thing is certain, namely, that either the colony and the mother-country must act in perfect accord and harmony, or Canada will vote at the next Presidential Election, yes, Sir.

SIR GEORGE GREY will devise some relief for the composers and other persons really aggrieved by the working of the Act which was intended chiefly for the putting down the scoundrel-dens in the Haymarket and elsewhere, and which has worked very well indeed, though there is much to be done, as at certain Music-Halls, before cognate nuisances can be exterminated. If, as LORD MACAULAY and SYDNEY SMITH contend, Government is simply a Stout Constable, let it do constable's duty.

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON expressed his idea that the great rich City Companies, "who have more money than they know what to do with," might aid in the erection of new dwellings for the poor who are dispossessed, whole-

sale, by Improvements. DR. TAIT is a good man, but does not know the world. Can he be aware that at some civic banquets the Companies are reduced to give Mock instead of Real Turtle, and that at others common water is handed round after dinner instead of rose-water? In the face of these distressing facts, a bishop should not obtrude the interests of the lower orders.

LORD GRANVILLE sticks to it that little things of six years old ought to attend examinations, but will allow exceptions to be made. The exception ought to be when the child distinctly, or indistinctly, hints that it would rather play at ball.

The Fenians disturb MR. WHITESIDE, and MR. LAYARD is demanding whether the American authorities at all favour those exported idiots.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was laughed at as usual.

MR. GLADSTONE declines to take the Irish railroads into the hands of Government, in order to lower the price of tickets. Really, Ireland has lost all shame, and will shortly come under the new Mendicant Act.

MR. WYLD wants a new bishopric created in Cornwall. Answer, "No tin." Irish Members get wet at Holyhead pier, and appeal to Parliament. Answer, "Take umbrellas." Then we had Estimates. Both Houses are up for Easter.

Saturday. The Great Boat-Race between the Eyes of England. Oxford won gallantly, as *Mr. Punch* all along predicted, only he forgot to mention it.

Apart from our usual summary, and in another tone, must be noted the Parliamentary references to the death of a great and good man. On Sunday, April 2nd, the valuable life of RICHARD CORDEN ended. Elsewhere, our own tribute to the departed is paid. Here be it said only that on the Monday night the House of Commons listened to the earnest and honest words of the PREMIER, and to the eloquent language of the Leader of Opposition, both uniting in honourable testimony to the character of him who is gone. A portion of the speech of MR. DISRAELI may be the most fitting termination to this brief record:—

"Although it was the fortune of MR. CORDEN to enter public life at a time when passions ran high, still when the strife was over there was soon observed in him the moderation and tempered course that intimated a large intellectual horizon, and the possession of statesmanlike qualities. There was in his character a peculiar vein of reverence for tradition, which often, unconsciously to himself, subdued and softened the acerbity of the conclusions at which he may have arrived. . . . As a debater he had few equals, as a logician he was close and complete, and I would say adroit, acute, and, perhaps, even subtle; yet, at the same time, he was gifted with that degree of imagination that he never lost sight of the sympathies of those whom he addressed, and so, generally avoiding to drive his argument to extremity, he became as a speaker both practical and persuasive. . . . Sir, there is something mournful in the history of this Parliament, when we remember how many of our most eminent and valued men have passed from amongst us; but, Sir, there is this consolation to us, when we remember these unequalled and irreparable losses, that those great men are not altogether lost to us—that their words will be often quoted in this House—that their example will often be referred to and appealed to—and that even their expressions will form part of our discussions and debates. There are now, I may say, some Members of Parliament who, although they may not be present, are still Members of the House, who are independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies, and even of the course of time. I think, Sir, MR. CORDEN was one of those men, and I believe that when the verdict of posterity will be recorded upon his life and conduct, it will be said of him that, looking to his expressions and his deeds, he was without doubt the greatest political character that the pure middle class of the country has ever produced—that he was an ornament to the House of Commons and an honour to England."

SONG FOR THE THAMES SALMON PRESERVING SOCIETY.

HERE 's to the trout weighing pounds, say, fifteen,
Here 's to the salmon of twenty;
Keep an eye on their spawning, and make the Thames clean,
And you soon will have fish there in plenty.

Chorus. Let the fry pass,
They 'll be bigger next grass,
The man who would fish out of season 's an ass.

Here 's to the ladders by which the fish scale,
When they swim to the weirs that impede them;
Look, there leaps a Salmon! just see, what a tail!
And it costs but clean water to feed them.

Chorus. Let the fry pass, &c.

So keep away poachers and keep away pike,
And keep away poisonous matter,
And you 'll catch in the Thames all the salmon you like,
And you 'll nowhere see finer or fatter.

Chorus. Let the fish pass, &c.

Inconsistency of Woman.

1813. MISS ALTESIDORA QUOGG, of New York (aged 17), refuses LIEUTENANT DASHER, of H. M. Navy, because he will call the Virginians "rebels."

1866. MISS ALTESIDORA QUOGG, of New York (aged 67), refuses ADMIRAL DASHER, of H. M. Navy, because he will not call the Virginians "rebels."

A SAMPLE OF STAGE SLANG.

HERE is a strange list of wants, announced the other day in a dramatic newspaper:—

THEATRE ROYAL, STARBOROUGH.

WANTED, immediately (to open on Monday), **A LADY FOR THE LEAD**, First and Second Walking Gentlemen, Old Man, Low Comedian (to sing), Lady Dancer, Prompter, and two or three responsible Utility Ladies and Gentlemen. Vacancies for Stage Carpenter, Property Man, and Scene Painter (to act). No Novices need apply. Address as above. To save time, send terms.

"A Lady for the Lead," that is, to heave the lead, no doubt, and to make her appearance in a nautical drama. Possibly we may see her in the part of First Lieutenant of the gallant bombship *Thunder*, to which post, the ballad says, a lady was appointed, having won the Captain's applause for a brave act. It may be rare for first lieutenants to heave the lead, perhaps; but on the Stage there would be nothing to prevent their doing so. After issuing such orders as "Clew up your lee dead-eyes!" or "Reef your torpale spanker!" a first lieutenant in a drama might proceed to heave the lead, without his being thought one whit the worse of for it.

What is meant by the statement that "no Novices need apply," we are afraid almost to guess. Can it indeed be possible that there are nunneries in England whence it is so common for the Novices to run away and go upon the Stage, that the Manager in this case thinks it needful to announce that he will not be bothered by their applications? Here is an alarming point for MR. NEWDEGATE to ponder on!



"AURICOMUS FLUID, FOR PRODUCING THAT RICH GOLDEN COLOUR SO MUCH ADMIRER IN LADIES AND CHILDREN."—*Vide Advertisement.*

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

To a class of people represented by MR. SOMES and MR. LAWSON the foregoing admonition is respectfully commended, whilst their serious attention is also invited to the subjoined paragraph, taken from the *Montreal Gazette*:—

"THE 'PERMISSIVE ACT.'—MR. DUNKIN'S Act does not appear to satisfy its advocates. Many of the townships in Upper Canada which adopted it, after a few weeks' trial, are sick of it. In some places the unlicensed sale of liquor takes place openly, and the law is so unpopular that no one dares prosecute."

The failure of the Canadian DUNKIN's attempt at dictating the drink of his neighbours may serve to show our English donkeys, who pester the Legislature with the demand of a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law, how much they would accomplish even if they obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose of ruining the publicans, robbing the poor man of his beer, and creating a vast deficit in the revenue. Let us hear no more of their officious nonsense, and let it be understood that the regulation of other people's habits is henceforth to be confined to tailors and dressmakers.



RURAL FELICITY.

Scared Housemaid. "OH! MUM! 'ADN'T MASTER BETTER GO ROUND WITH THE LANTERN, THERE'S A MOANIN' GIPSY SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK GARDEN!"

RICHARD COBDEN.

DIED APRIL 2, 1865.

SOLEMN and sad his task who, from the shore,
Watches Time's slow but surely-rising wave,
As landmark after landmark it sweeps o'er,
And whelms great things and men in one wide grave.

So the pale sentinel on Neva's pier
Records the wasting waters' sullen swell,
Till all the pile-based city shakes for fear
Of some huge fall—church, palace, citadel.

I am not old who watch, but from my post
What kingly strengths have I seen veil their crown,
What stateliness bowed, what pride and boast
By those dark waters toppled, sudden, down!

One more high tower has fallen, that stood four-square,
Simple, and scant of ornament, but strong,
As fits a fortalice, whose walls must bear,
Sheltering Right, the rude assaults of Wrong.

He had done work to fill a longer life,
And lived to see his life's work rounded clean:
Seldom has sun that lit a morn of strife,
Set in the hush of evening so serene.

The man whose young strength struck the shackles off
From England's toiling arm and trading hand,
Lived to knit close—in spite of sneer and scoff—
England and France in Traffic's triple strand.

Poor in world's wealth, but rich in stainless fame,
Untitled, yet a magnate in the land,
That honour blazons RICHARD COBDEN's name,
Which life well-lived and work well done command.

Circumstance shaped his lot, as it shapes all:
The path it oped seemed narrow, hard, and bare;
No grace of letters made a flowery wall
To mask its bounds, nor arts, nor arms passed there

The path of trade, that leads—who shall say where?—
To humble competence, and low content,
To wealth and wisdom, or to wealth and care,
To means hard-saved, to be as loosely spent;

But rarely to a higher goal than pelf;
And few on *that* road ope a wider eye
Than grasps the vision of the trader's self,
Or second self—kith, kin, and progeny.

But on that path this man advancing, felt
The impulse of a great good far away:
Looked up, saw angels, and where others knelt
To grope for gold, he knelt to dream and pray.

Yes—knelt to *dream*: though bred to trade and toil,
His was the dreamer's rapt and prescient eye:
Thence came the wings that lifted him from soil
Of sordid paths, and raised low aims to high.

He saw Heaven's will by man's contrivance barred:
Nature's kind pathways betwixt need and need
Gated and fenced; the Almighty purpose marred,
That gave us diverse brains, thews, soils, and seed.

Others, ere him, had seen and proved the wrong,
But he the wrong determined to set right:
Weak in all else, in single purpose strong,
With Power, Wealth, Prejudice, he braved the fight.

And won it, and was famous, powerful, great:
But with the triumph laid the truncheon by,
And in the ranks was proud to serve the State,
Poor save in that which riches cannot buy.



FATHER THAMES "HIMSELF AGAIN."

"LOR BLESS YER R'Y'L 'IGHNESS! I AIN'T THE SAME RIVER SINCE I GAVE UP SCAVENGING,
AND TURNED WATERMAN!"

Loving, beloved, light of a happy hearth,
Life's common sun and shadow shared his day;
But with a nation's grief he fades from earth,
And no cloud darkens o'er him, passed away!

THE HIBERNIAN DRAMA.

SORR.—I MEAN SIR,

It's bothered entirely I am,—I mean, that, having just witnessed the admirable performance of an Irish drama at the Princess's Theatre, I can't get the brogue out of my head; and as brogue in Irish means shoe in English, I take it that that's not a bad way of saying that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head, or my heels. As to the way being in your opinion, bad or good, Sorra one of me cares (that's Irish, again, ye perceive); but the main point of this letter to you, is to ask for justice to ould Ireland, which phrase perhaps scarcely expresses my meaning (*Anglicè*, meaning) because, what I require, is justice to myself, who am *not* an Irishman, never was an Irishman, never will be an Irishman, and never, in any sort of capacity, ever visited Ireland. The case is this. MR. VINING, of the Princess's, has proved himself to be a sensible man, specially in an apologetic explanation that he made, concerning the machinery, on the first night of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. He ought, by the way, also, to have explained to us, why *Beamish M'Cool*, after running through mud and mire, and all sorts of muck, comes in with a spick and span new hat, a coat fresh from the tailor's, and a pair of virgin boots. I say, MR. VINING has proved himself a sensible man, except, Sir, in his unaccountable rejection¹ of an admirable Irish drama, extracts from which I now send you.

I will not deny that before writing this play, I had seen the *Colleen Day*, *The Peep of Bawn*, and the *Gathering of the Clans*, (which last was Scotch, by the bye; but that doesn't matter, as some people thought it was Irish); nor can I lay claim to a personal knowledge of dialect; on the other hand, the dialect depends upon the actor, and my own powers of repartee are very great on paper. I say advisedly, "on paper," because it takes me some time to think out a good sharp quick telling repartee, and hitherto in conversation my failures have principally been in this direction, as I've generally hit upon an admirable crushing stinging reply, about half-an-hour after the witticism that called for it, has been uttered against me. Let Dramatists look to their laurels, and their ivy, when one of my Irish pieces is produced. Now, Sir, one of the many pieces that this otherwise excellent Manager, of whom, if you please Sorr, (*Anglicè*, if you please, Sir), I spake (*Anglicè*—no, by the way, that's not Irish—is it?) has rejected, is called

WHISHT CEAD FARDROUGHA;

OR,²

THE GIRL WITH THE BEAMING EYE!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.³

The Lord Lieutenant	MR. ROGERS (of the T.R. Haymarket).
Sweeny-ma-Cowl (better known as the Cowl o' Cowl)	MR. PHILIPS.
Wurra-Wurra (a Magistrate)	MR. FECHTER.
Barny (a duellist player)	MR. CHARLES KEAN.
Borroo-na-Doolish (a retired Rapparee)	MR. JOSEPH ROBINS.
Rilley the Roguey-Poguey (with a Song)	MRS. BEATRICE.
Nelly-no-Moore (without a Song)	STELLA COLAS.
Ra'pares, Process Servers, Spies, Informers, Banashoes, Carboys, Dhoolishes, Green Bushes, Gossoons, &c. &c.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Moonlit Glen in the Neighbourhood.

High rocks right and left of Stage, with a ravine somewhere, and a waterfall somewhere else. A tree half dropping over a very high rock, as if it had been cut down by some one the day before yesterday. Moon, in the distance, shining. Storm heard without. Lightning without. Rain, hail, and thunder, all without. Cold without. Rebels gradually appear from behind rocks. Music. Rebels come cautiously forward. They are about to speak, when SWEENEY-MA-COWL appears on the overhanging tree.

Sweeny (sliding down over the knotty points of the bark, and arriving safely on the ground). Whiaht, boys! Is it grammachreeing ye are, whin the ould fox is slapin' wid one eye opin, will yez? Be aisy, thin, Mick, and let's hear what the young Master would say to yez. Oh, wirrah na poohleen! but it's the oces o' my heart that makes me talk this away.

Rebels (unanimously). At all, at all!

[At this moment the Military, led by the LORD-LIEUTENANT, are seen on the top of the opposite rocks. The LORD-LIEUTENANT reviews them with the aid of a Sergeant, who tells him the words of command. They then draw up in line.

[Lord-Lieutenant (reading proclamation). In the name of our Sovereign Lord, KING GEORGE, I declare everybody a Rebel, all to-the-contrary. Acts notwithstanding; and hereby offer a reward for the apprehension of the notorious (*is unable to spell the name*) S-I-N-O (*tries again, with spectacles*) W-I—No. (*Gives it up.*) [To Troops.] Fire!

[Soldiers look at one another, fix bayonets, Rebels wave shillelaghs, dubiously, as Curtain descends.

Well, Sir, then Rilley the Roguey-Poguey conceals Sweeny-ma-Cowl in a water-cave, where Wurra-Wurra discovers him while bathing, and denounces him just as he comes up, out of breath, after his first header. Upon this, Barny, who has been watching the whole scene from an otter's nest, fires at Wurra, who, however, manages to escape with the loss of the rents that belong to Sweeny's confiscated estates. We then come to the Third Act, which bristles with sparkling repartee, specially in the scene where Barny makes love to Nelly-no-Moore.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The old Caubeen⁴ by the hill-side.

Enter BARNY, dressed in a long whitey-brown coat with a cape to it, a red waistcoat, a blue tie, white hat, corduroy thingummies, blueish-grayish stockings and low shoes, a pipe in his hat, and a stick in his hand.

Barny (singing). Och! dhoolish asthore
Ye're ma gra!

[Repeats the above, winking cunningly at the audience.]

Enter NELLY-NO-MOORE from Cottage.

Barny. Och! it's yerself as put the comether on the heart of a poor boy (*meaning himself*).

Nelly. Be aisy, now, will yez? Sure yer golloping like BRIAN O'LENN's gossoon that couldn't ate anything but betwixt times.

Barny. Arrah, mavourneen! an' who wouldn't whin he sees the dhoeeden a barnin in every wink o' yer purty face?

Nelly (laughing). Ah, BARNY, na coolish achree! it's the bad dhrop that's in ye.

Barny (shily). Sorra one o' me.

Nelly. Ah! git out wid ye. (*Pushes him.*)

Barny (in a whisper). Will yez tread on the tail of my coat?

[She treads on the tail of his coat. Exit BARNY thoughtfully, R.H.]

And so on. Modesty prevents my remarking upon the sparkling character of these rapparees (I mean repartees). My great Sensation Finale is in

ACT IV.

SCENE LAST.—Ruined Tower by the Mang-a-Grah. WURRA-WURRA discovered watching the French coast, through a telescope. BOROO-NA-CUCLISH is seated on the Flagstaff, waving his hat.

Borroo. By this and by that! The spalpeens!

Wurra. Oh, the ganger! Och, murder! I'm kilt entirely!⁵ (*Falls from a height of two thousand feet into the sea.*)

[The Troops rush on the Peasantry, who are concealed in different parts of the Castle, or the Peasantry rush on the Troops; it doesn't matter much. Tableau. Gong.]

The Lord-Lieutenant (appearing in the centre, waving a danger signal). I proclaim a general pardon for all the insurgents, and in particular SWEENEY-MA-COWL. (BARNY and RILLEY THE ROGUEY-POGUEY kneel before him.) Bless you, my children! (*Stepping forward.*) And if our friends in front, will but smile on our endeavours to please them, there will not be a more cheerful set of faces round the fire this night than the Lord-Lieutenant.

[Insurgents and Military kneel on one another enthusiastically, and distant guns are heard, as Curtain descends.

¹ This fact alone would establish our opinion concerning the wisdom of the Manager in question. Vide the Extracts.

² P.S. Sir, I put "or," so that "The Girl," &c., may serve for a title to those who are unable either to pronounce or understand the three Irish words above, as is, I own, the case with myself.

³ Dramatis Personæ. The following "cast" is, of course, ideal. But it is my best ideal of what a cast should be. Imagine, Sir, the dignity of MR. ROGERS as the Lord-Lieutenant, a true type of the Englishman. What more touching than the broken accents of STELLA COLAS in the pathetic parts; while MR. FECHTER's mode of delivery has always sounded to my ears peculiarly Irish.

⁴ These Rapparees don't speak, not because they have nothing to say, but because the parts would naturally be filled by "Supers," and a Manager informed me, that they were so "uncertain in dialogue, that I'd better come at once to my chief characters," and so I have. What the Rapparees would have said, what, in fact, they did say in my original MS., is now in the mouth of Sweeny-ma-Cowl.

⁵ This is a genuine Irish expression.

⁶ Caubeen. Genuine Irish word. Often heard it.

⁷ Every one's sure to laugh at the rich humour of these two lines of verse, if the performer will only wink.

⁸ When does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Why of course when he's kilt entirely. This might be introduced into the Comic underplot.



A NATURAL OBJECTION.

Mamma. "OH! WON'T YOU KISS YOUR UNCLE, JULY!"

July (unused to the Bengal Cavalry Beard). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE, MAMMA!"

GUIDE TO THE QUACKS OF LONDON.

A SERIES of papers relative to Quacks, which appeared in the *Medical Circular*, with the signature of "DETECTOR," has been republished in the form of a short pamphlet. The reader of *Punch* should read this pamphlet also. He has often read, in the pages of *Punch*, of certain Quacks, fraudulent and noisome, who obtain money by false pretences, and more money by menaces and extortion, from green young men. For their names, which *Punch* would not advertise, he has referred his readers to the lower corner of the advertising columns of low newspapers, amongst which too many of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries, especially in the country, may still be enumerated. But now he begs to publish the information that a nominal list of these miscreants, with copies of their puffs and other particulars concerning them, needful to be known, will be found in the pamphlet above referred to, which is entitled *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*, and is to be had at the *Medical Circular* Office, 90, King William Street, Strand, W.C.

The vile practices, the monstrous impudence, the cruel rapacity, and the enormous gains of the obscene tribe of Quacks, the mischief they do, the ruin they work, even to the causation of suicide, are fully set forth in *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*. And mark especially that, as aforesaid, the names of the Quacks are published. The pamphlet in question thus constitutes a regular Quack Directory, by consulting which every young man may know where he may go if he wishes to get plundered and destroyed.

The *Medical Circular* has a great advantage over a non-medical Journal in respect to the exposure of Quacks. An ordinary periodical could not call a Quack a Quack by name, to say nothing of denouncing him as an extortioner and a scoundrel, without incurring the danger of an action for libel. No difficulty would be experienced by the most notorious Quack, or gang of Quacks, in finding among the members of an honourable profession, an attorney who would take their instructions, and a barrister who would plead their cause. A pedantic construction of the law of libel on the part of British Judges, and stupidity on that of British juries, are not so rare, but that such a fellow as the convict "DR. HENRY" would, as plaintiff in a libel case, obtain, in compensation of his assailed honour and impugned integrity, vindictive damages. But no prospect of damages will tempt any Quack to give a periodical almost restricted to the medical profession the much more damaging effect to himself of the general publicity which it would gain by a prosecution.

Buy, therefore, reader, by all means buy *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*. Its contents will astonish and amuse you, while they invoke your indignation and disgust. Of course you do not want it on account of its warnings for your own sake, but you doubtless do for that of the many simpletons with whom you must be acquainted, if your acquaintance is large. "Who are the Quacks that *Punch* means?" Consider what it is to be able to answer this question of the young and inexperienced, and, for charity's sake, if for no other, go and provide yourself with *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*, by DETECTOR.

DEFINITION OF THE TELEGRAPH.—A REUTER'S Ready Pen.

OZONE.

(BY AN UNSCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTOR.)

TIME was, when to this tune I
Sang of the Turcophone,
Which, as you know, some months ago,
By ALI BEN was blown.
That's past, and into notice
Another name has grown,
For I've read and read,
What the Press has said
Of the quantities of Ozone.
Now tell me what is Ozone?
I cannot make out, I own,
Is it bitter or sweet?
Is it something to eat?
Oh! do tell me what is Ozone?

There's COXWELL and there's GLAISHER,
Aéronauts so bold,
Who all for love go up above,
To shiver and shake with cold.
Their letter to the papers
By GLAISHER signed alone,
Says where they've been,
And that they've seen
A quantity of Ozone.
But he doesn't say what's Ozone?
I cannot make out; I own
That from what I have heard,
I should say 'twas a bird,
But then why is it called Ozone?

There's MR. HINDE, Astronomer,
Who's nothing else to do,
But sit up at night to take a sight,
And discover a star or two.
But when some Heavenly body
Is not so plainly shown
As it ought to be, "Tis through," says he,
"The quantities of Ozone."
As he doesn't say what's Ozone,
I rather suspect his tone,
Which leads me to think
It is something to drink,
(Thoughtfully), But I've not heard it called
Ozone.

I ask the modern doctors,
And on this pipe they drone,
That I should be buried and cemetery'd,
If 'twasn't for Ozone.
Of course I'm very grateful,
As it saves my friends a groan,
That so long I've been kept alive
By a course of this same Ozone.
Even Science says, what's Ozone,
As yet, isn't clearly known.
So now I know no more
Than I did long before,
I asked you what is Ozone?

Ohit-Ohat.

"It would not be a difficult matter for LOUIS NAPOLÉON to write his Uncle's life," observed some one.

"Why not?" we asked.

"Because," returned our friend, who was cutting the leaves of *Julius Cæsar*, "he would write it as *Cæsarly* as possible."

When we had recovered, our friend (?) was gone.

New Bank.

THERE is a Mountebank coming out at the Lyceum. Several untheatrical people want to know if this is an institution like a County Bank, and if it's a Limited Company. We are able to answer that it is something like a County Bank, inasmuch as several people put their money into it; and it is also kept up by a Company, decidedly limited.

A PEG FOR SOME PLEASANT PEGGING.

TOUCHING the squabbles of most persons, and especially the squabbles of Actors, Musicians, Authors, and Members of Parliament, *Mr. Punch* usually preserves the usual lofty and dignified silence. He writes for the world, and what does the world care about such dust on its great wheels? But when his own illustrious name is used in a way which may induce anybody to suppose that he has done an injustice, then he flames like a fiery furnace. Not, of course, on his own account, for he heeds such things, as MR. PRAED beautifully says—

"As the Sun regards the clouds that play
Round his radiant path on a summer's day."

But for the sake of the injured person, whose happiness may be dimmed by the slightest hint of *Mr. Punch's* disavowal.

Therefore, only, does *Mr. Punch* take notice of a paragraph in a musical journal. Not the *Musical World*, whose Rabelaisian inscrutabilities, though heinously defiant of mundane intellect, are usually of a genial and kindly sort; but the *Orchestra*, which is by no means a journal to be contemned, for it occasionally carries the mordant habit to extremes, it appears to avoid the more offensive habit of sickening puff, which exhausts the wealth of the English language in eulogy on singers and fiddlers. The *Orchestra* has, of course unintentionally, utterly misrepresented *Mr. Punch* in the following paragraph, in which a contributor is told that he—

"May remember some time ago how *Punch* proved that the poet ALEXANDER SMITH had taken every single word of his poetry from other authors—even from MURRAY's *Grammar* and JOHNSON's *Dictionary*."

Now, *Mr. Punch* did nothing of the kind; at least in the sense here attributed to him. He had read a so-called criticism on ALEXANDER SMITH, who had proved himself a true poet, and who had been spitefully charged with plagiarisms, of which he was perfectly innocent. The ridiculous array of proofs, in support of that charge, *Mr. Punch* certainly demolished, in his own inimitable way, by showing that the so-called critic might have adduced evidence that every word in MR. ALEXANDER SMITH's poems had occurred in somebody else's poems. For which vindication of one of the best of her poets, grateful Scotland shouted her thanks to *Mr. Punch*, and his larder and cellar have ever since been filled with baggis, grouse, salmon, cakes, Glasgow magistrates, and whiskey, remitted carriage free, and with anonymous letters of the most gratifying description, and with no more quotations from BURNS than might be expected.

That there never may be any more mistake about what he did for ALEXANDER SMITH, and that there may be no cessation in the above-mentioned remittances, he will briefly illustrate, for the benefit of the *post nati*, the way in which *Mr. Punch* treated a carping critic. There is a song of the day called "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*." The words of that song, *Mr. Punch* must have heard, so far as vocalists permitted, but he has no kind of idea as to what they are. They are by MR. LINLEY, and doubtless are good enough for the purpose. To them, MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS wedded an exceedingly effective and pleasant melody, which, with MR. SIMS REEVES's singing, made the song a great success. It is a sort of national anthem of a provisional kind. Somebody in the *Orchestra*, who is envious of MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS's success, and who should remember that the musical world is wide enough for us all, and that the way to get on is to do something good oneself, and not to sneer at the good things done by others, has adopted the same kind of so-called criticism as that demolished by *Mr. Punch*, and has picked out, from various songs, fragments which it is pretended make up the loyal air. The allegation is too ludicrous for contradiction. But as *Mr. Punch's* awful name has been used, and used unfairly, he begs to submit the following specimen of this style of criticism. He repeats that he has not the slightest idea as to what the words of "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*" may be, and he is, therefore, obliged to evolve them out of his own self consciousness. Suppose this were MR. LINLEY's song:—

"From shore to shore the cannons roar,
The kittens wag their tails,
The welkin rings out, less or more,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!
All Nature shines both bright and gay,
And fish with glittering scales,
And merry England seems to say,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!"

"His mother is our gracious QUEEN,
He lives at Marlborough House,
His eye is bright, his aim is keen,
And fatal to the grouse.
Then send aloft a joyous cry,
While milkmen clank their pails,
And let the hills and rocks reply,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!"

Well, there is a supposed song, and, by the way, much in the style of, but a precious deal better than most of the things which are called "gems of freshness and beauty" and sparkling "fountains of loveliness," in the home-manufactured puffs of the music-shops. Now to criticise it, as ALEXANDER SMITH and BRINLEY RICHARDS have been criticised:—

Verse 1. *From shore to shore*.—From the Ettrick Shepherd's "Tis echoing loud from shore to shore."

"The cannons roar".—From BYRON, *Childs Harold*. "Arm, arm, it is, it is, the cannon's opening roar."

Verse 2. *The kittens*.—From the well-known nursery song—

"We're all in the dumps, for diamonds is trumps,
And the kittens are gone to St. Paul's;
The babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls."

"Wag their tails".—From SHAKESPEARE's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 5. "My dog . . . will shake his tail."

Verse 3. *The welkin rings out*.—From SHAKESPEARE again. *Pistol's* "Why, let welkin roar."

"Less or more".—From THACKERAY'S

"I dare do all that may become a man,
He who dares more is neither more nor less."

Verse 4. *From the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, as by Law established*.

Verse 5. *All Nature shines*.—From YOUNG. "See Nature shine!"

"Both bright and gay".—Paraphrase from BILLY TAYLOR. "Both cruel severe."

Verse 6. *From the Spelling-Book description of the Zodiac*.

Verse 7. *And merry England*.—From the *Dunciad* (note):—

"In merry Old England it once was the rule
That a king was allowed both his poet and fool."

"Seems".—From HAMLET. "I know not seems."

"To say".—From the *Battle of the Books*:—

"WALKER, our hat, nor more he deigned to say,
But stern as Ajax's spectre, strode away."

Verse 8. *Stolen from the same sacred source as verse 4*.

Verse 9. *His mother*.—From BYRON:—

"The drowsy camels' bells are tinkling,
His mother looked from her lattice high."

"Our gracious Queen".—From the National Anthem.

Verse 10. *Stolen, whole, from Dr Fox's Journey through England*. "He (MARLBOROUGH) lives in Marlborough House, which is in every way answerable to the grandeur of its master."

Verses 11 and 12. *Plagiarised and spoiled from WALTER SCOTT's description of Malcolm Graeme*:—

"Vain was the bound of dark brown doe
When MALCOLM bent his English bow."

Verse 13. *Then send*.—From WHITEHEAD's play, *The Cavalier*. "Then send him to me, and I will spit upon him."

"Aloft".—From DIXON. "Tom is gone aloft."

"A joyous cry".—From MOORE. "They hail him with a joyous cry."

Verse 14. *While milkmen, &c.*—We are disposed to credit this line with a certain originality, though GAY mentions milkmen, and the "clank of the sword," so often alluded to in poetry, may easily have suggested that of the pail, especially as the sight of a sword often makes persons pale, as, notably, JAMES THE FIRST of England and Sixth of Scotland.

Verse 15. *Let the Hills*.—From the Hebrew bard, DAVID.

"And rocks reply".—From FALCONER's *Shipwreck*:—

"All hands, unmoor!" proclaims a bolstorous cry,
"All hands, unmoor!" the caverned rocks reply.

Verse 16. *See remarks on verses 4 and 8, to which we may add a complaint of what SHAKESPEARE, the poet, calls "damnable iteration."*

There! That is true criticism, and that is what critics have done unto ALEXANDER SMITH and BRINLEY RICHARDS, and that is what *Mr. Punch* hath done unto the critics. Bless them!

Irish Vaccination.

PROFESSOR GAMGER says that, owing to the vagrant our nuisance, "Hydrophobia in man is increasing in Ireland." This fact is one which Homoeopathy may suggest some reason for not altogether deploring. The canine virus and the vaccine may be somewhat analogous; and, if like cures like, many a happy cure may be effected by a mad dog biting a rabid Irishman.

THE MATERIAL OF STRIKES.

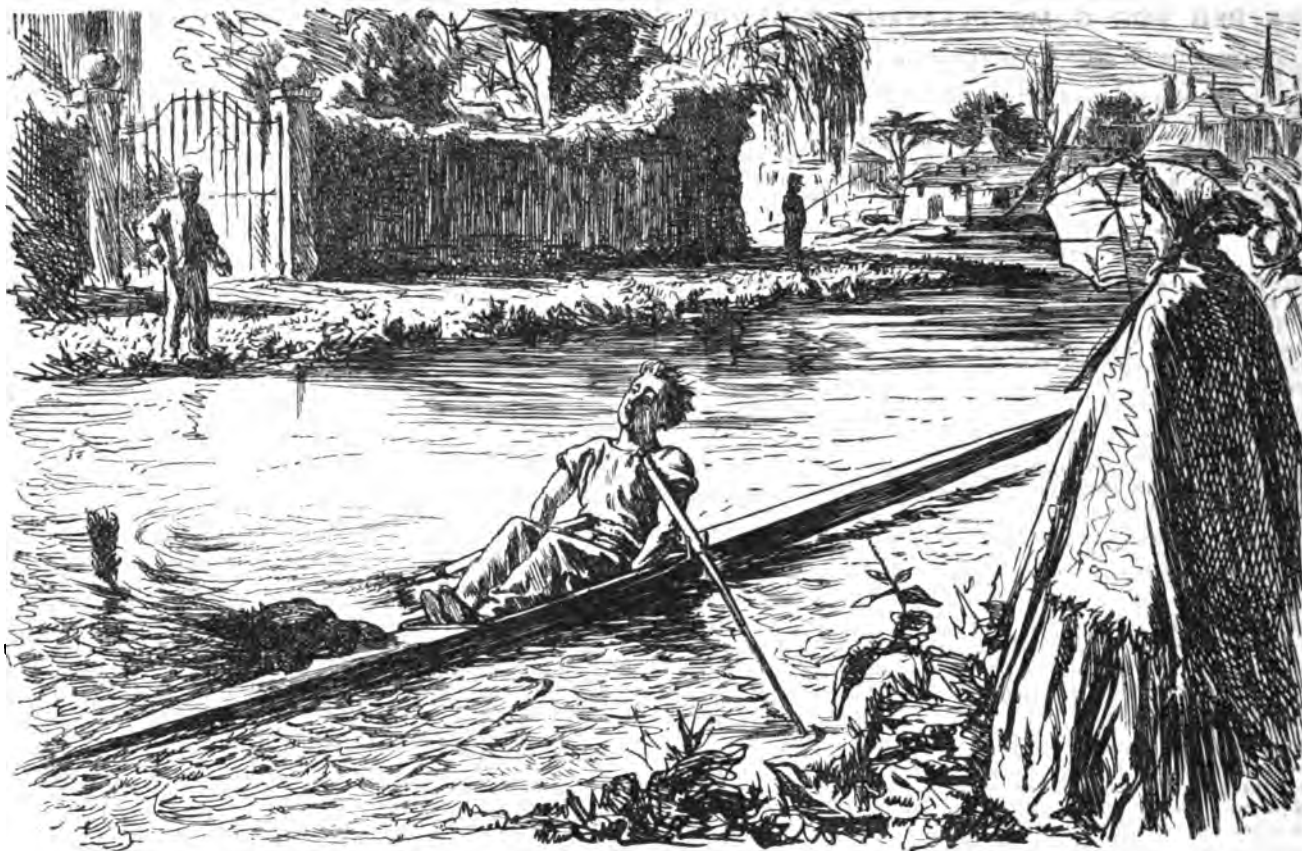
A MEETING of the London Trades' Delegates was held at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, under the presidency of MR. GEORGE POTTER. Ha! These are lads of the right stuff—PORTER'S Clay.

Row the Life-Boat.

A MEETING of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Thursday, last week, at its house, John Street, Adelphi. MR. THOMAS CHAPMAN in the stern; CHAPMAN being Chairman. This valuable Institution appears to be going on swimmingly, but of course continual donations and subscriptions are required to keep it afloat.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The Grosvener Farce.

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HOW LITTLE PUGSBY ENJOYED A PULL AFTER THE BOAT RACE.

PUNCH TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

GENTLEMEN, AND OTHERS,

You will be good enough to elect MR. JOHN STUART MILL, giving him no trouble, and putting him to no expense.

Many of you are very respectable persons, and sufficiently well informed on the ordinary topics of the day, but I dare say that you do not know much about MR. MILL, or why I am justified in issuing a peremptory order which you cannot disobey. I will condescend to inform you, for it is the duty of all to instruct the ignorant.

MR. MILL is, like myself, in the full vigour of life, and in the perfect possession of splendid faculties. He was born in 1806, the year of another great Mill, that of Maida, in Sicily, when we licked double our number of French, and made a name for SIR WALTER SCOTT'S dog, and for Maida Hill, W.

He is the son of JAMES MILL, the author of the great *History of India*, and a philosophic writer whose works you would not understand. I will not trouble you with much about synchronous sensations concentered by constant conjunction. Enough for you to know that your candidate's father, one of the finest intellects of any age, himself educated the gentleman who does you the honour to say that he will represent you.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL was placed in the service of the East India Company, and he rose from rank to rank by the only honourable means, desert. He wrote admirably for various publications, always in the interest of the People. He was an Advanced Liberal in days when that name meant something, and he is an advanced Liberal now, and knows what he means by Liberalism, namely, the improvement and elevation of the many.

He is a sound thinker, and an eminently practical man. All his writings tend to clear your minds from confusion and cant, to show you exactly what you want, and how you are to get it.

He was the friend and editor of the Great BENTHAM, and a fellow-labourer with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH. His *Political Economy* is of the largest and wisest kind. You might as well try to put your Abbey into your St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as try to humbug him on any subject whatever. I should like to see the most adroit Minister or Parliament man attempt it.

In every relation of life MR. MILL is the example which might be expected.

Therefore, intelligent men, you perceive that when MR. MILL consents to represent Westminster, he confers an honour and a favour upon you. He will make Westminster a great Power in the House of Commons.

You will at once signify, unmistakeably, that no other candidate need trouble himself to come forward. As for young MR. GROSVENOR's being allowed to stand, under the circumstances, it is as if a benefit were to be given at one of your theatres, and MR. MACREADY should offer to come forth and play *Macbeth*, but the Managers should insist in putting MR. TOOLE into that character.

Elect JOHN STUART MILL, and believe me,

Gentlemen and Others,

The People's Old and Faithful Friend,

And Fearless Adviser,

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street, April 12, 1865.

P.S. Don't stand shilly-shallying, and scratching your heads, but call a great meeting and clench the nail.

Old Downey's Advice to Youth.

ENDEAVOUR the world to enjoy

As much and as long as you're able;

Above all, with prudence, my boy,

The sterling delights of the table.

Mark how the bee lays up a store,

For eating hereafter, of honey,

And what I say is, evermore

Take care of your teeth, and make money.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

By accounts from Hull it appears that the Painters of that town are now out on strike. Striking seems to be catching. The Painters all over the kingdom will soon, doubtless, be having a brush with their masters.

John Leech.

ONCE more, those who worked for so many years with him who is gone would make a brief mention of JOHN LEECH. This time, it is for the sake of those whom he best loved, those for whom his splendid faculties were ever employed, those whose proudest inheritance is his name. The entire collection of his Sketches for the works with which he enriched the pages of this journal, is now prepared for public sale. A private view will be afforded on Wednesday, the 19th, and the Sale, at the rooms of MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON, King Street, St. James's,

will begin on Tuesday, the 25th of the present month. On the exterior of this number of *Punch* the auctioneers supply all details.

We insert this paragraph only as a tribute of that regard which does not willingly omit the slightest demonstration. Who is not eager to have a memorial of JOHN LEECH, who will not feel doubly gladdened in its possession by the knowledge that the purchase has added to the store which it was the labour of JOHN LEECH's life and love to set aside for those nearest his heart?

Fleet Street, 15th April.

HOUSEHOLD HORRORS.



OW delightful, when first married,
'Twas in lodgings while we tarried,
Ne'er by those vexations harried
Which we're now entangled in ;
But the prospect of addition
To our married life's fruition
Us out of our blest position
Drove, housekeeping to begin.

Then we first knew what were taxes,
And each local rate, that waxes
Ever greater, on its axis
As this planet rolls away,
And were plagued out of our senses
By all manner of expenses,
Which, on various pretences,
We were called upon to pay.

Then on us the tribulation
Came of servants ; depredation,
Insolence, intoxication.
Followers also did abound ;
Oft a Guardsman in a lobby,
Down the area oft a " Bobby,"
Cold meat being that man's hobby,
Ever and anon we found.

But the miseries that tried us,
Most of all that did betide us,
Comfort and repose denied us,
And unsettled our affairs,
Were the constantly accruing,
Each on other fast ensuing,
Endless jobs that wanted doing ;
Alterations and repairs.

Smelling drain, or chimney smoking,
Damp, through this or that wall soaking,
How unspeakably provoking!
Water-pipe or boiler burst;
Ironmonger, painter, plumber,
Carpenter, with noise and lumber
Pained our eyes and broke our slumber:
But the bricklayers were the worst.

Knocking, hammering, bricks and mortar,
Through long days that we wished shorter,
Rubbish, dust, in every quarter
Were the torment of our souls ;
Scaffolding our home surrounded,
Hodmen's, plasterers' shouts resounded,
Like strange demons, in confounded
Babel, while they clomb the poles.

**O that we could build, like turtles,
In the cedars, or the myrtles,
With the foliage to avert ill
From our snug and quiet nest,
Which would never want repairing :
Then, for masons never caring,
We, domestic pleasures sharing,
Might enjoy our home in rest.**



GROSS FLATTERY.

Emily. "GIVE ME A BIT OF ORANGE, CECIL!"

Cecil. "OH, AH! I DARE SAY! AFTER YOU'VE CALLED ME A PIG!"

Emily. "AH! BUT I MEANT A PRETTY PIG."

A TOUCHING TALE.

LIST! all who have a heart to feel
The Ensign's plaintive lay;
'Tis sung by hearts that fear no steel
When foes are in the way:
'Tis echo of the nightly song,
The plaint that's daily made
By that young gallant warlike throng
So vastly underpaid.

We must pass examinations,
Expensive clothes must have,
On certain foreign stations
Must work like any slave:
And very large subscriptions
To Band and Mess we pay
On our daily Five and Threepence—
Our Five and Three a day.

I ask'd a man, the other day,
Who worked with tiles and bricks,
"My friend, what is your daily pay?"
He answered, "Five-and-Six."
He whistled blithe and gladly:
"A richer man than me!"
I said, and left him sadly—
"I've only Five-and-Three."

On India's burning plains we broil,
In Canada we freeze;
We languish on Bermuda's soil,
'Mid sickness and disease:
Battle and death, afar from home,
We face, and do not shrink;
Look back on Delhi's hecatomb—
And Tchernaya's brink!

When England on the battle-field
Her standard does unfold,
Those rally round who never yield—
Who do not fight for gold.
But he who fights in field or fray,
His country's fame to raise,
Should England stint his hard-earn'd pay?
And starve him all his days?

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF RAPID RECOVERY
FROM DISEASE.

From the Daily Papers of Saturday, April 8.

BISHOP OF OXFORD to MR. FISHER, *House of Lords, Friday, April 7.*
April 5, 1865.

It would have been a sad satisfaction to me to have been able to pay that mark of respect to the great Sussex Englishman who has been, from us, so prematurely taken away. But I am barely recovering myself from a severe bronchial affection, and am only allowed at present to go out with precaution, and conditions which would make me quite unable to venture to Lavington on Friday, &c., &c.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.—Before the House rises for the holidays, I should like to ask my noble friend the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, whether he is able to give your Lordships any further information on the subject of the epidemic at St. Petersburg, &c., &c.

THE PERIS OF PARIS.

SURELY Paris is a Paradise for the daughters of Eve, if not for the sons of ADAM. The correspondent of the *Post* at that capital thus writes:—

"A gentleman took us into a milliner's shop in the Rue de la Paix this week to see a ball-dress which cost 25,000 francs (£1,000). It appears the voluminous lace had brought it up to that price. A married lady's evening dress in our day generally costs from £80 to £100, and is so contrived that it must of necessity be torn when worn in society."

There, girls, you whom limited circumstances oblige to content yourselves with an occasional purchase of a linsey or a winsey, an alpaca, a

poplin, a mohair, or a tarlatan for evening wear, what think you of the felicity of wearing ball-dresses costing a thousand pounds a-piece? Might one not imagine that such dresses are trimmed with bank-notes? Hear what the interesting writer above quoted further says about the blest existence of the lovely Parisian ladies:—

"Are we coming to some golden age when a blind Plutus enables every one to live in splendid apartments crowded with costly LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH furniture, occupied by lovely women who spend, if moderate, £1000 per annum on dress; horses and carriages awaiting below—the very best horseflesh England can produce. How is all this done?"

Great, indeed, must be the moderation shown by these beauties if, when a single ball-dress can cost as much as £1,000, they are satisfied with spending no more than that sum on the wardrobe of a whole year. But you, sweet girls, would perhaps deem it the height of happiness to be enabled to rejoice in apparel to the amount of even that comparatively moderate figure. There is happiness for you—to envy? No, to regard with that delight which the amiable ever take in the enjoyment which others experience and they themselves don't. You can contemplate, with sympathetic pleasure, the blessedness which those fair beings realise. You derive a gentle gratification from imagining the employment which they give to milliners, whilst you are occupied, like industrious ducks, in making up your own dresses, whose materials perhaps cost little more than two pounds altogether. On the other hand, these Peris of the Parisian Paradise, if they have any imagination at all, may sometimes, for amusement, imagine themselves at work with the needle, and the sewing-machine, in the manufacture of their own clothes.

When you are told that the sumptuous French Peris have the very best horseflesh that England can produce, waiting below, you may have reason to suppose that some of it waits on the table. The lords of some of those ladies may belong to the Société Hippopharique, and be accustomed to feast them occasionally on such meat as *Blair Athol*, at £100 a steak. For they, you know, must needs be dear creatures, but you, my dears, are much dearer. They may suit the means of a French *billonnaire*, but you are the *lasses* for an Englishman's money.



AN EASTER OFFERING.

A SIGHT FOR A PARENT.

MR. PUNCH,

DRAT them boys dressin up like monks—monkeys, I say—in cowls and frocks and no trousers, sandals without stockins, and beads, and all that foolery, livin in a make-believe monastery, and callin themselves Fathers and Brothers. Raly them there Hanglican youth ort to be looked arter playin at Roman Catholics. It is a very dangerous amusement, Sir, honleas practised hunder propper hoversite. Beold the consequences of pursocoin sitch diversions to excess, exhibited in this here bit o news witch I cutt hout o the *Mornin Post* tuther day with my sithers:—

“BROTHER IGNATIUS.—BROTHER IGNATIUS and the brethren of the English order of Saint Benedict have been observing Lent with extraordinary rigour, and have fasted themselves into such a debilitated state that a day or two since BROTHER IGNATIUS had to be carried out of chapel. MRS. LYNS, his mother, is now in Norwich, and insisted, it is understood, upon her son partaking of some substantial refreshment which she caused to be prepared for him.”

Bless her art. I can feel for IGNASHUSES poor mother, secin wot a livin skeleton her son was a makin of is self trying to go beyond the papistes in keepin of Lent. I'm sure she must be a sensible ooman, and I can well fancy her takin of im by the shoulders, or the cape of his frock, and givin im a good shake and sayin to him, “Come, JACK,” or Tom, or whatever his rale name is, “bother that are bread-and-water soop meager slops and sojers! now you sit down there direckly this moment, I insist upon it, and tuck in that there rump stake and them taters, and drink up that pot o stout. If you don't set to and do as I tells you, and take summut this minnit, I'll box your ears. A ruinin your constitution like that there stuff and nonsense.”

If IGNASHUS was my boy, and I cort im at hany of his monkey's tricks, blest if I woodn't cram him as we does turkis at Xmas.

The Landry, April, 1865.

BETSY JONES.

PROGRESS OF PHILANTHROPY.

WANTED IN A WORKHOUSE.—A First-Rate Cook.

MYSTERIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PUNCH,

You know everything, from Cabinet secrets to DAVENPORT shams, from the earliest fossil to the latest fashion. Can you throw any light on the following announcement?—

POST FREE. COILS OF SUNSHINE. 12 stamps.

What a bright idea! What a cheap and enlivening investment for dingy days! (For the meaning of the advertisement flashed across me after I had given an additional stamp—with my foot—through vexation at being beaten, but I shall not enlighten my race until I have heard from you.) But are we not making too free with the sun? Photographers have done their best to stare the daily luminary out of countenance, irritating his spots, and appropriating his “pencils;” and now some audacious speculator is going to take the shine out of him, and drop it into our letter-boxes in company with Infant Orphans, old Ports, and densely-populated districts. Has the “Ray” Society any share in the scheme? Will STANLEY OF ALDERLEY allow it? Will he not rather prohibit sunshine, along with fireworks (except squibs, if addressed to 85, Fleet Street), lucifer matches, paraffin, petroleum, and other combustible articles? If he does not, then our post will indeed be a pattern post. But how can such an inflammable enclosure be secured? What wax has ever been manufactured that will not melt before it like butter on a July morning? What envelopes, however adhesive, will submit to be hot pressed in this way? Untie me these knots, for I am burning to know what you think, especially as I have been startled by a shocking report that the speculators, if they find themselves doing a good (sun) stroke of business, intend to supply us with rolls of earthquake by book-post; and rumours are rife of negotiations with the lessees of the Milky Way, which, if successful, will enable the contractors so to plan it as to furnish Opera Companies, Theatres, Dinner and Evening Parties with stars of any magnitude, in a twinkling, by the L. P. D. C. Moonshine they do not propose to deal in, as that article may now be had in unlimited quantities, and without the necessity of cash payments. The House of Commons, for instance, is illuminated with it nightly.

Yours respectfully, WYNYN DE CHAFFR.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE PORTRAIT OF PRIVATE O'LOCKER ON FINDING HIS BILLET IS AT A TETOTAL HOTEL.

THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN NATURE.

(To the Ethnological Society.)

SAGES of that zetetic band
Who, with discussion free,
Which few Societies will stand,
Pursue Ethnology;
You have been looking up of late.
Last week you had a grand debate
About the Negro's place
In Nature, if he is, indeed,
A man and brother, or of breed
Below our nobler race.

The Negro's wool, the Negro's skin,
The Negro's nose and jaw,
The Negro's heel, the Negro's shin,
Are data whence you draw
Your inferences *pro* and *con*,
That QUASHEE is, or not, as JOHN.
His facial angle, too,
You measure, nor those odours fail
To note, which Negroes all exhale,
But not all black men do.

DISRAELI's option, widely known
As *Punch* doth worlds amuse,
Of Ape or Angel, is your own.
Oh, tell us which you choose!
Philosophers, allied are we
To cherubs or the chimpanzee?
With you that question hangs.
Have we rich relatives, who soar
Bright seraphim, or have we poor
In the orang-outangs?

The Negro's and Gorilla's shape
Comparatively scan.
What kin is that anthropoid ape
To that pithecoïd man?
If any, the Gorilla's proved
Our cousin some degrees removed;
If none, with fellow men
And angels QUASHEE takes his stand;
With MICHAEL, GABRIEL, RAPHAEL, and
Accordingly with BEN.

A COMPULSORY FAST-DAY.

WHAT a pity it is that earnest Clergymen, who wish the British Public to spend the whole of Sunday and the other festivals of the Church in religious exercises, do not endeavour to persuade them to do so by the cultivation of pulpit eloquence, instead of by attempting to take measures to deprive them of the means of following their own inclinations towards diversion! A paragraph in a contemporary, headed "Observance of Good Friday," states that, at a Meeting of the Clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury, held a few days since, a resolution was adopted for the presentation of an address to the directors of the South-Eastern, and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway companies, requesting them "to take into consideration the service they would confer on religion by ceasing to run Excursion Trains on Good Fridays." There is too much reason to fear that the gentlemen thus requested to deprive not only themselves, but also their constituents, of the most profitable day's business in the whole year did not receive the invitation to perform that sacrifice of dividends with all the respect which the calling, and perhaps the motives, of their reverend memorialists deserved. Among Railway Directors there are not only gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, but also Members of the Society of Friends, and other dissenting Christians, who, on the ground of objecting to what they deem a superstitious observance of days, refuse to observe Good Friday. All these gentlemen might be likely to make the great mistake of resenting the solicitation to stop their excursion trains on that holiday, as a piece of impertinence.

If, however, the Directors appealed to by a section of Church of England Clergymen with a request to forego their own gains, and withhold the means of holiday-making from the community at large, were to return those divines a suitably respectful answer, they would perhaps reply, that they *had* taken into consideration the service they would confer on religion by ceasing to run Excursion Trains on Good Fridays, and on consideration, were convinced that they should not confer any. They might proceed to point out to their Reverences that people are not driven into Church by being shut out of the Crystal Palace, or debarred of Excursion Trains; and, they might add, the

certain result of exclusion from sober enjoyment would be that of driving them into the public-house.

There is something peculiarly clerical in the argument whereon the clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury, to the number of twenty-one out of twenty-three, rested their vocation to ask the Directors to stop Good Friday excursion trains. They stated "that they were aware the working classes require recreation, but Good Friday is the one day in the year which presents distinctive and peculiar features for religious observance." Why, so does Christmas Day. So does every Sunday, according to the Sabbatarians, whether Churchmen or Dissenters. If the pious desires of all the sanctified persons who want to impose their own way of observing Sundays and holidays upon other people, were gratified, the working classes would pretty soon have no recreation at all.

The Clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury will perhaps be recommended by the Railway Directors, with whose business they have attempted to interfere, to confine themselves in future to their own province, the province of Canterbury, and not to travel out of it into the province of cant.

Who are the two Clergymen out of twenty-three who signalized their good sense by refusing their signatures to the memorial against Good Friday excursion trains? Their names should be known to discerning patrons with large Church preferment at their disposal, and admiring freedom from assumption, folly, and hypocrisy. We may suppose that those two parsons are wise men.

Is the University Boat Race a Myth?

THE BISHOP OF NUMBERS presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and wishes to know if the University Boat Race ever took place. He has heard much about the "Oxford Eight," but as all the latest accounts show conclusively that there must have been *nine* men in it, he is obliged to conclude, that there never was such a thing as the "Oxford Eight," and consequently, that the Boat Race could never have taken place.

BALLAD MINSTRELSY.



admit; but is the fact that she is so a reason for writing a ballad about it? As to the second song, it is simply an anatomical absurdity. When *does* the heart of a man pass his thumb? This ballad is useful, however, as an illustration of the shifts to which a fifth-rate poet is sometimes driven for a rhyme. Probably the author (whoever he was) wanted a rhyme to "come," and accordingly dragged in "thumb" neck-and-crop, without paying any regard to the question whether there was room for it. Again, what could TOM BOWLINE have had to do with "turns and shakes?" All the brave fellow could have known about "turns" must have been derived from seeing his enemies accomplish them; and as to "shakes," beyond a shake or two of the foretopsail now and then, he probably knew no more about them than the Nelson Column itself.

A little further on is the following idiotic drivel:—

"When I followed a Lass: on Octaves and Skips."

Another rhyming emergency: "skips" introduced, no doubt, to rhyme with "lips." Then we come to such nonsense as this:—

"The Blue Bells of Scotland: for the Acquirement of Volubility of Finger."

We are not quite clear as to what "volubility of finger" is. We have, of course, heard

OW nonsensically absurd are the greater number of drawing-room ballads! Take the following specimens, for instance, extracted at random from ROBERT COCKS & Co.'s *Green Catalogue*:—

"A Lovely Lass: on Volubility of Performance."

"When the Heart of a Man: on Pasting the Thumb."

"Tom Bowline: on Turns and Shakes."

That a lovely lass is likely to be an excellent authority on volubility of performance, we are prepared to

of volubility of tongue; and "bella," whether with one *e* or with two, are usually proficient in that accomplishment. Probably, volubility of finger means skill in the dumb alphabet. If it doesn't, we give it up. Then comes—

"We'll gang nae mair to you Town: on the Use of the Pedals."

No doubt a clumsy Scotch way of saying that next time they go, they won't walk. A little lower down is—

"Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad: on Delicacy."

This we think can be explained. "On delicacy" is an Irishism for "indelicate," and it is probably a private note by a right-thinking Irish editor, which has been printed by mistake. But what was MESSRS. COCKS & Co.'s reader about?

The following is probably a pugilistic ode:—

"The Mill, the Mill, O! on various useful passages."

A ghastly motif is suggested by the subjoined:—

"Early one Morning: on rapid and brilliant Execution."

The taste which suggests the publication of such ribaldry cannot be too severely reprehended. Here is a song which curiously illustrates the carelessness of the Irish character:—

"Nora's Purse: on a natural and graceful style."

Nobody but an Irish man or woman would have been so careless as to leave a purse in such an exposed situation. Catch a Scotchman doing so! Then we have—

"Peggy Bawn: on Skips."

We give this up.

A stern moral lesson is read in the next line:—

"A Rejected Lover: on Velocity."

He has been unable to give up his old habits of dissipation (notwithstanding that he has plighted his love), and he has been found out!

One more quotation, which we will not attempt to criticize:—

"The pretty Maid milking a Cow: in the style of a Romance."

Really, music-publishers of position should be careful how they peril their professional standing by publishing such abject nonsense?

THE CARTOONS.

THE Cartoons are likely to be removed to London. Hampton is in a most unhappy frame of mind, and as much cut up as RAFFAELLE's great works once were. Kingston is the picture of despair. Kew means to consult a Q. C., and at Teddington things have come to a dead-lock. The "Twitnam" folks complain that people are already twitting 'em. The Palace is in a maze. A Court mourning is expected.

Not content, like "great ANNA," to "counsel take," Hampton retained an ex-Chancellor to plead her cause before his Peers. He seems to have been assisted by other noble personages, for there was more than one Count in the indictment he preferred. First, the gates had been carried off, the gates "that it must have been a great satisfaction to the thousands of the working classes who visited Hampton Court to see." The recital of this sad story almost "drew iron tears down SUGDEN's cheek." But were these gates such a comfort to the London mechanic out for his Sunday holiday? Did all his enjoyment hinge upon them? Did he do nothing but draw them, study them, admire them, until they wrought in him a determination to forge a head and rival their producer, HURTINGTON SHAW, the clever Nottingham blacksmith? Was there not metal more attractive in the other glories of the Palace? This must have been said ironically.

"The naked empty pedestals" were the next thing on which LORD ST. LEONARDS based a grievance. As the statues appear to have been removed some forty or fifty years ago, Hampton must now, after half a century of stony grief, be pretty well hardened. LORD GRANVILLE, however, allayed the anxiety of the House by an assurance that it should be COWPER's Task to see that things no longer remained *in statu quo*.

But the worst woe of all was the threatened departure of those Cartoons which "hundreds and thousands of people went down to see." Do they? There is a secret belief that they go down to bewilder themselves in the maze and play at kiss-in-the-ring, to gad after the

"gadding vine," to enjoy (like sensible people) the turf and the trees, the cheanuts and the flowers, to feed the gold and silver fish, and refresh themselves with sandwiches and beer. It is whispered that of all the thousand and odd pictures that will still be left in the Palace, the "hundreds and thousands" care far more for *The Grecian Daughter* and the great gun of the collection, *A Child Discharging a small Cannon*, than for RAFFAELLE treasures and ANDREA MANTEGNA "triumpha." But, says the voice from *Boyle Farm*, "No foreigner ever came to London without visiting Hampton Court, and when he got in sight of the Palace, his first question always was, 'Where are the Cartoons?'" A fact. No sooner does the "foreigner" arrive at the South-Eastern terminus than, fresh from the ocean, and without even changing his collar, he jumps into a Hansom, and drives straight away to Hampton Court, and when he gets in sight of the Palace gesticulates to Cobby to reveal to him where the Cartoons are.

Perhaps the "foreigner" will not object to a shorter and less expensive ride, and be quite as well satisfied to see the Cartoons at South Kensington as at Hampton Court. At all events the Englishman may be expected to acquiesce in the proposed arrangement. Can there be a doubt that in London the Cartoons will be better hung, better lighted, and, therefore, better seen? Hampton will not have one visitor the less through their absence, South Kensington will have many more from their presence.

After being lodged in Palaces and thrust into cellars, after finding a friend in CHARLES and a "Protector" in CROMWELL, the Cartoons will not experience their worst vicissitude in being displayed in one of the Galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Hampton need not harass herself about the loss of these marvellous tapestry designs. She has still her many "Beauties," and so long as summers gladden and cheanuts blossom, must ever keep open house for thousands of happy guests. Her courtiers are such as never tire of their homage, her train will always be in waiting. May her laurels be evergreen, may her yews never be used up!



TO A GREAT MIND NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

Paterfamilias in Ireland (who has been detained some time in the Station collecting his Large Family and Luggage) "WHY, CONFOUND YOU, YOU FELLOW, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME THAT YOU HAD A CONVEYANCE THAT COULD TAKE OUR WHOLE PARTY OF TEN, AND GETTING ME TO SEND AWAY THE OTHER CABMEN?"

Car-Driver. "WELL, AND SHURE IT'S THE TRUTH I TOULD YER 'ANNER. SEE, NOW, I'LL TAKE SIX ON THE KYAR, AN' AS MANY RUNNIN' APFTER IT AS YE LIKE!"

MY SON, SIR!

HERE'S FECHTER despairing of *Robert Macair-ing*,
And in SHAKESPEARE afraid of a fall, Sir,
To make folks more eager to see his *Belphegor*.
In the Bill sticks his son "LITTLE PAUL," Sir.

Methinks if the father have fallen off, rather,
In his *quondam* or *quasi* attraction,
There's not much to be done by the pull of the son,
Spite of puffing and posters in action.

Can the notion be drawn from our own dear LORD JOHN,
Who to give RUSSELL-rule due endurance,
And enforce RUSSELL-creeds, introduces to Leeds
NAMBY-PAMBERLEY's modest assurance?

Papas will be pa's, as Mamas will be ma's:
And a father's faith why should we undo?
Let's hope "FECHTER et Fils" may obtain more success
Than their prototypes "RUSSELL AND SON" do.

Yankee Pat.

THE annexed problem was proposed the other day in the *Times*:—

"WANTS EXPLANATION.—The *St. Louis Democrat* of the 11th of March has the following paragraph:—"PATRICK RHINE, British subject, released from Gratiot on taking the oath of allegiance."

This statement is easily explained. The oath of allegiance taken by PATRICK RHINE was an oath of allegiance to the United States, and PATRICK RHINE was an Irishman.

NATURE'S REVENGE AGAINST BIRD-MURDER.

(To Members of the Sussex Sparrow Clubs.)

BOOBIES.—Read, as many of you as can, this extract from the *Gateshead Observer*:—

"BIRD MURDER.—The President of the Naturalists' Field Club (the Rev. G. C. Abbs) stated on Thursday, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Club, that he had been calculating the number of caterpillars which the 6,000 sparrows killed by a member of the 'Sparrow-Club' in Essex, and for which he had actually received a prize of 10s., would have eaten. The amount was 6,807,000,000. While the clod-hoppers of Sussex are killing sparrows by the thousand, the Australian colonists are importing them at a considerable expense from England, to act the part of protectors of the crops, and thereby of promoters of the comforts of the people."

Bird-murderers of Sussex, behold the folly of your Essex brethren.

Essex is a county of which the inhabitants, not without reason afforded by some of them, are derisively called calves. The member of the Sparrow-club in Essex who killed 6,000 sparrows, that would have destroyed 6,807,000,000 caterpillars, might well be called an Essex calf of the first magnitude, if it were not better to call him a great ass. You, and such as you, have procured for the people of your county the denomination of Sussex boars; and the obstinacy with which you persist in trying to exterminate the useful little birds, is peculiarly swinish. In thus running counter to the teaching of naturalists, see how enormously you injure your own interests. So the pig swims against the stream, and you, clowns, bumpkins, louts, numskulls, block-heads, dolts as you are, know what is the consequence.

QUESTION FOR SCIENTIFIC COUNTRY MAGISTRATES.

SHOULD you hold it a sufficing plea on the part of a poacher who had stolen a Hare, that he was irresistibly drawn to the animal by Capillary Attraction?



“STRENGTHENING THE BILL.”

IN ORDER TO INCREASE THE ATTRACTION OF AN APPROACHING REVIVAL, AN EMINENT FOREIGN (OFFICE) PERFORMER INTRODUCES HIS SON INTO THE CAST.—*Vide Mr. FRECHTER'S Playbills.*

EMINENT (F. O.) PERFORMER . . . EARL R—LL.

“MY SON, SIR!”

VISCOUNT AMB-R-LEY.

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THE FETICHE COMPANY (LIMITED).



HERE was a Meeting of Capitalists and others interested in the promotion of the Society in course of formation under the above title, held yesterday at their rooms in Aldgate. The Chair was taken by MR. MAXMONS.

The CHAIRMAN said it was in contemplation to form a Joint-stock Association on the principle of limited liability, with the view of creating what there was every reason to believe would prove a highly profitable concern. The branch of Commerce which it would be the aim of this Company to develop would be the traffic in objects of worship with the various tribes of savages who practised the religion called fetichism. Something, he believed, had been done in the same way by some houses at Birmingham, but the Society contemplated a larger

scale of operations. Our Indian Empire offered an unbounded field for the cultivation of this line among those of the natives who adored deities coming under the description of hardware. The same goods—or gods—might be manufactured for the Fiji market with a certainty of remuneration. A splendid prospect for enterprise in the idol-trade was opened up by the late discoveries of DR. LIVINGSTONE, CAPTAIN BURTON and others in the interior of Africa, where an abundant harvest might be reaped notwithstanding the exertions of the Missionaries.

MR. PELFER said that most attempts to convert savages were failures. The natives would worship logs and stones, and other material objects, the supply of which, in the shape of manufactures, was as legitimate a branch of business as any other, that of dealing, for instance, in gunpowder and instruments of destruction.

MR. TIMKEY, with reference to the amount of capital which might be required for the undertaking, inquired if the manufacture of the objects destined for indigenous worship would be expensive. Would they consist of dolls?

The CHAIRMAN said that fetiches were adopted by the lowest savages from all sorts of objects, animate and inanimate. With this fact in view, figures of toads, frogs, lizards, snakes, cats and dogs, and other forms of animals would be fashioned, as well as human, vegetable or mineral forms, to suit the fancy of expected customers.

MR. DIBBINS suggested that mechanisms capable of being set in motion, introduced among the native races as objects of adoration, would be soon inquired for.

The CHAIRMAN said they would probably go down—that is, look up—among natives of superior intelligence.

MR. DIBBINS thought that, for example, a good stroke of business might be done with small mechanical fetiches worked by steam.

The CHAIRMAN, in reply, observed that such scientific fetiches as those would be expensive, and too good for barbarians, on whom the wonders of mechanism would be thrown away. It was like, as somebody or other had said, "casting pearls before swine." A very high state of civilisation—a degree of civilisation and enlightenment as advanced as our own—was requisite to enable people to worship the Steam-Engine.

The terms of a Prospectus of the proposed Fetiche Company were then settled, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT THE BOAT RACE.

THIS comes hopping, my dear *Punch*, as it may find U in good ealth, Which without it there's no benefit in wittles or in wealth. R! I'd reether be a Popper, and be 'earty, ale and strong, Than a CREESSES with the toothache or the eadache all day long; For tho you gets no wenson in the workouse, nor no wine, You couldnt with the toothache enjoy them when you dine: And tho there aint no bacey allowed for workis foke, A CREESSES with the eadache E can't enjy his smoke, Which the chieest of Have Annas aint of no good when you're ill, Cos when you'd like to take a pipe, you ave to take a pill. But talknk of good ealth, my I! U should have gone with me The Boat Race of the Cantabs and Hoxonioms to C!

The mussels them young fellers ad, you wouldn't scarce believe, It swelled out on their shoulders like a fashinable sleeve. Their harms were like a Blacksmith's, only praps a trifle whiter, And their bax as broad as BENDIGO's, the celebrated fitter. They wore their trowsers turned up short, to ease M as they rode, And made us footmen henvious to see what Calves they shode! But tho they wayed 12 stun apiece, there werent a hounce of Phat, For their Calves was solid muscle, which ours aven't much of that. I'm told for months before the match they lived upon roar beef, Which their meals must get monottinous, leastways in my belief: And to live in independence of a kitchen or a kook Is a kannibal existence as wouldn't suit my book.

So you wont catch me a trainink and a givink hup my dinner, Besides, my calves is delicate, and work wood make them thinner.

Ho my! to see the River, it were reelly like a Phair, Only neither booths nor beastshows nor gilt gingerbread was there. But eaps of boats was on it, of every size and sawt,

From them as roes for prizes to them as roes for spawt:

Which not being Hamphibious, and wishing to keep dry,

Let others try to sit in them there waggerboats, says I.

They're as thin as any wafer, and but 18 hanches wide,

So a man of my proportions he could ardlly sit inside:

And men like MR. BANTING, as are bulky in their figger,

Could never ave the luxury to row in a houterigger!

Then there was eaps of steamers a follerink the boats,

And the gents all had blue ribbings a dawning of their coats:

The Cambridge they were light blue, for their crew were lighter men,

Tho their earts was doubtless eavy at their being beat agen.

Hour ladies being Hoxford they wore dark blue in their air,

Which ladies of the ighest rank and phashion they were there:

And they all ad on the ribbings of the boat they oped would beat,

And some they wore blue parrysoles to shade M from the eat:

Hand some ad a blue bonnet, or a blue shori, or blue dress,

But there was few Blue Stockings, so leastways I shoood guess.

MISS KATE she showed both colours, for to please em both she tries,

The dark blue in her ribbings, and the light blue in her eyes:

And ho! to see em sparkle when she eard that Hoxford won,

Twas like the skies a shining with the radiance of the sun!

Says I unto our Coachman, which upon the books I sat,

And we'd each a dark blue favour as MISS KATE made for our at,

Says I, some Hoxford feller have been saying somethink sweet.

Says E, hit's that young kovey as she met in Grosvenor Street:

But, says I, them kolledge Fellers they can't marry, I've heard said,

Says E, I'd leave any fellership and take MISS KATE instaid,

For I'm sure there aint no kolledge as can offer such a prize,

And what's looking into blue books to a look in her blue eyes!

Says I, men dont read blue books, exceptin they're MP's,

Which their wives they reads the Red book with their breakfasts and T's.

Has thus we were conversing, such a crowd on orseback shode!

For some rode on the river hand some rowed on the road.

Twere hallmost like the Derby Day, there was such eaps of nags,

And Snobs they druv their donkey-carts and Nobs they druv their drags.

My complexion suffered horfil from the sunshine and the dust,

And R! we hadnt nothink to relieve us from our thust.

But as they come a galloping, a trotting and a prancing,

The shouting and the ollering it set our orces dancing,

And fearink of a haccident we would have druv away,

But MISS KATE she wouldent ear of it and bade us for to stay:

Get down, she says, and old their eads; which if I mite persoom

I answers sotty vochy, a Phootman aint a groom.

But thinking it might save er life to do as I were told,

I went at wunce and did it, like a Ero brave and bold.

Which to stand afore 9 orces a pawing and a prancing,

I found it reether diphicult to keep em from advancing:

Heach momink I expected they'd be trampling on my toes,

And the haggerny I suffered at that prawspick goodness nose!

R! every time they give a prance, it set my Art a beating,

And it set my cheeks a flaming, for such exercise is eating.

But bold as any Buffalo I fumly stood my ground,

Hattracting hadmiration from all the ladies round:

Which if there is a man on earth who's their devoted slavey,

It is your umble servink

JOHN TOMMUS HOF BELGRAVEY.

SOUNDINGS.

THE following has appeared several times in a Daily local paper:—

"SOUNDS IN THE AIR.

I THOMAS LAKE, have, for the past month, been HEARING a I, General Conversation, as if between Men and Women in the air, as I have been walking along, and I wish to know if there are any other persons in Swansea who have heard the like.

THOMAS LAKE, Swansea.

We recommend the DAVENPORT Brothers to communicate with this kindred spirit; for, as they have lately been getting a knot too fast, and going out of their depth, they will be delighted to obtain any soundings.



"SHARP'S THE WORD."

ENTER LORD BLASONBY (HASTILY) TO SIT FOR HIS PORTRAIT IN STODGE'S PICTURE OF THE CHALKSHIRE HUNT.

Stodge. "I UNDERSTOOD YOU TO SAY YOU WOULD COME YESTERDAY, MY LORD; AND I AM ENGAGED THIS MORNING. LADY FLOUNDER IS COMING AT ONE O'CLOCK."

My Lord. "HAW! JUST IN TIME, THEN. CUT AWAY. YOU'VE GOT A GOOD TEN MINUTE. 'WANTS A QUARTER TO ONE, NOW!"

BURKING IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

IN the French Chamber of Deputies, the other day, M. GUÉROULT had the audacity to make a speech, occupying several columns of the *Moniteur*, on and against the progress of Ultramontanism, or, as the vulgar say Popery, in France. M. GUÉROULT vexed the faithful portion of his audience, devoted to the Holy See, by reading a catalogue of the principal religious orders that occupy themselves in inculcating loyalty to POPE PIUS on the subjects of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. He was very properly interrupted by frequent cries of "*Asses! Asses!*" and during the remainder of his address the representatives of the good Jesuits made strenuous endeavours to put him down by clamour. To these logical confutations M. GUÉROULT could give no better answer than the following—which, in fact, he gave:—

"Permettez, messieurs, laissez-moi continuer ma discussion, car il me serait impossible de suivre mes idées si j'étais toujours interrompu."

Why, of course. Wherein lies the main force of the argument resorted to by M. GUÉROULT's opponents, but in that very damaging effect on a speaker's self-possession? This unanswerable method of controversy has the further advantage of stopping the man in the middle of his sentence, and thus preventing him from giving, in its conclusion, the explanation required to elucidate its commencement. And, finally, it is so civil!

Dancing and Department.

THE *Morning Post* informs us that the DUCHESS OF SOMERSET gave the last of a series of early dancing parties at the residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, in Whitehall. Our fashionable Contemporary adds, that COOTE AND TIMNEY'S band attended, and during the evening played, for the first time, the "*Lars Valse*," arranged by MR. COOTE, but does not mention anything about a dance which would have been more particularly suitable to the residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, namely, the *Sailor's Hornpipe*.

THE TRANSIT OF TATTERSALL'S.

Good bye, old Corner, where so long
Turf swells have loved to band,
Since first old TATT his broad-brimmed hat
Showed in the well-known stand.

Where, ninety years of hopes and fears,
And nine to back of that,
The sporting swell with nags to sell
Still found a Tit for TATT.

How *High-flyer* raised TATTERSALL'S
The House's annals show:
Since then how many a High-flyer
Has TATTERSALL'S brought low!

We boast the lengthened run that now
Awaits a favourite play;
But from those steps a century
Had looked at "Settling Day!"

If walls have ears, what startling tales
Those old rooms must have heard:
What sermons they might preach, the stones
That paved that old court-yard!

Where o'er the pump (an emblem meet
Of some that graced the ground,)
The FOURTH GEORGE from ambrosial curls
Beamed forth "Department" round.

By those oak-pales the first Oaks' stakes
Were put down long ago:
Germ of that Epsom growth that now
All ring-fence doth outgrow.

There the first Derby favourite
Was measured by the yard:
And there a century's Sellengers
Fortunes have made or marred.

Till the world grew so fond of "books,
So giv'n to make the same,
That the old ground too small was found,
For the Turf's "little game;"

As from *his* Grosvenor Place old TATT*
Started to win life's race,
Young TATT, on fortune bent, again
Takes flight from Grosvenor Place.

At Knightsbridge, lo, a fair glass roof
Stands for the dark old sheds:
We've tiles as shiny 'neath our feet,
As those upon our heads:

But still we love the haunts where first
The Turf's keen breath we drew;
And what recalls those ancient halls
We best love in the new—

The old brown fox, that from his box
Still peers with artful face,
A hint that to the sharp as well
As swift, is given the race.

We miss the verdant lawn, where paced
Crowds of green men and still:
The gravelled walk, which losers oft
More gravelled, used to fill:

And sadder loss than all—no more
The old cow crops the lawn:
Meek monitor of draughts to come
From milch-cows yet undrawn!

Good bye, old yard, and may the new
As long its honours wear:
And though they leave the Corner still,
May TATTs be on the Square!

* Old Tatt's fortunes began with his leaving EARL GROSVENOR, to whom he had been stud-groom, and leasing the Premises at the old Corner.



AN OVERSIGHT.

Little Officer (in temporary charge of Grenadier Company, reading from the Report Book) "JOHN WALKER."

J. W. "SIR."

Little Officer. "FOR PASSING HIS OFFICER WITHOUT SALUTING."

J. W. "PLEASE, SIR, 'LOW ME TO SPEAK. BEG PARDON, SIR, DIDN'T SEE YOU——"

Little Officer. "COME, NOW, THAT'S NONSENSE, YOU KNOW—EXTRA PARADE."

THE AMERICAN NEWS.

ALL our regular political writers have gone out of Town for the Easter Holidays. But on receiving the important news which arrived on Saturday from America, and considering that a political leader was required from us, we sent to a smart young penny-a-liner, informing him that Richmond and Petersburg had fallen, and desiring him to supply an article. We obtained in reply the following performance, which we print, partly because we have got nothing else, and partly to shame the writer, who doubtless considers himself a person of average, or even higher intelligence.

LEADING ARTICLE.

PUNCH.

"Extraordinary news has just arrived. 'Richmond and Petersburg have fallen.' Such tidings do not come every day. All surprises are unexpected, but this is the most unexpected surprise we ever had. That two important cities in different parts of the world should fall down at once, is truly strange, but that the news should come to us across the Atlantic ocean is one of those coincidences which make us say, with HOMER, that there is indeed nothing new under the Sun. As regards the fall of Richmond, we are too grieved to be able to give vent to our emotions. That town, pleasingly situate on the banks of the Thames, is connected with too many holiday associations for us to hear of its fall without regret. We recal luxurious dinners at the Gar and Starter, charming walks in the Park, of which Pops might have written—

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats
Are full of monarchs and of gentlemen's seats."

And we cannot forbear a tribute to the excellent driving of the flymen who rattled in such dashing fashion from the hotels to the commodious station. All is gone, and Richmond has fallen. Let us only add, in

the beautiful language of funeral heraldry, *Reurgam*. But if the fall of a third-rate town be a misfortune, what shall we say of the fall of the capital of Russia? The proud metropolis built by the haughty but profligate CATHERINE for her son PETER THE GREAT, and reflected in the blue waters of the Vistula, has also gone down, and consternation is spread over the dominions of the Autograph. Lisbon was once destroyed by an earthquake, and with the addition of a slight pelisse, Madrid's and Petersburg's climes are of a piece, remarkable words by LORD BYRON, which have now received an extraordinary illustration. Such poetical reminiscences crowd upon our mind at an exciting moment like this, and readers will feel with us, while we are recording that St. Petersburg has fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate, and welters in the tide. Necessarily hurried as are our remarks, they are written in the excitement of the moment, and we shall return to the subject when we are favoured with further particulars. In the absence of these, it would be premature to speculate upon the causes which have produced these afflicting catastrophes; but as regards Richmond it may not be impossible that the enormous excavations which have been made for the cellars of the new and grand hotel near the Park Gates may have brought down the entire town into the abyss. The fall of Petersburg is more inexplicable, but it is built upon piles, and it is possible that the extreme dryness of the late weather may have produced dry-rot in those supports, which it must now be matter of regret were not fortified by some chemical process of a vulcanising character. But it were ungenerous to reproach a nation at a moment of disaster, and we would rather say that as AUGUSTUS found Rome of marble and left it of brick, so ALEXANDER may find Petersburg in ruins, and leave it in the course of architectural reconstruction.

We will only add, *esto perpetual*, and without pointing a moral, or adorning a tale, will leave the remarkable news to the consideration of our readers until further notice.

A CANDIDATE'S CATECHISM.

MUCH difficulty and embarrassment being occasioned to Candidates at elections by the extremely inconvenient, not to say impertinent habit of asking them questions, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following Catechism, which he recommends to the study of gentlemen aspiring to represent their fellow subjects. The speeches are supposed to have been made, the usual non-electoral contributions of cats, eggs, and brickbats to have been duly forwarded, and the Candidate advances defiantly, yet smilingly, to answer any question which may be proposed to him.

CATECHISM.

Elector. Leave off grinning, and answer this. What will you do about Church Rates?

Candidate. I answer frankly, that while I should regret to see the beautiful and venerable edifices erected by the piety of our forefathers falling into decay, I should desire that the means of supporting them might be provided in the way least calculated to produce dissension.

Elector. What about the Game Laws?

Candidate. I should be ashamed of myself did I hesitate to say that though field sports have great advantage in promoting manliness of character and residence on estates, I would not willingly purchase those advantages by the aid of enactments which I should not consider equitable.

Elector. Will you go in for the Ballot?

Candidate. I solemnly pledge myself to support any arrangement, which in the opinion of those who are best qualified to decide, may most effectually conduce to the protection of the voter, and to the eliciting the real opinion of the nation.

Elector. Will you turn the Bishops out of the House of Lords?

Candidate. I thank you sincerely for giving me an opportunity of saying, that while profoundly attached to the Church of England, I will never be party to any system which appears to me to confer too much political power upon our hierarchy.

Elector. Will you support direct taxation?

Candidate. Having studied fiscal subjects during my whole life, I am able instantly and unhesitatingly to reply that the adjustment of the burdens which may be necessary for the maintenance of national honour requires the utmost attention from any man deserving the name of a British Statesman.

Elector. What are your views on Parliamentary Reform?

Candidate. Most determined and definite. I hold that the British Constitution, like that of the human being, requires from time to time all the ameliorating influences which can be brought to bear upon it, in accordance with the lights of experience and the dictates of wisdom.

Elector. Will you knock off pensions?

Candidate. Most assuredly, wherever I am convinced that the pension is undeserved, and that its withdrawal will not cause a larger amount of private distress than would be compensated for by the increase of public happiness.

Elector. What about flogging in the Army and Navy?

Candidate. Can you ask me, or suppose that I would give my support to any system which is opposed to the instincts of humanity? That the exigencies of the military and naval service may demand special punishments I may not be prepared to deny, but I am still more ready to declare my intense repugnance to all unnecessary severity.

Elector. Would you abolish primogeniture?

Candidate. While in the most good-natured spirit I respectfully suggest that the topic can have little practical bearing on the interests of the gentleman who addresses me, I respond that I must see very strong reasons before I can support any artificial arrangement which is not based upon apparent and natural justice.

Elector. Are you for Manhood Suffrage?

Candidate. My intense and almost awful respect for my fellow man makes me hesitate to say that I will consent to make him the subject of any legislation whatever, but be assured that I will give my most cordial support to any policy tending to preserve all the rights of a Briton.

Elector. Would you repeal the Malt Tax?

Candidate. It is the dearest wish of my heart that every man in England should be able to procure the beverage which will do him most good, and I will vote through thick and thin for the sake of providing him with an ample supply of that beverage. I think that my reply goes even further than my questioner intended.

Elector. What will you do for this borough?

Candidate. Everything that is consistent with patriotic regard for the general interests of the nation, and I am sure that as a man and an Englishman you would desire no more.

Elector. Will you vote for war with Austria? (or as the case may be.)

Candidate. I am sure that the question, though an insult, is an unintentional one, and I therefore, rather in sorrow than in anger, ask the electors of this intelligent borough what they have seen in me to justify a belief that when the British lion intends a spring, I should

attempt to paralyse its energy, or affix the chain of cowardice around its majestic mane. Gentlemen, the demand almost unmanly me, but I feel that your sympathies are on my side, and I rejoice to believe that my replies have ensured your approbation.

All the Electors and Non-Electors. Pelt the beggar.

A LOVE LAMENT.

IN TWO SPASMS.

FOUNDED UPON FICTION

SPASM I.

A BUTCHER, in the prime of life,
I wanted nothing but a wife,
And in Miss BULLOCK fondly thought
I'd found the helpmate that I sought:
Ox-eyed, but gentle as a lamb,
With jointure snug from UNCLE SAM,
A buxom girl with shapely waist
(A spare-rib would not suit my taste),
Of ready tongue and brains to match,
Admirers wooed her by the batch.
The Baker headed once the roll,
But lost his chance, the crusty soul;
The Brewer broached the subject next,
"Too stout," she thought—old HALE was vex;
The Grocer figg'd out in his best,
With citron gloves and spicy vest,
Too cand(e)d man, allowed that he
With sugared words had sought Miss B.
The Chandler praised her taper form,
And owned his looks were waxing warm;
The Miller—why prolong the list—
Soon got the sack, and was dismissed;
His bran new suit assumed in vain,
He ground his teeth and groaned again.
Indeed, with no desire to boast,
It seemed that I might rule the roast:
Her father gave me many a hint—
He kept "The Lamb," and served the Mint—
That I was just the sort of man
He fancied for his MARY ANN;
Her mother saw good traits in me,
Appeased, I own, by bribery—
A sweetbread now, and now a fry,
And sometimes giblets for a pie—
While MARY ANN herself confessed
Of all her beaux she liked me best,
And cut out cages for the flies,
And coloured when I made sheeps' eyes.

SPASM II.

Farewell to all my killing looks,
My dreams that she would keep my books!
Farewell "the silver side" of life,
And MARY ANN—the *Brewer's* wife!
Yes, little "hops" and Maltese lace
Have robbed me of her ruddy face;
Full-bodied HALE and treble X
Have won the loveliest of her sex:
The storm that was so long a-brewing,
Has burst and laid my hopes in ruin,
And, oh! the unkindest cut of all—
They buy their meat of MADOX BALL!
The times are out of joint, and I
Look sheepish when she passes by:
In vain I try to steel my heart,
And act the injured lover's part;
For one sweet smile, for one soft lock,
I'd lay my head upon the block;
To win but one kind word or so,
Down on my marrowbones I'd go;
Nay, if she bade me, for her sake
I would not murmur at the stake.
Unhappy man, of her bereft
I've neither pluck nor spirit left!
Life's chops and changes I must bear
Alone, without a soul to share
The fat and lean, the weal and woe,
That Fate weighs out to all below.

A TIDY DROP.—A Glass of Spirits, *Neat*.

MECHANISM FOR THE MILLION.



IGANTIC are the strides of the Genius of Modern Mechanism. Do we want to go up to the cock-loft of the highest hotel in or out of the metropolis, we betake ourselves to a Lift, and we ascend like the fairies in the transformation scene of a pantomime, by machinery. Will you have your hair brushed? You shall, by machinery. Be shaved? Shave you, directly, Sir, by machinery. After much thought, and a lengthened course of daily self-sacrifice, we are now able to place before the public the result of those experiments, by which, through the application of mechanism to domestic affairs, our life is shorn of more than half its trouble.

Do you want to get rid—temporarily, at all events—of a Mother-in-law? We will show you how to lead her gently, in the midst of a long and animated harangue, into a small room, which, once set-a-going, will keep on ascending and descending for the space of three hours at least. Isn't this worth six-and-eightpence any day of the week? Of course.

Machinery clothes us, or puts us to bed,
Machinery brushes, or night-caps, our head,
Machinery nurses and dandles our chicks,
(One nurse-maid by these means suffices for six,)
Machinery, after spasmodical warning,
Ejects us from bed any time in the morning.

One spring (we're not going to say anything about the spring which doesn't make a summer, in spite of the present beautiful but deceitful weather) will set all the household machinery in motion. Those necessary nuisances, known as servants, will then succumb to the Powers of a simple but mighty mechanism, and masters and mistresses, the real *servi servorum*, will again be free. One, two, or three servants, properly instructed, will, according to the size and requirements of the house, do the entire work. The original cost of the machinery will be the only outlay, and then, no more Impudence! no more broken glass! no more dirty plates! no more hairs in the clear soup! no more Nothing disagreeable of any sort!

You will begin the day with the Duties of the Dressing-room by machinery. Whirr—whirr—whirr, out of bed. Pop! Whirr—whirr—whirr—into your bath. This will be really worthy of being called "a bathing machine." More whirr—whirr—whirr, accompanied by a good rough towelling. Here, being in first-rate animal spirits, you may (if you like) make a joke in allusion to the noise of the machinery, and say that "instead of things going on better they are getting *whirrs* and *whirrs*, by which you will be taken to mean "worse and worse;"—this is only your fun, and not by any means true. Well, you are dressed for the morning: then, stepping on to a small trap-door in the landing, you pull a string after the fashion of a nervous creature in a shower bath, and down you are taken to the Breakfast-room. It won't be a very expensive affair to keep up this sort of Trap.

Upon your sudden appearance below-stairs, you can say something funny; it had better be funnier than before, if it occurs to you, and you possess breath sufficient for the effort. If not, never mind;

take your seat, which will advance towards you, apparently, of its own accord, without any Davenport humbug, and await some happier moment for the utterance of your light-hearted witticisms.

In course of time will be invented, also, the Finding Fault Machine, for "blowing up" any offender: this will be the new infernal machine.

The first object of interest on your breakfast-table will be the Hydraulic Teapot. To explain the mechanism of this admirable contrivance is not our business, except on private application, and the usual thingummy in stamps, or coin, or—well, every one knows what we mean, and business is business. Within this marvellous invention the Tea is ready made, sugared, and milked, and will be, at your own time, pumped gently into your mouth. There will be no more complaints about bad tea-making; no getting into hot water about its quantity or quality. Then comes Egg-eating by machinery. Ah! How this would have astonished our Great Grandmothers!

You'll hear the sound of little clicks, as when you make a look work, Because the egg cup's stem, inside, is fitted up with clock-work That moves an arm of steel that will a small steel hammer wield, That taps and raps upon the shell till it begins to yield. But, as one rarely in a moment all things needed hits off, As yet we've no machinery to pick the little bits off, Then sharply as JEM MACE'S arm encounters that of NOON, So soon pops forth a small steel arm and deftly plies the spoon, And with precision, such as would shame e'en the shots at Howth, It shoots the yolk in twixt the lips of your expectant mouth.

Boot and clothes brushing, bread-cutting, carving, cork-drawing, sweeping, letter writing, reading, etcetera, etcetera, all shall soon be done by machinery.

MR. BABBAGE'S Calculator is a mere mechanical infant to our gradually matured inventions. We reap, we sow, by machinery; and at no great distance of time the world shall see a new machine for cutting down household expenses. We shall cook by machinery; we shall have our mashed potatoes by machinery. From thinking of machinery we shall at last arrive at thinking *by* machinery, and Man himself shall be, as presented in this initial etching, a mere machine.

So if you like our invention
To any one this you may mention—
That the Palace or the Cottage, or the Manor House or Deanery,
We will, on terms most moderate, fit up with our Machinery.

THE NAGGLETONS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL.



SCENE—The Zoological Gardens. A beautiful afternoon. Sunday. The clock over the Camel says half-past three. A large gathering of the Upper Ten Thousand. MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON, the MISSES EMMELINE and CECILIA NAGGLETON, and the MASTERS EDGAR, WALTER, and PETER NAGGLETON, all in spring array, enter, and advance up the Broad Walk.

Mrs. Naggleton. PIERRE, do not hop. This is Sunday. Mr. Naggleton. Yes, remember, PETER, nothing hops on Sundays, except the birds, who know no better, having no private tutors.

Mrs. N. That is right; make him laugh at his mother's advice. Mr. N. On the contrary, my dear, I would imprint it on his memory. Though I don't know why he shouldn't hop, like the little hills. Mrs. N. I am not acquainted with the family you mention, and I do not wish them proposed as models for my children.

Mr. N. Nicely you attend to your Brady and Tate, MRS. NAGGLETON. Mrs. N. (recollecting, and sternly). Pray, HENRY, abstain from such profanity while your children are within hearing.

Mr. N. Profanity is in intention, my dear. MR. SNOTCHLEY had the sense to quote that, when you were good enough to laugh at his old joke about PAUL being a cricketer, because he stood up for the Eleven and was bowled, and RHODA stood at the wicket.

Mrs. N. That was real wit, and I wonder you understood it. Mr. N. Oh, wonderful husband, that can so astonish his wife! Shakspeare.

Mrs. N. I think you might do better than mouth out Shakspeare on Sunday. EMMELINE, come away from the bears!

Mr. N. Bless me, they came here to see the beasts, and they shall see them. Jump, Syllabubs. (Lifts her to the rail.) Here, WALTER, take this fourpenny-bit, and see how many stale buns that young lady will give you.

Mrs. N. Teaching your children to break the Sabbath in that manner!

Mr. N. I am teaching them to break nothing except buns. Isn't a bear to be fed on Sunday, especially when he has fallen into a pit? That's a man, WALTER—a bun a-piece. Where's the stick? Here we are. Now, Mr. Bear, climb for your lunch!

Mrs. N. I shall walk on, to the chairs on the grass. I can at least avoid witnessing what I disapprove.

Mr. N. All right, dear; go and stare at the bonnets, while we finish our secular duties. (Exit Mrs. N.)

Walter. Come on, Papa, don't give all the buns to these stupid beasts. I want to give something to the hippopotamus.

Mr. N. So you ought, in return for the h you've taken away from him.

(Shout of laughter from the children. Mrs. N. looks angrily up from the plateau below, and MR. N. thinks it wisest to rejoin her.)

Emmeline. O, Mamma, what do you think Papa said?

Mrs. N. Nothing, my love, which I wish you to repeat. Walk on quietly, two and two.

Mr. N. Too-too-too dears, like a penny trumpet. (Another shout.)

Mrs. N. This behaviour is more disgraceful, HENRY, than I could have believed your conduct ever would be. Really, this is not a place for you. You must suppose that you are in some low tea-garden, among the rabble.

Mr. N. No, my dear. These are the Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society, Regent's Park, N.W., and I am a fellow, and it's your fault if I am not a jolly fellow. It's the most enjoyable place in London, or, as

you would say, in this extensive metropolis, and I came here to enjoy myself, and—deducting conjugalities—so I do. Go where you like, children, but mind, don't put your fingers between the bars of a single den—and I say, (solemnly,) mind this. If one of you children gets eaten, I'll never speak to that child again. (Loud shout, and away go the young ones.)

Mrs. N. Catch me coming here again with you.

Mr. N. I didn't ask you to come.

Mrs. N. No, I am not accusing you of any such civility.

Mr. N. You asked yourself to come, and I wish that at the same time you'd asked yourself whether you couldn't come in a decent temper.

Mrs. N. You are the only person, I have often said, who ever dared to find fault with my temper.

Mr. N. Perhaps, as I have often answered, because I am the only person on whom you ever dared to try it.

Mrs. N. (smiling). That speaks well for your dignity, as the Head of a Family.

Mr. N. It speaks better, perhaps, for my patience, which some day you will try too far.

Mrs. N. It is so manly to threaten a helpless woman who is chained for life.

Mr. N. If she is, she needn't rattle her chains incessantly. But come, it is Sunday, and you have been to church, and earned a right to neglect all the minor duties, such as kindness and politeness. Won't you take a chair?

Mrs. N. Not in front, certainly, that all your set, DICK, TOM, and HARRY, may come up and claim acquaintance with one.

Mr. N. You were glad enough to know my set once.

Mrs. N. You thought so.

Mr. N. You said so. Excuse me for believing it, and two or three other things.

Mrs. N. Ah! (A Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge in that little noise.)

(They take chairs behind the rail, and observe the elegant company seated, passing, and re-passing.)

Mr. N. If it wasn't Sunday, I should say, "My eye, what a pretty girl!"

Mrs. N. Painted flirt!

Mr. N. Lovely hair, come.

Mrs. N. Bought—I hope paid for.

Mr. N. She is very like LADY ANNABEL LEE whom you rave about.

Mrs. N. I never rave about anybody, and that person is as like LADY ANNABEL as I am like your grandmother.

Mr. N. (brutally). Hm!

Mrs. N. (disdaining to notice such atrocious coarseness). I wonder who that distinguished-looking man is? You never know, anybody, so it's no use asking you.

Mr. N. I know in this case.

Mrs. N. Pardon me if I don't believe it. He is evidently somebody. His dress and manner are those of the best society.

Mr. N. How should you know?

Mrs. N. I may be unfortunately circumstanced as regards my own position, but I have a lady's instinct, which never leads me astray in forming a judgment.

Mr. N. Well, it is right enough this time.

Mrs. N. Of course, it is. Whom do you suppose that gentleman to be?

Mr. N. I don't suppose about it. (Calls out to the Distinguished Somebody. "How are you, BLOBBY?")

(The Distinguished Somebody looks round, and MRS. NAGGLETON turns red with shame and anger. But the Distinguished Somebody comes up to the rail, and shakes hands with MR. NAGGLETON.)

D. S. Hawful ot, ain't it, my boy?

Mr. N. Stanning! I have the superior honour of introducing you to my wife. MR. BLOBBINGS, MRS. NAGGLETON. (She shudders a fraction of a bow.) And how's tallow?

D. S. Sputtery, sputtery. But sink the shop on Sunday, my bricksy-wicksy! Be genteel, my boy, if the cause is a-fire. Splendid day, M'm.

Mrs. N. (faintly). Very fine. Where are those children?

(Walks off, and is shortly afterwards overtaken by the faithful MR. NAGGLETON.)

Mr. N. Sorry you went off, my dear. BLOBBINGS wanted us to come over to Camden Town, and dine at half-past four.

Mrs. N. I detest practical jokes as a rule, but that gentleman showed all the self-possession and ready wit of a man of society, and I can forgive him.

Mr. N. BLOBBINGS a gentleman! Why, he's in the tallow line!

Mrs. N. You need not meanly adopt his clever ruse, and try to carry it on. I hate imitation.

Mr. N. It is not one of your usual faults that your meaning is difficult of comprehension, my dear. But upon the present occasion I must remark *Davus sum, non Oedipus*.

Mrs. N. I wish you would not quote Latin without asking MR. SNOTCHLEY whether you pronounce it right. I am sure that is wrong; my ear tells me so.

Mr. N. Confound SNOTCHLEY and your ear? What about BLOBBINGS?

Mrs. N. That gentleman was a stranger to you, but instead of resenting your low trick, he humoured it, and pretended to know you. His affectation of vulgar talk showed me that, because it was overdone—not even one of your friends in the City could be quite so hideously coarse. It was clever, but the aristocracy are never taken aback.

Mr. N. No, but I am. By Jove! Not BLOBBINGS? I'll fetch him. No, I can't, for he has hurried out to be in time for dinner.

Mrs. N. (*sarcastically*). Lucky! Say no more about it, but be thankful that your vulgarity escaped castigation—some gentlemen might not have let you escape so easily. If he had pulled your nose for calling out to him, you could not have complained.

Mr. N. (*bewildered*). I should not, certainly. (*Passes on "abstemious resolution" in spite of Mrs. GRADSTONE.*) Yes, you are a clever woman. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. N. (*half mollified by the victory*). Don't make such a noise, HENRY, dear. People will think that one of the wild beasts has got loose. (*They walk to a more removed ground.*)

Mr. N. (*rallying his senses and his forces*). Which day did you ask the SNOTCHLEYS, the BALTIMORES, and the SILVERDALES for?

Mrs. N. (*suspiciously*). Why?

Mr. N. Hang it, can't I know when I'm to give a dinner?

Mrs. N. Don't be so violent—next Thursday, a quarter to eight.

Mr. N. All right. (*Makes a note of it on a letter.*)

Mrs. N. Now may a wife be allowed to ask why the question is put?

Mr. N. Perhaps I may have a pleasant surprise for you, in the presence of an aristocratic friend.

Mrs. N. (*feels that the Federal Union has checked round, but revolves on one dash*). You will ask no person to my table without consulting me and obtaining my sanction, and if you do so I will invite him.

Mr. N. I put the party off by to-morrow's early post if you do not to-night send an invitation to BLOBBINGS.

Mrs. N. (*evacuates Richmond and Petersburgh*). HENRY, you are very unkind. (*Uses handkerchief, but slightly, as she is in good society*). Can you not accept a harmless little joke, meant to pay you out for the way you showed me that I had mistaken your friend for a gentleman—I mean I am sure he is very well as a man of business—but you know what I mean.

Mr. N. I do, MARIA, and also what I mean.

Mrs. N. And you will put off the party?

Mr. N. Except on the condition I have made.

Mrs. N. But I accept the condition. I am not ashamed of your friends, though in your ill-nature you accuse me of being. I shall be happy to invite Mrs. BOBBINS.

Mr. N. BLOBBINGS? You will?

Mrs. N. Certainly, or any other friend you wish. Do I give dinners for my own pleasure, or to support your credit? You know I dislike them, and prefer a chop at one with the children. Of course we will ask Mr. BOBBINS.

Mr. N. BLOBBINGS. (*Embarrassed*). Well, we shall see about it.

Mrs. N. I will send the note to a pillar-box to-night, and he will have it at nine in the morning. I shall see his address in the Directory; you need not think about it again.

Mr. N. (*weakly*). Well, I don't know that he is just the man to meet the SILVERDALES and BALTIMORES.

Mrs. N. He shall come.

Mr. N. No; on second thoughts, he shall not.

Mrs. N. He shall come. After what you have said, I will put the party off if you do not invite him.

Mr. N. I will invite him, then.

Mrs. N. I understand, and when he will get the note. I'll ask him myself.

Mr. N. I tell you it won't do; he's a vulgar beast, and I wouldn't have him for a hundred pounds.

Mrs. N. (*calmly*). He comes, nevertheless. A wife is not to be played with like a child or a toy. (*The Lion Boars*).

Mr. N. (*roars also*). MARIA! I will be obeyed, or—

Enter (dignified and noble) EMMELINE and CECILIA running.

Both Children. O, Mamma! O, Papa! Come, come! run, run!

Both Parents. What, what! Where, where?

Both Children. FLEE, FLEE!

Both Parents. What, what?—speak!

Cecilia. The Blue-nosed Monkey has torn off his—

Both Parents. Nose?

Emmeline. Hat, and he and his wife are eating it.

[General amnesty, and both armies rush off to attack the Blues.

TEMPERANCE BY TEMPERATE MEANS.



IF a truth, some degree of gratification was given to Mr. Punch by an advertisement setting forth that a "Great Permissive Bill Banquet" would take place in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Easter Wednesday, SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN in the Chair. The gratification which Mr. Punch derived from this announcement would have been unmixed if the proposed banquet had been represented as going to be simply a Temperance or Teetotal dinner. Eating and drinking usually go together, and the rational method of

converting people to mild drinks is that of inducing them to try such beverages with their food. But although it might be possible for a sensible man to drink "Success to Temperance" by way of a toast in toast-and-water, no such person desiring to maintain personal freedom of action could further drink "Success to the Permissive Bill," that Bill being not a bill for enabling people to follow their own inclinations, but a Bill for empowering other people to restrain them from doing so.

To convince folks that ginger-pop is preferable to Champagne, that lemonade excels beer, and that *san sacris* altogether beats Port, Sherry, Claret, or Burgundy, there is nothing like a dinner whereat the weaker beverages above-named are substituted for the stronger. This is as much in the way of physical, added to moral suasion, as SIR W. C. TREVELYAN and his friends should go, if they wish to please Punch.

If they will only be content with this, Punch will patronise them, even to the extent of dining with them some day when his doctor shall have advised him to abjure sack and addict himself to thin potations.

CHATTER ABOUT CHARTERHOUSE.

OLD Carthusians declare that the old school of Charterhouse has, in their time, at least, been a regular martyr-house: That from being shut up in the slums of the City, Their cheeks grew so pale as to move people's pity: That their playground was scanty, and when they played cricket, It scarcely allowed them to pitch a good wicket; That they lived in the style which is termed "hugger-mugger," And parish brats really lived cleaner and sadder: That they had not much water to wash top to toe in, And none where they either could swim in or row in: That a city like London's beset with temptations, Which enticed them to mischief on num'rous occasions: That breathing the "Smiffet" air, smutty and smoky, And living in quarters close, pent-up, and poky, Such things made them puny, and gave them the shivers, And were bad for their brains, and their lungs, and their livers.

But stay, crieth Punch, *quæ circumvolant joci*. You seem quite to lose sight of the "*genius loci*."

Psha! they anser, the old place is all crumbling and rotten, And its ancient traditions are now clean forgotten; And as to the "*genius*," there's really no knowing What genius the Charterhouse lads might be showing, But, what with scant air and inferior numbers, 'Tis no wonder at present their genius slumbers. Let the school leave the town, and get settled in *rure*, (Though, at moving, the Master might fly in a fury,) Then 'twill flourish again, spite of flogging and fagging, Which two points to discussion 'twere needless to drag in: And old Domus, which used to be viewed as a martyr-house, So great will become 'twill be called Magna Charterhouse!

A Sillygism.

How to Obtain Refreshment on Sundays.

TRAVELLERS have a right to demand Refreshment.

Travellers are Liars.

Say you are a Traveller, when you are not, and you will have a right to demand Refreshment.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

COLUMN MOVEMENTS. GENERAL PRINCIPLES. THE COMMANDER, IF HE SEES THERE IS NOT ROOM FOR THE FORMATION, MAY GIVE THE WORD, "OPEN TO WHEELING DISTANCE FROM THE REAR; REMAINING COMPANIES, QUICK MARCH!" THIS CAUSES CONFUSION AND AMUSEMENT, AND RELIEVES THE MONOTONY OF DRILL.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Habet! The fatal cast is made,
The well-poised net falls true,
Hamp'ring, alike, the trenchant blade,
And the strong hand that drew.
The world-wide Circus holds its breath
Between the lots of life and death;
Recalls the thrilling conflict's course—
Dear life to life opposed,
Courage that took no count of force,
But cheered, and charged, and closed:
Patience that from defeat arose,
And learnt to deal, by bearing, blows.
Till Circus-haunters, who had watched
Famed sword-plays, long ago,
And scorned these giants, rudely matched,
Felt admiration grow,
As stubborn strife to strength gave skill,
The art to guard, the craft to kill.
While the fight raged, men had but eyes
To watch its changing cheer;
In lusty cheers and stifled cries,
Speaking their hope and fear;
While foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Those bleeding brothers stained the sand.
Oft our short-sighted eyes misread
The chances of the fight,
Amazed to see him turn, who fled,
Him, who pursued, in flight.
But chance and change can shift no more,
Might is made clear, resistance o'er.

Bursts out in jubilee the crowd,
As with a single will;
For exultation's tongue is loud,
While sympathy is still;
Millions of throats the victor cheer,
But let the vanquished claim a tear.
Man's strife God's guidance doth o'erule,
His means and ends are veiled:
But all can see, when blood runs cool,
How well he fought that failed.
In him that, spent and snared, lies low,
Hate's self must own a noble foe.
Not always to the swift the race,
Nor to the brave the fight;
But conquest's blest that adds the grace
Of mercy unto might.
Then let the sign that says "We spare,"
Be his that lieth, bleeding, there.
Let his blood purge the bitter sin
For which he fought so well,—
The right claimed for the whiter skin
Black life to buy and sell:
Its champion fall'n, that sin is slain,
Never, like him, to rise again.
Then staunch those gashes' crimson flood,
Brother take brother's hand,
And o'er the stain of kindred blood
Sweep smooth the trampled sand:
The life, unto your mercy given,
Spare, with acclaim of Earth and Heaven.



THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS—HABET!

REWARD ACCORDING TO WORKS.



CERTAINLY there is one objection to the reward announced in the subjoined paragraph by the *Observer*, as about to be conferred on distinguished merit:—

"We understand that Mr. THWAITES, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, will receive the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the opening of the great system of intercepting sewers on both banks of the Thames."

The reward is inadequate to the merit. MR. THWAITES has won his spurs, and therefore he deserves to be knighted; but the completion of the great engineering work over which he has presided surely entitles him to something more than the title of a simple knight. He has done

the State more service than that which has been rendered it by an Alderman who earns that title by making his own fortune and happening, as LORD MAIR, to have to stand the expense of feasting some illustrious characters. The drainage of London is, indeed, what a wag called one of the Cemetery Companies, a great undertaking. The Government had much better advise HAN MAJESTY to create MR. THWAITES a Baronet outright. By so doing they will do no more than what is just, and, at the same time, exercising a wise discretion, will preclude a vile phonetic pun which may be suggested to the popular mind by the association of Knighthood with the achievement of conducting the Main Drainage to a successful issue.

BEER ON TRIAL.

AN instructive incident occurred the other day during an inquiry about some beer before the Sheriff of Gloucester. An action was brought by MESSRS. FLOWER, the Brewers of Stratford-on-Avon (who brew a sort of ale which is not unworthily called SHAKESPEARE), against another brewer named POSE, for putting some of his own beer into some of their casks, and thereby damaging these vessels. According to the *Cheltenham Examiner*:—

"During the progress of the trial, Mr. TAYLOR produced a sample of the beer, in a tumbler, which being, as he alleged acid, tended, according to his argument, to injure the casks. The foreman of the jury, to whom it was handed, in order to test its quality, tasted it, smacked his lips, and drank it off at a draught—much to the astonishment and indignation of the worthy Under Sheriff—who spoke in terms of complaint to the offender. The foreman excused himself by saying, that he 'was rather thirsty.' As may be imagined, this way of sifting evidence created much amusement in Court."

The jury gave the plaintiffs a farthing damages. The only wonder is that they gave them any at all. When beer is produced in Court in proof that it is bad enough to injure barrels, and turns out to be so good that the foreman of the jury, on tasting a glass of it, cannot help toasting the whole of it down, one would think there should be an end of the question. Beer which a British jurymen so eagerly committed to his interior would surely be unlikely to corrode that of a cask. Evidently, this was no small beer.

The Craven Meeting.

THOSE who are unable to attend this sporting event, will find themselves amply recompensed by a visit to *One Tree Hill*, which has, by the magical paint-brush of MR. FENYON, migrated to the Strand. Each part is admirably filled, but specially is MR. STYLER'S Black Greenwich Pensioner a sketch worth seeing. An Irish friend among the audience informed us that "he admired this style" (he pronounced it "this *style*") "of acting." This artist must have a great deal of trouble in "making up" for the part; but what's *toil* to him gives pleasure to us.

THE opposite to a Tea-fight—A Coffee-mill.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Why, good people, all this shaking?
Why this hurrying up and down?
Wherefore all this fuss you're making?
M.D.'s in hot haste note-taking?
Officers of Health awaking,
Boards of Health and Vestries quaking,
In the country and the town?

Local Government and Nuisance

Statutes eager to brush clean
Of the cobwebs of disuance,
Spun by vested rights' abuseance,
Or by Bumbledom's recuance,
Till of letter they confuse sense,
And the spirit leave unseen.

All because my Russian harvest
Bids me clap the sickle in!
Swell my sheaves, poor surfer that starvest,
While my ample meal thou carvest,
A la Russe the feast thou servest,
Nor from my approaching sweetest,
Yet my Russian harvest's thin.

In St. Petersburg, death's fission,
Ample though it be, seems poor
To the crop my stomach clogs on,
When my English harvest joy's on,
Then, sown broad-cast, one employs on
Death's spade husbandry one's pown,
Of a ten-fold increase sure.

Yes! 'tis I, your old friend, Typhus,
Though I have a Russian dress on!
'Bout my Latin titles why fuss?
Yearly, 'mongst your homes I'm rife as
In St. Petersburg's black ciphers;
Where'er we grim guests live us,
Still we read the self-same lesson.

The Almighty's penal purges,
'Tis God's work we carry through:
Smiting selfishness with scourges,
Wherewith from Plague's wasting surges
Retribution's hand emerges,
And CHRIST's lasting lesson urges,
"Do as you'd be done unto."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

[OUR Correspondent's letter arrived so late, that we have been unable to correct the latter part of the report, which contains expressions unintelligible, we admit, to us, but perfectly familiar, we do not doubt, to the Sporting Community.]

NEWMARKET.

There has been immense excitement during the week, and bets have been freely made. I send you my latest notes, up to this hour (seven o'clock), when there are some of the leading Turfites coming to dine with me.

Entries for the Claret Cup—Borage, Bordeaux, My Curragh,
Soda Water, Wenham Lake, Spoon.

There was a good deal of talking about the Derby, and the betting generally was three to one, but what against, or what for, I didn't exactly catch.

BETTING BEFORE DINNER.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

5 to 2 against Kangaroo | 8 to 1 against Liddington

I note these two down on the spot. They are very easy to recollect because of the rhyme. I must now attend to my guests, but will finish this parcel after the jovial meal. "Oh, dinner, in our hour of need!" What says the poet? "Delicious, coy—and how we feed!" "Coy" isn't the word; and now I come to think of it, I fancy that the lines don't apply to dinner at all. But no matter.

BETTING AT MIDNIGHT.

Bet it's past twelve o'clock. Better go to bed. Bet don't go less I like. What's that to you? I'm all right. So no more at present from your strullily. Bed.



A CASE OF "RING-DROPPING."

OWING TO THE SOLEMNITY OF THE EVENT, LITTLE SMITHING LOST HIS NERVE, AND WHILST PRESENTING THE RING, MANAGED TO LOSE THAT ALSO. (10 minutes to 12 o'Clock.)

DOWN WITH YOUR GOLD-DUST.

RED hair is all the rage just now in Paris, and ladies whose hair is black or brown by nature, are actually endeavouring (so at least we hear it whispered) to make it red by art. It is not very long since a contrary result was fashionably aimed at, and blackening or embrowning fluids were invented for the use of those whose tresses were unfashionably red. But Fashion is capricious, and what is ugly one day is called beautiful the next. As the colour upon which to stake the hazard of a dye, *rouge gagne* now-a-days, and still more now-a-nights, in the swell salons of Paris.

As applied to hair, however, the word "red" has not yet come into fashion, although the colour may have done so. Ladies with red hair used to vow that it was "auburn," and now to say that it is "golden" is the fashionable phrase. Moreover, not content with wearing golden hair (whether natural or not it were impertinent to ask), the rich hair-esses of Paris sprinkle gold-dust on their heads, to give their hair still more the fashionable hue. This practice must be costly, if indulged in by young ladies when going to a ball, for a rattling waltz or galop would soon dance down all their gold-dust. As a provident papa, if our daughters take to wearing such expensive hair-powder, we shall either stop their dancing, or insist upon their wearing a wide tray by way of collar, which may catch the precious particles when shaken from their heads.

We are aware that it is idle for a man to raise his voice against the freaks of fashion, and as for uttering a protest against the wearing of dyed hair, it were, in Oriental language, to "beat the air" to do so. If hunchbacks or cross-eyes were to come into fashion, ladies would begin to vie with one another as to which of them could cultivate the biggest hump or squint. So it is useless to exhort them never to say Dye. If fashion bade them wear grey hair, or even green, they would not hesitate to do so. Pirates as they are, in all matters of costume, they will sail under false colours at the very shortest notice. To impart an artificial redness to the hair is as easy, very likely, as to give it to the cheek; and we dare say there are few of those who dye their heads who are altogether worthy to be spoken of as beauties without paint.

M. THIERS ON FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOUR.

THAT conscientious statesman, M. THIERS, in the Corps Législatif, has lately, of course with the patriotic object of giving the Imperial Government the assistance of his sincere and disinterested advice, been criticising the Italian Convention in a spirit hostile to united Italy, and favourable to the temporal Papedom. Following M. ROUHER, who had announced the Government's determination to carry the Convention duly out, according to REUTER's telegram:—

"M. THIERS rose, and said that the position in which the Pope was placed was untenable. He had been dispossessed of four-fifths of his States, and it was desired to take from him the rest. What would France do, he asked, in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont?"

The new-born devotion of M. THIERS to the Holy See is highly respectable. Of course so devout a Catholic must be at least a Christian, if not, as heretics would say, something more. As a Christian, then, is it not strange that M. THIERS should ask such a question as "what would France do in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont?" Because Christianity furnishes the religious THIERS with so obvious an answer. Surely, what France would do in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont is that which France would like to have done to herself if she were in Piedmont's place.

University Intelligence.

Cambridge.

THE authorities have determined upon fitting the two Bedells, who precede the Vice-Chancellor, with shovel hats, which will be in keeping with the silver pokers carried by these officials. This change to come into operation on the first of May, Chimney Sweepers' day, when, as usual, the Vice-Chancellor will dance in front of the Senate House as Jack-in-the-Green. The part of "My Lord" will be sustained by a distinguished Fellow-Commoner from Trinity, while the rôle of "My Lady" will be undertaken by one out of any three Graces of the Senate.

GENEALOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—I have lately been in considerable difficulties getting up, as the slang phrase goes, pretty tall trees—genealogical trees in fact—in order to prove the descent of our family the THOMPKINS (with an “h” and a “p,” you observe) in a direct line from the celebrated JULIUS CÆSAR. You, who have simply to take down from your book-shelves a History of Rome, have but small idea of the trouble there is in getting at the noble Roman by means of branches.

That most distinguished member of the Herald's Office, MR. PLANCHÉ, has unofficially and kindly offered to trace the THOMPKINS up to the *Invisible Prince*, or the *Yellow Dwarf*, or any other of his old friends of Fairy tale, but as he could not promise to go anywhere near JULIUS

CÆSAR, I was obliged respectfully to decline his good services. Seeing that it would have taken a small fortune to ascend by this means to the Great Progenitor of our Family, I determined to set to work at it myself.

I will first show you how far I have got, and what a puzzling affair it is. Puzzling! Good gracious, Sir! According to my calculations there must have been millions and billions more people in the year *one*, than in this present eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-five. Thus, take THOMP-KINS, myself, and trace him, as SHAKSPERE says, “till we find him stopping a bung-hole with dust;” or something of that sort; but I am so confused that I have great difficulty in stating anything very clearly. Just try *your* hand at it.

Thompkins
Geo. Thompkins Mrs. Geo. Thompkins
(His father.) (His mother.)

Now, Sir, it is evident that as THOMPKINS possessed a father and a mother, so also did GEORGE THOMPKINS, and so also did MRS. GEORGE THOMPKINS. So we proceed thus:—

Thompkins
Geo. Thompkins Mrs. Geo. Thompkins
Jim Anne Fred Susan
Jack Polly Joe Minnie Billy Nelly Johnny Deborah
(Jim's father.) (Jim's mother.) (Anne's father.) (Anne's mother.)
Francis Louisa Arthur Maria Jonas Zephyrina James Ellen Tim Cissy Moses Clorinda Gilbert Marina Albert Jemima

At this first station we stop, and set down eight great-great-grand-fathers, and a corresponding number of great-great-grandmothers: all from THOMPKINS. Now, Sir, at this rate, you will find that in the fifteenth generation, THOMPKINS had seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty-four ancestors, and where was JULIUS CÆSAR? Why we have only got a quarter of the way; now, on we go again for another quarter. If you've not got room for the calculations you can easily publish a supplement, or leave out your pictures and put in my figures.*

* “Oh, yes!”—Ed.]

[Here follow three pages of complicated calculations, which for want of space we omit.]

Now, Sir, even now, we're not half way to JULIUS CÆSAR. What immense combinations to produce a THOMPKINS! I shall ask DR. COLMAGE and LORD DUNDEERARY to dinner, and will give you the result of our united arithmetic.

I remain, Sir, yours, THEODORE THOMPKINS.

Postscript. P'raps over our after-dinner grog, we may arrive at some important *genny*-logical conclusion.

FOREIGNERS IN IRELAND.

ALL the world and his wife are expected in Dublin this summer, and the Dublinites are actively preparing to receive them. Indeed their bustle now is such that they have hardly time to think or write correctly, as this announcement serves to show:—

DUBLIN.—To ENGLISH VINTNERS and HEAD HOTEL WAITERS.—In three instances of peculiar domestic trials, we have THREE HOTEL and TAVERN ESTABLISHMENTS to DISPOSE OF on reasonable terms, which during the Great Exhibition would realise an independence to the purchasers, from the thousands of foreigners from all parts of Europe and the three kingdoms that will overcrowd this City; besides the Palace, with all its varied and varying attractions, being permanent, will at all times afterwards attract a constant succession of strangers and sojourners, and secure to Hotels and Taverns equally constant demands for accommodation. Address, with stamp for reply, &c.

If Mr. Punch had occasion to answer this advertisement, his “stamp for reply” would be a stamp of indignation at the notion of his being mistaken for a foreigner. Great Britain he presumes is a part of the “three kingdoms;” and, as the greatest of Great Britons, Mr. Punch feels a just wrath at finding himself classed among the “thousands of foreigners” who are about to flock to Dublin, and who, doubtless, when they get there will be finely fleeced. This latter fact seems pretty evident, if the keepers of hotels are to “realise an independence” in the course of a few weeks from the pockets of their guests: which we presume is what the advertisers wish to be inferred, although they tell us that it is their “reasonable terms” which will “realise an independence” at these advertised hotels.

THE LATEST OMEN AT ROME.

MR. NAPIER SPIERS, an English sporting gentleman sojourning at Rome, and a leading member of the Roman Hunt, rode, in a steeple chase, the other day, at Roma Vecchia, a horse called *Kettledrum*, belonging to PRINCE DORIA, whose family colours are crimson and green. Accordingly, MR. SPIERS wore a crimson jacket with green sleeves, over which vestments he had ened also to sport a white scarf. Thus variegated, our gallant countryman had the good fortune to win the race. But the combination of colours wherein he achieved that success, chanced to constitute the Italian tricolor. On that account MR. SPIERS had the ill-luck to be ordered by MONSIEUR MATTEUCCI, the Director of Police, to quit Rome in six days; and CARDINAL ANTONELLI, on being appealed to, confirmed the sentence of his subordinate. Infallibility surely extends to Infallibility's ministers. How unerring is the judgment of

the authorities who thought fit to expel a steeple-chase rider from the Papal dominions for the unintentional affront of inadvertently wearing forbidden colours! What incapability of blundering was manifest in calling the attention of the world to the symbolical fact that the wearer of the Italian tricolor won! There is an English racing song entitled “*The Boy in Yellow wins the Day*.” The expulsion contemplated by the Papal Government of MR. SPIERS, was the safest possible way they could have taken to generate, and cause to pass from mouth to mouth, as a popular by-word, the parallel saying, “The boy in crimson, green, and white wins the day.” In the policy of this meditated proceeding, with especial regard to the proclivity of the Roman people to be influenced by omens, there was decidedly “no mistake.” For although the Government of His Holiness were ultimately induced, by the representations of British residents, to accept MR. SPIERS's explanations, and let him stay, their suggestion of the ominous nature of his winning colours is an accomplished fact, and the good they did by it cannot be undone.

ORNITHOLOGICAL HYMN.

At Woolstone in the County Hants,
(A famous place for British Birds),
The Cuckoo spoke on Sunday week,
And fitting Swallows twittered words.

The Wry-neck and the Barley Bird
For several days have there been seen,
And Spring is really come at last,
So let us sing God save the QUEEN.

CHARACTERISTIC.

So thoroughly is LOUIS NAPOLEON Cæsaris'd, that it is said, he not only tries to live à la CÆSAR, but he regularly dines à six heures.

MANY of the Westminster Tradesmen say that MR. MILL's chance would be better, if instead of making the Rule of Three his standard, he had taken the Rule of Thumb.

A CHOICE FOR FINSBURY.—Finsbury, for her representation in the next Parliament, wants a tried man. Naturalise, and nominate, PELIZZIONI.



AN AUTHORITY.

Nurse. "AND TO-DAY WAS LITTLE Cissy's BIRTHDAY; AND SIR JOHN, HE GAVE HER A CORAL NECKLACE; AND MILADY, SHE GAVE HER A BOO'FUL BLUE FROCK; AND AS FOR MR. JAMES, HE TOOK MORE NOTICE OF HER NOR ANYBODY DID, AND GAVE HER A SWEET KISS! HEIGHO! WHO WOULDN'T BE LITTLE Cissy!"

N.B. SIR JOHN IS Cissy's GOD-PAPA, AND MILADY HER GOD-MAMMA, AND AS FOR MR. JAMES, WHY—

THIS IS MR. JAMES!

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

THE Strand Managers having fed half a generation upon burlesques and such dramatic pastry, are now striving to change their diet. The chief dish of the evening is now a serio-comic drama called *One Tree Hill*, which has supplied the place of *Milky White*. This little drama is rather rickety in its story, is too full of weak characters, and depends too much upon wills and documents. The author, MR. CRAVEN, is an actor, with all an actor's belief in well-tried stage expedients, particularly in malapropisms. His acting is intelligent, but hard, spasmodic, and narrow. It wants passion, and yet is too often a painful imitation of the late FREDERICK ROBSON. MISS M. PALMER is a promising young actress with a faulty pronunciation, who knows how to be natural; and MR. STOYLE, another importation from Liverpool, is a most conscientious character actor. Small theatres, like the Strand, are terribly destructive to real art: the actors are mixed too much with the audience to maintain the proper illusion of the scene; and the audience are brought too close to the stage to respect the actors. MR. STOYLE ignores the audience like a true artist, but we can hardly say the same of many of his companions.

MR. FECHTER's Easter offering is the well-tried play of *Belphegor*, in which he plays the mountebank, his wife being represented by MIDDLE. BEATRICE, a South-American-Italian lady, with a French training, who performs in English. MR. FECHTER's son is played by MASTER FECHTER. The chief members of the company are thus adapted from the French as well as the drama, and are adapted more skilfully. The scenery is very elaborate and effective, but the delays in setting it are too heavy a price to pay for its merits. Equal allowances of waiting and acting are too much for the patience of a busy and punctual nation.

YOUNG FREDERICK ROBSON—a son who resembles and copies his lamented father—has appeared at the St. James's, and his reception

was honourable to the hearts if not to the heads of the audience. The average British playgoer may not have much judgment, but he never forgets an old favourite or an old favourite's children; and young ROBSON, if he likes, may become a popular, and with care, a good actor.

THE WHOLE HOG OR NONE.

THE following extract from a letter written by MR. JOHN STUART MILL to MR. T. B. POTTER, now Member for Rochdale, is a truly admirable specimen of MILL's logic:—

"I have long since determined that, for myself, I will never join in any movement for what is called manhood suffrage. Adult suffrage is what I contend for; and when one goes in, not for an object immediately attainable, but for a principle, we ought to go the whole length of it. No reason, either of right or expediency, can be found to justify giving the suffrage to men, exclusively of women; and the word manhood suffrage, having been substituted for the good old phrase, universal suffrage, for the express purpose of showing that women are not included, to adopt it is to give a direct assent to their exclusion."

If a principle is good, by all means let us, as MR. MILL says, go the whole length of it. Let us go the whole hog in the abstract, male and female, like MR. MILL, who, with respect to the suffrage, goes not only the whole boar, but, so to speak, the whole sow.

A Test.

MR. MILL, (whom we hope to call M.P. for Westminster,) would give votes to all persons, not criminals or paupers, who can Read, Write, and Do a Sum in the Rule of Three. How many Members of young MR. GROSVENOR's dandy Committee can comply with the requisition? Let them come to 85, Fleet Street, between 10 and 4, and be examined by our boy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ENATORIAL holiday over, the Commons re-assembled on Monday, April 24th. Nothing of note occurred, except a discussion on the question whether the War-Office has not been very unkind to a number of temporary clerks, who have been dismissed, after serving so long that they had supposed themselves to be Permanencies instead of Temporaries. The authorities settled the matter in the peremptory style of

MISS SUSAN NIPPER. It may also be said that vast heaps of Scotch petitions were presented, a project for opening the Botanic Gardens, in Edinburgh, on Sunday afternoon, having frightened all the Scotch ministers and elders out of their senses. Clergymen, who declare that they enjoy a Monday's newspaper, and then send for the printer who produced it by working on Sunday, and excommunicate him, are of course entitled to all the reverence due to charity and consistency. As **MILTON** says,

"New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

Divers of Her Majesty's subjects are detained as prisoners by the **KING OF ABYSSINIA**. That monarch was said to have favoured **QUEEN VICTORIA** with an offer of marriage, and to have imprisoned her lieges in revenge for her non-appreciation of his duaky love. It is more probable that he hopes to induce us to aid him, either with money or arms, against his neighbours, and also against France, who is thought to regard him with an unfavourable eye. We may have our own reasons for not wishing to scrunch him, but they should be good ones, if they are strong enough to justify us in leaving friends in his power. Some of them are missionaries, who may be expected to take their chance of the results of their pertinacious interferences, but **CAPTAIN CAMERON**, our Consul, has a right to our best help. **MR. LAYARD** deprecated any conversation on the subject, as the King is touchy.

SIR F. SMITH pointed out that in page 9 of the War Estimates there is a mistake, in the addition, of £443,000. The other day we were told that the War clerks are too clever by half, and certainly this looks like it. The Houseless Poor and Abolition of Beggars Bill passed, so it will be of no use for the Beggars to be coming to Town, as they are doing so amusingly in **MR. MARKS's** capital new picture at the Academy.

Tuesday. **SIR GEORGE GREY** very properly said that he disapproved of the making a show of the poor children at the Reformatories, Islington, which is growing notorious for exhibitions, and seems eager to get away from Puritanism and back to its normal condition of "merry Islington" (*Cosper*), is now to be enlivened with a parade of such children at the Agricultural Hall. The arrangements will probably be modified, after the Minister's intimation.

Government at last brought in a Bill for the reform of Greenwich Hospital. We felt quite unequal to enter into the subject until we had examined the localities, and this investigation, with our usual zeal for the interests of the public, we endeavoured to make later in the week. Not wishing to excite the apprehensions of the Hospitalers by any ostentatious parade, we occupied a balcony of the house of a lady of the

name of **HART**, whence we should have been able to examine the place at leisure, but for a sun-blind, which limited our view to the river. This, however, was of less consequence, as we had not been in our post for more than a few minutes, when it became necessary to adjourn to a neighbouring room for refreshment, and this occupied us until a late hour. We are able to speak in the highest terms of the refectory, especially of the salmon and hot pickles, the whitening omelette, the ducklings and asparagus, and the ices; nor must we omit a word of praise touching the only liquids which our simple and temperate habits permitted us to take, namely, the Sherry, Hock, Moselle Cup, Champagne, Cognac, Port, Claret, and Madeira. As regards the Hospital, we did not like to disturb the waiters by asking them questions, but we believe that the sailors are to have out-pensions, so that they can live with their friends, and that the Hospital is to be kept for the infirm, and that the payments are all to be made through the estimates; but as we shall shortly have occasion to visit an inhabitant of Greenwich, called **QUARTER-MAINE**, we shall make a point of inquiring more fully into that matter.

A curious little Bill was brought in to-day—we do not mean at Greenwich, as we had nothing to do with that detail—but in the House. **ARCHDEACON HALE** objects to the sale by auction of St. Bennet's Church, E.C., so a Bill is to be passed enabling the Auctioneer to knock down the sacred lot without the Archdeacon's leave.

Wednesday. After some debate, **SIR GEORGE BOWYER's** Bill for regulating the jurisdiction of the Inns of Court, was read a Second Time, but there be signs and tokens that it will be wrecked before long. **THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL** invited the Inns to say what they thought about it.

In the middle of this day arrived the news that **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**, the honest, kind-hearted, resolute President of the United States, had been foully murdered in a theatre at Washington on Good Friday last. It is not in this place that an attempt should be made to describe the fierce indignation felt all over this land, or the deep sympathy which

was so promptly testified towards our American brethren. But it is part of the Parliamentary story that the Commons assembled to-day hastened to sign an address of execration and condolence, and to present it to the American Minister.

Thursday. The Lords re-assembled, and EARL RUSSELL instantly gave notice that on the following Monday he should move an Address expressive of sorrow and indignation at the murder of MR. LINCOLN. EARL DERBY said that such an expression would not only meet the unanimous assent of the Peers of England, but would represent the feelings of every man, woman, and child in Her Majesty's dominions. In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY gave a similar notice.

To-day, MR. GLADSTONE brought forward the Budget. 'We are inclined to believe that it will not at all injure the chances of Ministerial Candidates at the coming general Election, though of course such a consideration never entered the head of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. By the way, his son—bless us all! MR. GLADSTONE himself was but the other day being schooled by LORD MACAULAY, as a young man of promise, but too much addicted to High Church—has been asked to stand for a borough. His answer is not exactly like that of LORD AMBERLEY. He is willing to stand, but would avoid dogmatizing, believing that being young, he ought to learn. Well said, G. Ails.

The Budget contains three points of importance:—

MR. GLADSTONE takes *Sixpence off the Tea-Duty*. All such reductions have hitherto been an excuse for raising the prices by the grocers, who invent the most extraordinary fictions for the mystification of Mother-familias, about there having been a deal of tea in bond, which it was now necessary to sell at a higher price on account of the warehousing system, and similar bosh, which sends her home with a wild cock-and-bull story, but a clear assurance that the housekeeping will not be less expensive. Let us hope that this time we may not be charged more because the duty is lower.

Twopence in the Pound comes off the Income-Tax. We should not have

mentioned—we love to do good by stealth—that this is *Mr. Punch's* doing, but MR. GLADSTONE has written to us, begging that we will supply his accidental omission. This important diminution, which reduces the tax to a GROAT, or shall we playfully say a JOE, was made by MR. GLADSTONE in consequence of *Mr. Punch's* intimation that unless it were made, he should oppose the Ministry at the General Election, and bring in LORD DERBY.

The Fire Insurance Duty is to be a *uniform Eighteenpence*. It must all come off sooner or later, but some people have that tenacious and slightly obstinate nature which will never do exactly and frankly the right thing. They will give you a cheque for £100, and snarl at you for taking one of their clean envelopes to put it in.

The rest of the Budget speech was made up of a historical survey, for which see the previous volumes of *Punch*, of a glorification of our prosperity, for which see our Cartoons, *passim*, and of a demolition of the views of the Conservatives about the Malt-Tax, for which see various of our brilliant articles and songs. Where should statesmen go for their diamonds, but to our Golconda!

Friday. The Temple of Justice Bill was read a Second Time in the Lords, the CHANCELLOR drawing so frightful a picture of the present inconveniences of the profession and the suitors that even LORD ST. LEONARDS was moved. But he disapproved of the Bill, and also deplored the prospect, in which LORD WESTBURY exulted, that there would soon be no difference between Law and Equity.

The thunder of the Commons is about to descend on one G. M. MITCHELL, for breach of privilege. There have been forged signatures to the petitions about AZSEM JAH! Something dreadful is to happen, but we have not yet heard whether MITCHELL is to be executed in Old or in New Palace Yard.

We suppose that the Members had been tired out at the Private View of the Royal Academy—(when MR. DISRAELI comes into office, we trust that he will remember the polite and considerate way in which we abstained from shoving ourselves before him while he was inspecting MR. MILLAIS'S "*Enemy Sowing Tares*")—we object to foreign parts, unless a diplomatic mission)—for they were Counted Out at dinner-time.

ANIMATED ADVERTISEMENTS.



CERTAIN of the American newspapers announce that landscape advertising is becoming quite the fashion now in Canada. Pretty waterfalls and rocks, and other picturesque and attractive bits of scenery, are seized upon by shopmen as good places for advertisements; and the beauties of Nature are defaced by ugly placards and hideous trade-posters. Where the tourists most do congregate to see a lovely landscape, they find painted in big letters the name of some quack pill-monger, or they see a staring placard telling them to go and "TRY SHODDY'S

SHILLING TROUSERS!" or else possibly advising them to "BUY BUGGINS'S CHEAP BEDSTEDS! WARRANTED INSECT-PROOF!!"

If this process should proceed, and Nature be thus turned to advertising purposes, we suppose that use will next be made of animated Nature, and that placards will be hung about the necks of birds and beasts, as well as posted on a hill-side, or stuck upon a tree. Elephants will have their broad sides plastered with the puffs of enterprising tradesmen, and placards will be fastened upon buffaloes and bison, porcupines and pigs. Camelopards will be trained to carry boards about their necks, in the manner of the boardmen lately stopped by the police; and rhinoceroses possibly will somehow be instructed to march in single file, with the name of some quack doctor painted on their carcasses. Just fancy the effect upon a frightened Cockney tourist of meeting in his travels a procession such as this! He never would forget the name he thus saw advertised, and would be sure to mention it to every one he talked to, which is just exactly what advertisers wish.

Birds, too, as well as beasts might be employed in this way, and be used with great advantage to disseminate trade puffs. Why should not pigeons have small handbills tied under their wings, while a like use might be made of partridges and pheasants? It would please a sportsman mightily, after bagging, say, a wild duck, to find a quack's advertisement fastened to its neck. He would be sure to tell his friends about the circumstance, and would announce it in a letter to some sporting print. This would be precisely what would suit a puffing shopkeeper. Publicity is what an advertiser aims at, and he little cares in what way he attains it. When once men take to advertise by painting upon rock-sides, and cutting names on trees, we may depend they will not shrink from any act of Nature-slaughter. All the beauties of Nature they will spoil as they are able, and deface them and deform them whether animate or inanimate. They would hunt a chamois merely to plaster it with puffs; and if they caught a bird of paradise, they would never hesitate to strip it of its plumage, if they could turn the plucking to account as an advertisement.

THE OBJECTS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

ON Wednesday last week a Confirmation was held by the BISHOP OF LONDON at Christ Church, Newgate Street, when, as a reporter puts it, "a large number of young members of Christ's Hospital were admitted to the ancient rite of the Church by the imposition of hands." In recording this event, we take the opportunity which it affords of reminding the Governors of the abovenamed establishment that, however satisfactory the progress and conduct of the Bluecoat boys may be in many respects, there is one particular wherein their habits are notoriously of the worst description. That is to say, their clothes are uncomfortable, ugly, and ridiculous in the extreme. To those who were confirmed the other day, the Bishop delivered an address on the nature of the ceremony which they had been engaged in, and of course he told them how they ought to walk; but anybody, who observes the clumsy shoes which those boys are studiously provided with, will see that they must experience the greatest difficulty in walking anyhow.

The Bluecoat boys, to keep appearances up with their name, might continue to wear blue coats, but coats of modern make; or rather they might begin to wear blue coats and leave off blue gowns. What necessity is there for furnishing them with caps too small to be wearable, and bedizenning them in yellow stockings, wanting but crossed garters to make them look like so many little *Malvolios*? If they must needs be clad in ridiculous attire because it was that of British youth in the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH, the foundation scholars of Eton ought, for their part, to be rigged out in the still earlier costume of the sixth HENRY; and, what is more, the Aldermen of London should themselves be obliged to go about apparelled in the style of the thirteenth century, or perhaps arrayed in the accoutrements of Gog and Magog.



APTENODYTES PENNANTIS, ESQ.

(A Sketch taken in the Zoological Gardens).

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.

To the philosophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion.

When hoops went out of vogue nigh a century ago, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions, until their skirts became so shrunken they could hardly move their feet within the limited circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again now Crinoline is doomed. The milliners of Paris have determined on reviving the "costume of the Empire" of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the mandates of the milliners. Already we see signs of the change which is approaching. Ladies fresh from Paris startle our eyes now-a-days by appearing in what at first sight we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course when once the tide sets in, all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their Crinoline, the Ladies will all look as though they had been put under a rigid course of BANTING. Our wives will be so altered that we shall hardly know them; and, when they walk out in their limp and scanty dresses, we shall at first be scarcely able to realise our happiness in missing the accustomed chafing of our shins.

To the philosophic mind it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort that there was, said they, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they protested that they wore them solely for that reason and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders at their vows, and rightly estimate their worth; but philosophy availed naught in its efforts to reduce the circumference of petticoats, which fashion had expanded and fashion only could contract. In its influence on Lovely Woman, philosophy will bear no comparison with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his words will be listened to, when fashion claims a hearing, is no better than a fool.

A FISHY TALE.

Mrs. CANDOUR (*log.*). There's no one that has a greater horror of scandal than I have, Mrs. SPEAKER; but one can't help making remarks promiscuous, you know. Now, there's Mrs. PERKS, what lives in that great House over yonder, a Lady that prides herself on her family connections and what not, and whose daughters all wear tippets trimmed with ermine. You've heard o' course about that little affair! No? Well, it's a fishy tale, Mrs. SPEAKER; a very fishy tale. So far as I can get at the rights of it, and setting aside all inflammatory reports, Mrs. PERKS, who was always considered a perfect lady in every respect, is in a very delicate state. You see we're all fallible creatures, and likely to be thrown off our guards. Mrs. PERKS was looking out

for what might be passing, when she saw a Man with what seemed a very nice plaice; so she went to the door, and she says, "What do you want for that plaice, my good man?" for it struck Mrs. PERKS that he hadn't come honestly by it. Well, it's not in my nature to be uncharitable: it's hard to judge your fellow-mortals, but we are called upon to believe that the man, smitten by conscience, instantaneously, so to speak, dropped the plaice and took to his heels. Such things have happened before; such things might happen agin. Well, Mrs. PERKS, naterally enough, took up the plaice, and said to herself this will do very nicely for DICKY; he's a pertickler fond of any kind of plaice; so she laid it on a shelf, and when DICKY came home she told him what had occurred, and he thanked Mrs. PERKS kindly.

But now comes the most marvellist part of this fishy tale. The plaice which seemed so nice and fresh as soon as it was put on the table, O, dear! every one in the house cried "poo!" and where's my salts? It was regularly, it was indeed, gamey; would you believe it? Mrs. PERKS was cut up dreadful. She couldn't help admitting, even while she held her vinaigrette up, that it was overpowering; and the worst of it is, they can't get the disagreeable smell out of the House. Brown paper has been burnt, RIMMER has been summoned, windows have been thrown up, and every means of ventilation tried agin and agin, but as MR. BARD says, "You may pint to the cause of sich fumes, if you will, but them wot's got noses will shun the plaice still."

A VOICE FOR THE VOICELESS.

THERE is an old saying that "Speech is silver, and silence is golden;" but there are people in the world whose silence is, unhappily, anything but golden to them, deprived, as they are, utterly of all power of speech. In London alone are some two thousand deaf and dumb, who, by their sad affliction, are prevented from pursuing many courses of employment which would otherwise be open to them. For these poor folk, who cannot speak a word for themselves, Mr. Punch would say a word to those who are disposed to do a kindly act. Anybody who is gifted with a bump of benevolence, can only need the very slightest hint from Mr. Punch that money is required to assist the deaf and dumb, who in part through their calamity are straitened in their means, and whose tongues are helpless in pleading for our help.

Thanks to MR. VILLIERS and his excellent Houseless Poor Act, our streets will soon be cleared of beggars by profession; and the money which has yearly been wasted on impostors will be available to aid such poor afflicted creatures as the deaf and dumb. Let the benevolent then put their hands into their pockets, and not take them out until they get to Regent Street, where, if they ask politely at Number 309, they may see a gentleman of the novel name of SMITH. He will be most happy to relieve them of the money they may chance to have about them, and to make a better use of it than would the street beggars, to whom, but for this notice, it might possibly have gone. As there are many deaf and dumb who are among the houseless poor, a building fund has properly been started for their housing; and MR. SMITH is the good Secretary to whom subscriptions may be paid for aiding this good work.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, BROTHER IGNATIUS at Easter performed some extraordinary services. To be sure, the services which this eccentric devotee ordinarily performs are extraordinary enough, but those which he performed at Easter appear to have been more than ordinarily extraordinary. Among the scenery of these performances was included a mimic sepulchre, with a figure in it, of which the description need not be copied. Suffice it to quote the statement that:—

"This sepulchre was thrown open to the public. At the entrance was a bowl, with the inscription, 'Offerings for the Sepulchre.'"

The establishment of BROTHER IGNATIUS includes a little boy called the "INFANT SAMUEL," the contriver, probably, of the arrangement above described, and author of its inscription, which looks very like "Remember the Grotto!" But whenever IGNATIUS walks abroad, no doubt he is followed by a multitude of street boys; and perhaps in adapting to the purposes of his imitative ceremonial analogies which he may have derived from the opening of the oyster-season, he has been pleased to take a lesson from a portion—likely to be the largest portion—of his own followers.

For the Drawing-Room.

(When there's a dead silence.)

My first is a bird; my second's a letter of the alphabet; my whole is some game.

Explanation. Crow. K. (*Croquet.*)



"TRYING."

Country Photographer (removing Cap from the Lens). "QUITE STRADY, NOW, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

[Not so easy with a Lively Wasp threatening your Nose—and the Negative is a failure.]

Abraham Lincoln.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
 How in good fortune and in ill the same:

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
 That God makes instruments to work his will,
 If but that will we can arrive to know,
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

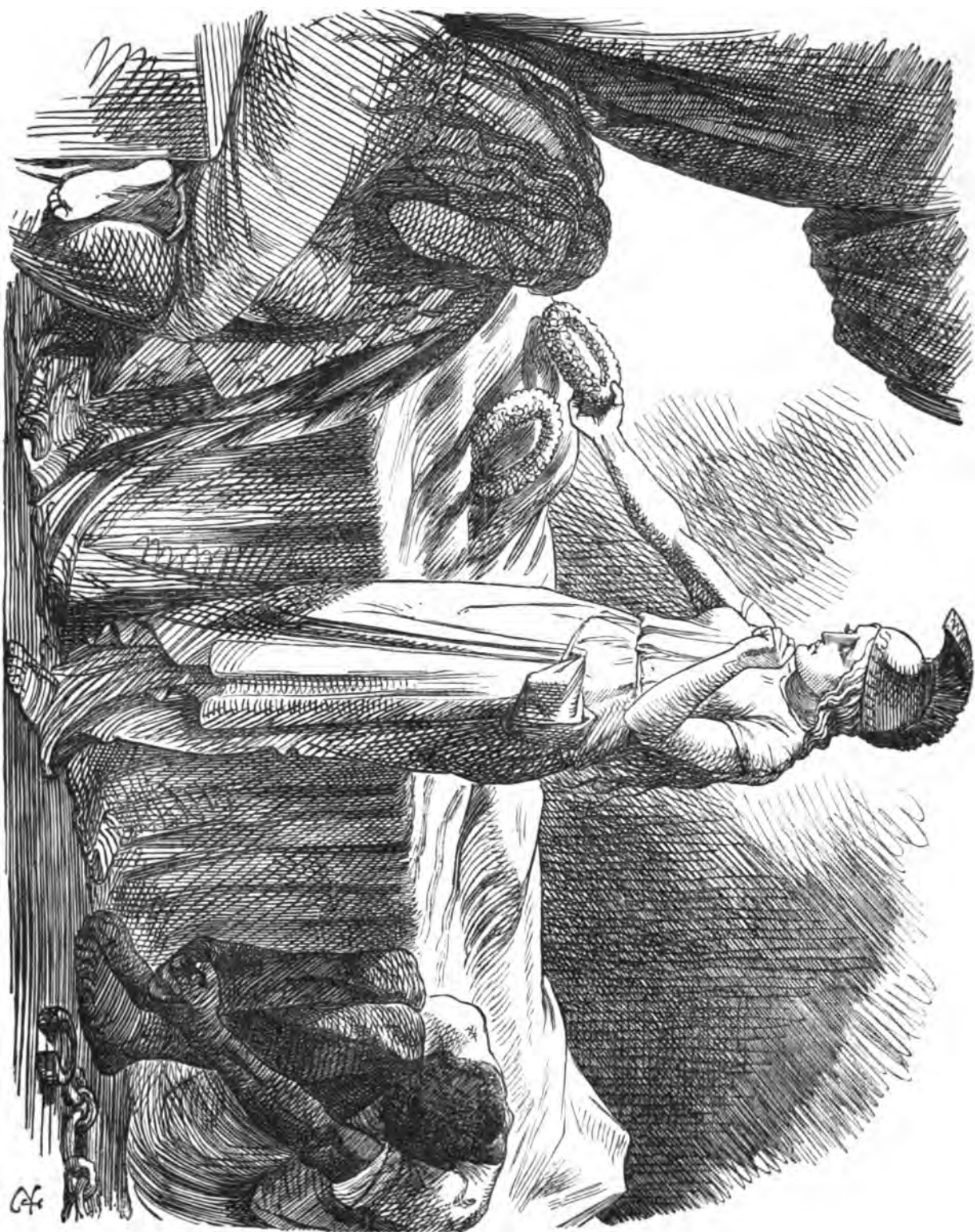
The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
 The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood:
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 6, 1865.



BRITANNIA SYMPATHISES WITH COLUMBIA.

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like CAIN'S, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.



WE are glad to see that one of our Universities is trying to combine instruction with amusement: we give the following notice for the ensuing Term:—

The Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, intends to give lectures in full Watteau-Arcadian costume. Students to attend as shepherds and shepherdesses. No one admitted without a mask of some sort. Clowns not allowed. This course will include a few words on Field-preaching, and the Laws of the Meads.

The Professor of Logic will lecture Mrs. Professor of Logic every morning at breakfast. No admittance except for children in arms.

The Savilian Professor of Geometry, will attend his own lecture whenever he likes.

The Professor of Music will sing a little thing of his own composition in the Senate House. To commence at 1 A.M. precisely. Professor MASSA GINGER will preside at the tambourine.

The Chichele Professor of International Law, will see any gentleman wishing for private instruction further first. He will, however, propose conundrums every day from two till four. Forfeits collected by the Junior Proctor.

The Sedleian Professor will give his usual entertainment of ventriloquism, and the beauties of the magnet, assisted by a Magic Lantern. Half-price at nine o'clock.

The Professor of Geology will give a Lecture on the Bones. After which, in connection with the nearest sporting event, he will explain the science of taking odds, and making a good betting-book on the Extinct Races of Animals. Admission to the grand stand by ticket only.

The Margaret Professor will have something to say on female University Education, the stretching board, positions, and will devote half-an-hour each day to giving a practical illustration of the first steps in dancing.

A NEW LIGHT.—When the Heroine of a Novel is represented as "becoming agitated on hearing the sound of her lover's step," it may be taken to mean that she was startled by the hollow of his foot.

A REAL BLESSING TO GRAZERS.

THE British Farmer of these days is a gentleman of fashion, so much of one, at least, as to have fashionable daughters, who play or sing all the new music, and read the *Morning Post*. In that excellent journal, therefore, the daughters of the British Farmer will have met with a leader relative to this spring season, and concerning, not indeed spring bonnets and spring toilettes, but spring crops, and the kindred subject of bucolic matters. Not, as merely fashionable young ladies, skipping this solid article, but, like sensible girls, giving it their attentive perusal, they will have no doubt been so forcibly struck with the ensuing remarks as to have been impelled to read them out to their papas:—

"Notwithstanding the deficiency of provender which must have been experienced in all parts of the kingdom, the animals look healthy, and the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will, we hope, have little occasion to interfere for their protection. Self-interest alone, generally speaking, induces people to take care of the inferior animals; and if railway companies would only construct troughs around their cattle trucks, for the purpose of holding water for the use of horned cattle and sheep during their transit from place to place—which could easily be filled at stations where detention is necessary, and where the engine has to be 'watered'—there would be little if anything to complain of in the present mode of sending live stock to market."

Just the very thing for the purpose specified by the *Post* has been devised by MR. REID, of Granton. A model of it was exhibited, last January, at a special general meeting of the West Lothian Agricultural Association. On the occasion of its exhibition, MR. REID, at the call of the Chairman, SIR WILLIAM BAILLIE, of Polkemmet, Bart., made a speech to explain the necessity for his invention; which is threefold. In the first place, by conveyance for long distances without water, animals suffer extremely. MR. REID asks:—

"Is it to be wondered at to see the animals leave the trucks at the end of the journey utterly exhausted, and the saliva often oozing from their noses and mouths, or to all appearance in a state of disease?"

Secondly, if anybody thinks the suffering of the cattle of no consequence, let him be undeceived by the information that their misery makes bad meat. In continuation, MR. REID observes, for the enlightenment of benighted indifference:—

"Indeed, any one acquainted with cattle slaughtered in that state knows that the beef has lost considerably in quality, and consequently the value of the animals is very much reduced, from the simple cause of the want of a timely supply of fresh water on the journey, which acts in a manner upon cattle easily observable to the most unpractised eye."

So the thirst of stock tells upon the breeder's pocket. Thirdly, the price of good meat, in competition with bad, is of course raised to Paterfamilias and the public, now, "when," as MR. REID reminded his hearers, "each pound of wholesome butcher's meat costs more than double the price it did a very few years ago." Think of that!

Good sound juicy beef and mutton, according to MR. REID, are rendered dry and coarse by the want of water on a long journey by rail. A late outcry about diseased meat was caused principally by this want of water. If stock, during transit, were properly supplied with water, the Railway carrying traffic would soon be doubled. Two to one on MR. REID'S invention.

By its use the scab on sheep would in a great measure be prevented, and that, of course, would promote the consumption of mutton. From the hose supplying the engine of a railway-train, "the stoppage of one minute would suffice to supply water to each truck fitted up with the patent watering trough," invented by MR. REID. The trucks would require to be watered only "at intervals of, say, from five to six hours." Is it necessary to say more?

No; but the farmers' daughters who read the article in the *Post* about the watering of stock, now that they have also read the foregoing statements respecting a clever contrivance for that purpose, will all exclaim, "Do, Papa, try and make those Railway Companies have their trucks all fitted up with MR. REID'S patent watering-trough to prevent thirst from tormenting poor cattle."

HAMLET AT VIENNA.

SHAKESPEARE, by the subjoined account from a contemporary, does not seem to be so carefully studied as he ought to be by Austrian actors:—

CONSEQUENCES OF MIMICKING A MINISTER.—An actor at Vienna named ASCHER has just been condemned to a week's imprisonment for having mimicked on the stage M. DE SCHMERLING, by gestures and by wearing the costume of an Austrian functionary; and also for introducing political allusions into a piece."

The Viennese comedian who ventured to offend M. SCHMERLING, and incur

"The deep damnation of his taking-off,"

to the extent of a whole week's durance, evidently had not read, or not considered, *Hamlet's* caution to the players respecting *Polonius*:—

"Follow that lord; and, look you, mock him not."

At Vienna the theatre is some way from Liberty Hall.



First Academician. "THE ACADEMY FOOLISHLY GAVE WAY, AND ADMITTED THE PICTURES OF THE (in a whisper) PRAPHAETES, AND WE'VE SEEN THE LAMENTABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THAT, AND HERE'S ANOTHER IMPERTINENT FELLOW THINKS HE'S A RIGHT TO PAINT ACCORDING TO HIS OWN NOTIONS. NOW, IF THIS YOUNG MAN'S RIGHT, STREAKIE, WE'RE ALL WRONG!"

Streakie, R.A. "PRECISELY."

First Academician. "TAKE IT AWAY, CHIPPS!"

SECRET SOCIETIES.

SIR,

THE Arnold Essay prize has this year been adjudged to MR. AMERICO PALFREY MARRAS, for his Treatise on "The Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," and I won't stand it. If his was a careful and accurate work, so too was mine; in proof whereof I send you some extracts, and demand from the public that justice which is denied me by the University umpires. MR. MARRAS, for example, makes no mention of "The Brothers of the Bleeding Nose," who bound themselves by the most horrid oaths, such as for instance (*here follow most horrid oaths*), never to reveal, or in any way make known, what anyone said to them. To such lengths did they carry this strict rule, that, to repeat to a third brother, on the authority of a first, any remark upon the fineness or wetness of the weather, was taken to be a breach of confidence punishable by the dagger.

Why does he omit all mention of "The Secret Fraternity of the Mystic Muffin," who used to meet every afternoon, about four o'clock, when summoned by the ringing of a small bell? This Brotherhood has come down to our own day, and the signal may even now be often heard in the more retired streets of our vast Metropolis. During the growth of this Society, womenkind have gradually been admitted, and, now-a-days, its most distinguished members are spinsters of forty, and others who evidently belong to the "Middle Ages." This Society has few secrets of its own, chiefly occupying itself in discussing those of other people. Their meetings are generally held by scandal-light. Like the Egyptians, who honoured the sign of *Tas*, so they exhibit a reverent joy at the first sign of Tea. The meeting is sometimes called a Drum, and the secret notice sent round to every member contains these mysterious words: "Half-past four: Drums and Crumpets." A refusal to attend, is couched in this form: "Blow the Crumpets!" There are a great many ceremonies to be observed on entering any one of these lodges, which vary according to the rank of the Lodge itself, and the dignity of the member. Thus, there is a Duchess's Lodge, a Countess's Lodge, and a Washerwoman's Lodge. In the last, boiling tea is solemnly poured into a saucer, blown upon by the member who holds it, and then taken down without winking. So severely is secrecy imposed upon all female members of the body, that they

never address each other without saying "*Mum*." MR. MARRAS has passed over many other Secret Societies, whose existence is such a secret, that I have been utterly unable to find out even their names.

I remain, Sir, yours in disgust,

AFRICANUS HOBBY.

THE BOONS OF THE BUDGET.

SING surplus, and reduction
Of taxes' horseleech suction,
The Budget's great construction,
And all the fruits of peace:
Wool of the golden fleece.
If we had all been geese,
In foreign broils engaging,
We now should be war waging,
And battle would be raging
Not soon about to cease.

Had we but been persuaded,
The Danes we might have aided,
When wrongfully invaded;
Have battled for the right,
With unavailing fight
Against o'erwhelming might,
And Southern recognition
Have yielded to petition;
Stood in a proud position,
But in a woful plight;

With Yankeedom contending,
In struggle far from ending
And bountifully spending
A million every day;
Each shot we fired away,
Designed to smash and slay,
Not prove a vain rebounder
From Ironsides, and founder,
A twenty sterling pounder:
Oh, that's the shot to pay!

Instead of warlike glories,
To pacify the Tories,
The Income-Tax, that bore, is
A lighter fine to be.
Some duty comes off tea,
And, though not wholly free,
The thrift of fire-insurance,
Long taxed beyond endurance,
(And arduous to the poor hence)
Is eased in some degree.

Much better this than labour
O'ertaxed for gun and sabre
Wherewith to kill your neighbour,
With violent blows and bumps,
And cuts, and thwacks and thumps,
While everywhere, in dumps,
Bereft friends mourn privation,
And fighting for the nation
Results in amputation,
And wooden legs, and stumps.

And when a war is ended
In blaze of triumph splendid,
For blood and cash expended
In most magnanimous mood;
For all this precious food
That we, severely screwed,
To powder have afforded,
Abused as mean and sordid,
For help we are rewarded
By sure ingratitude.

Fire! Fire!

It was noticed, on the night of the Budget, that when it became MR. GLADSTONE's duty to speak on the Insurance question, he warmed up with his subject, and got on like a house a-fire.

ON THE POPE IN HIS TEMPORAL CAPACITY.

PIO NONO;

Chi sono?

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HELPS TO YOUNG DRAMATISTS.

THE Young Dramatist will always find it an easier matter to write the middle, than either the beginning or ending, of his piece. Often and often is the juvenile aspirant bursting with racy dialogue, telling speeches, and startling situations, which can be of no possible value, even to their owner, unless the drama, of which they are to form part, has been fairly started. How many dramatic works have never seen light because their authors have despaired of ever fixing upon a first scene, we shall probably never—at least let us hope we shall never—know.

We propose giving a few forms for commencing and ending a drama, which will prove as serviceable to Young Dramatists, as are precedents of various contracts to a conveyancer.

THE MELODRAMA.

Say that you wish to write a Melodrama of the middle ages. You've got your situations, your plot, and your set speeches. You want names, a first scene, directions for entrances and exits, and a good finish. Here is your model:—

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of the Donjon Keep of D'Arcowrey Castle.*

The objection that you do not know what a Donjon Keep is, should have no weight with you: it hasn't with us. Stage directions:—

[*The Servants discovered laying breakfast. Old HUBERT the Seneschal superintending.*]

N.B. Always have a Seneschal on the stage whenever you can. It looks well in print, and must be more or less a good part. Of course you know that L.H. means left hand, R.H. right hand, c. for centre, and so forth.

Let Old HUBERT be standing R.H., and servants L.H. Table c.

The student is advised to note down in a book the names that occur here from time to time, as they will be invaluable to him hereafter. Whatever the nature of your piece, you can't do wrong in using this form of opening speech:—

Old Hubert. Bestir yourselves, my men. (*Sees one of the servants drinking out of a pitcher: stops him, and seizes it.*) What! ye lazy, drunken, idle varlet, is it thus ye make away with SIR REGINALD's best Malmsey? (*Drinks it himself. All laugh.*)

1st Servant. (N.B. This is an economy in names, which it appears, from theatrical usage, is always considered necessary in large establishments. Thus leaving JOHN, RICHARD, WILLIAM, and such like names for their betters, the Baron's followers are generally known as "1st Retainer," "2nd Retainer," "3rd ditto," and so forth; a plan that might, with some advantage, be adopted in hotels, or even private houses, where the Butler would be *1st Retainer*, Footman *2nd Retainer*, down to the boy in buttons, who might be fractional, say *3½ Retainer*. Well, the 1st Servant says to HUBERT—

1st Servant. But, MASTER HUBERT—

[Which isn't much for a 1st Servant to say. But he wouldn't have to make even that observation, were it not for our desire to get something out of old HUBERT for the information of the audience, who have not, as yet, had much opportunity of forming any very clear idea of the plot. So interrupts MASTER HUBERT, somewhat testily, as is the fashion with Seneschals:—]

Old Hubert. But, forsooth! Give me none o' your buts. SIR REGINALD would want many a butt in his cellar an thou hadst 'em all for thy mouth. (*Servants laugh.*)

[This is a Shakspearian jest, and will set the audience in a good humour.]

Old Hubert. To your work, ye knaves! SIR REGINALD's new lady-wife—Heaven save the mark!—will not (&c., &c., whatever she won't, according to your own arrangement of plot, and conception of character).

Old Hubert (after finishing this sentence). But gramercy, I recollect—*All (coming forward).* A story! A story!

Old Hubert. Nay, 'tis no story; but I recollect—(*tells them what he recollects; and here we are in the midst of your plot.*)

The story being over,

Johanna (Old Hubert's niece, who has been listening intently. N.B. it is always well to introduce female interest as early as possible into a piece). And so the stranger never returned?

Old Hubert. I know not; but as the clock struck twelve (*Clock, of course, strikes twelve*) a dark figure was seen to cross, (*a dark figure is seen to cross*) and then with uplifted arm to—(*some crime or other: the dark figure uplifts the arm and—*) When, &c. &c.

[This will take you well into your Melodrama or Romantic Tragedy: it might even suit a farce, though perhaps hardly light enough for the modern productions of the last class.]

THE NAUTICAL DRAMA

Offers uncommon opportunities for jumping into the middle of your plot; thus:—

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of the Three Jolly Anchors, Chertsey. Sailors and Watermen discovered drinking. Fiddler playing. Pedlars selling their wares to Lauses.*

1st Sailor. And where's BEN BILBOWS? (*Your chief character.*)

Enter BEN BILBOWS, c.

Ben. Here! (*Sensation.*)

[This direction for a "sensation," means that all on the stage are to make a movement of some kind, and look at one another with faces expressive of anything that comes into their heads.]

Ben. Ah, lads! when the mizen's a capstan's turn from the hillyards, it isn't the largest craft as ports a helm.

2nd Sailor. What do you mean?

Ben. Why, messmates, &c., &c. (*Explains, and tells the required story.*)

A *bond fide* Tragedy should commence with three rather unimportant characters, say rebels, who will enter from a wood, or a palace, or a river, or anywhere.

1st Retainer. LORD WINDYMERE walks late o' night.

2nd Retainer (darkly). Ay, that does he.

3rd Retainer. See, where he comes. (*They retire up watching.*)

Enter LORD WINDYMERE, slowly, L.H.

Lord Windymere. To live or not to live, that is the matter That puzzles me: oh life, life, life! (*Looks up.*) The traveller Who rests at e'en upon the dewy grass, Knows not what 'tis (*looks down*) to have upon the mind— (*Here mention what it is he has upon his mind.*)

1st Retainer (aside to 2nd Retainer). Marked you that?

2nd Retainer (aside to 1st Retainer). He is disturbed.

3rd Retainer (having no one to talk to, mutters) Aye.

Lord Windymere. There is a time in the affairs of—(*sees Retainers*) Ha! (*To them.*) Saw you the ghost last night?

Retainers. We did, my Lord. But tell us—

Lord Windymere. Listen. Many years ago,

Before the &c. &c.,

My father sitting in his &c. &c.,

Observed a &c. &c. And so on.

THE SCREAMER.

The opening of a Farce presses into its service the essence, as it were, of all the foregoing forms.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-Room elegantly and comfortably furnished. Doors R.H., L.H., c., L. 1st.E., L. 2nd.E., R. 1st.E., R. 2nd.E., &c. &c. N.B. Always have as many doors as possible: there's no knowing who may want to hide themselves in the course of the piece. The centre door leads on to a garden. French windows with curtains R. and L. Some one can hide behind these too. Large old fashioned fireplace, R.H. (here's another chance for concealment). A screen stands near the middle of the room. (No farce arrangements are complete without a screen.) TIMOTHY, the bustling comic servant, discovered laying breakfast things at small table, L.H.*

Timothy. Past ten o'clock, I declare, and Master not down yet. Ah, if this irregularity goes on, I shall have to cut—knife—but not before my wages are paid—salt—I should like to give MR. CODDLEWINK a bit of my mind—but since he's been married—spoon—he gets blown up by Missus—Gunpowder—that's all right to a—Tea—T: Lor, she does give him—pepper—a scolding to be sure. Now I've got all the breakfast things together—mustard—and so—

Enter chirpy Waiting Maid. (*Call her MRS. CHIRPY, it's a very good name.*)

Timothy. Well, MRS. CHIRPY, you do look 'ansome this morning. (*Tries to kiss her: she smacks his face.*)

Chirpy. Don't take no liberties, MR. TIMOTHY. Talking of liberties, who was that tall stranger that, &c. &c. &c. &c. Because Missus wishes you to give him, &c. &c.

And so on for that. Then when they've well led up to the plot let CHIRPY say, "But here comes MR. CODDLEWINK," which will be at once a capital entrance for him, and an admirable exit for them. So far for the present.

Operatic Problem.

Prob. Supposing that of two rabbits one was yours, and the other wasn't; supposing that by mistake you took the latter; find out what celebrated Italian singer this would be like?

Ans. The wrong-coney. (RONCONI.)



"COMPARISONS ARE," ETC.

Hansom Caddy (to Driver of Cheap Omnibus). "NOW, THEN, SAM! ME AND MY SWELL WANTS TO CATCH A TRAIN! DO GET ON WITH THAT NOB'S HARK OF YOURN."

TAXES.

A HINT or two on this subject will not, we feel sure, be thrown away upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Supposing the present duties were taken off several things, an enormous revenue might be obtained by levying taxes as follows:—

On every "good story" told more than three times by the same person.

A Tax upon any one talking about the weather.

Upon all amateurs on the flute, violin, and cornet, without exception.

Upon all after-dinner speeches over three minutes in length.

Upon all young ladies singing Italian songs without understanding the language.

Upon all young ladies or gentlemen singing any song whatever, and, by their affected pronunciation, rendering the words totally unintelligible.

All long wandering stories without any point ought to be heavily taxed.

A Tax on all dramas "taken from the French."

On extensive Crinolines.

Enormous Tax on all pianoforte variations, and specially upon those on the "*Carnival de Venise*."

On all bad dinners, and the heaviest Tax possible on bad wine.

Upon all burlesques and all bad puns, specially any play on the words "belle," "beau," as for instance, to say of the prettiest young lady at the dinner-table, that she is "the dinner bell;" or that a "beau" ought to be brought up at "arrow;" and all such jokes as involve the twisting of the words "Eton," "Harrow," "Father and farther," "Rain and reign," "Heir, air, hare, that ere, they air (for 'they are')," "Gait and gate," "Nose, knows, and noes," "Knight and night," and all such jokes whose fun depends upon the omission, or addition, of the letter H.

There should be a duty placed upon all jokes on the names of popular artists and authors; thus there should be twopence levied on every trifling with MELLOW, PYNE, STIRLING COYNE, KRAK, FECHTER, TOOLK, and so forth.

The most fearful Tax upon irreverent jesting on the word PUNCH.

A Tax upon Mothers-in-law. Heavy.

A Tax on BANTING.

A Tax on BANTING's followers.

A Tax on every speech of Mr. WHALLEY's.

A Tax upon anyone who objects to smoking in a railway carriage.

A Tax of 100 per cent. on everyone who won't lend you five shillings.

A Tax upon every sermon that shall exceed fifteen minutes.

A Tax upon everyone who doesn't take in *Punch*. This, of course, will not yield many halfpence annually.

And if the above list does not suffice, then let there be a Tax on everybody and everything indiscriminately. God save the QUEEN!

DIVIDING THE WOOLSACK.

"THIS EDMUNDS case," said WESTBURY,

Sarcastic, smooth and cool,

"Will prove a case of ample cry,

But very little wool."

Quoth CHELMSFORD, as on WESTBURY

He turned a scornful back,

"Though we perhaps don't get the wool,

You ought to get the sack."

POLITICAL AND OPERATIC.

At some forthcoming aristocratic Private Theatricals, EARL RUSSELL and his Son will, it is hoped, appear in a new version of the popular Opera *La Sonnambula*, to be on this occasion entitled, *My Son-Amberley*.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW!—A Gentleman who is perpetually being told, by Ladies and others, that he is an ugly customer, wishes to meet with some pretty person with whom he could exchange looks.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 1. In the Lords EARL RUSSELL moved, and LORD DERBY seconded, and in the Commons SIR G. GREY (LORD PALMERSTON being ill) moved, and MR. DISRAELI seconded, an address to the QUEEN, expressing sorrow and indignation at the assassination of MR. LINCOLN, and praying Her Majesty to communicate those sentiments to the Government of the United States. In each case the motion was unanimously agreed to; in the Lords VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who

had sojourned in other days in America, adding a few words of testimony to the worth of the murdered President. Later in the week, HER MAJESTY'S replies were delivered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and by LORD PROBY. The QUEEN (be it mentioned here that the Royal Widow has addressed an autograph letter of kindly sympathy to the Republican Widow) entirely participates in the sentiments of the Houses, and has given directions to SIR FREDERICK BRUCE, our Minister at Washington, to make known the feelings of the QUEEN and people of England to the American Government.

May Day. As was predicted by *Mr. Punch*, the Bill for doing away with certain Declarations by Dissenters, on taking office, came to grief. LORD HOUGHTON moved it in a clever speech, and LORD DERBY opposed it, stating, however, that the Declaration was not worth the paper it was written on, if regarded as a protection to the Church. But he thought that the enemies of the Church were excessively Cocky, and that as giving up one thing only led to their demand of another, he should take the liberty of shutting them up on the present occasion. The Bill was thrown out by 73 to 49. Speaking impartially, yet with allowance for human nature, *Mr. Punch* is not inclined to be too severe about this, for there was a Liberation Society holding conferences in London, and day by day proclaiming in the most exultant manner, that either by sap or by storm it was doing all sorts of damage to the Church. And this Bill was part of its programme. A statesman should do right in spite of friends whom he despises, and enemies whom he hates, but LORD DERBY is not perhaps so entirely angelic as one of his political friends.

MR. FRITH paints a picture of the Derby Day. MR. JACOB BELL buys it, and hands it to MR. GAMBART to exhibit for five years. MR. BELL bequeaths the picture to the National Gallery, and goes where the good Quakers go. The trustees ask the executors for the picture. The executors ask MR. GAMBART for the picture. MR. GAMBART says that he has sent the picture to the uttermost parts of the earth, but he thinks it may be home in August. This is MR. THOMAS BARING's answer to MR. GREGORY. The Horses of Venice, previously catemned the most travelled of artistic works, have been stay-at-homes compared with the Horses of England—which the picture does not represent, by the way, as it represents the period "between races;" but we were not going to lose an allusion and a chance of showing our elegant knowledge, for the sake of accuracy, though we explain the truth, for the sake of conscientiousness.

An admirable measure, worth a hundred clap-trap Bills, was read a Second Time. It is a Government Bill, and is for the Amendment of the Law of Partnership. The attempt to reform the law in this particular has been made before, but in vain; and the usual cackle about innovation, speculation, and fraud has been uttered. But the House of Commons read the Bill a Second Time to-day by 196 to 39, so that its ultimate success is a mere question of time. When it is passed, we incline to think that we shall put a little money into MR. THOMAS BARING's house, notwithstanding his having opposed the Bill.

Tuesday. My Lords send the Public Schools Bill to a Select Committee, who will hear counsel. We hope the Blue Coat School will appear, and beg to be deprived of its breeches.

A final attempt was made by the obstructives to delay the passing of the Courts of Justice Bill, but LORD WESTBURY declared emphatically that nothing would ever be done if nothing was ever begun, and that for forty years we had been considering, and hesitating, and postponing, and he fairly shoved the House over the fence. Resistance was put down by 55 to 33, and the Bill, and also the Concentration Bill went ahead. LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that the proposed edifice would require a MICHAEL ANGELO, whom he did not see. Let him call at 85, Fleet Street, and see the required MICHAEL.

Many Indian officers have a grievance, arising out of the transfer of the Com-

pany's Army to the Queen. CAPTAIN JERVIS moved an address for redress. Government opposed, SIR CHARLES WOOD arguing elaborately and incomprehensibly against the plea. But Government were beaten by 49 to 39. This reminds us that the HON. GEORGE DENHAM ought to be at once put to death. We have the utmost personal respect for him as a gentleman, a lawyer, and an athlete, but he must really die the death and be slain as a traitor. He actually argued, in an Indian case the other day, that the QUEEN, in regard to India, was no Queen at all, but only a Trustee for JOHN COMPANY. Will he oblige us by sending a note to SIR JOHN FOX BURGON, who, we rejoice to see, has had his long and admirable services recognised by his being made Constable of the Tower, and say when it will be convenient for him, MR. DENHAM, to attend on Tower Hill. Why MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN did not commit him on the spot is a question which like How Does the Water come Down at Lodoro? is more easily asked than answered.

Bank Notes of England are to be made a legal tender in Ireland. To do our Irish fellow-creatures justice (though it is just the thing they don't like) we never knew them refuse any little document of the kind. But they may require new lights on banking subjects. It was in Ireland that the people of a town, having a certain banker, collected all his notes and burned them publicly, in order to ruin him.

Wednesday. Began the BAINES Bother—every incident requires a name, for easy reference. Of course, we could say that this debate was upon MR. BAINES's measure for reducing the franchise in boroughs from £10 to £6 per annum. MR. BAINES moved the Second Reading, MR. BAZLEY seconded it, and LORD ELCHO moved the previous question, MR. BLACK supporting him, and MR. LEATHAM speaking for the Bill. Then did rise MR. ROBERT LOWE in all his force, and, speaking as a Liberal, and one who had suffered for being one (the Tories who had driven him from office here blushed like cabbage-roses) he warned the Liberals against an alliance with Democracy. He cited the celebrated petition of three millions of the people against paying the interest of the National Debt as proof of the mode in which sacred matters would be dealt with, if we took power from education and property and give it to those who live on weekly wages. He said that any man could have the suffrage, if he chose to give up 120 quarts of beer in the year, that the man who would not make that sacrifice did not deserve the trust, and that it ought not to be degraded. He made a vigorous and emphatic appeal against swamping the representation. The House was astonished, but cheered, and when he sat down, and a Scotch lawyer rose, they would not have him, but called on MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, as they wanted to be treated pleasantly after excitement. The proceedings ended in a row over the adjournment, and after a scene which was laughable enough, the debate "dropped through" at a quarter to six. How MR. LOWE has since been abused by certain organs it is needless to say, but he is as well as can be expected.

Thursday. LORD DERBY, in seconding the motion for the address to the American Government, had said that if the South had countenanced the assassination, they would have been guilty of what was worse than a crime—a blunder. His friend and fellow-translator, LORD HAVENSWORTH asked him for a translation of this phrase, which has been severely commented upon. This gave LORD DERBY a double opportunity—he explained that he had used the words only in the sense of their reputed author, the esteemed and respected TALLEYRAND, who meant to say that NAPOLEON THE FIRST, when he murdered the Duc d'ENGHIEN, did that which was more seriously mischievous, his own position considered, than a private crime could be. LORD DERBY also could not have supposed, until informed by LORD HAVENSWORTH, that anyone could have misunderstood him. This was a polite way of informing the *Times* that he does not read its leading articles.

LORD ST. LEONARDS opposed an Irish Law Reform Bill because it struck at the existence of dealings between attorneys and landowners, and transferred conveyancing business to a Court of Record. If any reader hastily imagines that because we are writing of a great, grave, learned Law Lord, we must have written "opposed" in mistake for "warmly supported," that reader should look to the Reports, and, though the statement is almost incredible, he will find that we are correct. We shall hear of his Lordship's opposing Vaccination next, because it strikes at the existence of Small-Pox.

We thought that Irishmen never ran away from their wives. Our own acquaintance with Irishwomen compels us to say that a man who would abandon one of them is an ass whom it were base flattery to call a rascal. But LORD BELMORN is passing a Bill to give relief to Irish wives in such circumstances.

The chronicle of the week would be incomplete without a note that the House of Commons had had a laugh at MR. DABBY GRIFFITH. He questioned MR. GLADSTONE on the fact that the *Times* announced, in advance, the three main features of the Budget. MR. GLADSTONE said that he had not desired such an anticipation of his statement, and that he was quite sure that none of the clerks had split, especially as he had not told them what he was going to do. To save unpleasantness, we may as well mention that we read his Budget, overnight, by means of Spirits, and sent the points to the *Times*, because, publishing after the speech, we could have made no use of them.

The Tea-Men have really a grievance. MR. GLADSTONE, last time he reduced the duty, said that the arrangement was final. Therefore, they bought largely, and ask for a drawback. He frankly admitted that he had talked Finality (it came of sitting so long near EARL RUSSELL), and therefore he agreed to postpone the Reduction until the 1st of June. After that, Materfamilias, mind your grocer. The Budget went merrily through the Committee, and the CHANCELLOR slashed cleverly at the Anti Malt-Tax speakers. Does he remember that famous night, or rather morning, in 1852, when he smashed at once a Budget and a Ministry, and was specially vigorous against MR. DISRAELI for proposing to lay on a House Duty, and take off half the Malt-Tax? It was one of the best speeches we ever heard him deliver, for, having been purposely prevented from speaking until very late, he was obliged to condense his arguments with sledge-hammer hits? We never forget anything.

The Irish were funny to-night, MR. HENNESSY complained that the LORD LIEUTENANT had struck all Irish music out of the Dublin Exhibition programme, whereas there had never been any in it, unless HANDEL is considered, in Ireland, to have been an Irishman because he produced the *Messiah* in Dublin.

"To wake, to stir, to fire the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
Expel him, Dulness, or you sleep no more!"
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

Also some Irish Members, with MR. WHALLEY to aid, had a pleasant little historical discussion on King OLIVER CROMWELL's policy in Ireland. We like these things—they show education.

Friday. The Committee of Lords have reported in the Brougham-Edmunds-Westbury matter. Dear old HENRY BROUGHAM is spotless, as England and *Punch* knew and said from the first. His brother has to explain away a good deal, and we hope he will be able to do so. EDMUNDS's conduct is condemned, and the CHANCELLOR is censured, but is freed from all imputation of unworthy motives. LORD DERBY, to-day, corrected an error in the report, and declared that the Committee were unanimous in the qualified acquittal of LORD WESTBURY.

There was an interesting British Museum debate in the Commons, MR. GREGORY leading off. MR. GLADSTONE did his best to remove the idea that Government had sulked and shied the subject ever since the House had peremptorily refused to assent to certain Kensington designs. It is intended to increase the National Gallery, and a Museum scheme is under consideration. Considering the vast quantity of cant which is talked about Art, the condition of our priceless treasures is a pleasing illustration of British consistency.

HELPS TO YOUNG DRAMATISTS.

HAVING already treated at some length of the commencements of various Dramatic pieces, we will now attempt to aid the efforts of the young Dramatist, who may be at a loss as to the sharpest and most telling Finish to his piece. We hasten to give certain forms which, as before stated, will serve as most useful precedents. As in some of the previous instances, the aspiring juvenile must fill in the dashes, stars, &c., with names of his own choosing.

First let us take the finish of a Melodrama:—

SCENE—*The Precipice of the Black Rock.*

Three Stars (the villain, waving papers). I triumph yet! these papers—
[*Murmurs heard without.*]

Enter JO BLANK, hitherto the villain's accomplice.

Jo Blank. —are forgeries! Seize him! [*Peasants seize THREE STARS.*]

Mary Dash. And the child—

Sir Richard Doubleblank. —was not drowned. She is—

The Child (who was not drowned). Here!

[*Rushes into her Mother's arms.*]

All. Ah!

Three Stars (addressing Jo Blank particularly). Dog! (to every one generally) Ha! Ha! (breaks from Peasants). Three Stars has lived a bold and fearless life, and thus he'll die.

[*Shoots the Officer R.H., shoots the Officer L.H., throws JO BLANK into a corner. Waves his hand aloft, and jumps with a despairing yell over the precipice.*]

Lionel Two-dashes (to his benefactor). What do we not owe you?

Mary. Ah! (embraces some one).

Lionel (advancing to the footlights). And if our friends in front will only show that we have earned their smiles, then indeed shall all here have good cause to remember the M-blank Dash—

Mary. —and the Maid of the Biscuitastesters. [Curtain.]

As all Plays must have a final appeal to the audience, it becomes merely a question as to which is the best form of address. We strongly advise the general use of "Our kind friends in front."

THE TRAGEDY.

Let us suppose that some rising genius has written a Tragedy in Seven Acts. Mind this is only a supposition, never, let us hope, to be realised.

How shall he finish this Tragedy? Thus:—

Lady Doubleblank (supporting the dying form of Rollo in her arms). He yet breathes! Water! Water! [*Assent Domestic to fetch water.*]

Rollo (faintly, calling for another element). Air! Air!

[*Domestics appear puzzled, and look at one another anxiously.*]

Lady Doubleblank (to Dash, a villain of the deepest dye). This is thy work, DASH!

Dash (who has recently taken poison). Ha! Ha! I triumph! I—(feels qualms) I—what is this? (alluding to the qualms) my brain is reeling! I—(feels more qualms, and staggers) I faint—I—I die—and (looking as maliciously as he can towards ROLLO) my victim is—Ah!

Rollo (raising himself on his right arm). Recovering!!

Dash. Ah!

Rollo (to Lady Doubleblank, faintly). Your hand, Mother—your hand— [Dies.]

Lady Doubleblank (leaning affectionately over him, and looking towards the Audience). My hand! what good can that do thee? But if our kind friends in front will only smile upon our efforts to amuse them (ROLLO dies) then—(perceives what has happened) Ah!

[*Screams and falls on the body. Slow music. All take off their hats, and stand reverently as the Curtain descends on the tableau.*]

[The above example, we venture to think, is a very happy illustration of the neatest mode of appealing to the audience in the usual "Tag" form, without interfering with, or in any way departing from, the business of the play.]

THE COMEDY.

A Comedy finishes of course with a rhyming Tag.

Mrs. Dashstars. Well, me must speak a Tag.

Miss Stardash.

Of course, my dear.

Lord De Blanks (alluding to Audience). And they'll employ their hands.

Miss Lucy Asterisk (pointedly). Yes—strike, but hear."

Bissetter (taking his Wife's hand). Well, I for one shall never "call again." (alluding to some joke in the piece).

Mrs. Bissetter. No, you at least, my dear, cannot complain. (alluding to something else).

A Hunting Squire. Yoicks, tallyho!

His Grandmother.

Be quiet, SAMPSON, do.

Don't use your hands like that.

Mrs. Dash. His hands? But you (to Audience)

Who've heard us plead, will kindly judge our cause,

And let your verdict be applause, applause.

For our success we've mainly you to thank,

Come every night to see Dash Three Stars Blank. [Curtain.]

THE BURLESQUE.

The finale for a Burlesque is the simplest thing possible. Choose a good tune. Prefix to the musical Tag a couplet, running in this fashion:—

If (to Audience) you are pleased, boys, girls, and Pas and Maa,
Then smile on Blankum, or the Magic Stars.

Finale.

Air—Some popular one: a fast galop.

Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile,

For all that we can say—

Is tiddleyum ti toodleum

And tiddleyum ti day.

Chorus. Tiddleyum ti toodleum ti toodleum ti day,

Toodleum ti tiddleyum ti toodleum ti day. [Curtain.]

With this spirit-stirring, soul-inspiring Finale we leave the young

* This being a well-known line, will, if arduously spoken, be sure to win a laugh. Of course it means nothing, but that doesn't matter.

Author to his meditations, feeling sure that when, in years to come, he has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, he will gratefully acknowledge the deep lasting obligations that he is under to the valuable precedents contained in our Helps to Young Dramatists.



JONES DURING A TRIP TO FRANCE HAS A TROUBLED DREAM.

OLD JOHNSON !

THERE is a cry about Mile End,
Wherein their breath the street-boys spend,
'Tis feared, with purpose to offend :
Old JOHNSON !

And if you ask them what's the joke ?
They take a sight, and answer "Coke."
With too plain object to provoke
Old JOHNSON !

To what coke do these urchins rude
So unbecomingly allude,
Hallooing, in derisive mood,
Old JOHNSON !

A child was charged with stealing, out
Of MR. JOHNSON'S yard, about
An ounce of coke ; that's why they shout
Old JOHNSON !

The Magistrate before whom came
The case, declared it was a shame ;
So thinking, idle boys exclaim,
Old JOHNSON !

"Had he no children of his own ?"
Asked PAGEY ; "had he never known
Childhood himself ?" but oh, why groan
Old JOHNSON !

"'Tis," said his Worahip, "a disgrace,
And shame ought to suffuse your face ;"
He added, "I dismiss the case."
Old JOHNSON !

Old JOHNSON ! now is all the cry
With disrespectful youth, oh fie !
How wrong to bawl he goes by,
Old JOHNSON !

LATEST HOME INTELLIGENCE.

FEARFUL RIOTS IN THE NURSERY.

(Per Back-Stairs and Top-Attic Telegram.)

10 a.m.—The Government troops, under Nurse, have retired for a time.

10 15 a.m.—Rumours of a disturbance has reached the Kitchen. Almost all the children are in arms.

Drawing-room Floor. 10 20 a.m.—It is here reported that the rebel-leader, Master CHARLEY, aged five, with the small force of infantry at his command, has made a sudden raid upon the cradle. This movement has been frustrated by the rapid advance of the Government arms under Nurse.

The rebel-leader has retired to some distance, but it is expected only for the purpose of recruiting his army.

The Siege of Toy. 10 45 a.m.—The inhabitants of Noah's Ark were violently aroused from their repose by a fierce cannonade from the united forces of wooden and tin soldiers.

Little HARRY, in command, at once threw out such useless live stock as the elephant with a broken trunk, the guinea-pig, the antelope with three legs, the duck with one, and a couple of common flies.

The cannonade is still kept up by CHARLEY, the Major.

10 50 a.m.—Capture of two distinguished foreigners in long coats and round hats, with sticks in their hands, supposed to be SHEM and HAM. JAPHET and the rest have escaped with MASTER HARRY. Surrender of the Ark.

11 a.m.—Miss POPPY has taken part with MASTER HARRY against MAJOR CHARLEY.

CHARLEY has refused to give up the troops (chiefly Prussian mercenaries, tin soldiers) under his command.

A diversion has been created on the right by the cavalry (the Rocking-Horse) under MASTER HARRY.

11 15 a.m.—Miss POPPY has made an attack on the rebels' artillery, and succeeded in capturing one metal gun loaded with a pea.

General engagement.

11 20 a.m.—The Government force, under Nurse, has advanced between the contending parties, and has managed to cover the retreat of Miss POPPY, who, however, has left a doll in the hands of the rebels.

12 noon.—The rebel force refuses to deliver up Dolly. Government troops have sent for aid to head-quarters.

12 5 p.m.—Dolly is to be delivered up on condition that the captured piece of ordnance is immediately restored.

Terms accepted.

All parties engaged in the peaceful operations of building, laying out farms, and planning a line of railway for general traffic, under the supervision of a Maternal Government.

1 p.m.—Banquet given by the authorities in celebration of the Peace. Some slight disturbances arose about pudding-time, but were promptly put down.

2 30 p.m.—Withdrawal of Government troops with the dinner-tray. Renewal of Riots.

Storming the Cradle ! Abduction of the Baby !!

Fearful engagement between Government troops, under Nurse, and the rebels.

Rescue of the Baby from a most perilous position in the doll's perambulator.

3 p.m.—Triumph of the Government forces.

Court-Martial on MASTERS CHARLEY, HARRY, and MISS POPPY. Sentence, bed.

The sentence duly carried out.

4 p.m.—All is quiet.

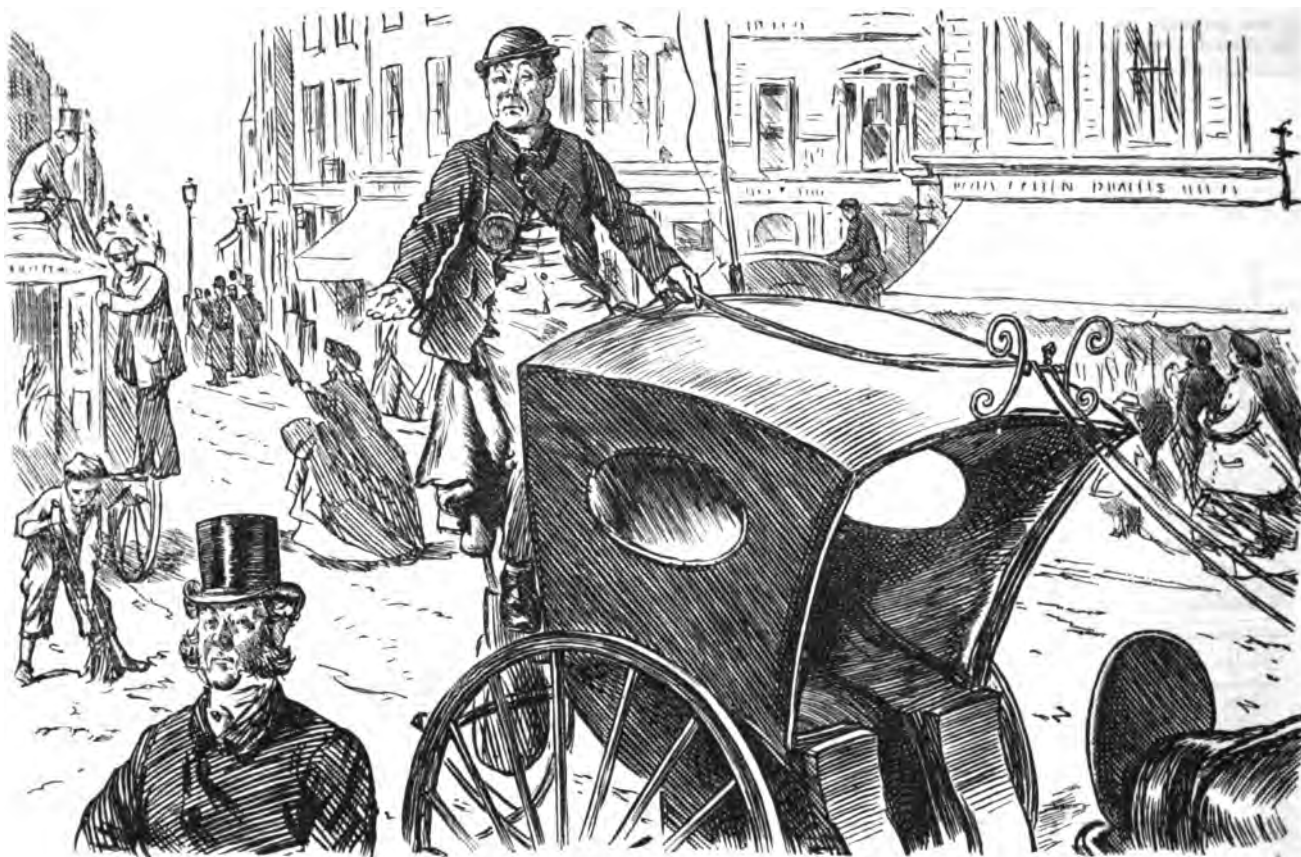
No further disturbances.

Conservative Economy at Oxford.

SOME of the so-called Conservative party are engaged in a conspiracy with the object of unsentencing MR. GLADSTONE for the University of Oxford at the next election, and putting in his place MR. GATHORNE HARDY : surely an enterprise of desperate foolhardiness. It is hard to imagine what any Conservatives can expect to conserve by opposing the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Do they desire to conserve the taxes from any further reduction ?

QUESTION FOR ANGLICANS.

WHICH of the two did the old port-wine school of Clergymen prefer, "Bishop" the Beverage, or BEVERIDGE the Bishop ?



GOOD INVESTMENT.

Cabby. "Ah, Sir, if I had laid out my money all my life, as well as you've laid out this shillin', I should 'a been a rich man by this time!"

LETTER FROM A LADY-SPIRIT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN vain do we boast of the enlightened Eighteenth Century, and conceitedly talk as if human reason had not a manacle left about her, but that philosophy had broken down all the strongholds of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition, and yet at this very time MESMER has got £100,000 by animal magnetism in Paris, and MATWANDUC is getting as much in London. There is a fortune-teller in Westminster who is making little less. LAVATER's physiognomy books sell at fifteen guineas a set. The divining-rod is still considered oracular in many places. Devils are cast out by seven ministers; and to complete the disgraceful catalogue, Slavery is vindicated in print, and defended in the House of Peers.

I addressed the above remarks in September, 1788, to the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE. Information which I have received from various ghosts that have lately arrived in the Fields, induces me to take the liberty of asking you how much (besides names and dates) I should have to alter, were I to address the letter to his descendant, the Right Hon. SPENCER HORATIO WALPOLE, M.P., seventy-seven years later than the date of the epistle I have quoted. I hear of Spirit Rapping, Meamerism, Homeopathy, Puseyism, Phrenology, Fortune-telling, the Divining-rod, the Defence of Slavery, and other characteristics of the enlightened Nineteenth Century.

I will write to you again in 1942, and repeat my inquiry, *mutatis mutandis*, if a lady may be pardoned for quoting in a classic language.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

Elysian Fields, May, 1865.

HANNAH MORE.

P.S. I learn that the theatre still survives. Do you not think that the performance of my *Sacred Dramas* would effect much good?

SONG TO BE SUNG ON ENTERING A CHEAP DINING-ROOM.—"*Sleep Bang! here we are again!*"

A FINE IDEA OF PUNISHMENT.

We abridge this account from an Edinburgh newspaper:—

"CONVICTION OF A STUDENT FOR THEFT.—On Saturday, in the Edinburgh Police Court, GEORGE O'DELL BAYLER, a young Irishman, who is well connected, and had been studying medicine at the University here, was tried and convicted for theft, by BAILEY MILLER. On the 6th inst. he went with a cab to the Edinburgh Hotel, and, after remaining there a short time, he drove off, taking with him a top-coat and a meerschaum pipe which had been left in the smoking-room. On the articles being missed, the 'boots' of the hotel went in search of the student, and found him wearing the missing coat, and the pipe was afterwards found by the police in a loan-office where it had been pledged. The student on the following morning enlisted in the Scots Greys. Shortly afterwards he stole the sergeant's riding-switch, and tried to raise money on it at a pawnbroker's establishment, where it was detained. After hearing the evidence, BAILEY MILLER found the accused guilty, and sentenced him to find caution for £20, or suffer sixty days' imprisonment."

Touchstones speaks of the "great virtue" which there is in an "if:" and there is likewise, it would seem, great virtue in an "or" from the mouth of a Scotch magistrate. But for the "or" in the sentence that was passed on him, this young "well-connected" Irishman would now be eating prison fare, and have come into close contact with the gaol-house hair-cropper. To turn the virtue in the "or" to good account, however, one must needs have a round sum of money in one's pocket, or else possess connections that will kindly pay a fine for one. We who live in England are used in certain cases to see fines imposed as punishments, but it is somewhat a new thing to us to see a fine imposed for the committal of a theft; and lest, tempted by the "or," a lot of "well-connected" thieves might possibly spring up with us, we have little wish to see the Scotch precedent adopted here.

Edmunds and Westbury.

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed to investigate the Edmunds Scandal amounts to this, that the conduct of MR. EDMUNDS, in using the public money, has been too bad, and that of the LORD CHANCELLOR in not exposing him, has been too good.

GENERAL ELECTION PAM FOR PREMIER



THE ELECTION BUDGET.

GLADSTONE. "I THINK, MR. BULL, WE MAY NOW RECKON ON *YOUR* SUPPORT!"

INTERESTING POLICE PROCEEDINGS

AGAINST FREQUENTERS OF THE WESTMINSTER COCK-PIT.



THE the Bouverie Street Police Court lately a number of persons were brought before Mr. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, charged by the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with Cock-fighting.

The charges were entered thus:—JOHN EVELYN DENISON, taking the chair at the Barry Arms, Westminster (better known as the Old Westminster Cock-Pit), was charged with permitting the place to be used for the purpose of fighting cocks; JOHN WIL-

LIAM TEMPLE, *alias* PAM, *alias* the Tiverton Pet, *alias* the Bottle-holder, Cambridge House, Piccadilly, describing himself as "in the public line;" JOHN RUSSELL, 33, Chesham Place, man of letters; WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 12, Downing Street, tallyman; ROBERT PERL, *alias* WILLIAM ROBINSON, of 4, Whitehall Gardens, stableman, and known to the police in connection with "tips" and betting offices; H. BRAND, Treasury Buildings, Whitehall, whipper-in; for assisting in the management of the house and resisting the police; BENJAMIN DISBELL, 1, Grosvenor Gate, literary man and yarn-spinner; JOHN BRIGHT, 40, Gloucester Terrace, fighting man; ROBERT CECIL, 11, Duchess Street, vinegar merchant; ARTHUR ROEBUCK, 19, Ashley Place, dog-fancier; BERNAL OSBORNE, no address and no occupation, but getting his livelihood by reciting and tumbling at public-houses; and a crowd of other defendants, for whose names, occupations, and addresses we cannot spare space, for aiding, encouraging, and assisting in the fighting of certain cocks.

MR. INSPECTOR PUNCH appeared in support of the prosecution: the Prisoners were undefended.

MR. PUNCH said he had been aware for some time that the House in which the prisoner DENISON was advertised as taking the chair nightly, was used for purposes which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had been instituted to prevent: such as rat-matches, dog-fighting and badgering. Occasionally, he had reason to believe, even bull-baiting had gone on there; at least he had on several occasions seen a Bull in a state of the utmost exasperation, from treatment in that House. The persons who were particularly active in promoting this fight while he was present, were the prisoners CECIL (who used very bad language all the time) and ROEBUCK, who seemed to be anxious to make matches with everybody and everything. He had a famous dog, which he offered to back against anything, from a rat to a rhinoceros.

The prisoner ROEBUCK here offered to lay the worthy Magistrate 10 to 1 that his dog TEAR'EM would pin and draw him (the Magistrate) as soon as look at him.

The worthy Magistrate declared that he never had to deal with such a troublesome customer, and that if he did not hold his tongue it would be the worse for him.

The prisoner ROEBUCK saucily rejoined that he never had held his tongue yet, even at the bidding of the worthy Magistrate's betters, and never meant to. He was at last, however, with some difficulty induced to be quiet, by the united persuasion of his fellow-prisoners.

The Prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, gave various explanations of their presence at the Barry Arms, but all declared it had nothing to do with cock-fighting. The prisoner BRIGHT sulkily said the whole thing was a "plant," as far as he was concerned. He had been insulted by some Swells, and had gone into the house to punch their heads, when he had been nailed by the crushers. He didn't understand why. Didn't see any cock-fighting. Didn't believe there was a game bird in the lot he saw about the place—they were regular dunghills most of them. The prisoner BRAND said the pits might have been used for the pastime of cocking in former times, but lately the matches had not been fighting ones at all, but mere innocent sparring with the "hots" (or leather muffers) on the cocks' spurs.

INSPECTOR PUNCH wished the prisoner RUSSELL to be asked whether he had not expressed a wish to back his old ginger-pile cock "Reform" against the prisoner DERRY's red-hackle "Aristocrat?" and whether the prisoner BENJAMIN had not been active in promoting the match and getting money on DERRY's bird?

The prisoner RUSSELL admitted he might have spoken of such a match, and might have mentioned a young cock of his own breeding, called "Amberley," which he was anxious to enter for the Westminster Pit: but it was all chaff about

the match. He knew well enough, and so did everybody present, that his old cock "Reform" wouldn't fight. He could only rest and be thankful. He had brought the old cock in a bag, and would be glad to show him to the worthy Magistrate. He *had* been a game bird in his day, he would not deny, and had won him (RUSSELL) a deal of credit and some money; but he begged to assure the Magistrate that his cock-fighting days were over. He was respectably employed in an office now: his department was the correspondence. He had a deal of it to do, and liked the work, and believed he gave satisfaction to his employers. The letters he had to write were principally denouncing or blowing-up letters, and naturally annoyed the people who got them. That wasn't his fault. He should be glad to read specimens of his letters to the worthy Magistrate. This offer was precipitately but peremptorily declined.

The prisoner PAM, (whose numerous *aliases* bespoke a rather suspicious relation with the Office), and who seemed a great favourite among his companions in misfortune, with whom he kept exchanging a good deal of free-and-easy "chaff" in an undertone during the proceedings, declared the affair was all moonshine. The cocks weren't fighting; they were only sparring to keep themselves in wind. He knew the difference and so would the worthy Magistrate, if he'd frequented the Westminster Pit as long as he (Prisoner) had. He *had* seen games there. P'raps the best game was when they had the famous Bull bait, in the second year of the Crimean War. That was something like a lark. But the beaks had made no fuss then, though a good many coves he knew lost their places, along of that very bull-bait. Knew INSPECTOR PUNCH very well, and hoped he might be allowed to say he was very good friends with him: a friend in the "force" often came handy. Would not deny he had fought a main or two in his time: there was nothing he called *real* fighting now-a-days.

The prisoner CECIL, who showed much irritability under the questioning of the worthy Magistrate, impudently said he would not deny he liked cock-fighting, and didn't see any harm either in that or a dog-fight—or a bull or badger-bait either, for the matter of that. ROEBUCK was so cheeky about his cocks, it aggravated him, and he put down his bird. Did not deny he had steel spurs on: they might draw blood, and inflict a painful wound. He hoped so. Didn't see what was the use of matching cocks without spurs on.

The prisoner OSBORNE said he only went to the Pit to see if he could get employment, as he had long been out of place, and was anxious for an odd job: he had heard such things were to be had in and about the Westminster Pit. He appealed to MR. PUNCH if he had heard him say anything.

MR. PUNCH said he certainly did not notice him taking part in the match, but he was "chaffing" a good deal, and seemed well known in the place.

The worthy Magistrate said he was reluctantly obliged to discharge the prisoners, as there wasn't sufficient evidence of the actual fighting. In fact, it seemed as if they were there rather to arrange the terms of a main, expected to come off in the course of the autumn, than to fight their cocks then and there. The police would keep an eye on the pit, and he would take care that, so far as he was concerned, no violation of the law should take place. He then cautioned the prisoners, and discharged them. An attempt at applause was suppressed.

On their way out of the Court, the prisoners CECIL and ROEBUCK got fighting violently in the passage, and were separated with difficulty; on which the worthy Magistrate directed they should both be locked up for the assault on each other, it having been proved that neither began it. PAM begged he might be protected against BRIGHT, who, he said, had threatened him with violence. He wasn't afraid of BRIGHT, or any man, but he hated fighting, if he wasn't fairly forced into it. The Magistrate cautioned BRIGHT that any breach of the peace would be severely visited on him; and all the parties left the Court, apparently thinking themselves lucky in having got off so easily.

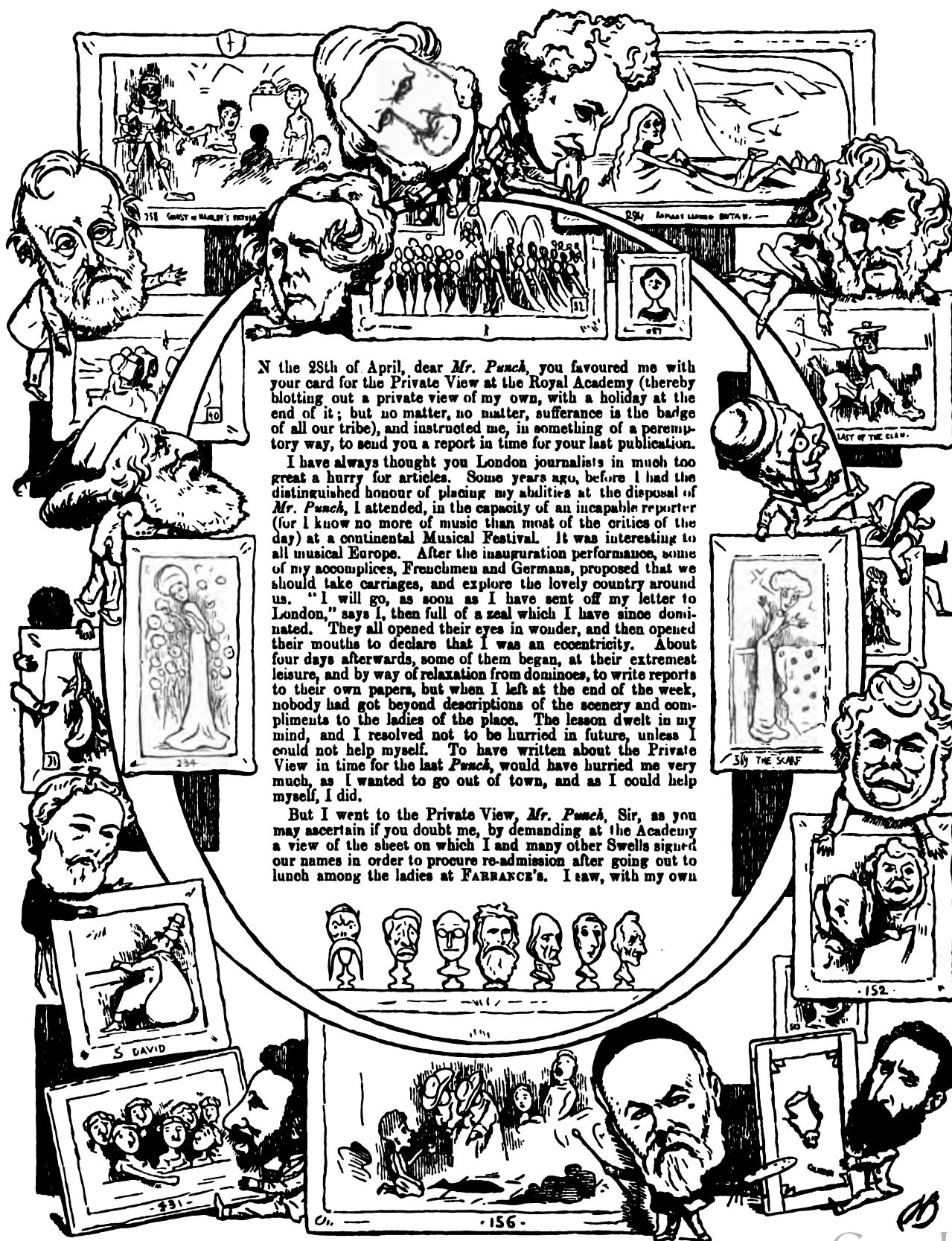
New Bishop for Cornwall.

SIR,—Why create a new one, when there is a distinguished Ecclesiastical dignitary in the Eastern Counties doing nothing? Need I say that I allude to Bishop Stortford.

I remain, yours truly,

A STUDENT OF BRADSHAW.

PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



eyes, the colossal Primate of England, and the venerable author of the *History of the Jews* (who was writing, rationally, on certain matters when Dr. C. was a small boy) and Mr. DICKENS, who I perceive was seen by the flippant person who writes your *Essence of Parliament* (which I offered to write, and you coarsely refused to allow me to do), and the distinguished Lady of Secrets and Sensations, and a great Poet, and many Academicians, who were affable to me, and the ubiquitous BISHOP AGATHON, and the prettiest and cleverest of our young English actresses, and some critics, whom I will trouble you not to throw in my face, because they had been round the studios, and their long and elaborate articles, next day, had been prepared in advance. *Nos etiam in Arcadia*, Sir, and I know their tricks and their manners, as the Person of the House observes.

It did not occur to me when you thrust your ticket and commands upon me in your overwhelming and steam-engine manner, bustling me out of the sanctum before I had time to light a cigar, to ask you what I was to go for, or what you wanted me to say. Do you desire criticisms on 1077 works of art? I can send them, of course, in batches of fifty, which arrangement will bring my letters to an end in twenty-one weeks, finishing as pheasant-shooting begins. Or will you be satisfied with a neat and novel statement that there are many works of genius, some of average merit, and many which deserve neither praise nor disparagement, while we would rather be excused from speaking of the remainder? I am the most docile of scribes, and whether epigram or epic be demanded, I instantly sit down and write it. "Pay me well, and order what you please," is the motto that hangs over the mantelpiece of the tasteful apartment in which I receive my customers. But when I am left totally without instructions, I am sure to send you just what you didn't want, and to tread upon the corns of some of your friends and pets,—that is to say, to write truthfully. I wish you would give me only such subjects as Logarithms, or the Conservation of Forces, or the Differential Calculus. Though some people are so awfully sharp-sighted that they would discern allusions even in a treatise on these. The *Spectator* used to complain that if he mentioned a church and a pudding in the same page, he was said to be insulting the clergy. I suppose that if I say that this is the Ninety-Seventh Exhibition, I shall be told that I am accusing the Academicians of being in their senility and dotage. *Tu l'as voulu, M. Punch.*

Ha!

You will naturally demand the meaning of that conventional typographical melodramatical exclamation. Nobody makes it in real life—hence it is a fitting Ideal Symbol of the Inconceivable. The explanation is yours. It has flashed on my mind that May is the Poet's Month, especially since the seasons have changed, and it has become the month of Rime. Poetry and Painting are sisters—hence poets and painters hate one another like cousins. Will you kindly allow me to do the Academy in verse? GARTH wrote the *Dispensary*, and COWPER *A Review of Schools*, neither of which facts has anything to do with the matter.

But first of the Motto for the Year. Firstly, it is spelt rightly. Secondly, it is out of PORN. Thirdly, it is this:—

"Our Rules are old, intended and devis'd
To keep monopoly, so dearly priz'd.
Nature, like Liberty, should be restrain'd,
Or our Distinguished Patrons may be pain'd."

And I think this is a very good motto, which every artist should inscribe in letters of gold on his easel.

And now for my

ACADEMY ALPHABET.

- A's MR. ARNOLD. Brave steeds in a whirl,
Floored Poacher, and O such a dear Spanish girl!
- B's MR. BOXALL, with portraits so true,
I'll box all who question his merits. Do you?
- C's MR. CRESWICK, who's glorious, by George!
And blessed 's the Blacksmith who bangs in that Forge.
- D's L. DEANES, who depicts our Sweet Saints—
They should call him *Des Anges*, from the darlings he paints.
- E's MR. ELMORE. She's tempted to sin;
She's fair. Will the Lily or Passion-flower win?
- F's MR. FRITH. What a splendid display!
A loyal R.A. with a royal Array.
- G's MR. GRANT, ever gracious and fresh,
Embalmer-in-Chief of each Notable's flesh.
- H is for HOOK, and the sea is his Line,
Come, love, hear the billows, and smell the fresh brine.
- I is the Ink into which at this crisis
I dipped, wrote my name, and cut off for some ices.
- J is GEORGE JONES, who records the great deeds
Recital whereof makes one fierce as one reads.
- K's MR. KNEHT, who gives cards for this Sight,
And whose works are as fine as their painter's polite.

L is SIR EDWIN. Self-painted, he's there,
With a glorified dog on each side of his chair.
It's also for LEIGHTON, who ought to be proud
Of the HELEN in yonder diaphanous cloud.

M is for MILLAIS, brave painter who Dares.
See that terrible Devil who's Sowing the Tares.
It's also for MARKS, with his humour and truth.
Sing Gurgyle, sing Feeble, sing Beggar, sing Tooth.

N is for NOBODY—Hangmen severe
Have excluded his family largely this year.

O is O'NEIL. Gallant boat on the blue:
And what Swells must have sat for that fine-looking crew!

P is JOHN PHILLIP—the strength and the tone
MURILLO, grown up, had been honoured to own.

Q is the QUEEN, who, they say, said "How glad am I
To hear such good news of my Royal Academy!"

R's MR. REDGRAVE. All know his desert,
And *Punch* printed—he painted—the Song of the Shirt.

S is for STANFIELD—a Name, till the shock
That shall hurl into ocean that noble Bass Rock.

T's MR. THORBURN, less eager to please
Than be great. That's the Scotch Rhadamanthus, LORD DEAS.

U's the Umbrella U leave down below—
For how Snobs poke at pictures we all of us know.

V is for VALENTINE PRINSEP, who draws
Magnificent ladies—some fond of macaws.

W is WARD. Boldly handled the scene
In the history of Scotland's Immaculate Queen.

X is the EXE, and reminds of a dell
By the Devonshire stream that GEORGE CHESTER paints well.

Y is Young STANFIELD, who's worthy to bear
The illustrious name of his wonderful *père*.

Z's ZOROASTER. Who's he? My dear Madam,
M. BUNSEN and I do not know him from ADAM.

There, my dear Mr. *Punch*, I flatter myself that I have discharged my duty like a man, and if you are not satisfied, you can give your Private View ticket, next year, to any other of your young men, without causing the faintest shadow of dissatisfaction upon the pleasant yet pensive, and cheerful but thoughtful countenance of

Your devoted Contributor,

Goneril Terrace, Regent Park.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

PARSON'S ENGLISH.

ONE would think an English Clergyman should know how to write English; but here is one who does not, if he penned the following:—

WANTED, a HOUSEMAID, not under 22, in a very small, quiet, Clergyman's family, who can wait at table. A personal character of at least a year required.

Pray, is it the clergyman or his family that is "very small and quiet?" and are we to understand, as the sentence seems to indicate, that it is the family "who can wait at table?" Then, pray, which year is the one whose character is required? and what in the wide world can its character have to do with the hiring of a housemaid? We hope there is no evidence of an approaching rupture between our Church and State in the fact that this Churchman so misuses the Queen's English.

SUPPOSE AND SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE a Lords' Report.
Suppose it whitens LORD BROUGHAM.
Suppose it—whitebrowns LORD WESTBURY.
Suppose LORD WESTBURY resigns.
Suppose a new CHANCELLOR is wanted.
Who should he be?
Evidently, to complete and round the tale,
LORD BROUGHAM!
Step up, HENRY C.

Confiscation Made Easy.

MR. GLADSTONE has reduced the Income-Tax from sixpence in the pound to fourpence. This tax will not cease to affect only a portion of the community, and that unequally; but its reduction is confidently expected to make people in general forget that it is a confiscation which oppresses even those who alone are subject to it in different degrees. Financiers hope that the few who may still feel the injustice by the Income-Tax may now be induced to put up with that imposition of the consideration that it is only a little one.



APPALLING DISCOVERY.

ALGERNON CALLS (WITH A LOVELY BOUQUET) ON THE DARLING OF HIS HEART. OVERCOME BY THE NOONTIDE HEAT, SHE SOFTLY SLUMBERS. HE GAZES ON HER FOR AWHILE, SPELL-BOUND IN RESPECTFUL EMOTION, WHEN SUDDENLY SHE BEGINS TO—YES!—NO!—YES!—TO SNOORE!!!

EXCITING CONTEST AT CAMBRIDGE.

By the time these words are published, an interesting competition will have been decided in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge. A valuable prize will have been contested by no less than nine Clergymen, and the contest of the "sacred nine," if it verify the anticipation expressed in "University Intelligence," will have been "a sharp one." The bone, so to speak, of contention, which will have been borne off by one of those reverend divines, is, as a native of the Emerald Isle might say, a bit of fat. It is a bone that has a considerable quantity of meat on it, being the Rectory of Ovington, a living whereof the gross value is £436, with a house, whilst its population is only 400; so that the winner of it will find himself in the comfortable circumstances of liberal remuneration with little to do.

Not for a moment, however, must it be supposed that the love of ease and idleness has had any influence whatever in pitting nine holy men against each other in a sharp contest for the valuable and unexacting Rectory of Ovington. The sphere of usefulness constituted by a living that comprises only 400 souls, is physically limited; but its very limitation in a physical sense allows of so intense a devotedness to the cure of those souls as to render it capable of indefinite moral and spiritual expansion. Put the nett value of Ovington Rectory at £400 a year, equal to the figure of the population; the souls would be curable at *£1 per annum per annum*: and, if the souls were so cured as they ought to be, that would hardly be too high a rate for the cure of them.

Suppose, however, that the souls of the Ovington people do not want much curing, the appointment to cure them would be a comparative sinecure. But then its zealous and industrious holder might devote the leisure it would afford him to the cultivation of learning, to the confutation of Popery and Dissent, the dissipation of doubt, and the reconciliation of theology with the natural sciences. Therefore, if we cannot exactly ascribe the hard struggle of those nine candidates for the Rectorship of Ovington to the ardent desire that spiritual physicians might feel to concentrate their energies on a small and select practice,

let us refer it to earnest wishes for scope to advance the science of their profession.

The living of Ovington appears to imply long life, for the late incumbent, the REV. EDWARD SIMONS, held it fifty-four years. MR. SIMONS, without any Simony, won it in 1810 against DR. BLUMFIELD, late Bishop of London, who, if he had become the incumbent of such a snug benefice, might perhaps have been seriously inclined to say *Nolo episcopari*. The certainty of an income above £400 a year, and therewith the necessity of labour restricted to the obligation of ministering to a population so moderate as one not exceeding that number of pounds, are conditions which may be conceived to be eminently favourable to longevity. That is to say, in the case of a reverend bachelor; though many a curate, having married on £100 a year, would doubtless regard Ovington as a Paradise that would need to be by no means exclusive of an EVE.

To the foregoing remarks we may venture to add a positive contradiction of the statement that the nine reverend competitors for the Rectory of Ovington, contended for presentation to that uncommonly good living by the exertion of jumping in surplices. That is a way in which the race for Church preferment could be run, or even thought of being run, only by the most extreme professors of muscular Christianity. The candidates vie with one another in good works, and the best man and best scholar invariably wins. So especially considering the age which MR. SIMONS attained to, we may say "Long life to the winner of Ovington!"

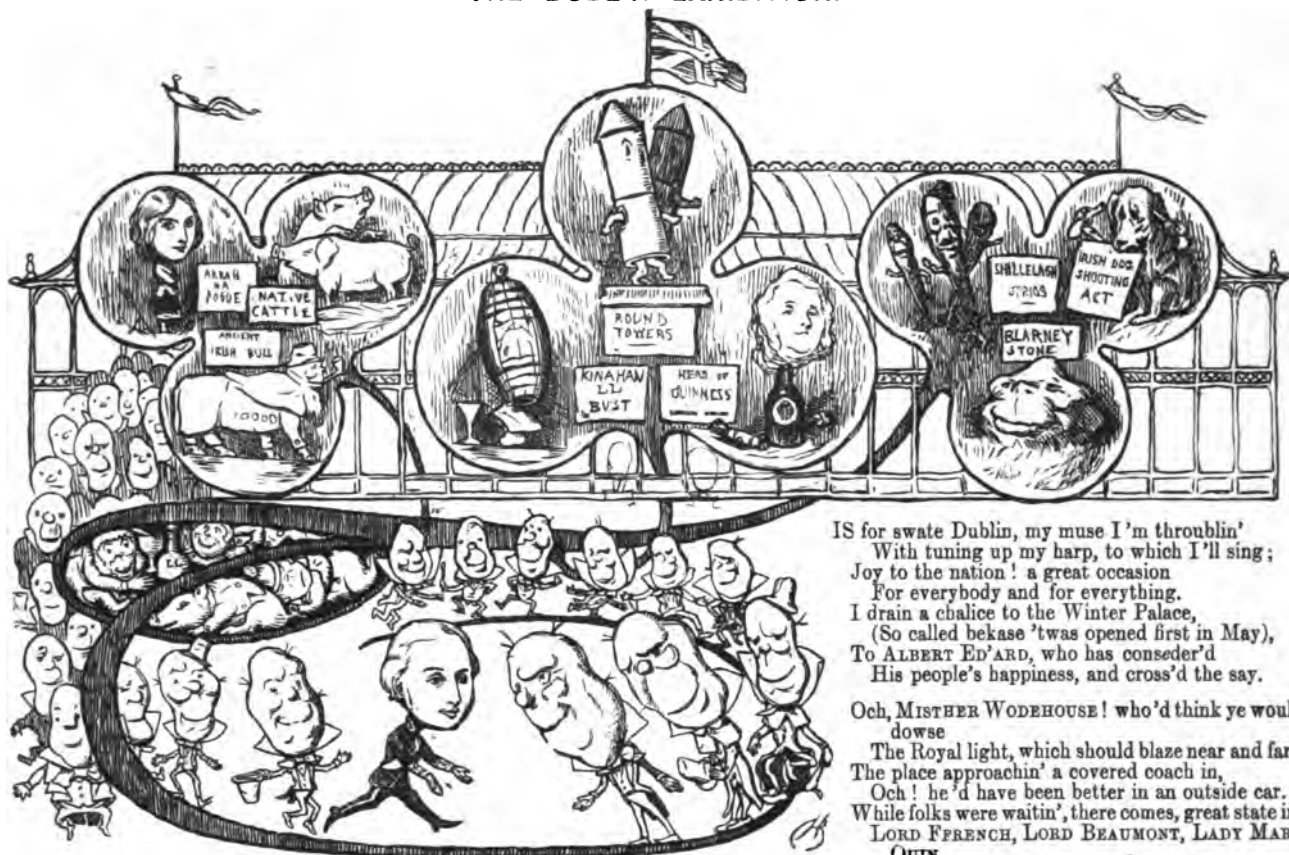
Hand and Foot.

Is the shop-window of a disciple of St. Crispin who is established in a suburban district, there was lately displayed the following notification:—

"Very large Assortment of Gents' Patent Dress Boots always on Hand."

A customer of the species called "rum" might be disposed to ask the profferer of these boots, whether they do not every one fit like a glove?

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.



IS for swate Dublin, my muse I'm throublin'
 With tuning up my harp, to which I'll sing;
 Joy to the nation! a great occasion
 For everybody and for everything.
 I drain a chalice to the Winter Palace,
 (So called becase 'twas opened first in May),
 To ALBERT ED'ARD, who has conseder'd
 His people's happiness, and cross'd the say.

Och, MISTHER WODEHOUSE! who'd think ye would
 drowse

The Royal light, which should blaze near and far P
 The place approachin' a covered coach in,

Och! he'd have been better in an outside car.
 While folks were waitin', there comes, great state in,
 LORD FRENCH, LORD BEAUMONT, LADY MARY
 QUIN,

And o'er agenat her, stood the DUKE OF LEINSTER,
 The first to let his ROYAL HIGHNESS in.

The purty crushers, white-wanded nahers,
 For keeping order both inside and out,
 A distant humming spoke some one coming,
 Which grew into a loud and loyal shout.
 Whisht! All are now in, the PRINCE is bowin',
 And him the darling DUKE OF LEINSTER shows
 Which the best way is, up to the dais—
 Sure, 'tis but following the Royal nose!

The Choir with anthems start up like phantoms,
 Or larks, who carol up at Heaven's gate;
 Then come the spayches with lots of "h's"—
 'Tis them that has the larning quite complete.
 In words so taking the PRINCE is spakin',
 And is explaining, in a pleasant way,
 To the Burgesses that our PRINCESS is
 Unable to be present on that day.

There's CHAIRMAN SANDARS from the bystanders
 Comes out, and says, while giving up the keys,
 "When from the door, Sir, you go out, sure Sir,
 You'll lave it open for us, if you plaze."
 Then men and maidens, sing songs of HAYDN's,
 And in bright spangles, red and gold galore,
 SIR BERNARD BURKE, he struts like a turkey,
 Och! 'tis myself 'ud strut if him I wor.

That's he that spoke now, "All you good folk now,
 (Don't interrupt me, boys, with your applause)—
 To th' Exhibition there's free admission
 For all, by simply paying at the doors."

Then, MASTHER PUNCH, in we went to lunchin',
 Or what in French we call a *déjeuner*,
 Such delicossies and water-cresses,
 With sherry, white wine, likewise Sang Pery.

With something lighter the present writer
 Was satisfied, and walked about *incog.*,
 On treasures gloating, I kept on noting
 The chief things mentioned in the Catalogue.
 Here first and foremost, like the Koh-i-Noor most,
 Stood out a lump of granite all alone,
 Och! 'tis worth putting in there, that cutting,
 From Ireland's sham-rock, called the Blarney-Stone.

There's EVE with shaddock, carved, and the Haddock
 That first swum into lovely Dublin Bay;
 These pipes are labelled as them the fabled
 Musician before MOSES used to play.
 Faix, here are Pratics, each bread-and-mate is;
 An Irish lamb trimmed with shillelagh sprig;
 Just by your knuckle, see now, the buckle
 That was first covered in an Irish jig.

While I'm romancing, the sounds of dancing
 Come from where, in the LORD MAYOR's Mansion Hall,
 Trip Erin's daughters, like laughing waters,
 Who with ye can compare, at all, at all!
 Here's all that's loyal to all that's Royal!
 And may with glory QUEEN VIC-TORY thrive!
 The best I'm wishun' to the Exhibition
 Of Eighteen Hun-de-red and Sixty-five!

THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

THIS Seal, which has recently been exhibited at the British Eccelesiastical Museum, is a curious work of Art. On the obverse side is an enormous earwig under a rose (emblem of secrecy) surmounted by the terse legend engraved in Church-hand, "TRUST ME." On the reverse side is an Hibernian-looking head encircled by the apposite motto,

"WHO BREAKS—PAYS." The Seal, we understand, was designed in Rome, where it is looked upon by connoisseurs as an article of *virtu*. To our simple sight it appears antiquated in style and quite unsuited to the English climate. Some minds of a high order confess that this sort of Seal has for them a mysterious charm, but we gravely doubt whether any good impression can be made by those delicate instruments that will not bear exposure to the light.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 8.

LORD ST. LEONARDS, though afflicted with a superstitious reverence for some things simply because they are, is not a mere obstructive, but a constructive also. He has introduced a Bill for the establishment of Courts of Conciliation, on the French plan, for settlement of disputes between Masters and Workmen. He hopes by this means to do away with Strikes.

The Courts of Justice Bills were finally passed. LORD RUSSELL

DALE objected to a bridge over the Strand. LORD RUSSELL may go to Bath, insert his head into the hot water, and keep it there till we send for him. How are the lawyers to get across without a bridge? Are the precious lives of the learned to be put at the mercy of those accomplished ruffians who drive Vans over people? Are we to lose half-an-hour waiting until the street shall be clear? Or are the Innerns and the Middles to charge the enemy, as in the glorious fray,

"When down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in infidel blood."

We have sworn by St. NEPOMUK (he was thrown over a bridge and martyred, and hence was made patron saint of bridges) that we will have a Lawyerduct. The *Athenaeum* proposed that Temple Bar should be used for this purpose; but as the chamber is notoriously haunted by the ghosts of people whose heads have mouldered on the top, we fear that ladies who go to consult their legal advisers in the Temple might be terrified. We ought to record, by the way, that we have never seen a single ghost looking out at the window on the City side of the Bar since the railway obstruction blotted out St. Paul's.

LORD HARTINGTON admitted that LORD CHELSEA had made one leap from the junior captaincy of the 3rd Middlesex militia into the Major's place, taking nine captains, some of many years' standing, in his jump. Further, he justified the wonderful feat in the frankest way, by saying that it had been permitted because LORD CHELSEA is a nobleman of influence and position in his county. A fiend has just whispered us that his Lordship, having been born at Durham, may be useful when militia are mustered. But as militia are not mustards, but soldiers, we confess ourselves utterly unable to comprehend what the fiend means.

MR. CAIRD very properly demanded of SIR CHARLES WOOD what he had done in reference to the astonishing proceedings of SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN in India. SIR C. the first said that he had not had time to understand the subject, but had caught various members of the Indian Council, and signified to them that he would not allow export duties to be laid on the staples of India. The staples, we should explain, do not mean parts of locks, which, indeed, are little used in the East, except for purposes of navigation, but Principal Commodities. Somebody has chalked all along the Marylebone Road, *Educate the Poor*. It is our business to educate the rich.

MR. MASON JONES, a sort of orator, and clever, we are told, in his way, ingeniously managed to get a capital advertisement out of LORD ELCHO, by asking that good-natured Volunteer to correct his account of something JONES was reported to have said about MR. W. E. FORSTER. So JONES got a whole paragraph in the debate, and it was headed with his name. Well done, JONES; *Punch* gives you another lift for your smartness.

SIR GEORGE GREY said, without laughing, that the L.L. of Ireland had not stricken any Irish music out of the Dublin Exhibition programme. Talking of that, we heard a story which will be understood in Ireland, and also here by those who know the difference between lawful and unlawful whiskey. "Your brother's been made an L.L.D.," said somebody to his friend. "Has he, by jabsers" (all Irish persons swear by jabsers), said the other. "An 'L.L.D.'! I'd rather be a *potheen* D." We were going to send this to the Dublin Exhibition, but it was so heavy that our cab broke down.

The BAINES Debate was resumed—there was a crowded House, and a sensation. People said that MR. GLADSTONE was going to answer MR. LOWE, but people said the thing that was not. The Debate had two points of interest. First SIR GEORGE GREY, for Government, would not vote against the Bill, but he declared that the Administration would not be bound to a £5 franchise, nor would he undertake that

any large Reform Bill should be brought in next Session. The Ministry would be guided by Public Opinion. Secondly, MR. DISRAELI avowed his belief that his as well as the Liberal attempt to carry Reform Bills, when the country did not want them, had been a mistake, but he was in favour of a large extension of the suffrage, not downwards, but in a Lateral direction. *Punch* likes to conserve a fortunate phrase. Lateral Reform is a fortunate phrase. The Parliament that effects it will be known as the Lateral Council. There were good speeches from MR. FORSTER, MR. HORSMAN, and MR. STANFELD. The Working-Man cannot complain that he is not talked about. Every statesman undertakes to photograph him. The only thing is that no two portraits are alike. Finally, the Previous Question was carried by 288 to 214; majority 74 for dropping MR. BAINES'S Bill.

Tuesday. So much of the Edmunds Scandal as has been caused by the grant, by the Lords, of a pension to MR. EDMUNDS was atoned for by the solemn revocation of that grant. There was a long debate, over which the LORD CHANCELLOR presided, in silence.

MR. WHALLEY, amid laughter of course, asked SIR GEORGE GREY whether he would bring in a Bill for preventing English clergymen from declaring in a witness-box (as MR. WAGNER of Brighton has done in the Road Murder case, now revived by the statement of Miss CONSTANCE KEET), that they will not divulge what is told them under the seal of confession. SIR GEORGE'S answer may be imagined. MR. WHALLEY sniffs Rome in every breeze, and we wonder that he has not given notice that he will call attention to the new Eleanor Cross, at Charing Cross, and ask whether Protestants who are going to eat white-bait at Greenwich ought to be exposed to the humiliation of beholding that Popish symbol as they go in for their railway tickets. But for the Seal of Confession—as MR. SKETCHLEY'S admirable *Mrs. Brown* observes, "No, WHALLEY, says we, we don't hold with that, says we. If he's a Roman, says we, to Rome let him go, but he shall make no seals out of Protestant wax, says we, if we know it. The egg-cup, for it's dry work talking theology, WHALLEY."

MR. GLADSTONE was pleased to be innumerate in answer to a question about the General Election. The questioner called him a Prominent Member of the Government, for which he expressed his thanks, but said that the statement of an Oxford Committee (his own) that the election would take place in the second week in July, was not made on the authority of the Prominent Member. This condescension pleased the House, and it laughed with the great Financier.

SIR WILLIAM PAYNE-GALLWEY, Baronet, we name him in full in sign of approbation, made a strong attempt to force the railway people to give a means of communication between passengers and guards. In reply it was said that the companies had been discussing 196 inventions, and none would do. Which Bishop is to be the victim whose fate will cause the right thing to be affixed on every line in England in forty-eight hours, or will the Company-Deities accept an Archdeacon? We admit that taking away the advertisements from newspapers that dare to record accidents on the lines is a step in advance, but even that brilliant invention fails to satisfy the public entirely. We intend to travel with a large Revolver, which, at need, we shall fire at the first Signal-man we pass after we are alarmed. His executors will have a good action against the Company, and then we shall get upon the jury, and give £10,000.

Great fun those AZEEM JAH petitions. They have been signed by hosts of folks who have no more idea who AZEEM JAH is than they have of the *Man in the Moon*. Signatures have been obtained at a penny apiece. Something is due to decorum, even in a farce.

Wednesday. A cheerful Church Rate debate. MR. NEWDEGATE had a plan, whereof not much need be said, as it was squelched by 126 to 48. Government opposed it. MR. KINGLAKE objected to it, as perpetuating the rate. MR. HETGATE delivered a neat hit at the Dissenting party, whom he charged with systematically hindering all efforts to settle the question, because they preferred its existence as a grievance. MR. HADFIELD said that Dissenters were very loyal to the House of Brunswick, and therefore ought not to pay a tax of which they disapproved. The argument is a good one, and we shall adapt it to circumstances next time the Income-Tax collector appears at our residence.

MR. LOCKE'S Theatrical Bill then came on, but as he felt it his duty to begin with a history of the drama for the

last three hundred years, with sketches of the plots of all the plays, and biographical notices of the principal actors, the clock cut him short at a quarter to six.

Thursday. LORD WESTBURY carried his Bill for turning the County Court Judges into little Lord Chancellors.

A Gas Company proposes to extend its works at Chelsea, and the BISHOP OF LONDON made a strong protest against the poisoning the children, and the flowers, and against the pollution of the Thames. We hereby applaud the good Bishop, who, unlike divers ecclesiastics, recognises his duties to the bodies as well as to the souls of his flock.

We usually abstain from noticing things that are only going to be done, but we do just as we please, and all that we do is for the best. In the exercise of our unlimited discretion we mention, as part of the history of the American war, now supposed to be concluded by JOHNSTON'S surrender, that Government was asked whether it had determined to withdraw its recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, and that SIR GEORGE GREY desired a postponement of the question.

The rest of the night was given to the Union Chargeability Bill, which the "country party" oppose with much doggedness, and the debate was adjourned amid vociferations, and the exchange of witticisms, as became grave senators. We suspect that in justice to the Speaker, who in vain struggles with a disorderly house, we shall have to re-enact the law of the Duello, for Parliament only. Small swords and pistols to be kept in a Committee Room, and seconds to be chosen by ballot. Any member bellowing at another, to prevent his being heard, to be liable to be called out. We shall regret having recourse to a barbarous device, but anything is better than the transformation of the House into the likeness of a vulgar Vestry.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY called attention to a frightful social evil of which few have any idea. There is, in the provinces, an organised system for obtaining the agricultural labour of children. They are hired in Gange, by persons usually of low and brutal character, who let out the unfortunate boys and girls to the farmer. The result is cruelty and vice. The BISHOP OF LINCOLN corroborated the Earl's statements. The Crown is prayed for inquiry.

The CHANCELLOR, in answer to LORD WESTMEATH, of whom he made much grave fun, intimated that an English Clergyman has no confessional rights, and LORD CHELMSFORD, lawyer and Conservative, regretted that MR. WAGNER had not been sent to prison.

The BISHOP OF LONDON desires to put down mock-Catholic performances in his churches, but finds it difficult to obtain evidence. Sermon-hunting Snobs write him anonymous letters as to what they say that they have seen, but skulk away from giving available testimony.

MR. CAVE showed that Postmasters are underpaid, considering the work now thrown upon them. The system induces some of them to discourage, or at all events not to aid the Government in regard to deposits and annuities. Any official so acting should be dismissed, but the rate of remuneration ought to be made liberal. The Post Office has a large surplus, which should be expended in improving it—we ought not to pay taxes to the postman.

The Clock Tower is to be finished, no new buildings are to be erected in the square; there is to be a tunnel for members, that they may not be run over in crossing to Parliament Street; MR. HERBERT is to paint DANIEL for the House, and £10,000 has been voted for a Fire-brigade.



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

FLORA CAN SEE A LETTER FROM HIM, BUT CANNOT GET IT FOR AT LEAST TEN MINUTES, BECAUSE PA HAS THE KEY.

A CURIOUS ARTICLE.

WHAT queer people there are in the world! and what wondrously odd things are mentioned in advertisements! Only look at this:—

WANTED, an Active or Sleeping PARTNER, with capital (profits large), to carry out an article which the human frame is generally troubled with. Address, &c.

An insect can hardly be regarded as an article; else we might imagine that the troublesome thing alluded to above must be a flea. The reference to "sleeping" seems to favour this idea, nor does the word "active" at all militate against it. One had needs be pretty active if one wants to catch a flea, and one certainly must catch it, if one wants to "carry it out" from where the human frame is troubled with it.

A SQUALL IN SUFFOLK.

OUR Eye is everywhere, and we have an I for Ipswich. That interesting metropolis is in a rage. The Royal Agricultural Society was expected to fix its 1866 meeting there, and behold the meeting is to be held at Bury St. Edmunds, perhaps in compliment to the Chancellor—LORD CHELMSFORD will understand us. The Ipswichers and Ipswitches think that they (especially their hotel and lodging-house keepers) are wronged. But speaking in the interest of visitors, we don't see it. The strongest argument urged in an able and vigorous protest in the *Ipswich Journal* is, that people can easily get out of the town, whereas they cannot get out of Bury. We admit that few persons who have been at Ipswich are unduly desirous to remain there, but then Bury is a particularly clean place, rich in antiquarian interest, and altogether tolerable as a temporary residence. There are the remains of the Abbey, also of the late MR. CORDER, and the Norman Tower, and Ickworth, with its eleven mile park, and all sorts of things to see, when one is tired of the men whose talk is of bullocks. As for Ipswich,—for further particulars apply to Mr. Pickwick. We recommend it to resign itself to fate, calmly, and to resign the beast *fête*, civilly.

A PHENOMENON IN A POTHOUSE.

AMONG other curiosities this was in the *Telegraph* of the 2nd ult. :—

BARMAID.—WANTED, by a Respectable Young Man, a SITUATION as BARMAID. Good recommendation from last situation. Address, &c.

A young man "as Barmaid!" Well, in the days of Bloomerism, it would not have astonished us to hear of a young woman acting as a Barman. But we never should have dreamed that a man would so unsex himself as to seek a situation as a Barmaid. Old folks may well complain of the effeminacy of the age! It is against the law for men to wear women's clothes in public, excepting on the stage; and if a law were passed forthwith to do away with that exception, it would be about the best thing that the House of Lords has thought it worth its while to do, in this supremely idle pre-election Session.

SCIENCE.—A Lecture on the Great Distance of the Sun from the Earth will shortly be given by a Member of the *Sol fa* Association.



A SERIOUS JOKE.

Mamma (whose darling is undecided whether to choose a Noah's Ark or a Box of Wooden Animals), "WHICH DO YOU RECOMMEND, MR. CANTWELL!"

Mr. C. "WELL, MUM, YOU SEE NOAH BEIN' MENTIONED IN 'OLY WRIT, WE ALWAYS BEKONS THE HARK 'AS THE ADVANTAGE OF BEIN' A SUNDAY TOY, MUM!!"

PICTURES OF THE WORKING-MAN

AT THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.

IN one point at least the Royal Westminster Exhibition, now open in the sumptuous quarters provided for it by the late MR. BARRY, may be said to be quite in the spirit of the times. It is emphatically "a working-man's exhibition." Not that the exhibition of Liberal and Conservative R.A.'s is like the Show now open in the Floral Hall, or those lately established in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, or the Lambeth Baths, one exclusively or chiefly of working-men contributing the products of their industry or the amusements of their leisure. Indeed, we should like to see more working-men in the body, more evidences of industry, and better employment of leisure. But this may be called "a working-man's exhibition" in the sense that it includes a vast number of pictures of the working-man. Indeed, THE WORKING-MAN seems to be quite *the* fashionable subject with the Westminster painters. They are as devoted to him as REYNOLDS to his old Beggar-Man, ROMNEY to LADY HAMILTON, or MR. ABRAHAM COOPER to his White Horse. We counted above a score of pictures of him, and then we stopped in dismay. It may be thought that such repetition of the same subject would be wearisome. We know, however, that if two painters sit down to paint the same subject, two very different pictures are sure to come out on their canvasses. So, in this case, where more than twenty limners have set themselves to delineate "THE WORKING-MAN," we find the most extraordinary variety in their pictures of him. We cannot pretend to pass all these works of art in review, or to pronounce, with any decision, on their comparative merits, whether of daring invention, curious one-sidedness of perception, or painstaking truth to nature. Let us hope that a true portrait of that mysterious being, "THE W.-M.," *might* be arrived at, if by some critical process we could extract from all these very dissimilar representations such essence of truth as they respectively embody. But at present, after careful study of all these pictures, we must honestly confess, that we have not

arrived at the faintest notion of what this W.-M. is really like. One thing is clear, that if all these features really belong to him, he must be the most remarkable individual living. Indeed, we cannot understand by what accident he is not at this moment being exhibited in St. James's Hall, or under articles to BARNUM. He ought to be an immense draw, as an exhibition in himself, for he may be described, in the showman's terms, when he spoke of the lions and tigers in the same den, as "the greatest combination of discordant nature now travelling." But we despair of ever seeing the W.-M. for a shilling. He is the Great Unknown of the present day, and may rank with another mysterious entity—also represented in the most diverse styles and with the most contradictory attributes—the Coming Man. The more we think about it, the more puzzled we feel as to this mysterious W.-M.

How, if *the* WORKING-MAN be *the* working-man, does he find time to sit to all these artists? Unless, indeed, sitting to artists be the W.-M.'s only work. In that case he comes under the category of a professional model, and of course transforms himself at the will of the artist. If so I can't trust the pictures of him a bit more than I can those of the yellow-haired, long-jawed young lady who sits to all the Pre-Raphaelites, and comes out now as *Belinda*, now as *Nemoe*, now as the *Witch of Endor*, now as *Mary Magdalen*, and now as *Mariana* in the Moated Grange. And how do all these artists manage to get sittings of the W.-M.? Do they work in batches, firing away at him with porte-crayon and drawing-board from all points of the compass, as the students do with the Langham Chambers model. Or do they track him on the sly, as the artists of the illustrated papers hunt a British Prince, distinguished foreigner, or a great criminal; sketch him flying, and get him on the canvass, unawares, and when he is off his guard.

If so, this may help to account for the vast variety of these pictures. But in that case the fact ought to be acknowledged in the Catalogue. Instead of the bare repetition of the same title, *Portrait of the Working Man*, why not give us explicit descriptions, as "the W.-M. building up the social edifice;" "The W.-M. pulling down the fabric of society;"



THE WORKING-MAN, FROM THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.

450. THE WORKING-MAN - - - - John Bright.
451. THE WORKING-MAN - - - - W. E. Forster.

1001. THE WORKING-MAN - - - - Edward Horsman.
1002. THE WORKING-MAN - - - - R. Lowe.

"The W.-M. at his beer;" "The W.-M. over his books;" "The W. M. improving the shining hour;" "The W.-M. worshipping Saint Monday;" "The W.-M. walloping his missus;" "The W.-M. informing his mind;" "The W.-M. drunk and disorderly;" "The W.-M. regenerating the world."

We conclude by a notice of some of the most striking of these numerous pictures of this passing original.*

1002. *The Working-Man.* (R. LOWE.) Boldly and highly-coloured, but with an almost Caravaggiesque darkness in the shadows. MR. LOWE's great power of hand occasionally carries him away, and like RUBENS, he is often careless of drawing, in his violent foreshortenings, and determination to get effect.

The scene of MR. LOWE's picture is a public-house. The working-man is seen pondering over his pipe and pewter, while BRITANNIA holds before his eyes a balance containing the franchise in one scale, and 240 pots of beer in the other. The W.-M.'s eyes are fixed intently on the beer, and the scale with the franchise kicks the beam.

450. *The Working-Man.* (JOHN BRIGHT.) A work of a highly ideal order, *coulour de rose* predominating in the tone, and the whole figure painted as QUEEN ELIZABETH insisted on being, without shadows, and with a forcing of all the high lights which destroys any natural effect the design might otherwise have possessed. Indeed, unless the picture had been described by this title in the Catalogue, we should have called it Portrait of an Angel gazing at the Setting Sun. The character of the work can only be accounted for by supposing it to represent the W.-M. in his future state of glorification or apotheosis, and we presume the setting Sun is that of England, which MR. BRIGHT is fond of painting "going down." MR. BRIGHT, in this picture, has fallen into a fault very rare with him, excessive use of the sweetener, and has mixed such an enormous quantity of oil and varnish with his colour, that we fear the work can never stand exposure to the light.

1001. *The Working-Man.* (EDWARD HORSMAN.) MR. HORSMAN is one of those erratic and eccentric geniuses, whose work it is extremely difficult to criticise; its cleverness is unquestionable, but this is accompanied by an oddity and habitual defiance of rule, which will always prevent the painter from taking that rank in his profession to which he evidently aspires. He seems to prefer the most unexpected lines, and the most startling combinations of colour. In this picture he has borrowed a notion from HOGARTH, and paints the W.-M. in the act of sawing down the beam which supports the Crown, regardless of the fact, that he himself will certainly come down with it. The idea is extravagant, and the design has no prototype, we are convinced, in nature. But as a purely artistic performance, the effect is very striking.

451. *The Working-Man.* (W. E. FORSTER.) A piece of bold imaginative invention, which, till we looked at our Catalogue, we took for a portrait of GALILEO in his cell, or a philosopher in his study. The W.-M. is represented as absorbed in the task of mental improvement, and all the light of the picture is concentrated on the head of the figure, which must be admitted to be a very noble, benevolent, and intellectual conception. How far it is like its original we would rather not pronounce an opinion. A very close scrutiny reveals a pewter pot and a pipe thrust into the shadow under the table. Beneath the feet is an emblematical design, meant, as far as we can make it out, for the seven deadly sins.

These may be said to be the leading varieties of treatment to which this meek Protean sitter has been subjected.

It would be a comfort to know which the W.-M. considers the best likeness of himself, and we should be glad to learn this from his friends and acquaintance. Our own impression is, that the painter of the W.-M. has yet to be sought for, and that we shall not find the great artist who is competent to do justice to this subject till the long expected and often deferred arrival of the G. M., or COMING MAN!

[* Our esteemed contributor appears to have drawn largely upon his own fine imagination in the following descriptions of the Westminster pictures.—Ed. of P.]

The Pope's Reply.

I MIGHT, perchance, have shown gentility
In making DOCTOR B. your chief, I own:
But could you ask infallibility
To say that it would take an EERING-TONE?
Besides, while angry gusts our sails are firming,
Can you not see St. Peter's bark wants MANNING?

The Clerkship of the Weather Office.

MR. GLAISHER, F.R.S., Meteorologist and Aéronaut, is announced, on good authority, as a candidate for the office held by the late ADMIRAL FITZROY. Nobody can possess higher qualifications for that office than MR. GLAISHER, who, besides being a gentleman of high scientific attainments, has more than once ascended in the atmosphere to the height of five miles.

MY LORD LOFTY ON THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.

A JOB is a job; indignation won't mend it,
And every man wants his job done in his turn;
So throw EDMUNDS overboard, and let that end it,
After all, he's been found out, and that's *his* concern.

Everybody's done something that won't quite bear probing,
But probes are not tools to be used upon Peers;
And Truth seldom is pleasant, if after unrobing,
We expose the coy goddess to newspaper sneers.

No doubt it was wrong in the Pension Committee,
If they knew the paw-paw things poor EDMUNDS had done,
Not to button their pockets and bottle their pity,
And let down the unfortunate man by the ran.

And no doubt it was wrong in LORD WESTBURY, rather,
Not to tell the Committee of EDMUNDS's tricks;
But only consider his feelings as father,
Reluctant his son's name in scandals to mix.

He had settled that EDMUNDS's place at the table,
Should be filled by his SILENSBY, in regular course,
And tried, as was natural, all he was able,
A humane and decorous reserve to enforce.

And as for poor EDMUNDS—one *had* heard a rumour,
There was something not right in his patent-accounts;
But one knew he was lazy, and just of the humour,
To make little slips in his cheques and amounts.

After all, office business is managed so loosely;
Book-keeping's a thing that no gentleman knows;
And poor EDMUNDS, no doubt, did his duties obtusely—
He never *could* see past the end of his nose.

But then we all knew, and upon the whole liked him,
Though perhaps at two thousand we might think him dear;
And supposed from his post if we quietly kicked him,
None would miss such a sum as eight hundred a year.

The affair would have blown very quietly over,
Had it not been the rumpus kicked up by the *Star*;
But those penny-a-liners, of course, were in clover,
With our House to bully and bring to their bar.

Committees are party arrangements, but not less
The Committee report's, no doubt, perfectly true;
One's glad the *old* BROUGHAM from the mess comes out spotless,
Though it certainly *does* leave some dirt on the new.

LORD WESTBURY has been a little incontinent,
And in feathering his nest, p'raps, a little too keen;
But this virtuous horror is really too nauseous,
As if *other* folks' heads were so mightily clean,—

As if other noblemen hadn't relations,
As if places had ne'er been vacated before,
To satisfy loving parental impatience,
And feed the young *Twists* who come "asking for more."

Such prudish hypocrisy's very disgusting:
For my part I like a thing called by its name;
And when penny papers their noses are thrusting
Among Peers and their Pensions,—I call it a shame!

It's o'erstepping their functions, which stop at the Commons,
It's insulting our order, *sans peur, sans reproche*;
It's degrading the woollack, and my name and no man's
Is safe, where such levelling doctrines you broach.

There—the Pension's rescinded—let that end the matter:
Those who've nothing to do with 't, the better for *them*:
Least said's soonest mended—so hush all this chatter—
The more that we stir it the more it will—hem!

Well Done, Dunne.

AMONGST the Parliamentary Notices of Motions the other day was the following:—

"COLONEL DUNNE.—To ask why the third instalment of the Delhi prize-money has not been paid."

However objectionable a practice dunning in general may be, in this particular instance everybody except the bad paymasters who keep back the Delhi prize-money, will admit COLONEL DUNNE, in acting as a dun, to have done good service.

L'AFRICAIN.

This is the Libretto of the grand new old Opera. Evolved from the depths of our own moral consciousness, with slight aid from the entirely contradictory accounts furnished by critics, none of whom were present at the performance.

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ACT I.

Council Chamber of some King of Portugal.

Bishops, Grand Inquisitors, inquisitive Courtiers, Members of the Royal Lisbon Geographical Society, and others.

First Bishop. VASCO DE GAMA was a great discoverer, but we await his return in vain, because he is drowned.

Enter VASCO DE GAMA.

Vasco. Subject to correction by your Reverence's superior knowledge, I venture to remark—nothing of the kind.



Grand Chorus.

He is not drowned,
In fact, he's found.

Vasco. I love DONNA INEZ, and there exist very large countries which have never been discovered.

Don Pedro. You must not love DONNA INEZ, because she is engaged to me.

Bishops and Inquisitors. And you must not say that there are any other countries than those mentioned in the Scriptures.

Vasco. Call in SELICA and NELUSKO. *(They enter.)* Answer, my dear, and you, Sir. Are there not vast countries yet undiscovered?

Selica and Nelusko. We decline to make any statements.

Vasco. It is true, though.

Bishops and Grand Inquisitors. Go to prison for life.

(He goes to prison for life.)

ACT II.

Deepest Dungeons of the Inquisition, comfortably furnished with books, maps, quadrants, sextants, septettes, octoroons, the last new globe from (STANFORD'S, and a copy of the "Globe Shakespeare" from MACMILLAN'S.

Vasco (turning globe). But it still moves. Stop, I ought not to say that. I am not GALILEO.

Enter SELICA.

Selica. If you loved I as I loved you, I'd show you where the ships go through.

Vasco. I love you to distraction, but do you understand the use of maps, fair savage?

Selica. Intimately. When only four years of age, I was taken by cruel parents to England, and sold to SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, President of the Geographical Society. I escaped by the submarine telegraph. See, false man *(shows him a Map)*, that is the way to double the Cape.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

Enter INEZ.

I hope you are quite well.

Inez. Not in the least. You are free.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

Inez. But it will not. In fact, I have made other arrangements. To save you, I have consented to marry DON PEDRO, and we are going out to discover the passage to India.

Vasco. I am astonished.

(He is astonished until Curtain falls.)

ACT III.

A great Ship at Sea. The footlights represent the stern. Cabins seen. Nautical incidents. Inquisition band plays, "Oh, the roast Jews of old Portugal."

Enter INEZ.

Inez. Alas, poor VASCO!

Enter VASCO, through a porthole.

Vasco. Believe me true.

Inez. You must also be very wet.

Vasco. It is so. I love you.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Pedro. I cannot allow such an observation to be made to my wife. What ho, menials!

Enter many nautical menials.

Pedro. Put this slave into a cask. Head it up. Bung the bung-hole. Throw it into the sea.

(A tremendous Storm arises.)



Grand Chorus.

Behold our tears and groans,
We go to DAVID JONES.

(The Ship begins to go to DAVY JONES, when thousands of Madagascarites swim round her, come on board, and draw swords, daggers,

affghans, mucks, creases, ataghans, inferences, and other weapons of vengeance. All the white folks are going to be massacred.

Enter SELICA.

Selica. Don't!

[They don't. The Ship sinks.

ACT IV.

Madagascar. Splendid pagodas, temples, caves of Elephants, Giants' Caverns, gaily nautiches, and other interesting scenery. SELICA is Queen: she enters.

Selica. My people are loyal, but they have constitutional rights, and they insist on killing all these whites.

Enter VASCO.

Selica. So! you are there, are you?

Vasco. To your Majesty's assertion I assent, and to your Majesty's inquiry I reply affirmatively.

Selica. The people will kill you.

Vasco. It is unfortunate. It occurs to me at this crisis respectfully to ask your MAJESTY why you are called The Africaine?

Selica. Because I am an Asiatic. Resuming the subject, I remark that I can save you in one way only. I will declare you my husband.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

INEZ is heard singing without.

"I go to execution,
"Tis righteous retribution,
And by this Constitution
All foreigners must die."

Vasco. That voice!

[He starts.

Selica. How dare you start? I'll make you smart. You love that Lisbon coquette! 'Tis well!

[Sarcasically.

Vasco. Is it?

[The Curtain descends on his conviction that however well it may be, it might be better.

ACT V.

QUEEN SELICA'S Gardens. They are very beautiful, and oranges, olives, ostrich-eggs, oysters, and all other luxuries depend from the trees.

Selica. Is this Madagascar? Am I its Queen? But without entering at this moment into a discussion upon those details, slaves, bring in your prisoners..

VASCO and INEZ are brought in.

Nelusko. It may be convenient for me to mention that I love your Majesty.

Selica. If equally convenient, hold your tongue. But where is that person's husband?

Nelusko. Ask the sharks.

Selica (haughtily). I ask you. But I am answered. Now, false lover, and you, artful woman, you are in my power, and you shall feel it. What can you expect?

Inez. I expect nothing further in this mundane sphere.

Selica. But you love him?

[Pointing to VASCO.

Inez. The statement which has just been made in reference to my late husband, allows me without impropriety to say that such is the case.

Selica. Ha! And you love her?

[Pointing to INEZ.

Vasco. I love you both, and if the devotion of a life—

Selica. Silence, you double-faced Janus. *Pollio* in *Norma* was a gentleman to you. Never mind. Put them on board a vessel which I see coming, and which is about to sail at 6'45 A.M. for Portugal; and may they be happy!

[They are led away to happiness.

The Scene changes, and discovers

The Upas Tree.

It is very splendid, with red leaves, but surrounded with dead elephants, ichthyosaurians, crocodiles, giraffes, and others who have ventured

within reach of its poison. There occur sixteen bars in unison on the fourth string, and the audience weep for seven minutes.

Enter SELICA and NELUSKO, following.

Selica. Who told you to come?

Nelusko. I thought that I had apprised your Majesty of my undeviating attachment.

Selica. Did you? I forgot. But it really does not matter. Are they safe?

Nelusko. Deign to look through these branches. There goes the ship, and on his return VASCO DE GAMA will be made Admiral of the Indian, Persian, and Arabian Seas.

Selica. How do you know that?

Nelusko. From a statement in MR. CHARLES KNIGHT's excellent *Cyclopædia of Geography*.

Selica. You are right, it is an admirable work, and no gentleman's library can be complete without it. Now give me that bunch of crimson berries. Not that—keeping the largest for yourself, pig!

[She eats the Upas fruit. He does the same.

Tremendous final Chorus.

Mademoiselle Saxe. How they are singing out of tune!
M. Faure. Perfectly atrocious.

[Dies.

Curtain falls on Final Chorus.



FROM ALGIERS.

THE EMPEROR reports progress every day by telegraph to the EMPRESS. In answer to an anxious inquiry sent by her Imperial Majesty, the EMPEROR replied that EUGÉNIE need be under no apprehension on his or her own account, as at present, though, perhaps, appearances might be against him, he had no intention of giving in his adhesion to the Mahomedan faith.

Another telegram from the same Imperial source to the same Imperial Lady at Paris announces, that the EMPEROR has already had a most encouraging sale of *Julius Cæsar* among the Arabs, and has, on most advantageous terms, disposed of several damaged copies to some elderly Sheiks.

A new Chivalric Order is to be instituted, called The Arabian Knights.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

FUR SCOURERS WANTED.—Clever hands, accustomed to cleaning sullied ERMINE, may hear of a Job by applying (after dark) at the back of LITTLE BETHEA, Richmond Row, Westminster.



VERY LIKELY!

Porter (at Tangleway Marsh Station.) "EXPRESS TRAIN JUST GONE, SIR."

Swell (closing manfully with the difficulty). "AW—BWING 'NOTHAR IMMEDIATELY, AW—"

A ROW AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

UNDER the signature of "A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY" a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* complains of annoyance inflicted upon him on the evening of Saturday last week in a stall at Her Majesty's theatre, by the noise made by a party in a pit-box on the right side of the house not far from the stage, talking and gabbling incessantly and loudly during Act 1 and half of Act 2 of the performance, when they left, of their own accord; not turned out or removed by the police.

Talking at the Opera, let young men from the country, and other rustics and inferior persons know, is "the thing." It is "stylish," it is "nobby," a practice usual with the right sort of people who mean to show that they understand what is what, and are up to the usages of the nobility and gentry. It bespeaks the cream of the cream, the supreme of the superior classes, whose superiority is such that they are above listening to music, however good, and how well soever executed, or indeed listening to anything whatsoever but one another's small-talk.

The Opera in course of performance whilst these superior people were chattering was *Norma*, with *TITENS* for the heroine, and *SINICO* for *Adalgisa*; and the "Young Man from the Country" says that he expected "a great treat" from their singing, of which the conversation of the stylish party in the pit-box interfered with his enjoyment. *Norma* is a work of some genius, and *TITENS* and *SINICO* are singers of the first excellence; and the disregard of *BELLINI*'s music, of their execution of it, and of the desire of the mass of the audience to hear it, argued the good breeding of those who interrupted it with their genteel discourse. Had not people moving in their sphere of society heard *Norma* often enough before, and what were they to care about it or about the creatures who wanted to hear it? If the Opera had been *Il Flauto Magico*, or *Don Giovanni*, they would have talked all the same, only louder, to show their superiority even to *MOZART*, that is supposing them to be aware that *MOZART* is considered by judges of music to be anybody in particular. What were they at the Opera for? To talk,

RAILWAY COMPANIES LIMITED.

FROM the subjoined statement in the *Times*, the public will regret to learn that the almost omnipotent Railway interest is not absolutely to have everything everywhere its own way:—

"RAILWAYS THROUGH GREENWICH PARK.—At a meeting of Board of Visitors of the Royal Observatory, on the 24th of April, the President of the Royal Society in the chair, it was resolved to entreat the Admiralty to maintain their former decision, and exclude all railways from the Park."

The reason that prompted this deplorable decision to try and keep railways out of Greenwich Park, was the consideration, from ascertained facts, that the oscillations caused by the trains would be sure to disturb the scientific operations going on at the Observatory there. What a pity there is an Observatory in Greenwich Park! No doubt there are romantic, unbusinesslike people who wish that there were one in every park, and every other pleasant place whose beauty and repose are, as they fancy, in danger of being disturbed and spoiled by hissing, puffing, screeching, reeking, and odoriferous railway trains. The Iron Horse is a good thing, but, in the opinion of these weak persons, there may be too much of a good thing, and they think that the Iron Horse has kicked down so many lovely scenes, that they have had something too much of the Iron Horse. Ordinary horse-worship, they allow, may be tolerated, as harmless absurdity, but they consider that the worship of the Iron Horse, which sacrifices everything to its idol, is becoming an insufferable nuisance. Iron Horse worship, moreover, associated, as it mostly is, with the worship of the Golden Calf, seems to these sentimentalists a sordid and contemptible idolatry, the abomination of whose desolation ought to be limited. Owing to their prejudices it may be long before we shall have railways in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

To the Protestant Public.

THE Seal, at the Zoological Gardens, in justice to the governors of that delightful place of instruction and recreation, presents his compliments to Mr. *Punch*, and begs to state that he, the writer, is a thorough Protestant, and disclaims any relationship, or any connection whatever, with the now notorious Seal of Confession.

and look about the house through their *lorgnettes* and flirt. There is only one Opera that persons of this quality could ever be expected to attend to, but to that they might pay some attention from sympathy with the principal character in it: *La Traviata*. The "Young Man from the Country" innocently enough remarks:—

"It mattered not what was sung—to them chorus, duet, or solo were all one, and their discordant harsh voices were heard to the annoyance of more than myself. Let us hope that this letter may come under the eye of this party who might as well have stayed at home for any interest they had in the performance."

If his complaint about talking at the Opera should come under the eye of the talkers, they will only laugh at finding that they have given annoyance to a serious listener. "Ha, ha! That was you and me," they will say in their colloquial manner. Wishing to give additional vexation to the vulgar who gravely object to their "*distingué*" habit of talking at the Opera, they might, in lively keeping with the peculiarity of the place, improve upon it another time by substituting, for ordinary dialogue, recitative. Their "discordant and harsh voices" would then produce an effect amounting to the creation of an absolute disturbance; for which, with all due regard for their quality, the Manager might possibly give them in charge, and they might be walked off like other disorderly persons in the neighbouring Haymarket.

Worthy the Attention of All.

THE Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund takes place on Saturday next at the Freemasons' Hall, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS in the Chair, and very first-rate vocalists in the orchestra. If there be such a thing as National Gratitude, Mr. WARREN, the excellent Secretary to the Fund, will be smothered in Bank Notes and Cheques, contributed by "the Million" in acknowledgment of public services rendered by the Press, and far too great for ordinary commercial remuneration. So subscribe to the Newspaper Press Fund.

BISMARCK ON THE PRUSSIAN NAVY.—Begin at the beginning. The first principle of our Naval Architecture is, "Make sure of your Kiel."

THE BANISHMENT OF THE BEGGARS. A NEW "TRAMP CHORUS."

(Suggested by a Clause in MR. VILLIERS' "Houseless Poor" Bill.)



OW, tramp, now tramp to prison cell,
Or quit the trade that pays so well.
The scamps who whine for charity,
Cleared from our streets ere long will be:
A clause in MR. VILLIERS' Act
Is fatal to all tramps, in fact;
And beggars who disturb our peace
Must now their odious calling cease.

Sham injured workmen will no more
Display their wounds from door to door.
No more the lame will howl their woes,
Or clap their crutches on our toes.
No more the blind, with ghastly eye,
Will glare on all who pass them by.
No more, when they are frozen out,
Will hulking navvies bawl and shout.

Sham paralytics now no more
Will shake and shiver, as of yore:
Sham widows will no more be seen,
With eyes upturned and aprons clean,
And hired babies in their arms,
And hired brats, who bellow psalms.
Artistic tramps will now no more
Chalk "I am starving!" at your door;
Or on the pavement lie forlorn,
Beside the mackerel they have drawn.

Hence! ye tramps who dog our heel,
And beg or bully, whine or squeal:
Hence, ye one-legged cripples, hence!
Impostors ye who make pretence
Of having for your country fought:
Away to prison, and be taught,
By exercise upon the Mill
The benefit of VILLIERS' Bill;
Which (and 'twill soon be law, we trust)
Provides that all, who *can* work, *must*.

Catholic Fare in Quod.

PETITIONS from various Roman Catholic congregations were presented the other evening in the House of Commons "for proper religious provision for Roman Catholic prisoners and paupers." The religious provision contemplated by the petitioners, as proper for their co-religionists in gaols and workhouses, might be surmised to be fish on Fridays and during Lent. Very well; allow the deserving Roman Catholic poor salt cod and parsnips; but as to the Roman Catholic criminals, they had better be made to fast altogether as hard as possible, with the whole of the Protestant convicts to keep them company.

A LETTER FROM A LODGING-LETTER.

MRS. FILCHER presents her compliments to Mr. Punch, and requests him to peruse the following advertisement, which she thinks it is *disgraceful* in a journal like the *Times* to have allowed of its insertion:—

ROOMS WANTED, by two gentlemen, living a few miles out of town —two small bed-rooms and one sitting-room for occasional use, for the next three or four months. The bed-rooms may be anywhere, but the sitting-room must be on the ground-floor. The attendance must be perfect, and the rooms and servants must be scrupulously clean and neat. Regular lodging-house-keepers, with wretched furniture and overworked servants always dirty, are politely requested not to answer this advertisement.

Mr. P. will much oblige his umble servant, Mrs. F., if he will please to mention what steps she ought to take for to recover compensation for this *mean and hojus insult*, which as a "reglar lodging-letter" she have hereby received. Mrs. F. would beg to state that if it had been only in a *penny* newspaper, she would ave passed it hover with contemptuous disgust, for *penny* advertizers is not what she aspires to entertain within er ouse. But being in the *Times* she feel it is a hinsult and a blot on her carackter, as ought at least to be apologised if not a 5 pun note or so into her pocket, which though she *do* let her rooms *reglar*, her *furniture* she *will* say is fit for *any* gentleman, and it is a wicked calomel to talk about her servant being "overworked and dirty," for I do mostly all the cooking, and except the stoves and boot blacking and cleaning of the knives and forks, and washing up the crockery and brushing up the ouse a bit, there's really next to nothink in the way of dirt and dust as my gal ever have to do, and as for over-work, why lawks! there never were a place more easy for a servant nor more comfortable nayther, for she only have the drawing-rooms as dine every day at home, for the ground and second-floors goes out directly after breakfast, and the back attio he gets his meals all in the City, and his shoes and shavink water is all as *he* requires, which there's nobody at present occupying my top front.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why are Cats kept in sporting gentlemen's Stables? To scratch the Racehorses.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 14. The Indian Officers' Grievance was brought before the Lords, and strongly urged by LORDS DONOUGHMORE and HOUGHTON. It may have been impossible, in transforming the Company's army into the QUEEN'S, to avoid some awkwardnesses, but the brave Indians, who saved the Indian Empire, deserve to be treated with all consideration, and not, as LORD LYVEDEN said, in a shabby and ungenerous spirit. LORD DUFFERIN made the best sort of official baffling defence he could, and stated that the difficulty had been that of the man who had to put thirty

teen men into twelve beds, giving each man a bed to himself. This illustration was a flagrant instance of aristocratic officialism, devoid of precise information. The affair is a game, and it is a case of eleven beds—but the superior classes can never understand anything; here, give us a pencil. There, up in the corner we have sketched the thing as it is, and—stop a minute—there, LORD DUFFERIN, there you are, with a slate. Now, perhaps, you can understand. The Subject Dropped, as the gaoler said to the surgeon when bringing the latter something for dissection.

LORD HOUGHTON, in the Lords, asked a question which was also asked by MR. WHITE in the Commons. LORD RUSSELL answered in the Senate, and the PREMIER in the House of Representatives. The question was, whether Government would withdraw our recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. The answer is a double question. Have they ceased to be belligerents? and do the Re-United States declare such to be the case? Our course must depend upon that of our friends, the American Government. Let us hear what they say.

LORD PALMERSTON has been ill, and to-night made his re-appearance. He was tremendously cheered by both sides, MR. DISRAELI cheering as heartily as the rest. The PREMIER's arm was in a sling, but that did not prevent his putting a smooth stone into another sling, and sending the missile straight at the Goliath of Brighton. Then, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH (amid laughter, of course) snatching at the first moment to renew his nag about the *Times* getting the heads of the Budget before the speech, PAM made him a jocund kind of answer, saying that the journals made guesses, sometimes good, sometimes bad, and that he was quite sure nobody in the Government had betrayed secrets, and so on—all a laugh at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, and accepted by the House "in like gamesome mood."

The Excluders of the Poor from the Parishes rallied for a new fight, but under the eye of the Schoolmaster were much more decorous than when the excellent usher, GREY, had charge of the School. Still, a struggle was made to get the Bill referred to a Committee, so that it should not pass this Session, but Mr. PUNCH rebukes, and the expressed opinion of the country, produced their effect. The Obstructive Exclusives were defeated by the enormous majority of 266 to 93. We may as well continue the odd story. The Committee was taken on Thursday, when MR. HENLEY, who had headed the Opposition, made an Ugly Rush on his own account. He proposed a clause for prohibiting the Removal of Paupers at all, under any circumstances. As soon as MR. VILLIERS could take breath he expressed his joy over the repentant sinner, but, translating the Sibthorpean formula, said that he feared such a Greek when he brought a present. The Henleyan suggestion was understood, and rejected by 184 to 110. We hope to see it law, but the change must be made with care and forethought, not as a political dodge. The Greek got rather personal, but MR. GILPIN acted as peace-maker, and the Bill went through Committee. The spirit of the Excluders may be learned from the Greek's last words. He said that the measure ought to be entitled one "for relieving the towns from their fair burdens." JOSEPH! Don't. You know better. Look at Mr. PUNCH's Cartoon, JOSEPH.

Tuesday. A Bill for permitting Local Authorities to dispose of Sewage, instead of sending it into our rivers, was brought in by LORD RAVENSWORTH. We fear that it is too mild to be of much use. One of these days, London, whose hands are now clean, will turn round upon all the towns above bridge, and demand what they mean by defiling the water that is to come down to her. It will be the incident of the Wolf and the Lamb, only that Lamb London will show fangs like a Wolf, and be in the right. PUNCH advises the Towns to do what is proper without waiting to be made to do it. We have not paid Three Millions to SIR THWAITES to have our river polluted by Oxford, and Henley, and Maidenhead, and villages of that character.

The Admiralty intend to do away with Masters in the Navy. 'Tis a time-honoured

title, mentioned by SHAKESPEARE. But who are to be the substitutes in these days of armed ships? Ironmasters?

MR. MILNER GIBSON had nothing to tell about the Basses Rocks, Ceylon. He might have said something about the Bass Rock, Stanfield. As he did not, we say for him that the veteran has painted a noble picture.

We have had a glorious battle at Lagos, where our troops have utterly annihilated our enemies, without losing a single man. So says MR. CARDWELL. Clearly we must have supernatural aid, and ST. GEORGE must have visibly fought for us, as ST. JAMES did for the Spaniards in that famous affray, wherein the Commander admitted that he had not seen the miracle, but, (with a wink, and a full recollection of his own clever generalship) added—"Sinner that I am, who am I that I should have beheld the blessed saint?"

MR. COWPER was cruelly badgered about the intentions of Government as to the British Museum, but he kept getting away cleverly, and dodging, until he fairly wore out his persecutors. We suppose he had explained to MR. GLADSTONE that he would not stand any more of it, for, later in the week, the CHANCELLOR, whom few dare badger, stated that the House should know all in Government's good time.

The Examinations for the Indian Civil Service were the theme of a debate on their utility. There is no doubt of their utility. MR. COCHRANE thinks that they are too severe. They are not too severe. How many more times are we to say this? The Dunces, certainly, have most zealous friends, and we really want another ALEXANDER POPA.

The LORD CHANCELLOR has been wrong in the Edmunds matter, has been brought to account, and has been declared wrong, and censured. That is well. But it is not well that such persons as MR. FERRAND should be encouraged to go on nagging and nibbling at LORD WESTBURY on two-penny matters connected with a relative who has caused him annoyance enough and to spare. A full explanation was given by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the circumstances in question, and then MR. FERRAND, who cares as much for delicacy as a rhinoceros cares for *How do Cologne*, began again, and demanded to see SIR ROUNDELL's private letters on the subject. The lofty author of the Book of Praise then gave MR. FERRAND something which the aforesaid rhinoceros would have felt, but we dare say the Member for Devonport did not feel.

Wednesday. On the previous night MR. MOFFATT began a speech on Bankruptcy and was Counted Out. To-day, incensed, he gave notice that he should move to insert in the Minutes the name of any Member who should Count. This he means as a sort of punishment. Boah! The Counter is felt to be a noble Institution, and his still small voice fills the Reporter's Gallery with rapture. Those gentlemen will never name him, we hope and trust, and if they do not, all is serene—who reads Minutes? But the House will not alter a wholesome rule to please an angry man. It is a remarkable fact that people who are worth hearing can keep a House.

MR. MONSIELL's Bill for getting rid of the offensive part of the Roman Catholic Oath, was heartily abused by the Irish Tories, and by MR. WHALLEY (amid laughter), and strongly supported by SIR GEORGE GREY for the Government. It was read a Second Time by 190 to 134, but the Newdegateers announced that it was to be attacked again, in force. The fewer oaths the better. They are notoriously useful in Courts of Justice, for there are thousands of people who will lie in the most hideous manner, but will not swear to a lie. But we imagine that in a few years a simple declaration will be all that is required from those whom their QUEEN or their countrymen have thought worthy of trust.

Irish Dogs are to be registered, for which privilege they are to pay Sixpence, and then they are to pay an Income-Tax of Two Shillings a-year. But there is to be no oppressive compulsion, only the police are to shoot all defaulters. We wonder that the same simple course is not adopted in regard to our own Income-Tax.

Thursday. Above hath been described the principal sport of the night. The valuable Partnership Bill went through Committee. It does not apply to partners in a round game, who are still at liberty, especially if engaged couples, to cheat in the awful manner which gives so much annoyance to screws and old maids.

Friday. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH (ha! ha!) wishes us to interfere with the United States Government in behalf

of the Southern leaders. LORD PALMERSTON replied that he had no intention of attempting any interference with the internal affairs of the States. Before any American indulges in an inclination to do more than smile at the incident, he will do well to ascertain who MR. DABBY GRIFFITH is, and then will do a great deal more than smile: in fact will laugh some.

A majority of 146 to 143 carried a motion made by MR. DENMAN that those Martyrs the Attorneys ought not to pay a certificate duty. This duty is £9 in town, £6 in the country. MR. GLADSTONE hinted that the sudden effect for attorneys showed that a general election was near. But we have heard that a certain item which is added to lawyers' bills, and which runs thus,

"Letters, Messages, Postages, and Sundries,"

is thought to deprive the tax of oppressive incidence, and to distribute it mildly over the clients. And, again, what is £9 to a gentleman who can charge you six-and-eightpence every time he tells you

that it is a fine or a wet afternoon, and that *Punch* was capital yesterday?

On a vote for the Foreign Office, we had the Parliamentary PAUL BEDFORD and TOOLS both "on" together, and the laughter was doubled. MR. DABBY GRIFFITH affected to argue that we did not want a Foreign Office as we never interfered with foreign affairs; and MR. WHALLEY, as a Protestant, contended that Protestant principles required the protection of that department. The Committee made odd noises at the honourable comedians, and MR. WHALLEY got another innings later, when, trying to speak on the Catholic Oath, he was desired to "sing," at which he expressed much indignation. Why should he not sing, if he can?

It was sought to push on the Oaths Bill, but its opponents resisted furiously, and, after a couple of divisions, the debate was adjourned. "Bulwark of the Constitution," "unpopularity at elections," and "insult to Catholics," were among the themes on which the speakers rang changes until half-past one on Saturday morning. But it is pleasant weather for a stroll home in the quiet hour, *non sine fumo*.



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Town Boy (to Country Acquaintance). "WHO ARE THEY! WHY, CUSTOMERS AS 'AD THEIR 'EADS BRUSHED OFF BY MACHINERY, 'COS THEY WOULDN'T 'OLD 'EM STILL WHILE THEY WAS A SKIN' SHAMPOOKED!"

WHAT'S THE CUE?

MR. E. T. SMITH has been getting up *Guy Mannering* at Astley's, and we believe that the charming music is well executed. This is a much more creditable course than covering the boards of London with vulgar pictures, and inviting all the cads and caddesses to go and gaze on a coarse woman, slightly clad, sprawling on her back on the back of a horse. We wish success to his operatic experiment. But one singular fact sets us a-thinking. It is announced that among the introduced songs, "*My Pretty Jane*" is sung by—guess? You hardly will. By *Colonel Mannering*! Yes. The stern and dominant soldier, at whose frown his female relative trembles, and whose mood is so gloomy that he rarely smiles, this terrible warrior, represented by MR. VERNON RIGBY, sings—very well, we are informed—this soft and sentimental ditty. What "cue" can bring it in with probability? After much cogitation we have come to the conclusion that this must be the speech:—

Colonel Mannering. Returned from India to my native soil of Scotia, I adopt her splendid garb. But imposing as is this tartan, awe-inspiring as are these plumes, the

icy breezes of the Grampians strike chill to my nether limbs, and make me sigh for the pretty jean trousers I wore in the East. Yes, I miss my pretty jean. (*Sings*) "*My Pretty Jane*," &c.

LAYS OF LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

ALICIA, step into my trim-built boat,
I'll row you gently down the weedy stream,
And as upon the river's breast we float,
I'll sing you what I know of "Love's Young Dream."
One day I hope to claim her for my bride—
This line you'll understand is said "aside."

Sit in the bows—I think I mean the stern—
The place where watermen the rudder rig;
But sailors' terms I've ever failed to learn,
And know no more of boating than a pig.
No, ALICIA, 'twas a joke—there, take your place:
You see I row with elegance and grace.

How charming 'tis with you to be alone!
(My face the noonday's sun begins to griddle,)
And from those lips that sweet, endearing tone.
(I wish somehow she'd sit more in the middle.)
When first we met (I must take off my jacket;
Note: for asides, henceforth, I'll use the bracket.)

"When first we met?" I recollect the ball!
How jealous of young Snooks I was that night!
Pull your left string—and finding after all
That you had only thought of—pull your right!
Only of me! Then when we sat together—
(She is correct in saying I can't feather.)

"Did I mean all I said upon the stair?"
ALICIA! all!—your left again—and more;
I would have said—(these skulls are not a pair)—
My dearest—Left! just as you did before.
You are a prize! My prize! Ah, shall I win it!
(She is becoming heavier each minute.)

You ask me to "row on"—with all my heart.
(Ahem! to that I couldn't take my oath.)
But mayn't I sit with you?—I say, don't start—
(Hang it! I thought she had upset us both.)
We won't turn back: it is so nice to scull.
(This *tête-à-tête*'s a beginning to be dull.)

Don't think I'm talking foolishly, I pray.
Oh, yes, I see the barges and their crews:
Ah, careless rovers, singing on their way!
(But what low language these gay bargemen use!)
You turn away your head—ah, may I hope?
All's over—ah! it is the bargee's rope!

"'Twas all my fault?" No, that is hardly so.
(How cold it is!) The boat was very crank.
If you could steer as well as I can row,
We shouldn't now be dripping on the bank.
(Moral—deduced while scraping off the slime—
You can't make love and row at the same time.)

Address to the Electors of Westminster.—More grist to the mill.



"TRYING IT ON."

Old Lady. "BAD SHILLING, INDEED! WHY I TOOK IT FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN."

Conductor (soothingly). "DON'T DOUBT YOUR WORD, MUM, FOR I KNOWS THE SHILLIN' WELL; BUT I CAN'T TAKE IT!"

UNION CHARGEABILITY.

Song of the Country Gentleman.

TUNE—"Sir Roger de Coverley."

THIS new Bill's a bore,
Rating land's gentility,
To make us maintain our own poor
In spite of our hostility.
The burden we used to evade
With comfortable facility;
But the money will have to be paid,
Through Union Chargeability.

Well we worked the clown,
In his days of juvenility,
When his hair was black or brown,
We taxed his strength and agility.
To his parish we sent him away,
In indigence and senility,
For his keep not forced to pay
By Union Chargeability.

We used the labouring man
While he had any utility,
Any other plan
Accounting puerility.
Do and don't be done;
Scruple is imbecility:
But a due very hard to shun
Will be Union Chargeability.

Which way now to turn
Will pose our versatility,
Though we'd gladly learn,
With studious docility.

But we shall be forced to bear,
In meekness and humility,
Our just and proper share
Of Union Chargeability.

Unless we can reduce
This measure to futility,
Regardless of abuse,
And satire, and scurrility;
Unmindful of contempt
Expressed with incivility:
And contrive to remain exempt
From Union Chargeability.

THE NEW LANDED INTEREST.

EXTOLLING the mighty works of Commerce, the *Morning Post* indites the following reflection:—

"How many of the ancient parks and baronial halls have passed from their old and much encumbered proprietors into the hands of cotton-spinners, cotton-brokers, brewers, ironmasters, and engineers, overflowing with ready cash, and boasting gigantic balances at their bankers!"

Yes; and see what a vast improvement has taken place of late years in the character of the landed interest. How much more generous and liberal the new English country gentlemen are than the old English country gentlemen were! Consider in how great a degree, for instance, the modern landlords, the successful speculators and manufacturers by whom the ancient gentry have been happily bought out, have practically, as well as legally, relaxed the Game Laws, which no doubt they will shortly simplify by declaring all game property; in fact, doing away with the distinction between wild and tame creatures altogether. The law of trespass also; how leniently that is enforced by them! Even where the commons, open from time immemorial till lately, have been enclosed, you can go anywhere and do anything so long as you keep in the public highways, and don't go aside into the fields to gather mushrooms or pick flowers. Hurrah for the New Landed Interest!



“OUT OF THE PARISH.”

SIR GILES OVERREACH. “NOW, THEN, MY MAN! YOUR WORK’S DONE, SO BE OFF OUT OF THIS PARISH.” AGRICULTURAL LABOURER. “AH! SIR GILES! IT BE BETTER NOR FOUR MILE TO T’TOWN.” SIR GILES OVERREACH. “CAN’T HELP THAT! NO ‘UNION CHARGEABILITY’ FOR ME.”

HANDBOOK TO THE ACADEMY DINNER.

MR. PUNCH observed with extreme sympathy (shared by his friend the *Spectator*, to whose very smart article on the subject Mr. P. paid the tribute of an affable smile) the awful difficulty felt by the big and little wigs at the Academy Dinner. The Academy gives its feasts to guests who usually know and care nothing about pictures, but who, being more or less great persons, are intensely dear to Flunkeyism. To get these large and small Swells on their legs in answer to toasts is the happiness of the Academy. But the happiness is all on one side. The poor Swells have to connect their own trades and callings with Pictorial Art, and lamentably clumsy is, generally, the junction. This year the affair presented so many miserable spectacles that Mr. Punch resolved to say nothing on the afflicting theme, especially as the *Spectator* had said much, and said it well. But his never-slumbering instinct of humanity has caused him to consider whether he can do nothing to alleviate the woe occasioned by Academic flunkeyism, and he finds that he can do something. He has prepared a set of Starts for Academy Orators—a set of beginnings, which he commends to the study of all persons who get asked to the dinner.

A Beadle. MR. PRESIDENT, I do think that there is peculiar stress in the toast of the Beadles of England being offered at your Academy. For as the Beadle precedes and clears the way for the minister of religion, so does a love of Art, which *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*, prepare and clear the mind for the reception of the highest lessons.

A Great Railway Contractor. Sir, the toast with which you have honoured me is happily an easy one, for the connection between a railway and painting is too obvious to be overlooked. What, Sir, is the object of a railway. To do away with distance, and bring far-apart scenes within the easy reach of all. And what but that is the work of the painter, especially the landscape painter, like MR. (*here name anybody you choose, only mind that he is a landscape painter*).

An Eminent Surgeon. SIR CHARLES, my profession is one which especially links itself with your own. When performing an operation, I deal with life; when dissecting, with death. And SHAKESPEARE has said, that the living and the dead are but as Pictures.

A Rich Butcher. MR. PRESIDENT, I could not fail to expect the honour of being called on, for the fortunes of your vocation and mine alike depend upon a single circumstance. What, Sir, would be thought of your pictures, what would be thought of my legs of mutton, if both were not well hung?

An Electioneering Agent. I rise, Sir, with gratitude, but without surprise, for unworthy as I may be to reply to a toast so eloquently proposed, I feel deeply that my occupation and that of the painter have a common bond. When I am at my work, and when he is at his, both are engaged upon our canvases.

A Deputy Lieutenant. Sir, at first sight it may not be obvious what is the connection between Deputy Lieutenants and Painting, but I think that if any one will cast his eye on yonder brilliant wall he will understand the fitness of this toast. It is a Deputy Lieutenant's business faithfully to represent the Lord Lieutenant, and the great artist who has executed yonder picture of LORD WODEHOUSE, has represented the Lord Lieutenant with equal fidelity.

Anybody who goes up in Balloons. Really, SIR CHARLES, I am not much in the habit of speaking, but on this occasion can feel no difficulty, for my favourite pursuit is indissolubly linked with an important feature in your art. I allude, Sir, to aerial perspective.

A Member of Parliament. MR. PRESIDENT, I must approach my theme with a "Joseph Miller." We used to be asked in childhood why TITIAN's fat daughter, MARY, was like MR. PITT, and we were told that it was because she was called the Great POLLY TITIAN. Sir, I am a humble Politician, but I can admire the painter I have named, and also the gentlemen I see around me, who emulate his &c. &c.

A Knight of the Garter. Sir, the connection between Painting and Knights of the Garter is too obvious for comment. It must give any man happiness to receive a noble Order, and I dare say that my pleasure in my installation does not exceed that of any artist here, when a dealer calls upon him and commissions him to execute a work.

A King. Sir, it gives us much pleasure to unbend for a moment of happiness, and to take our place at your festal board. It pleases us also to think that there is one point in which the position of ourselves and of artists is exactly alike. We owe everything to oil. Without oil, we could be no King, you could be no painters.

A Master of Hounds. Tallyho, hoicks, harkaway! We are all on the same scent here, SIR CHARLES, hay? The one thing which I think of, and the one thing which you think of, is the Brush. Tallyho, hoicks, harkaway!

A Rich Pork-butcher. Sir, the connection between pork-butchery and painting may not at once occur to you. But, Sir, when I mention that I acquired my art late in life, that at fifty I did not know what a pig meant, your pigment—(*roars of laughter, and you need not finish*).

There are a dozen Starts for the guests of the Academy, and Mr. Punch has taken care not to run the risk of want of success by raising any of them above the standard of Academic wit. But any invited

guest of next year, who may want himself fitted, has but to address a directed envelope and a twenty-pound note to Mr. Punch, and he shall receive a special opening for his oration, and thus be spared, aiding in the usual lamentable spectacle caused by the Academy's resolve to feed great folks.

MR. HENLEY ON HIS BACK.

(In reply to the statements in MR. SIMON'S *Blue Report on the Dwellings of the Labouring Poor*, MR. HENLEY said, "Old as I am, and half worn out, if I could do nothing else, when such charges are made, I would lie on my back and halloo 'Fudge!' as loud as I could."

(Vide Report of Debate on the Union Chargeability Bill.)

SAYS Orator HENLEY, although I am old,
And all constrained postures must grudge:
Could I do nothing else, I would lie on my back,
And to SIMON'S Report would cry "Fudge."

Well a long way I'd trudge to hear HENLEY cry "Fudge,"
Till he couldn't cry "Fudge" any longer;
But a fact is a fact, and a fact will not budge,
But the more "Fudge" is cried, sticks the stronger.

When Bumbledom's "Fudge" can wipe Pauperism out,
Feed hunger, and nakedness cover:
When Rascaldom's "Fudge" can on honour throw doubt,
And from right to wrong build a bridge over:

When the courtiers' "Fudge" from KING CANUTE can stay
The tide rising furious and frantic;
When DAME PARTINGTON'S "Fudge" helps her broom's vain essay,
And restrains the advancing Atlantic:

When the traveller's "Fudge" keeps the avalanche back,
That the sound of the word has set falling;
When the vine-dresser's "Fudge" can divert from its track
The Lava stream o'er his vines crawling:

When Egotism's "Fudge" out of filth and foul air
Can eradicate fierce fever-leven;
When Unbelief's "Fudge" can prove Hell isn't there,
Or Atheism's "Fudge" wipe out "Heaven:"

We will take HENLEY'S "Fudge" as a crushing reply
To the statements that fill SIMON'S blue-book—
Proof, the labourer's cot is not too oft a sty:
And the Registrar's file not a true-book.

BEER AT THE OPERA.

MR. PUNCH!

CAN I believe my eyes? What do I see in a notice of an Opera in the *Morning Post* with reference to the new tenor, SIGNOR BRIGNOLI, and another eminent Italian singer at Covent Garden?—

"His '*M'appari tutt' amor*' was encored; so too was the famous '*Beer Song*, given with the utmost jollity by SIGNOR GRAZIANI."

This at the Italian Opera! A Beer Song! Beer, actually Beer, gross, common, vulgar Beer. What next? The Beer Song, I suppose, that horrid song called Beer, occasionally heard resounding from a Public-house, with that coarse burden invoking a dreadful imprecation on the Government in the event of their ever attempting—

"To rob a poor man of his beer!"

Beer! In the good old days of the Opera, when the Opera was the Opera, and there was no other Opera; the Opera in the Haymarket, had the word Beer been mentioned—breathed—whispered in the atmosphere of otto-of-roses and *sau-de-Cologne*, everybody would have fainted. I assure you the announcement of a Beer Song as not only sung, but "given with the utmost jollity" by SIGNOR GRAZIANI, has almost been the death of

Brummel's Place, May 1865.

AN OLD DANDY.

P.S. Beer! An Italian song of Beer! With accompaniments on the Barrel Organ? Oh!

OPOPONAX EXPLAINED.

Of late much advertised, a word
Folk's curiosity now racks,
Name of a drug—it seems absurd—
The word Opoponax.

Behold at length the secret found;
'Tis but a maiden's hint—ha ha!
Opoponax we thus expound:
Oh pop, and as Mamma!



À FORTIORI.

Lizzie. "I WANT SOME TOFFEE"

Mamma. "COFFEE—NOT TOFFEE! TOFFEE'S MADE OF SUGAR—AND BUTTER—AND TREACLE—AND —"

Lizzie. "THEN, I'LL HAVE SOME!"

THE MODERN ART OF ILLUMINATION.

MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I was pleased to observe the following admonition on a card fixed up inside an omnibus:—

"Buy your cigars only of the manufacturer, where 1 lb. can be had at the whole-sale price."

This is the sort of interesting precept which you read everywhere in all frequented places—in the streets, at the stations, in the public conveyances. Somewhat varying the remark which *Banquo*, on his arrival with *Duncan* at *Macbeth's* castle, makes about the "temple-haunting martlet," a misanthrope might be inclined to say, with respect to London and most other large towns in England:—

"That bubble-monger,
The advertising tradesman, doth approve
By his bold puffery that humbug's dodge
Tells doingly here; no scaffold, shed, or hoarding,
Dead wall, or scope of frontage, but this quack
Hath spread his giant prints and staring posters.
Where they most flaunt and flare, I have observed
The vulgar congregate."

On every place available for a notice, whereon your forefathers would have inscribed "*Tempus fugit*," or "*Memento mori*," or something equally doleful, we now encounter such pleasant intimations as "Tea! Tea!! Tea!!!" or an agreeable exhortation, for example, to "Furnish your House with the Best Articles," to rush or run to So-and-So's Dépôt or Emporium, or go and see or hear this, that, or the other drama of thrilling interest, spectacle, actor, singer, or mountebank. Sir, I am convinced that if Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and your other Cathedrals were left open to the public, without any vergers and clerks to prevent bill-stickers from embellishing them, you would very soon have their sacred walls, instead of being lettered with dismal

"Scrolls that teach thee to live and die,"

THE SIMPLE STORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

THE LAST NEW EDITION.

(Being the history of a certain Blue Book of one JOHN SQUIRE, and a certain speech of one Orator HENLEY's.)

SIMPLE SIMON laid a crime on
Squiredom's back and mine:
Said SIMPLE SIMON, "Tell me why men
Are worse lodged than swine?"

Says HENLEY, "Fie, man!" to SIMPLE SIMON,
"Your facts ain't worth a penny."
Says SIMPLE SIMON, "Don't say *my*, man;
They're *your* facts, and too many."

SIMPLE SIMON wrote reports
Of damning truths chock-full:
All the answer that he got
Was "Stories cock-and-bull!"

SIMPLE SIMON tried to have
Nuisance-statutes mended:
He got extremely well abused,
And not so well defended.

He called the Squires to do their part,
And thought he could not fail
Because he showed a state of things
That turns one sick and pale.

Then SIMPLE SIMON went a-hunting,
Remedies to find:
Showed how law when not blind was lame,
And when not lame was blind.

SIMON piled a heap of facts
That shame on us doth call,
Under the noses of the Squires,
They couldn't see 't at all.

And SIMON he would tell the truth
Though it hit England hard;
He was abused up hill and down,
And that was his reward!

THE HOPERA SEASON.—An advertisement states that "A Fine Brewery Plant is to be sold." This by right should be the production of a Hop Garden.

gaily illuminated with all manner of lively legends, constituting so many exhilarating

Puffs that pray thee to go and buy.

The groinings of all the roofs, and spandrels of the arches, would be filled with placards prettily printed in colours, and columns and shafts of nave, aisles, and chancel would be labelled as though representing trousers, with "Sydenham, 17s. 6d." What a pleasing spectacle to

ANGLO-BARNUM.

VERY LIKE A—SPIDER.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET, who sat on a tuffet, and was alarmed by a big spider that sat down beside her, would certainly have been frightened out of four of her five senses, had she been present at the scene which is thus thrillingly described:—

"SOMETHING LIKE A SPIDER.—A sudden panic fell upon the worshippers on Easter Sunday in a large church at Lisbon. An enormous spider was suddenly seen to descend from an ancient web that is said to have existed for many years. The creature was so formidable that the women began to scream, and a scene of general terror and excitement followed. When Arachne was captured she was found to be, with legs extended, nearly five feet long. She weighed six pounds.

A spider five feet long and weighing full six pounds would certainly appear a rather formidable insect, and would affright a congregation more even than a wasp. But do spiders of such magnitude exist out of Brobdingnag? Every now and then, when there is a dearth of news, we meet with a description of some gigantic gooseberry, of weight and girth sufficient to make a pudding big enough to satisfy a school-boy, which is saying a good deal. Perhaps upon the trees (one could hardly call them bushes) where these gooseberries are grown we might succeed in catching a spider of the magnitude and weight above described. Perhaps, however, if we did so, like the Tartar in the story, the spider might catch us; and what a paragraph would then be furnished for our friends!

THE AIR AND EXERCISE BILL.

Give me your attention for a few moments. I wish to see the above-titled Bill introduced to the notice of the House. I will tell you why. This we will call the Preamble of the Bill.

The other day, Sir, your dyspeptic contributor who pens these lines, was ordered by his medical adviser (the Chemist and Druggist in the neighbourhood) to recruit his health by taking air and exercise. "You had better, Sir," said the Chemist and Druggist, "take a good ride every day." "A good ride, eh?" said I, hesitating from various reasons, which need not be mentioned here. "Yea," said he, "decidedly." He added that there was nothing like it; and I have since come to the conclusion that he was perfectly right.

The difficulties of procuring an animal exactly suited to a gentleman of far from strong nerves, and equestrian powers (limited), are many and great. That they are not absolutely insuperable, I am aware from the fact that a Livery-Stable Keeper, to whom, under seal of confession, I had committed my necessities and my self-mistrust, called on me the other morning with the information that he had got the very thing for me—"A little 'igh in the action, p'raps," said my professional stable adviser, "but she's been recommended to me as a clever 'ack."

"That sounds well," I observed, and I really thought it did. The precise idea conveyed to my mind by the word "clever," I cannot exactly describe. However, I did not wish to exhibit more ignorance of the subject than was absolutely necessary, and so as long as I was pretty certain that "clever" did not mean waltzing on his hind legs to the circus tune from the *Bronze Horse*, lying down at a given signal, or taking supper with the Clown, I determined to hold my tongue.

"I'll come round to your place, and see the animal," I said, for I could not recollect whether my professional gentleman had called it a he or a she, and in uncertain cases I prefer the use of the above generalising term.

"The 'ack," says my professional, "is standin' at your door."

This was a starter.

"Oh!" said I, dubiously. I had not the moral courage to say that I was too busy to try her (or him) that morning, lest my adviser should despise me as a coward. So we went to the front door, where a groom or stable-keeper, or a somebody "horsey," with gaiters on, was holding a horse.

"She's a showy, fanciful sort of animal," was my adviser's remark.

"Yes," was my reply, given dubiously, as if I didn't altogether agree with him on *that* point, though I hadn't the slightest notion of what he meant by "fanciful." I think *now* that he didn't know himself, and was laughing at me.

"Yes," said I, feeling myself called upon to say something. "She's a pretty colour."

She *was* a pretty colour, that's certain; but what that colour was, is uncertain: it was neither black, nor white, nor black-and-white, nor grey, nor piebald, nor roan, nor cream, nor brown. It might have been bay; but I'm not quite clear as to what "bay" is.

"I'll just throw my leg over her, and then you can see her paces," says my friend, obligingly.

He threw his leg over her in a second, and was master of her before she knew where she was. She was as quiet as a lamb, finding that the Centaur on her back wouldn't stand any nonsense.

"What do you think of her?" I asked the groom. This was cunning on my part, as I thought he'd be inclined to speak the truth when his master was out of the way.

"She's a gentleman's 'oss, every inch of her," says the groom, emphatically.

"Yes, I think —" I began, but stopped, not having settled what I *did* think.

"Yes, Sir, she is that," said the groom, as though I had uttered some profound opinion. I felt that I was in the hands of the groom and his master. They were, for the time being, my superiors; for knowledge is power, specially knowledge of horses as opposed to ignorance concerning those animals.

"You'll like to throw your leg over her, won't you, Sir?" inquires my adviser, dismounting.

I did not *like*, and he knew it. But I wouldn't refuse.

She certainly was a clever 'ack; I became more and more convinced of it every moment. First of all she was clever enough to discover that she was no longer ridden by a Centaur, and taking advantage of this, wouldn't stand still to let the stirrups be properly adjusted. The consequence was that they never were properly adjusted. Nor the reins either; for a more perplexing complication I never encountered. On one side I was tugging at the curb, on the other at the snaffle. On being remonstrated with by the groom, I pretended that I knew all about it, and that that was my peculiar way of riding. I told the groom as haughtily as I could, and in a much louder tone than I wished, in consequence of my gallant steed bearing me away, "To call again in an hour." Oh! that hour! Shall I ever forget it? Never! And that clever 'ack! Shall I ever forget her! Never, never, never! On my return, for the clever 'ack kindly consented to bring me home again, being sufficiently clever to recollect the road and turn all the

corners sharply—I say, on my return, I drew up the following list of what I want suppressed in the Metropolis, for the convenience of equestrians who require air and exercise.

So ends my Amble and my Preamble. Now for the Bill.

Give me, Sir, your powerful assistance to bring the matter, in a Bill before our Parliament now sitting.

That for the benefit, safety and welfare of all Her Majesty's Equestrian subjects, Her Majesty's Government shall at once suppress—

All street brass bands, specially the one with drums.

All organs, specially the one that imitates a band.

All little boys with hoops.

And on second thoughts without hoops; say all little street-boys generally.

All bridges across the Thames.

All steamers passing under bridges when you're riding.

All railway bridges in the outskirts of the Metropolis.

All trains going over bridges while you're riding underneath.

All butcher's carts.

All toll-keepers who don't give you change directly.

That a command be issued to all labourers building houses, or engaged in hammering, or throwing planks about, to stop while an equestrian is passing by.

That all dogs be suppressed.

That no one shall come out of a house suddenly, or slam the door, while an equestrian is passing.

That no Cab-driver shall be allowed to whip, or make noises at his horse, while an equestrian is passing.

Adieu, Sir. Let this be attended to at once, and again, Sir, adieu.

TWO CONSTABLES.

THE elegant London Correspondent of our excellent but Tory friend of the *Bristol Times and Mirror* remarks as followeth:—

"Gallant old Sir JOHN FOX BURGESS has at last received some reward for his long services. He has been made Constable of the Tower, and was inducted, or invested, the other day, with much military ceremony. This noble old soldier has been serving us since 1798, and never better than when he went out to the Crimea, as Lieutenant-General. I may add, that a more kindly and courteous gentleman does not exist, and all his personal friends rejoice in his having attained a reward which, or rather its equivalent, should have been his years ago. Long may he wield the *blow* of the Tower of London, a staff long grasped by his intimate friend, the Great Duke."

In the spirit of this paragraph, *Mr. Punch* needs not to say that he heartily concurs. But the writer appears to have been under the impression that the gratitude of BRITANNIA to the brave veteran who has served her so long and so well had descended to the common-place level of pecuniary reward. *Mr. Punch* noticed that some of the London journals stated that a splendid addition was made to the gallant soldier's income. BRITANNIA has done nothing of the kind. SIR JOHN BURGESS merely receives what is, doubtless, a gratifying compliment, and BRITANNIA is just as much obliged to him as she was before, or rather a little more, because he has something to do as Constable of the Tower. But one who served in Egypt and at Corunna, through the Peninsular War, and in North America, was wounded at Burgos and St. Sebastian, managed the Public Works in Ireland, inspected all the Fortifications, was Lieutenant-General of the Forces wherewith we reduced Sebastopol, and is a D.C.L. of Oxford; is not the man to take account of a trifling increase of duty. He and PAM, Constable of Dover, are the two oldest and most vigorous members of the Force, and we hereby drink to the health and long life of the Two Constables in what our American friends call an ice tod.

OPERATIC.

WHAT has become of ALBION? Many to whom this question has been put have answered, "I don't know," thereby exhibiting most culpable ignorance. It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we came across the following piece of information, in the course of a notice of *Lucretia Borgia*, wherein it was said, the *Briandis* was encored, "an encore," it added, "first extorted by the memorable execution of ALBION."

Oh no, Sir, don't say so. Did the sweet Contralto turn a rebel spy, or mix herself up with the Poles or the Merovingians, or amongst other people who are always making disturbances somewhere? Her execution! Ah! these tears! I can write no more. "No, No, No, No," as she used to sing in *Les Huguenots*, "No, No, No, No," I don't know any more.

A Consideration for the War Office.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proved necessity of turning muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders, there has been a sad delay in the conversion of Enfield rifles. Is not this a work which might afford a sphere of some usefulness to Missionaries?



RATIONALISM.

"NOW, YOU OLD DEAR, IS THAT THE WAY YOU WOULD LIKE US TO WEAR OUR SASHES!"

AN ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MY DEAR EPICURUS,

Did you see that exciting bill of fare, particularising the supper given to NAPOLEON at the Mustapha Palace in Algiers? No?—then read, mark, learn, and ideally ruminate and digest it:—

"Soup of the tortoise of the Bondouaou, relieved by a porcupine garnished with antelope kidneys, quarters of the Ouargian gazelle, and loins of young wild boars from the Oued Hullouf. *Entrées*—salmis of Carthaginian hens, antelope cutlets, and bustards from the Chotts. Roasts—an ostrich from the Oglat Nadja, and hams of the wild boar. Side dishes—sciquiams of the Hammah, ostrich eggs in the shell, jelly of pomegranates from the Staoueli, Arabian pastry, ouidas, macroudes, scerakboracs, and oribias."

EPICURUS, I don't know how to spell the words that would best express the feelings which I experienced in perusing the foregoing catalogue of delicacies. Try and suck up an imaginary spoonful of the most exquisite turtle soup: the noise of inarticulate rapture which you will make in so doing is what I would write, but cannot compass its orthography. Phthrrrup! No, the attempt is a failure. Think, EPICURUS, what I would pen.

There was a good old woman who derived unspeakable comfort from the mere names of Phrygia and Pamphylia. So do I from Bondouaou, and Ouargian, and Oued Hullouf. The soup of the tortoise of the Bondouaou must be something superb; the Ouargian gazelle is surely a love, or so to speak, not minding the solecism, a duck; a creature far dearer than any animal of its kind that any poet ever nursed to glad him with its dark fond eye. How soft and tender the loins of young wild boars from the Oued Hullouf may be inferred to be from the euphonious name of their native place! Salmis of Carthaginian hens is doubtless a repast that might have regaled HANNIBAL, if he lived like a fighting cock as he was; notwithstanding the objection that the fighting cock HANNIBAL, had he dined upon hens, would have fed like a cannibal.

Antelope cutlets!—why they might prevent an elopement by the counter attraction which they would exercise—in my case at least. Bustards from the Chotts!—one fancies that one could eat them till one burst, if one had not learned to govern one's animal nature, and had it in subjection. I wonder how much you and I should leave of

an ostrich from the Oglat Nadja. Very little, perhaps, even with hams of the wild boar to follow—*pièces de résistance* likely to be irresistible indeed.

But the dish that tickles the palate of my fancy above every other is that of the Sciquiams of the Hammah. Sciquiams! The sound of the word has a strange affinity with that of requiem, but with a difference of consonants, suggesting succulence. In eating sciquiams I imagine I should enjoy a profound tranquillity together with a fine flavour; I conceive that sciquiams would exert a soothing effect on the system, induce a sense of repose of mind and body, and marvellously comfort the digestive organs.

Is it possible that ostrich eggs in the shell beat plovers? If they do, how great and good they must be! Jelly of pomegranates from the Staoueli—sweets from the sweet, no doubt. Arabian pastry of course included some of that cream-tart so delicious to read of in the *Arabian Nights*. From the delicacies that concluded the repast at the Mustapha Palace, I surmise the EMPEROR must have "snatched a fearful joy." Ouidas, macroudes, scerakboracs, and oribias, I take to be insects probably of the locust tribe, unless scerakboracs are a sort of spiders; for, as you know, 'spiders are eculent, as proved in the case of the young lady who used to eat them spread upon bread, like raspberry jam. But enough—would it were as good as a feast.

The Grubbery, May, 1865.

From your
AFICRUS.

Herbivorous Ogres.

THE Teetotaler who is also a vegetarian may be accused of cannibalism. A plant drinks nothing but water; and the votary of total abstinence from fermented liquor and animal food, when he eats vegetables, devours his own species.

FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.—From a Parliamentary return it appears that a very large amount of duty was paid in 1863 and 1864 on Home-made Spirits. Hence it appears that spirits, though Home-made, are not therefore necessarily all humbug.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 22. LORD KINNAIRD's horse—Bill we mean, but everything is flavoured with Derbyism this week—for causing some care to be taken for the health of the workers in Metalliferous Mines broke down at the turn. He made a false start, but he will do the trick yet. Of course, everything is abused that does not come out of the Administration Stable.

LORD Derby expressed laudable satisfaction at the success of his measure for regulating Alkali Works. Manufacturers are too ready to put the pot on without regard to the noses of their neighbours.

MR. DABBY GRIFFITH made a very proper speech upon a subject which at once enlisted public attention. This was the case

of COLONEL DAWKINS. It seemed to have been resolved by the Military Authorities that this officer should retire. The reason, so far as we can make out, was that his temper, or manner, was not pleasing to certain other officers, and that they did not desire to be commanded by him. Two courts of inquiry (upon the composition of which Courts, and the official expectation that they would decide in accordance with the views of the Horse Guards, several things are said) had been held, and the result is that COLONEL DAWKINS has been crushed. One member of the last Court, COLONEL DE BATHER, protested, in a gallant and manly way, against what appeared to him to be injustice. The Parliamentary Colonels, as usual, were displeased that the House should be appealed to on a military subject, and the Government, of course, took the same view. *Mr. Punch* has the pleasure of thoroughly agreeing with MR. BRIGHT that the House of Commons is the final court of appeal for any aggrieved subject of the QUEEN. MR. GRIFFITH did his work very well, and took a division, but it had not been expected, and many Members had left, but 112 supported him on the motion for papers, against 172. Later in the week the subject came up again, when LORD HARTINGTON, having had time to get up the subject, gave an explanation which showed that COLONEL DAWKINS's unpopularity was not unnatural or undeserved, but which otherwise left the grievance just where it was.

The last onslaught—or rather the last but one—was made on the Bill for Preventing Exclusion of Labourers from Parishes. MR. KNIGHT, who, according to the infallible DOP, is descended from a considerable ironmaster in the time of CROMWELL, made a proposal for taking about a million and three-quarters out of the present taxation of the country, and applying it in aid of the Unions. The suggestion savoured less of the iron than of the brassmaster. MR. VILLIERS denounced it as wild, and it was tamed by a severe speech from MR. GLADSTONE and a decided negative by the House. On Thursday, after a long speech from MR. HENLEY, and two protests, which, when we name the makers, will at once convince the country that the Bill is a wise one—MR. BENTINCK and MR. KNIGHT protested against it—this righteous and valuable measure was read a Third Time and passed. Now for the final and deciding heat, three times round the woolpack.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD has the old instincts of the profession which he followed before he took to the law—no, we are not going to write before he began to spell navy with a k, because the joke is old, and also slanderous, and most lawyers are honest men than most men. But he gallantly resolved to try and rescue our captives in Abyssinia. LORD RUSSELL deprecated interference, as likely to be resented by the Dusky Tyrant who sits on the throne of RASSELAS. We should like to tie him into a chair, and let a mumbling curate read his ancestor's history to him for six weeks. His remains should then be presented to Surgeon's Hall. LORD RUSSELL, however, has sent him a letter from the QUEEN, and presents. But LORD CHELMSFORD divided, and there was an odd muddle over the vote, but at last it was settled, and the Sea-Chancellor won by a neck—one neck.

MR. MAGUIRE stated the case of the paper-makers, which is disastrous. The abolition of the Paper Duties has not been followed by similar liberality abroad, and it is contended that in these circumstances we ought to impose an export duty on English rags. MR. MILNER GIBSON made the usual Free Trade answer, and the more consolatory one, that some nations were abolishing, and some reducing their duties. MR. MAGUIRE's motion was defeated by 140 to 95.

What a Bear Garden may be, we, who do not live in the days of the Virgin Queen, are unable to say. But the word sticks in the memory of unimaginative people, and they use it when they wish to say that there is a disgraceful disturbance. A Music Hall, when a favourite buffoon is too tipsy, or too sulky to oblige the cads with an encore, would be an illustration more in accordance with the manners, and bad manners, of the day. The old word was applied to-day to the House of

Commons, because MR. WHALLEY, talking nonsense, and worse, was received with odd noises, and the usual invitation to sing. He talked about Popish practices, and wished Parliament to put them down, as if the good sense of the people of England did not teach them to laugh at such follies. Had MR. WHALLEY confined himself to absurdity, it had been well. But he made a statement against MR. WAGNER, of Brighton, which the *Star* justly calls "a most serious and shocking charge," and MR. WAGNER has, in print, described MR. WHALLEY's conduct as "cowardly wickedness." The accuser has since said that he spoke only of rumour, and that if he has done injustice he will make reparation. But when it is known that the "rumour" on which a Member of the English House of Commons spoke, was that a clergyman of the Establishment, in order that an institution might obtain the benefit of a lady's legacy, deliberately placed that lady within the reach of infection from fever, we suppose there will not be two opinions as to the conduct of MR. WHALLEY, or the resentment of the clergyman who is accused of treacherous murder. It was matter of course that MR. WHALLEY's absurd proposals should be promptly condemned by SIR GEORGE GREY, but the shameful feature in the case removes it out of our jurisdiction. We distinctly state, however, that a person who has so little self-restraint is unfit, until further educated, for a seat in the House of Commons, and upon public grounds we invite his constituents to consider the propriety of re-electing MR. WHALLEY.

With the assent of Government, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the resignation of the Registrar of Bankruptcy at Leeds, and the appointment of his successor. This motion is aimed at LORD WESTBURY, but MR. MALINS, a Conservative, avowed his belief that many charges against that nobleman will prove unfounded.

Wednesday. The Houses did not sit. QUEEN VICTORIA was born on the 24th of May, 1819. An improved style of Illumination is getting popular. Coloured out glass, with strong light behind, is the most effective thing out in the way of expression of gaseous joy.

Thursday. The Lords did not sit, because it was Holy Thursday, and there are Bishops in their House.

The Commons, who are not so blest, did sit—passed the valuable Bill already mentioned, and the Partnership Bill, and then the County Bank Notes Bill went through Committee. There was a smart debate, in which no person will take any interest, seeing that it is agreed, by common consent, that the Currency Question and its issues, which concern every one of us more than any other conceivable subject, shall never be mentioned in rational society. Who cares about the Currency? There was ten thousand times more excitement at the news that at 4:14 this day *The Duke* was scratched. Beside the effect on betting men, this event has taken the sentimental feature out of the Derby. It no longer includes an equestrian struggle, which had a great interest for the ladies, though the horse which their amiable liking for a little harmless revenge induced them generally to put gloves on, is not taken out. He may beat the field, but that will be a tame victory, for he cannot win the battle of Hastings.

It is not weather to talk of Fire (except the pleasant one with faces in it, Miss HERBERT's face included) but it must be said that we are to have a new Brigade, under the control of SIR THWAITES, and not of the Police. It is to be hoped that the parties will act harmoniously, as policemen are necessary at a fire, and that in case of a row SIR THWAITES's vassals will not begin pumping on the Bobbies, who will in that case certainly deserve their sartorial name of Slops. Many new stations are to be added. In America the Firemen are an institution, they are proud of their engines, adorning them with silver, and they have an *esprit de corps*, vote as unanimously as they pump, and join in processions, engines and all. The ladies smile on them, and poets (American poets at least) make songs in their honour full of poetical Fire.

MR. CRAWFORD, late in the night, began to say something about a lot of places in the Highlands. Those savage regions are dear to us, and when he named Oban, and we thought upon a boat (with no Cockney excursionists) and ourselves setting forth upon the blue sea, blue eyes before us, for a sail to Iona, our sensations became overpowering, and we rushed out for refreshment. We believe that his Bill had something to do with elections. O that we were

Member for Staffa, for we should have no constituents, and we could sit all day in the cave, and harangue the sad sea waves and listen while they moan. On yonder rock reclining, our fierce and swarthy form behold. Here in cool grot and mossy cell, the sybil loves to dwell, to dwell. There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like to thee, and as moonlight on the waters is coming to thy house to tea.

Incoherent! It may be so. Fine spirits are not finely touched but to fine issue, and the refreshment was very fine spirits indeed. 'Tis past. Excuse this tear, and as was written in *Punch* of old—

"Let's now at once throw every care away,
In the enjoyment of this Derby Day."

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON has done brave battle against the Gas Men, and the Imperious Company's Bill was rejected by the Lords.

May his Lordship's mitre never be less, unless it should not fit him, and he should wish it taken in.

LORD PALMERSTON answered an important question. Correspondence has been going on for two years between the Government of what are now the Re-United States and our own Ministers, on the subject of the depredations by the *Alabama*. This pirate, whom some folks were so fond of glorifying, may have involved us in a serious scrape. But at present the controversy proceeds on very friendly and amicable terms. We are also going to ask MR. JOHNSON to assist us in watching the slaveholders on the Cuba coast.

A Colonial debate. A Navy Estimate debate, and the thermometer at 80°. Talk of the Church's Martyrs, look at the State's, who are not only roasted, but bored.



A BROAD HINT.

Cabby (to Miniver, whose Better Half is in Poplin and Teale's, shopping). "BAKIN' WEATHER, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

Miniver. "YAS!"

Cabby (encouraged). "AH! A NICE DROP O' ALE THEY SELL AT THE BLUE POST-ES, OVER THE WAY, THERE, SIR. I DON'T MIND FREEZIN' OF IT!"

A CAPITAL CONJUROR.

A STUPID person sometimes is said to be "no conjuror," and in that sense may the phrase be applied to the two persons who have made themselves notorious as the Brothers DAVENPORT. Conjurors to some extent they may admittedly have been; but so stupid were their tricks that such conjurors were more to be regarded as "no conjurors." To get into a cupboard and untie a bit of rope, and bang a bell about, can hardly be called an entertaining feat of jugglery, nor is it very amusing to see—or rather not to see—a juggler take his coat off while sitting in the dark, and with both hands tied behind him. Silly stupid tricks like these could scarcely be called conjuring; and the persons who performed them, although certainly not spirit-helped, were as certainly "no conjurors."

Fools who went to see the DAVENPORTS perform their stupid tricks were asinine enough to pay a guinea for a sitting; but people who are wise enough to wish to see a conjuror who really is a conjuror, need only pay a shilling for the privilege of doing so. Let them go to the Egyptian Hall and ask for COLONEL STODARE, any night at eight o'clock, and if the shilling seats be full, let them pay two shillings more and have a stall to stretch their legs in. The COLONEL very frankly calls himself a conjuror, and puts forth no pretence to having spirits for confederates. Yet, to see the tricks he does, one might fancy that a troop of little tricky spirits were ever at his elbow. *Puck* and *Ariel* might certainly assist at his *affaires*, so full of entertainment and so 'cute and clever are they. So practised is his hand that you would think he daily does his tricks in private life, and never outs an orange without finding a half-crown in it. When we saw him take a flower-pot and a few handfuls of earth, and then make a plant bloom forth in it, we wished that he would visit our greenhouse now and then, and save us from the trouble of sending for a gardener.

"Any ornaments for your fire-stoves" COLONEL STODARE could supply at half a minute's notice, and to suit capricious tastes, could change a daisy to a dahlia, or a primrose to a peony, with one wave of his walking-stick. How he coolly kills a woman and restores her to life, we prefer not to tell, because we don't know how. But clearly there is no mistake about the fact. A real basket is brought in and placed upon a real stool, and then a real woman is popped into the basket, and ere you can cry "Police!" the Colonel draws a real sword and stabs the basket through and through, and you see the sword all red and dripping with her blood (which flows, we understand, straight from the juggler vein), and you hear her scream and shriek, loudly, faintly, and more faintly, till you seem to see her dead: when, behold the basket empty and the woman all alive, and let us not say kicking, while the audience applaud.

A SHORT WAY WITH INCENDIARY BISHOPS.

THAT PRINCE COUZA is a sovereign, who, although he reigns in a small way, seems to know what he is about, especially in dealing with troublesome ecclesiastics. According to a telegram from Bucharest:—

"The Patriarch of Constantinople has dispatched a Bishop to this town to make a declaration that the law of civil marriage, the secularisation of the convent property, and the institution of a national Roumain Church lately decreed by PRINCE COUZA, are contrary to the dogmas of the Greek Church, and incur the penalty of excommunication."

Whereupon:—

"PRINCE COUZA ordered the Bishop charged with this mission to be reconducted to the frontier by gendarmes."

This was treating the Right Reverend Emisary from the Greek Pope at once with the ceremony due to his sacred office, and the authority affronted by his incendiary mission. PRINCE COUZA put the Right Reverend fire-brand gently out.

The New Philosophical Controversy.

PROFESSOR SAC DE FOINE, of the Westminster Institution, is announced to make a statement shortly on his new system of producing vacancy by pressure, and immediately filling up the same by sun and air. The learned Professor's explanations are looked forward to with much interest, six members of the Institution having expressed their approbation of his plan, while five maintain it to be wholly at variance with recognised law.

A Truth for Tea-Drinkers.

COMMERCIAL intelligence from Shanghai lately announced:—

"Tea tending downwards."

Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.



CHARLIE OBJECTS TO THE MAJOR AS HIS NEW PAPA, AND CONVINCES HIM OF THE FACT.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

IN common with other of the first people in the land, *Mr. Punch* the other day was invited to a Meeting of a Society which ought to be familiar in men's mouths, and which is called THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Punch, of course, knows everything; but for the moment he forgot what the aim of this Society actually was; and he thought perhaps it might be to improve the health of ladies by giving them employment to prevent their brains from adding, or by teaching them to shun tight lacing and thin shoes, hot ball-rooms and late hours, and the hundred other follies that impair their vital energy. A moment afterwards, however, *Mr. Punch* recalled to mind that the aim of the Society was, by ladies' work and influence, to promote the health and comfort and well-being of the poor, by making them acquainted with the common laws of health, and helping them to make their homes more happy than they could be if these laws were not observed. This excellent intention the Society effects, among other ways, by these:—

"By collecting money for Sanitary improvements, such as opening windows, curing smoky chimneys, removing nuisances; giving soap; and lime for white-washing; lending books, patterns of clothes, scrubbing-brushes, saucepans, and cooking recipes.

"By requesting the Medical Officers of Health, and other professional and well-educated gentlemen, to deliver popular free lectures.

"By instituting Mothers' meetings, and classes of adult girls, and giving them Sanitary and domestic instruction.

"By forming, or aiding, Penny Clothing Clubs, Coal Clubs, Baths and Wash-houses, Temperance Associations, Cooking Depôts, and Working-Men's Clubs.

"By establishing Nurseries for motherless babes, which may serve as Schools, for Mothers of all classes, Schoolmistresses and Nurses."

Plain, practical and sensible are all these helps to health, and the happiness that goes with it. In addition, useful knowledge is pleasantly imparted by short pamphlets with expressive titles, as, for instance:—*The Worth of Fresh Air, The Power of Soap and Water, The Health of Mothers, and How to Manage a Baby*; all which are surely far more profitable reading than *The Maniac Marquis, Agnes and her Aponies, Benjamin the Bloodstained, or the Bloated Burglar!* and the like instructive stories supplied by the cheap press.

Besides this, the Society looks after little children whose cheeks are pale through living dungeoned in damp cellars, scant of air and light.

Of these, thousands upon thousands it takes yearly to the Parks, to stretch their little legs and lungs, and kindly feeds, if they be hungry, before it sends them home. Sometimes, even, it is able to take a favoured few of them to see—O joy! O rapture!—the lions and the leopards, the eagles and the elephants, and—greater rapture still!—the monkeys at their tricks. How such days of bliss are sighed for, revelled in, and recollected! And what pleasure must one feel in knowing one has helped to give such pleasure to these little ones, whose pleasures are so few!

Such pleasure may be yours, my boy, or any other man's, indeed, by simply sending, say, a guinea yearly to these Ladies, who on the day of their late meeting had but twelve pounds in hand. Their office may be found at number 14A within the Street of Prince, hard by the Square of Cavendish, within the district West; and, the more money they get from you, the more good they will do. *Mr. Punch* need not remark how enormous an admirer he is of *Lovely Woman*; and to his eyes, *Lovely Woman* is never half so lovely, as when she is employed in doing a good work. To help the poor to health and the happiness attending it, the most cynical must surely grant is doing a good work; and *Mr. Punch* is therefore proud to pat these ladies on the back, and is glad to say a good word for the good work that they do.

Lesson for Confederate Clergymen.

By order of GENERAL HATCH, the Officer in command of the Northern forces at Charleston, the REV. DR. MARSHALL, Missionary of St. John's Chapel, has been sent beyond the lines of the army, forbidden to enter the City of Charleston during its occupation by the United States' troops, and subjected to confiscation of his personal property to the use of the United States' Government, for refusing to pray for PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON. Aha! This is the way to teach Southern Clergymen to perform the Christian duty of praying for their enemies.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At the end of the run of *Comus*, MR. WALTER LACY, who was in at the finish, was presented by the Master with MR. BEVERLEY'S Brush.

A CIVIL NOTE.

DEAR PUNCH,

Will you do us a service? Will you ask LORD PALMERSTON (in your next number, if convenient, as the days will soon have done growing), when we are to have the Saturday half-holiday? It is said, with his usual kindness, he is quite ready to minister to our wants, and extend Early Closing to the Government Offices, but the authorities are *mute*. A word from you will open their lips, and abbreviate the inevitable minuting, and docketing, and registering, and filing. Please therefore to board the Treasury. Lilacs and laburnums are in bloom, and it is not unreasonable to expect that we shall soon leave off fires. The M. C. C. are in the field, and some of us, like the dentists, want to be at the stump. Others think it wherry trying to be chained to the oar on a bright afternoon, when they are longing for the river. LORD is impatient to make one at a Saturday Review, and take his Minié to the butts, whilst LOVER is pledged, under the heaviest penalties, to escort his MINNIE to the Crystal Palace Concerts. Indeed, there is a general desire that the National Shuttles should be put up on Saturdays as early as is consistent with the requirements of the Public Service. (A neat phrase that last, is it not? On loan from DR TAPLEY, who, when he wishes to vary it, substitutes "exigencies" for "requirements.")

The Service have always been your admirers, but if you do not think it an office foreign to your purpose to call in Downing Street, and get this matter settled, I am sure we shall more than ever desire that your exports of weekly numbers and half-yearly volumes to our Colonies may go on increasing, and your imports of jokes exceed those of any previous year. We shall be unanimous in wishing you an overflowing exchequer, with prosperous revenue returns and a most satisfactory audit; and remembering that you always carry off a first-class certificate in the Art Department, it is only necessary to express a hope that it may always be one of your good customs to keep your readers in transports, and that you may never be superannuated.

I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*,
Your obedient Servant,
A. SENIOR CLARK.

CONVERSATION FOR FIVE MINUTES.

(BEFORE DINNER.)

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence). Have you—(to *Young Lady*). Have you ever read *Himantka*?

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply). Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds.) But 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently). The name of the heroine was, as you may remember, *Minnie-haha*, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself). Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation is attracting general attention). I dare say she was called by her savage intimates, *Minnie*.

A few People (tittering). Ha! Ha! Ha!

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine (every one listening) why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating). If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again).

Young Lady. Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly). Yes.

Various People (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready). I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely). What is the answer, MR. SOMEBODY?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point). He would be like a small portrait, because he'd be a Minnie-chewer.

[Curious sensation felt by everybody. BOLD SOMEBODY smiles at his boots.

Enter Servant.

Servant (very distinctly). Dinsernum.

Relief of Guests. *Eseunt omnes*.

PSALMODY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,

I HAPPEN to live near a foundation-school, which is, however, a charity school for poor children only. The pupils of this institution are accustomed to sing the *Morning and Evening Hymns*; and I often hear them practise other psalmody. I think this devotional exercise is not practised at Eton and the majority of our public schools for the young nobility and gentry. Surely, this difference is not caused by any notion that the singing of psalms is a menial part of divine service, unfit to be performed by the children of the superior classes? I only put this as a

QUERY.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

I'd give no rope unto the POPE
Or doctrines Ultra-montane;
Rome, if you choose, you may abuse,
As Babylonian wanton.
To WILLIAM THE DUTCHMAN I
Hold fast with LORD MACAULAY—
But save me, sense, from the defence
Of watch-dogs such as WHALLEY!

I hate a priest, his craft resist,
Hold half his ritual mummary:
Think Church's claim to bind and loose
Is but audacious flummery:
Abhor the Jesuit arts that make
Black white, and *velles nolle*,
But grace preserve me from a friend
Who pleads my cause like WHALLEY!

That monks and nuns are useless dromes,
Who wax fat on their neighbours,
Regardless of the wholesome rule
That he best prays who labours,
I do believe, and sore should grieve
If here such locusts crawl
Should settle down, to raise the frown
And prompt the wail of WHALLEY.

That Puseyism a half-way house
Upon the road to Rome is,
That for straightforward Puseyites
St. Peter's bark the home is,
I've not a doubt, and would lug out
Of our Church, pulley-hawley,
All so arrayed in masquerade,
To make a case for WHALLEY.

But if there's aught can make me doubt
My feelings Anti-Papal,
It is the lot who of their rot
Such feelings make the staple.
One asks, when hit by NEWMAN's wit,
And his opponent's folly,
"Which road prefer? . . . with NEWMAN off,
Or be it the right with WHALLEY?"

As life unites all opposites,
As good its force to bad owes,
As pain and darkness seem to be
But light's and pleasure's shadows:
This House of Commons' butt and bore
May not be causeless wholly;
And JOHN BULL's Protestant good sense
May need the foil of WHALLEY.



Political Vagrants.

THE Division on the Union Chargeability Bill shows that Toryism is going begging. Guardians of the public interests be on the alert. There is a party in the "House" who mean to apply to the country for out-door relief. Refuse it, especially about Henley.

The Prophecy of the Derby.

BEING A NEW CHAPTER OF AL KORÂN, ENTITLED
THE WINNER. REVEALED AT EPSOM.

BECAUSE that the Great Horse, on whose back sundry and divers had loved to set their gold and their silver, is a horse of the people which is called French, and because, that the people which is called French have in these after times, and through the lips of their Sultan, AL NAP, taken and adopted AL KORÂN as their law, saying unto the nations, Behold my guns, therefore it is sated that ye do homage to France. It has been revealed unto me, even the PROPHET PUNCH, that in compliment and honour to these Frenchmen, and in gracious recognition of their ways, and because they study to imitate the islanders, and read *Le Sport*, and to the end of drawing closer the bonds of love and amity between us, I should add another chapter to the revelations of my brother the PROPHET MOHAMMED, even as he added unto them an extra chapter in favour of a young lady called Mary, not previously acceptable unto his wife Ayesha, nor subsequently. Therefore, hearken, you whom in the other time I called blokes and bloaters, but now I name believers, because you should believe in your Punch. This is the last chapter or Sura, of Al Korân, which is so called from the Arabian word Karas, to read. How long will ye be the dupes of knaves and tricksters calling themselves prophets that they may come you of your gold and silver, yea and of your nether garments, which ye leave at the house of your mother's brother, saying unto him, Give me money that I may pay for a tip. Behold, have I not in nine years heretofore revealed unto you the names of the winners of the great race, even the Derby, taking but threepence for the same? Then be wise and not fools, for a fool is a miry pond wherein a man may neither drink nor wash. Where will ye, O Idiots, when ye return to the harem, and the Lights thereof ask of ye saying, What have you won, and your faces are darkened like blacking-pots, and ye have nought to give unto the harem save chaff, which nevertheless shall avail ye not in the day when Fatima deemeth the white fishes of Greenwich, or Miriam thirsteth for the food wine of the Star. Were it not well to have a purse in those days? Harken, then, unto Punch-Mohammed, for there is none like him.

Now the horses and the asses, yea, an exceeding great host, shall gather together for the strife, and there shall be eating and drinking and smiling and swearing, and there shall be wagering of wagers, and aying of sticks, and the incense of Havannah and of Bristol shall go up like a cloud, slackening the birds of the air, even the pigeons thereof. And there shall come unto the place of battle horses of vast price and costliness, and their names shall be in the mouths of the fools and of the wise. There shall be the horse whose name is the name of him who burned the ships with a burning-glass, and he whose name is that of a cruel tyrant, and he who is called after a book wherewith a mighty scribe did delight your winter festival, and he who is called after the hopping beast of the far-off lands. Likewise think ye of the flyer on the bank of the bat, and of the deadly weapon that slayeth afar off, and of him who in the Latin tongue is called bold, and of the chief god of the hostmen which dwelleth in the East, and of the city which has fallen, yea, into the hands of the men which say unto you, Liquor. And there shall also be named unto ye the quay which is by the river Clyde, even the Scotch river of ships, and the ignis fatuus which danceth over the swamp, and the brown child of him which is wild, and the wild child of the same, and the sweet wind that played with Aurora, and the name of him who also is called a roarer, and who is met, and hath been called from out of the language of the swift Indian of the West. And ye shall hear of the magistrate of the Land of Flowers, and of him who is the child of Tobias, the scribe, and of him who was the child of Planché, the scribe, yea the pleasant scribe in the days when there was wit amid the mirth of men. Shall they not speak unto you of the day when the fooliah among you held it evil luck to wed, or to do the thing which is new, and of him which poured fire upon your horsemen and upon your footmen until ye rose and smote down his stronghold, and of him whose name is as it were a church wherein men might sleep: are there not many such in these days of dulness? And ye shall be told of the jester that cometh from the Jordan, and of the river where hath bathed the brave man whose name is as a living stone among you, and of the half-brother of that river, and of him which hath been long down but may now rise up to the discomfiture of many. Moreover, speech shall be made unto you of the son of the musician who was skinned alive by the critical god of this day, and of a lord among the people—a lord whose sire died gloriously for us all after the battle in the stream. And ye shall hear even more, for ye shall listen to the name of him whose dam was the best among those who strove for the great race, and who now runneth in the happy hunting-grounds, and of him whose name belongeth unto the sports of the Pagan arena, when a man was slaughtered for sport, and the voice of the people said Habet, and their turned-up thumbs dismissed his soul to the empty and wandering air. And they shall say unto you Passwell, and they shall say unto you Nothing more.

Then shall ye speak unto me, even Mohammed Punch, saying who of all these shall win? And in that day I shall make answer, saying that the victory goeth unto the swift and strong if he be well guided, and there be no treason found in his rider. Then ye will say, Behold, we know that, but tell us now. And I will answer again, saying, What should I get by that? And then ye will reply, Art not thou our guide and friend? In that day, O believers, the tears shall spring to mine eyes, even as the water wellet up through the sand from the fountains which are called the diamonds of the desert, and through the dust of Epsom in mine eyes the water shall come forth, and I will say unto you, Verily, his eye shineth before you like a star, and his skin gleameth like the gleaming of a mirror, and the number of his legs is as the number of the bed-posts of a bed, and in the twinkling of a bed-post will I reveal him unto you, for his tail hangeth down behind, and behold, in the Turkish language I reply unto you, BAKALLUM.

THE DERBY HORSESHOE MAGNET.

"THERE is a pow'r whose sway" as you've
In words well set by BALFE read,
While you've seen MELLON's *baton* move,
Whose Christian name is ALFRED.
There is a pow'r whose sway is famed
Above that in the sonnet,
Which "Power of Love," I think 'twas named,
At least 'twas written on it.

"What power is this?" say you to me:
"Rhymester, you must be crack'd if
You think than Love that there can be
A metal more attractive!
It draws the clown or high-born dame
In cart or pair-horse wagg'nette
To Epsom Downs." You ask its name?
The Derby Horseshoe Magnet.

Drawn by this pow'r, all sorts of shapes
Will horses, ass, or mules 'ack,
And the LORD CHANCELLOR perhaps
Will ride down on his Woolpack.
Why, I'd go on the Mammoth Horse
If he were mild and gracious,
But that Great Beast seems on the course
A little Horse-tentation.

The careful Trainer's horseshoe too
Attracts perhaps a blockhead—
A boy who knows not what to do,
A jockey who is jockey'd.
The unsuccessful Trainer looks
Quite the reverse of sunny,
A money-bag his horse-shoe hooks,
But in it is no money.

See in another corner one,
A smile upon his face is,
The Race is done, the Derby's won,
The Winner he embraces.
See where the Fav'rite, who has lost,
On trembling hind legs rising,
Begins the owner to accost,
Meekly apologising.

The Derby Magnet will attract
All kinds of food in hamper,
On which we'll feed as bivouacked
In prairies of the Pampas.
We see the well-known "phiz" again
With neck just like a stork there,
Here comes the Bottle of Champagne,
And Magnates draw the cork there.

Fill up! and ply the knife and fork!
We're drawn here to be jolly;
Let's try if we can nonsense talk
As well as MR. WHALLEY.
Unchecked by Moderation's frowns,
Folks take a lot of false drink,
To-morrow blaming Epsom Downs,
They will some Epsom Salts drink.

That day let Trade make fast its door,
Nor profits JAMES nor STAGE net,
Let Fishermen upon the shore
Leave hooks and lines and drag-net.
Give Soldiers leave of absence, they
Will lay down gun and bag-net,
A Power summons them away—
The Derby Horseshoe Magnet!

Improvement in Fire-arms.

It is said that all rifles for military use will very soon be loaded with explosive shells instead of common bullets. The fans of Court Volunteers will then no longer alone deserve the title that will be applicable to every regiment in the world, "The Devil's Own."

HEARTLESS ATTEMPT AT BIGAMY.

A GENTLEMAN who was Courting Inquiry, was found to be Wedded to his own Views.



THE DERBY HORSESHOE MAGNET. Digitized by Google



DIZZY'S K'RECT CARD FOR THE "DERBY" (?)

"K'RECT CARD, MY NOBLE SPORTSMEN!"—"K'RECT CARD!"—"CHURCH IN DANGER!"—"LATERAL REFORM!"—"K'RECT CARD!"

DIZZY'S K'RECT CARD FOR THE "DERBY."

HERE's a kerrect card of the Derby, names the favourites for the Plate. The Church in danger! Hi, my bleaters! Ten to one on Church and State.

Gentlemen sportsmen, back your oases, make your bets and stake your tin,

We ax-my-eyes and out-and-outers we're a goin in to win.

'Tis also bang here we are again, three jolly dogs are we, and more, There's me and PAKINGTON, that's two, and WALPOLE three, and WHITEHEAD, four.

And here's a list of all the others, which if you would like to see, Have a kerrect card of the Derby, right and plain as A. B. C.

Now make your little games, my tulips, here we are with all the tricks; Now my Conservative Committee, fork your ochre out like bricks, PAM against all the field is taken; let them do it if they can! How do they know, and who is right, am I or any other man?

Now Bishops, noble Swells, and 'Squires that means to stand for various places,

This here's the honky kerrect card that tells you all about the races; Now, Members of the Carlton Club, you'll find here all the information Which you requires to understand the mysteries of the situation.

Here is the odds agin Reform and Church Rates' threatened abolition, But wot's the odds as long's y're happy? Ax the best arithmetician. Now then, my cocks of wax opposed to anarchy and revolution, Flare up, and rally round the Throne, the Altar, and the Constitution.

This here's the true and kerrect card, and no mistake and no misnomer, Includin of the very best translation ever made of OMER, With all the dodges and the doos, the flukes, the scratches, and the crosses,

All for a sixpence only, gents, put down your dibs, and back your oases.

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

THE production of *Brother Sam* at the Haymarket Theatre is a slight but gratifying improvement upon our past farces, like *Lord Dundreary*, which paralyse the energies of a good working comedy company for the benefit of one or two individuals. *Brother Sam* is a humorous three-act German farce, built upon an old theatrical, and not very moral basis—a deliberate deception practised upon a rich old uncle by a reckless nephew for the sake of obtaining property. If the characters were not thorough stage conventionalities, moving in a sphere of life in which there is nothing real but the chairs and tables, and creating impossible incidents at every turn, such pieces would be simply unbearable. As it is, they are tolerated with all their enormities, like the crimes of Clown in the pantomime and Punch in the show, because no one believes in their resemblance to humanity. Such pieces require to be acted without apparent reflection by the actors, and without causing reflection in others. Admirably as MR. SOTHERN, MR. BUCKSTONE, MR. COMPTON, and MISS NELLY MOORE do their main work in *Brother Sam* at the Haymarket, the performance might be improved in this particular. MR. SOTHERN occasionally drops into a slowness of manner, in which he thinks, or appears to think, and consequently becomes, for the time, nothing more nor less than a well-dressed swindler. Only well-sustained, thoughtless, dashing levity can carry through such a character without making it disagreeable. The moral balance, however, is partly restored by the way in which *Brother Sam* is teased and check-mated by the young lady who consents to appear as his wife, and who makes the deception as pleasant as possible for the old uncle.

MR. SOTHERN has a great fancy for introducing extravagant pantomime business in all his pieces. *Brother Sam*, as represented at the Haymarket, requires no such clap-trap tricks. They only stand in the way of MR. OXFORD'S amusing dialogue, and the humour and spirit of the other actors.

The audience appeared to be delighted with the performance.

IRISH GAME.

WE are indebted to the *Field* for the following good joke, which appears among our sportsmanlike contemporary's answers to "Correspondents:—

"SHOOTING.

"PARSONS.—In Ireland, but not in England. They cannot however, be shot here without a licence."

From this statement it would seem that parsons in Ireland are in the same predicament with landlords, game that may be shot unprotected by any game-laws. In England, to be sure, they cannot be shot without a licence, which luckily for the Church, cannot be obtained.

WONDERFUL—AND TRUE!!

THE following two Advertisements appeared in a recent impression of the *Times*. We think they must have been intended only for our columns, for they never can be meant in sober seriousness.

The first one runs thus:—

TO GOVERNESSES.—WANTED, for a private gentleman's family, in the country, a GOVERNESS. She must be a member of the Church of England, clever, and conscientious in her management of boys and girls of different ages. She must be firm, even tempered, and methodical, and teach thoroughly well French, music, English, and drawing, and be a good needlewoman, active in her habits, and perfectly healthy. Age not under 25 or over 35. A good personal reference will be required to a family of the same sort, where she has had the charge and education of several children of both sexes under and above 12 years of age. Salary £30 and all found. Address, &c.

We should rather think she ought to be very "active in her habits" and "perfectly healthy" to be able to get through all the duties which would evidently be imposed upon her by the compiler of this advertisement, and also very methodical to have all the French and music, and English and drawing lessons over in time to have a quiet evening's needlework.

The same Advertiser wants—

AN UPPER NURSE and LADY'S-MAID (combined), who has lived for some years in one family, where she has acted in a similar capacity. She must be a thorough nurse, fond of children, and clever and conscientious in her management of them; clean, active, and industrious. She must be a thorough good dressmaker, milliner, and able to get up fine things, also a very good and quick plain needlewoman, and a good hairdresser. There are six children in all, but three are at school. A governess and under-nurse are kept. No inefficient person need apply, but one who is of an obliging disposition. She would have to make the children's and her own bed, and wash up the tea-things. A member of the Church of England indispensable. No perquisites allowed. Wages £20 a-year and all found. Address, &c.

A very clever woman indeed must be requisite for so varied a situation, and without a little "conscientiousness in her management" she would be rather in a fog as to which of her various duties she should first perform. Of course her mistress would not object, after "the tea-things were washed up," to evince an "obliging disposition" and wait until the "beds were made," and a few "fine things got up" before her hair was dressed; for in so generous a family it could not be expected that a servant would be worked to death for the sake of allowing her mistress to appear *comme il faut* at any certain hour. Oh no! she would much rather wait her turn. "No perquisites allowed." Well, we should almost think if they were allowed, they would seldom be discovered or obtainable in a household which apparently is not at all extravagant.

BRIGANDS AND BRIGANDESSES.

THE Italian Government has now in custody a band of brigands, with their chief, NICOLA MASINI, who are said to have been for four years the terror of the Basilicata. This gang consists of seventeen men and three women, described as more bloodthirsty and pitiless than the men. They stand accused of about three hundred and fourteen crimes between them, and among those they are charged with, we are told, "besides mere robbery, the crimes of mutilation, murder, and burning alive are said to figure conspicuously." And yet the liberal Press of Italy would have us believe that these wretches have been committing these outrages in the interests of the POPE and the KING OF NAPLES, and that the Roman Government has, therefore, encouraged them. How utterly incredible! Mutilation, murder, and burning alive! When did the Papacy ever countenance such atrocities as these—especially burning alive?

"FLYING WORDS."

A LITERARY Gentleman in search of old furniture came across this advertisement:—

WINGED BOOKCASE, made by Gillows, 7 feet wide, 8 feet high.—To be SOLD, a very superior mahogany WINGED BOOKCASE, enclosed by glazed doors, secretary, &c. Recently cost £50; to be sold for 20 guineas. Apply, &c.

He immediately jumped at the offer, and now proposes filling the Winged Bookcase with volumes of fly-leaves, bound. Being in no present want of a Secretary, he will let him out by the hour on condition that his hirer shall, on returning him, carefully lock him up behind the glazed doors. The whole arrangement is admirable.

The General Election.

SIR CHARLES LOCOCK is canvassing the Isle of Wight in the Tory interest against SIR JOHN SIMON, Liberal. The venerable Accoucher's Committee will consist of *Mrs. Gamp*, *Mrs. Harris*, and several others of the most distinguished members of their sisterhood.



INGENIOUS YOUTH.

"OH, MY! JUST AIN'T IT JOLLY NEITHER, A SENDING O' ONE'S GOODS BY TRAIN!"

THE SEASON FOR SPARROW CLUBS.

BY HAWFINCH.

THE little birds paired on St. Valentine's Day,
And now they be breedun, and most on 'em lay.
The cock birds some sits by the nestes and sings,
Meanwhilst the hens settun', relaxes their wings.

But some, when, their mates have'n hatched their eggs well,
The young uns has chipped their way out o' the shell,
Along wi' the fymale goes out arter food,
Wherewi' for to nourish their squab caller brood.

Now, farmers, to sparrer clubs all who belong,
Your time is to slaughter the creature o' zong,
For tian't the sparrers alone you destroys,
A prize on the heads on 'em settun the boys.

But greenfinches, chaffinches, linnuts likewise,
Yellowhammers, larks, buntuns, all ever as flies
About them there fields where you strows pison'd grain;
So set to and silence the zingunbirds' strain.

Aitch pair as you kills you kills many moor by,
In eggs as must addle, and young as must die,
Bete bushes and brakes, my bucks; scour hills and dales,
And try if you can't put your salt on their tails.

What them little birds feeds their young on you knows,
Worms, grubs, caterpillars, and creeturs like those.
In killun a sparrer or finch you're aware
What thousands o' palmers and weevies you spare.

Ah, poor creepun things!—do encourage their breed;
Do kill off the small birds upon 'em as feed.
Them insects doan't none on 'em do you no harm;
Now do 'em, poor creeturs, hows'ever they swarm

Birds med be kep under, to that I'll agree;
The schoolboys sufficient for that purpos be,
At Christmas about wi' bow-arrers and traps,
Or birds-nestun now, let alone the young chaps.

Now goo to your Clubs and partake o' good cheer,
And sum up the birds you've killed over your beer.
And, if you can count 'em, to judge o' your gains,
The billiuns o' varmint you've zaved by your pains.

DEPARTURE FROM DRINK.

THE attention of MR. GLADSTONE's temperate coal-whipper, who drank only eight quarts of beer a day, may be advantageously directed to the subjoined copy of an advertisement:—

TO be LET, a BEER-HOUSE, in a Drinking Neighbourhood, surrounded with factories. Death the cause of leaving. Apply, &c.

The temperate coal-whipper may be admonished, by the foregoing announcement, not to exceed his eight quarts of beer daily, and its perusal may induce his intemperate associates, who, according to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, are in the habit of drinking from twelve to sixteen, to reduce their consumption to something near his moderate allowance.

"When Seen make a Note of."

A YOUNG Fellow was last week shut up all night, and fined the next morning, for plucking a sprig of May in Chelsea College Garden. For the future, let us hope he will know the difference between *may* and *may not*.

WHIST IN ST. JAMES'S.—The Rector protests that Clubs are not trumps.



THE TIMBER DRAG.—A NEW SENSATION FOR THE DERBY.

CHARITY AT CLUBS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the Papers, for my husband never tells me what is doing at his Club, that a little dispute has arisen among members as to whether a Club, not being a sentimental institution, ought or ought not to give anything in charity. Now I'll venture to say, without prejudging the case, that if members had done their duty, and consulted their wives on this momentous question, they would have been saved much needless anxiety and distress of mind. I am myself connected with and honorary Secretary to a Club or Society (same thing) and am generally acknowledged to have some pretensions to administrative ability. Now what is the course pursued by members of *my* Club?

We meet at stated intervals—each member brings her work with her, and we make sundry little (very little) articles of apparel. (I need not say what, as this is intended for publication; your own good sense and paternal feeling will tell you that), and which, when completed, are distributed among qualified persons belonging to the deserving poor. Now, why can't members of more masculine Clubs do something similar. Perhaps you'll say, for the simple reason, because they can't work.

But I would ask, and I do so not to tease or vex, but in sincerity and good faith, and with a view to moral elevation—I would ask why cannot these controversialists *learn*? What I would humbly, and with proper deference propose, is this. Let them invite a deputation from my Club to call on them and confer, and we shall be only too happy to give them every instruction, so as to enable them to afford that charitable aid in *kiss*, which they scruple to render in *coin*. Of course we could not trust them to comprehend the mysteries of insertion or openwork. But there is a variety of small offices, for which, if willing, they might be found eminently capable, and I need hardly say that bobbin-winding is one. But even admitting for argument's sake that members should prove hopelessly incompetent in this branch of industrial benevolence, still a world of good would result from opening these lay monasteries to feminine inspection. At present a deal of uneasiness prevails, more than is generally supposed, in many minds about the state of dust and litter in which any house must be that is not uniformly under proper female supervision. I often shudder when I think of the cigar-ends strewn over the marble mantel pieces

and mahogany cheffoniers, in the absence of a constitutional government, knowing what takes place at home, where every infraction of tidiness is visited with the utmost rigor of the law. I could say more on this absorbing topic, but fear, lest being hurried away by my feelings, I might be wanting in that charity which may serve as a cloak for the infirmity of others, but which we who have nothing to conceal, may be permitted to exhibit as a feather in our cap.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours very sincerely,

A NOT VERY OLD, BUT VERY CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. I suppose you know that a Club under very favourable auspices (and *perhaps* distinguished patronage) is being formed by mutual friends of ours, to be called the "Sweet-bread Club." You may smile, but you should not consistently do so, for a sweet-bread is far more elegant than a calves-head, and will be found to harmonise with the tone and temper of its fair associates.

"GROSSLY UNFAIR, SIR."

MAJOR BOW-WOW'S Sentiments.

THE loss by cholera of two-thirds of an artillery detachment, ordered to march from Mhow to Kirkee during the fiercest heats of the Indian summer, may be lamentable, but is not to be wondered at.

"You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs," says a French proverb.

"You can't move reliefs without losing men," is the Indian equivalent.

What is the use of making such a fuss? As if death wasn't always "Mhowing down" our soldiers! And yet the military authorities are to be blamed for ordering the march. Pooh Pooh, Sir! Stuff and nonsense and mock philanthropy. Humbug, Sir! Humbug!

"OH, YOU NASTY THING!"

WHAT omission of duty would probably be a sore point with an Italian Catholic?

Neglecting a *Festa*.

[Exit horrid creature.]

MR. LOCKE'S BILL

FOR LEGALISING THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES IN MUSIC-HALLS IS
SUPPORTED BY A "DRAMATIC AUTHORS' PETITION."



Our dramatists begin with the complaint:—

"That your Petitioners have found that the existing legislation concerning theatres operates as a restriction upon their industry, while it has not in any manner supported or elevated dramatic literature."

Both these allegations, we have no doubt, are susceptible of proof. That the existing legislation concerning theatres has not in any manner "supported or elevated dramatic literature" is at once apparent from the character of the pieces produced by nine-tenths of our Dramatic Authors.

That such legislation has operated as a restriction upon their industry we may be justified in inferring

from the fact, that there are not half-a-dozen original pieces now produced in London in the course of a year. The petition continues:—

"The Lower Middle Class and Working Class have, of late years, developed a large appetite for intellectual amusement, which the number of theatres, and the present construction of theatres (which give no comfortable or proper accommodation for these classes) have failed to satisfy."

We are delighted to learn that the Lower Middle Class and Working Class have of late years developed a large appetite for "intellectual amusement." We presume this development of appetite for the intellectual has been accompanied with a proportional craving for the substantial, in the form of chops, steaks, and kidneys, unlimited "goes" of something short, and a large consumption of tobacco. Otherwise, we cannot connect the allegation with the object of the petition. How does the development of a large appetite for intellectual amusement require the conversion of theatres into free-and-easies, or of free-and-easies into theatres? One would suppose "intellectual appetite" would drive people where intellectual appetite is catered for, as it is presumed to be in a well-conducted theatre; not to a place where nigger minstrelsy, trapèze tumbling, contortionising, and the comic duet business are alternated with *poses plastiques* and ballet dancing, and where even such intellectual food as these entertainments supply seems to require washing down with gin-and-water, and digesting by aid of tobacco smoke.

The Dramatic Authors who sign this petition must excuse us if we find it difficult to reconcile the alleged prosperity of music-halls—as they are called on the "*lucus à non lucendo*" principle—and the alleged decline of theatres, with the recent development of "intellectual appetite" asserted by the petitioners.

They go on to say, in English, which shows, we fear, traces of the effect of a long course of translation from the French, that "the number of theatres, and the present construction of theatres (which give no comfortable or proper accommodation for these classes) have 'failed to satisfy' the intellectual appetite in question."

Here we must ask a question. Is it only the "number and construction" of theatres that are to blame for such a failure? First, as to numbers: considering that the theatres are, one and all complaining—above or under their breath—that they can't draw audiences, that the attractions of the music-halls are emptying their pits and galleries, it is difficult to believe that the "number" of theatres has anything to do with the disappointment of the intellectual appetites of our Lower-Middle and Working Classes. When the theatres are full to overflowing it will be time to maintain that there are too few of them.

Then, as to "construction." Theatres may not be perfect in means of entrance and exit, sitting accommodation, and ventilation; but, if they are bad in these points, what are such places as the Alhambra, and most of the music-halls, particularly on a full night, with the gas in full blaze, and the steam of suppers, goes, and weeds, enriching the odours of hot humanity. No—faulty construction will hardly account for any falling off in theatrical audiences.

Perhaps, however, we may admit that the theatre, as generally conducted now-a-days, is not exactly the place in which to satisfy an "intellectual appetite." With our "intellectual appetite" still suffering under the mockery of a Barmecide entertainment, in the shape of a recent course of burlesques, we feel that the intellectual play-goer, like the sheep in MILTON'S Sonnet, "Looks up and is not fed" in our London theatres. But is there not something besides "numbers" and

"construction" of theatre to blame here? May not the quality of the theatrical fare provided have a *little* to do with it? And who are the purveyors of that fare but many of the gentlemen who sign this petition.

If they fail so miserably in satisfying the "intellectual appetite," of even "the Lower Middle and Working Class" in our theatres, how are they to satisfy it better in the music-halls (?) which they wish to open for the unlimited consumption of their viands?

If they have anything better to offer, why not try it in the theatres, where they will, at least, find the cooks—such as they are—in the shape of actors, and the best procurable garnish of scenery, dresses, and decorations, without the distractions of chops and steaks, sherry cobbler, cold withouts, and sodas-and-brandies? Surely the intellectual appetites will have a better chance if they are catered for by themselves. The worship of the Muses does not need burnt-offerings in the shape of sausages for two, or kidneys on toast, or the incense of short pipes and mild Cabanas. No: let the petitioners speak out, and say honestly:—

"Art is bosh; intellectual appetite is gammon. The more intelligent and educated public has ceased to patronise the sort of entertainment we have provided for them at the theatres. But though we cannot cater for them, we think we could help to amuse less scrupulous or critical audiences, if we had the aid of tumblers, trapézists, nigger-melodists, hot suppers, strong drink, and cigars, which the music-halls would give us and the theatres do not. Therefore, we beg you will open to us the market of the music-halls."

Such a plea would be intelligible. But the less the demand for the opening of the music-halls to theatrical representations is based on the demands of the "intellectual appetite" of the Lower Middle and Working Classes, the better. Still, let us not forget that what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. If the music-hall managers, and their supporters among the dramatic authors, are chargeable with humbug when they come forward as caterers for "intellectual appetites," the managers are just as bad when they protest, on grounds of the same pretentious kind, against throwing open the music-halls to the drama. The real reasons against this step are distinct alike from the interests of the music-halls, or the interests of managers. They are to be found in the interests of the dramatic art, which managers in too many cases systematically ignore.

"THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE."

BY THE HON. COLONEL HAW-HAW, of the Coldstreams.

AIR—"The Flowers of the Forest."

I've seen Committees, the sadder the pity's,
Trying to find who the piper should pay,
By way of a plaster for General Disaster—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

I've seen the journals attack clothing Colonels,
Bully Court-martials for going astray,
And call, fierce and fiery, for open inquiry—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

Stupid civilians think fifteen millions
Rather too much for an army to pay,
And with question and query the Horse Guards they weary—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

If a fellow writes letters and bothers his betters,
Call a court, and compel him to go on half-pay,
But M.P.'s such things seize on, and will have a reason—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

In the ranks they say justice the best rule to trust is;
Would give merit command, and bid int'rest obey,
Corps distinctions they'd level, with the Guards play the devil—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

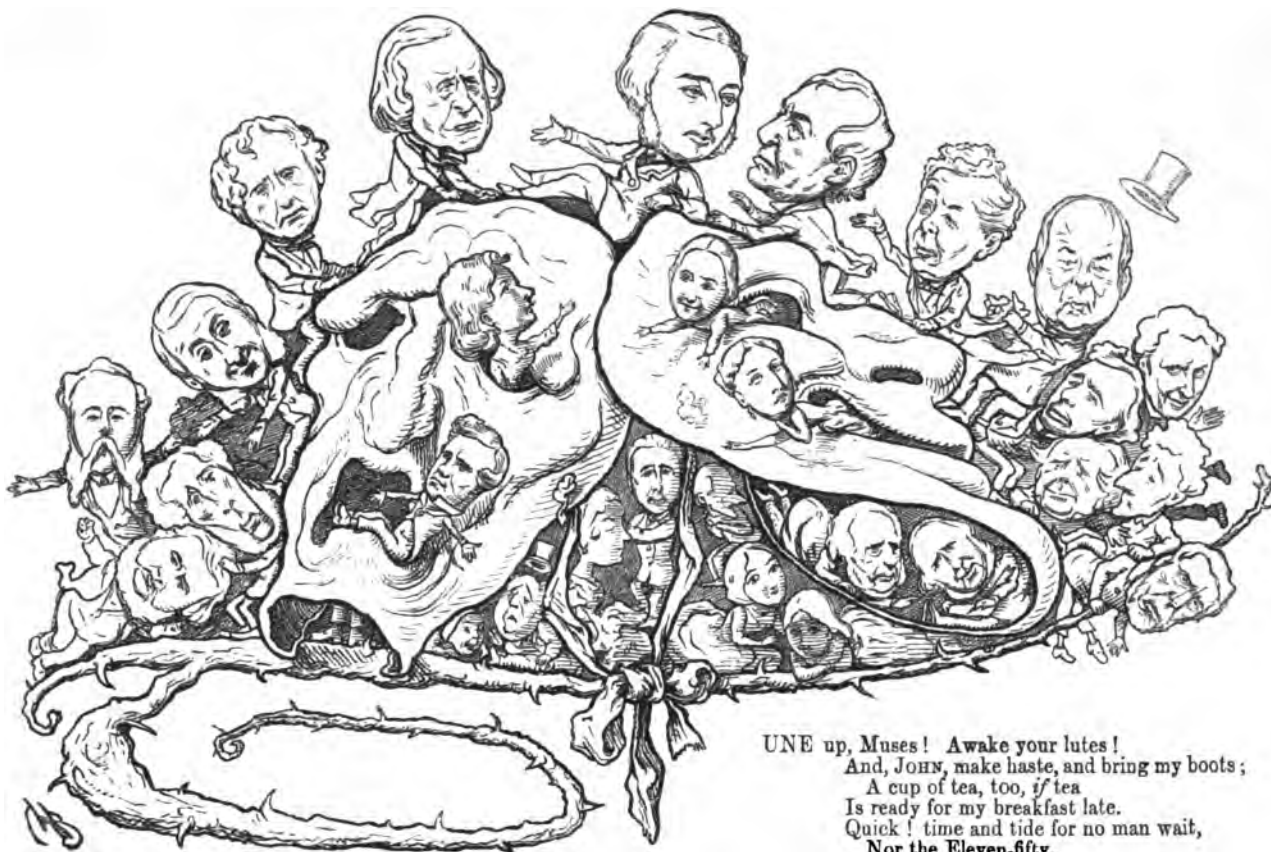
The thing that they drive at is giving a private
The chance to obtain a commission some day:
Our men we're to preach to, amuse 'em, and teach too—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

Convocation Clucking.

CONVOCATION has actually done a stroke of business. By the permission of the Crown, and at the request of the Cabinet, it has reformed the Thirty-sixth Canon. Over this single act of legislation which they have just accomplished, the parsons are cock-a-whoop, and so we are precluded from saying that they are in as great a fuss as a hen with one chick.

INAUGURATION OF THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE AND HALL.

JUNE 5TH, 1865.



UNE up, Muses! Awake your lutes!
And, JOHN, make haste, and bring my boots;
A cup of tea, too, if tea
Is ready for my breakfast late.
Quick! time and tide for no man wait,
Nor the Eleven-fifty.

Bother the thing! I've cut my chin!
My collar F—would I could go in
Simplicity barbaric!
But this is eighteen sixty-five.
They're waiting for me—look alive!—
To meet 'em at the Garrick.

The Postman! Bill?—Cab! Here you are!
My duns I will—quick, JOHN, cigar!—
'Neath Lethe's stream to-day bury;
Say, JOHN, that I've gone off to see
The PRINCE inaugurating the
Dramatic College, Maybury.

We're just in time to catch the train,
To the Collector I explain
My ticket is for Woking.
First-Class? This seat will do for me;
Just ask the Guard for a fuzee.
What says the Guard? "No smoking."

We talk: this College, Sir, is made
For Actors when they are "decayed."
A home and place of rest, 'tis.
And here, until their final "call,"
We'll try to minister to all
Their wants and their necess'ties.

Now for the Luncheon! Corks and forks!
Then we will hear the DUKES OF YORK'S
School band play lively pieces;
Then on the College ground appears
The Band of Surrey Volunteers,
Who'll play when t'other ceases.

The Master's here, in waistcoat white,
B. W. I needn't write
More than these two initials.

He's got no hat upon his pate;
Behind him walk, in solemn state,
Theatrical officials.

The PRINCE has come; and then, when each
Who's got to speak, has made his speech,
We listen, with breath bated,
To Royal words which tell us all
That now the College and the Hall
Are both "Inaugurated."

To name each lady, who a purse
Presents, would too much swell my verse
With MARIES, ANNES, and JENNIES;
They were not advertised nor billed—
Suffice it that each purse was filled
With shining golden guineas.

This is the way to make a friend
Of Mammon forced his aid to lend
The cares of age to solace.
A song—those upper notes are fine;
Whence come they? 'Tis LOUISA PYNE
Singing an air by WALLACE.

This one, whose voice rings through the Hall,
Goddess of Song we used to call,
And almost gave her *dulia*;
Think of the Druids' Priestess' art!
(O Mistletoe! be still my heart.)
Hail, GRISI! hail, GIULIA!

We'll drink, before to sleep we're rocked,
In "Fizz," not such as some concoct
From goose—or other gay-berry;
A toast, when dining at the "G,"
Which I'll propose, "Success to The
Dramatic College, Maybury."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Church desires that her Convocation may be revised and consulted on the subject. A Convocation of Irish Parsons! And we put down cock-fighting. ARCHBISHOP TANKY is one of the best and kindest men in the Church or in the world, and he cannot have considered what he was asking for. The English Bishops would not hear of it. Could DEAN SWIFT be President, indeed, something might be said, as he would take care to have Polite Conversation.

The Commons sat late, but there was not much to note, except an angry spar between SIR PAUL and CAIRNS over the Irish Police Bill, SIR ROBERT hinting that KING WILLIAM's day would make additional police necessary, and SIR HUGH firing up and reminding the House that it was not the Orangemen who were guilty of the Belfast civil war. We thought that they had their part in that Irish Convocation.

The Greenwich Hospital Reform Bill was read a Second Time. But what is to be done with the poor Merchant Seamen? They have been for years made to contribute their sixpence towards the Hospital, but are excluded from any benefit thereof. There is an answer to everything, and we suppose that it will be urged that the merchant shipping is protected by the war-sailors, and therefore ought to pay, but this plea, though not a bad one as regards the Merchants, seems to us apart from the question concerning the Men. Would you amerce your cook and housemaid of part of their wages to pay your police-rate?

MR. DISRAELI had, unhappily, been laid up with gout, and MR. MONSELL was asked, therefore, to postpone the Catholic Oath debate. He refused, unless an undertaking were given that when the gout should have yielded to colobium and morphia, the sufferer would bring in a new oath, of a uniform character. It is possible that MR. MONSELL may have thought that when a gentleman is agonised with podagra, it is not unlikely that he may be in the mood for framing oaths, but the undertaking was not given, and, on 4

Tuesday, the debate was resumed by MR. NEWDEGATE, who moved a Six Months amendment. He clung to the oath as a bulwark, as the record of a compact showing Protestant good feeling towards Catholics. MR. GREGORY asserted the loyalty of the Catholics, and asked who had beheaded MARY and CHARLES STUART, and expelled JAMES. The first illustration was slightly—eh? Was there not something about a Catholic conspiracy to murder the Protestant Queen of England? No matter. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON would modify the oath, cutting out the repudiation of right to murder, and of mental reservation, but he insisted on the Papist's swearing that he would not pull down the Church. MR. HOBBSMAN made a good speech against the oath, adding that it was of no use, because as soon as the Catholics grow powerful enough to change our religion, they will at once repeal the supposed safeguard. SIR HUGH CAIRNS owned that it had been no safeguard, but he thought that there were a few honest men who might be bound by it. But it is the honest men who need no binding against breach of faith—if breach of faith there be in such affairs. Are we to ask a Catholic to swear not to do what all the Dissenters do, boastfully, whenever they can? No, said the House, by 193 voices to 126.

Government is anxious to assure us that though the American Government is persistent in claiming Alabama Compensation, it is desirous of amity as well as peace, and that nothing can be more friendly than its language. Arbitration is hinted at.

LORD ISTHMIAN GAMES moved that the Commons should rise for the Derby Day, and after a motion that the Bankrupt Law required prompt and serious consideration had been agreed to, and SIR ROUNDELL PALMER had promised it, the House was Counted Out on the eve of St. Derby.

Wednesday. Hooray—no, *Vive Gladiateur*!

Thursday. A new Peer divided for the first time. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES voted for the Third Reading of the Bill for the Utilisation of Sewage. He had probably learned, at the opening of the great drainage works, to comprehend the importance of the subject. The majority in favour of the Bill was 49, the minority 4.

The Bank-Notes Issue Bill is given up by MR. GLADSTONE. It seems to be one of those

things which no fellow can understand. But if the bankers think that the great financier has done with them, let them disabuse themselves of that idea.

We then had a debate on Civil Service Estimates, in the course of which a great deal was said about the Kensington Museum, a place, by the way, which Mr. Punch recommends everybody with an eye to visit. The collection is now most rich and most instructive in the best sense of the word. MR. BAUCE explained, very satisfactorily, the value of the educational advantages to be obtained there. MR. WYLD thought the expenditure upon it most judicious. MR. GREGORY thought that the collection had been of immense advantage in the cultivation of artistic taste. MR. COX objected to it because it was out of the way of many artisans, and MR. LAYARD, as a Metropolitan Member, protested against the degraded position to which MR. COX wished to reduce his constituency. The vote was carried by 80 to 16.

Friday. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL demands more room for the General Post Office. In 1839 only 70 millions of letters passed through it, and now 700 millions are sent annually; no thanks, but the reverse, to the obstructive order whereof LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY is a member, and all thanks, medal and reverse, to SIR ROWLAND HILL, L.L.D.

PRINCE KUNG was announced to have resumed office as the PAK of China.

Government is considering what it can do for the benefit of that excellent institution the University of London, whose merits are at length generally recognised by well-informed people. But the majority of mankind believe it to be the place in Gower Street, which is only University College. The University of London is an examining body, a department of the State, has no teaching functions, and wants Halls for the examination of 400 candidates at once. It ought to have them, and will.

Then were the AZEM JAH Petition Forgers called over the Coals, and four offenders were ordered to be committed.

The New National Gallery is to be founded on the splendid site spoiled by the existing Gallery, and MR. GLADSTONE will speedily produce his plan. Now this edifice ought to be a Wonder of the World. The world wonders whether it will.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

THE *Standard*, in reference to the Speech made by MR. GLADSTONE, in recommending his son to the Electors of Chester, says:—

"MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, the son of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, has become a Candidate for the City of Chester; and as it appears the young gentleman is not gifted like his father, nor able to say a word on his own behalf, the Chancellor has good-naturedly taken the task on himself."

Young MR. GLADSTONE, on the occasion referred to, preceded his father, and delivered a very smart speech, which occupies upwards of a column in a newspaper called the *Times*. It may be obtained from most newsmen, and as most people read it, we do not exactly see the object of this paragraph in the *Standard*. But we suppose that it was written for the stupid country parsons, by whose votes it is hoped that MR. GLADSTONE, the father, may be ejected from Oxford.

Relief to the Pope's Poor Feet.

ACCORDING to the statement of certain newspapers, a Russian lady has just presented to the Pope a pair of slippers, in which were placed 160,000 £ in bank-notes. There is a silver lining to many a cloud, as his Holiness perhaps exclaimed when he observed that of these very comfortable slippers. The Holy Father has not been progressing lately; but these new slippers will perhaps enable him to get on.

SPINSTER SUFFRAGE.

INEDITED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. PUNCH does not hold himself responsible for any absurdity that may be found in this department of his Journal. The lists are now open to every political combatant on one condition, that he presents his card (with real name) to our Pursuivant-at-Arms, and winces not when it is announced with a flourish of trumpets. *Mr. Punch* begs farther to state that however desirous he might be personally to oblige "Constant Reader" and "Fiat Justitia," this rule, adopted after mature deliberation, admits of no exception.

DEAR, DELIGHTFUL PUNCH,

AUNT, who studies RICARDO and MILL, says we are all going to have votes—every girl of us from five-and-twenty upwards. Oh! isn't it charming! CHARLES declares that he will put up for Gooseborough, and if he should, he must come in, for what candidate would stand a chance against such a perfect Apollo? I know nothing about his principles, but he has given MATILDA such a sweet pair of ponies, and she has promised to act as Chairwoman (or whatever it is) of his District Committee. Oh, do tell us, my dear *Punch*, when there's to be a General Election. CHARLES has blue eyes, so we are all preparing our colours to match.

Ever, ever yours,

AURORA FLOYD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE is no occasion to confer the franchise on us married ladies. At present all husbands deserving of that honourable name vote agreeably to our instructions. Any alteration would only cause excitement, without having a material influence on parties one way or the other. As to single men, not one, I suppose, in ten is qualified to vote. They have no weight in the political scale, and are only objects of interest to the letters of furnished apartments.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET MATHEW.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do, pray, put a stop to this heterodox doctrine of Spinster Suffrage. Fancy, Sir, the awful open and unblushing bribery and corruption under such a system!—how could you by any Act of Parliament prevent a candidate from paying his young female supporters in notes of elegance, and from treating old maids who offered plumpers with any amount of flattery current in Great Britain. The lower House of Parliament, instead of representing the collective wisdom of the nation, will degenerate into a show-room of dandies. An ugly candidate, with a family, will never obtain a vote even if he be a second SOCRATES. I am a plain man, and I say emphatically, it won't do, Sir.

Yours most respectfully,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

SIR,

I AM quite in favour of Spinster Suffrage, but object to any further extension. Those ladies who are under marital control are unfit, I consider, to be entrusted with political responsibility, and ought not to desire it. I anticipate great good from Spinster Suffrage, for I feel assured that we shall never have that grand desideratum, a tax on Bachelors, while Bachelors continue to misrepresent us in Parliament. I shall vote for no candidate that declines to give pledges, especially a pledge of conjugal allegiance at St. George's, Hamover Square, before he takes his seat in a refined as well as reformed House of Commons.

Yours truly, PENROPS PORLAN.

MOTTO FOR POLITICAL MURDER.

Sic semper Tyrannis, assassin's stage-tag,
Displaced by Virginia from symbol and flag,
Will you, ANDREW JOHNSON, good cause to exclaim,
Afford every creature who mentions your name?

For "to" reading "with," as 'tis ever the way
With Tyrants their captive opponents to slay;
If you hang JEFF DAVIS, all good men and true
Sic semper Tyrannis will cry out on you.

A PRIVY COUNCIL PROBLEM.

(Apropos of Thursday's debate in Supply.)

GIVEN COLE and the Brompton Boilers, what is sure to be the result?
Hot water.

UNIVERSITY POWER.

At which University will the Examination of Ladies be held?
Answer (by a Member of either Oxford or Cambridge). At the Sister University.

A QUEER KIND OF CHURCH.

THE saying that there is nothing new under the sun, may appear to be contradicted, but is, in fact, confirmed, by the advertisement following, copied from the *Times*:—

A WOODEN CHURCH, Second-Hand, wanted to Purchase, capable of containing 350 persons, or more. Apply to E. THORNTON, Esq., Haron.

For a church, whether wooden, or stone, or brick-and-mortar, or corrugated iron, that is second-hand, how strange soever a building it may seem, cannot be new. But what sort of a structure may the Wooden Church, advertised for as above, be conceived to be? Evidently being not a fixture, but portable, is this Wooden Church locomotive? And then does it go on wheels, like a travelling menagerie, or, being wanted out at Canada, can it be a floating sort of sacred edifice, something in the style of Noah's Ark? In that case, is the Wooden Church a sailing or a steam ark? If the Wooden Church is a fabric of naval architecture, it may be regarded as a species of ecclesiastical ship. Fancy a fleet of Wooden Churches afloat, with Rectors for Captains, Vicars and Curates for Lieutenants, Deacons for Midshipmen, and Petty Officers for Readers, or dispensers of a ministry like that of the late BOATSWAIN SMITH. In place of an Admiral, the Wooden Churches Fleet would of course be commanded by a Bishop. The See of this Prelate could coincide only with that part of the ocean for the time being occupied by his fleet of Wooden Churches. So long as they remained at anchor, it would be stationary, but when they were on a cruise it would necessarily be a rolling See. There may be no such See as that, and yet some people may think that there are bishops at sea too.

Is there any moveable Wooden Church that is really and truly a sacred edifice—having been duly consecrated? If so, would not the sale of that church be Simony? And how can any church be a second-hand church? Are we to conclude that a second-hand church is a church that having been used by a fashionable congregation till it has got shabby and dirty, and ramshackle, is relinquished to serve as a place of worship for the inferior classes? Perhaps the second-hand Wooden Church wanted to purchase at Haron is a kind of church that Respectability would deem suitable to serve as a Ragged Church here.

THE AFRICAN CARTE.

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy All, All for me."

A HUMP of a drom'dary grill, grill for me,
Flay the fleetest that flies o'er the plain:
And bring me a joint of cold camel for tea,
Which I'll cut, and, if nice, come again.
Then for supper just broil me a slice of wild boar,
With a tiger-steak tender and juicy:
And one antelope kidney to follow—no more,
For you know I'm no glutton, my LUCY!
O be sure that for breakfast a bastard you roast,
Pick the biggest the poult'rer may bring:
Or an ostrich served whole, à la woodcock, on toast,
'Tis a tit-bit that's fit for a king.
Then contented I'll wait until noon, when for lunch
Let a *salmi* of sebra just foal'd be,
And a bone of broiled porcupine crisply I'll crunch,
With some snake's eggs, delicious when mouldy.

French Free Trade.

IN an article hailing an advance of the Austrian Legislature in the direction of Free Trade, the *Post* observes:—

"France had her time-honoured prejudices, and dreaded the gift which perfidious Albin tended. But she conquered her scruples—she swept away the barriers with which her commerce was environed—and instead of finding her producers and manufacturers ruined by English competition, saw them enriched by English gold."

Only France retained her export duty on rags, and thus she sees her manufacturers enriched by English gold, at the expense of the manufacturers of English paper.

"Testimony of the Rocks."

GEOLOGY reads by the sea
Old Times' and Dame Nature's acts,
Can Science uncertain be
When it deals with such *Littoral Facts*.

AQUATIC SPORT.

(From our Rowing Club.)

A RACE between the "Eight" of Diamonds and the "Eight" of Hearts is on the cards.



"IN VINO VERITAS."

Lucy (to Pa's German Friend, on his first Visit to England). "THIS IS ONE OF OUR NATIVE WINES, MR. HOCHSHVIG, IF YOU'LL DEIGN TO TRY IT."

[Pours him out Glass of best Ginger !

Herr H. (after a generous draught, in Amazement and Suffocation). "YOUR ENGLISH WINES ARE VER' SHTEONG !"

JANUS AT LOGGERHEADS.

A DOUBLE tongue's useful on many occasions,
And two heads are better than one, past a doubt;
There are things one can't say to kings, statemen and nations,
That one's cousin, as *enfant terrible*, blurts out.

There are pledges, that one head may gravely demur to,
Which the other can bolt in a summary way;
And doctrines, that LOUIS can't safely defer to,
By JEROME propounded, the reds keep in play.

If my crowned head blows hot on the sly *parti-prêtre*,
My red head blows cold on the clerical fry.
Alter ego's the thing, Sir, *paraître et non être*,
And indeed with two faces one wants "*t'other eye*."

But I fear that his Corsican speech may cause trouble,
And that one of my Janus' tongues t'other must blame:
He forgets that his task's not alone to play double,
But to play double-dummy, if *that* suit my game.

Odds and Ends.

A GENTLEMAN, known as an admirable good story-teller, but afflicted with an unfortunately short memory, sends us the following inquiry:—

A capital story that I wanted to tell the other day ends like this: "Seated at last beneath the hopes of all, it was impossible. Turning at once upon the ancient Panca she firmly but courteously refused." Will any of your readers kindly give me the commencement of this tale?

Also, There's a first-rate riddle whose answer is, "Because it's gone." What's the question to this?

Perhaps some of our readers will oblige.

THEATRICAL ASTROLOGY.

SEE this brace of odd announcements, which appeared in a dramatic journal not long since:—

WANTED, LADY DANCER, PROPERTY MAKER, and a few USEFUL PEOPLE. Stars are invited to send terms and dates.

WANTED, an Efficient LEADER, and LADIES and GENTLEMEN in various lines. Stars liberally treated with.

Of all useful people, we think a property maker would be the most useful to us if we were a Manager, at least if we might share the property he made. But how strange it sounds to say that "Stars are liberally treated with," and how funny to invite them to "send terms and dates." Fancy asking Venus to tell us what her date—another word for age—is! And who would ever dream of begging Jupiter or Sirius to "name the day, the happy day," when we might come to terms with him for what is called a starring tour? Jupiter might well exclaim, "By Jove!" at our impertinence; while as for Sirius, he would surely burst out laughing in our face, and say, "Come now, you're not Sirius!"

The Slang of the Turf.

ONE of the racing reporters, in his remarks upon the Derby, surprised us very much by the astounding information that:—

"The French horse was literally in everybody's mouth."

Was he? What a shame! and what an expense too! Hippophagy has lately been the fashion with French gourmands, but racehorse flesh, we fancy, must be a costly luxury, and the wealthiest hippophagist would pause a little before ordering a *filet* of Fille de l'Air, or a Gladiateur cutlet. But we have probably mistaken the purport of the phrase. In saying that "the French horse was literally in everybody's mouth," the writer very likely meant that, in honour of his triumph, his admirers were not dining off him, but devouring him with kisses.



“STRICT DISCIPLINE.”

(See Emperor's Letter.)

OSHEIDA, “PLON-PLON, I LOVE THEE; BUT NEVER MORE BE
“COUNCILOR” OF MINE * * * *

LOOK, IF MY GENTLE LOVE BE NOT RAISED UP;—
I’LL MAKE THEE AN EXAMPLE.”

Our Prophecy of the Derby.

A NOTE TO THE NEW CHAPTER OF THE KORÂN, ENTITLED THE WINNER, AND REVEALED LAST WEEK.

Now, believers, need ye that I should write unto you, saying, Behold, I am right again. Am I not always right, and the only true prophet, and is not my name MORAMMED-PUNCH? But that is a small thing. Did I not speak unto you plainly from the first unto the last, saying who should be the winner, even the winner of the great race? Was it for nothing, believers, deem ye, that I turned my heretofore so free, not to say easy speech and language into the form dear unto the people which is called French, and I heaped compliment and honour upon them? Was it for nothing that I said that the victory should go unto the swift and the strong if he were well guided and there were no treason? And how chanced it with the horse whose name is as the name of him who was slaughtered in the Pagan arena? Was it not in the guiding of him, after that he had been imperilled by the accidents that come unto the sons of men, yea, and of mares, that his safety was found? But hearken, for when I spake unto you of possible treason, I spake of that which hath in other times occurred unto the minds of men touching certain races, whereof no more, for idle words are vain words, and unfounded suspicions are apprehensions without a cause. But at the last I spake unto you plainly, saying BAKALLUM. And unto those which hearkened unto my voice, and which did back Allum, which is in the Turkish tongue "the Swordsman," or gladiator, have I been as the ever-springing fountain of riches and extant of diamonds, yea, as the key that unlocks the treasures of the Indian seas and the gold mines of California. Keep your wealth, beloved believers, but be good unto the poor, and when the Lights of your Hareems say unto you, My lord, and shall not we also have a holiday? answer the moon-faced ones kindly, and do that which they pray of you: see they not the partners of your booms and expenses? Is it not fitting that they share in the profits? So saith the Great Prophet of all.

A LOVER'S CONFIDENCES.

Is there is one proceeding in which a man is supposed to have a right to please himself, or to fancy that he does so, it is the giving himself away in marriage. It is usual, we believe, to ask the assent of the lady, but as this is usually matter of course—we, at least, have never been rejected—the formality is not oppressive. Nobody thinks it necessary to consult his parents, or his grandmother, or his uncles, or his cousins, or his landlord, or the inspector of police for his district. And certainly we never heard of a gentleman's demanding the opinion of his neighbours in regard to his intended marriage.

But a gentleman of Leicestershire, whose name he will probably desire that we should mention—MR. BENJAMIN RILEY, of Desborough, takes a larger view of a man's duty to Society. He has fixed his mature affections upon a young person, named MARY ANN PAINE. She was lately engaged in his factory. From the lover's description of her, Miss PAINE appears to be deserving of all respect. But MR. RILEY is not satisfied with having satisfied himself in the matter, but publishes in the *Midland Free Press* a long letter, begging the inhabitants of Desborough to listen to all that he has to say on the subject. He supposes that they will be surprised at the match, and he is desirous that they should not think it so foolish as it appears. He then explains in about two dozen paragraphs that he has made a sort of Treaty with the future Mrs. RILEY. Here are some of the articles:—

"The terms of our engagement are numerous, and are placed before her in an extensive correspondence on my part.

"For the present it must be obvious she can do no more than follow my directions implicitly, for it is not the uncultured factory girl, but the moderately cultivated young lady of the future I design uniting myself to.

"I shall feel a pleasure, according to the terms of our engagement, in her visiting her family as often as she pleases, but it is understood they are not to visit her unless asked."

So that the Desborough magnates and gentilities need not be afraid, when paying their visits to the newly married couple, of meeting persons of inferior rank and culture. A clever starting-point.

MR. RILEY then explains the means by which he proposes to expand the young lady's mind:—

"Wishing her at once to see Desborough was only a small portion of the world, and in order to fill her mind with new ideas, she passed through London, and also through a large railway station in the south to Worthing, on the sea-coast, under the charge of our kind friends, REV. S. DRAKEFORD and MRS. DRAKEFORD: this rapidity of movement I thought advisable."

In order to rouse her soul with a sudden burst. This was truly artistic, and reminds one of the way in which *Amias* is awakened by a chorus in the *Sannambula*. Now mark the noble self-mastery of the lover. He is not eager to rush into the society of his MARY ANN:—

"I had previously engaged a home there for them. By this arrangement she will get a little initiated into the habits and manners of middle class life. I do not suppose I shall see her for a few months to come, not till she gets a little grounded in general information and becomes moderately refined."

We are not informed as to MR. RILEY's ideas of moderation in refinement. Some men, in the circumstances, might be satisfied if the

young lady acquired a habit of not putting a knife into her mouth, of occasionally using the *serviette* instead of the pocket handkerchief, and of remaining at the table until the other ladies should rise, instead of pushing back her chair, and remarking "There!" Others might be more exacting, and desire to see the gloves drawn on, and the eye carelessly yet carefully awaiting the chief matron's signal, and might wish that in leaving the room there might be an abstinence from facetious *adieux* to her adored, and from anything like endowment, or a request that he will not take too much wine. But this is MR. RILEY's own business. He next proceeds to give a copy of an advertisement which he has issued for a sort of governess, who is to aid in the formation of the lady's mind, and he has had nine answers to this. He has not, however, engaged all the nine applicants.

"Some months must elapse, of course, before she enters at these attainments. She will also, if nothing prevents, have a very voluminous correspondence from myself."

We hope that nothing will prevent the transmission of the voluminous love letters which are menaced, and that nothing will prevent the young lady from reading them. We venture, however, having some little experience of young ladies, to hint to MR. RILEY not to be a bore with his letters, and by no means to cram them with improving matter. We assure him that if he does, and unless Miss PAINE is entirely different from all other young ladies, the improving matter will not be read. As he has thus frankly taken us into his confidence, we feel bound to repay it with similar frankness.

"Before the actual union takes place a great many months must necessarily elapse, as, after she is pretty well informed in ordinary matters, she will have to learn to play fairly on the harmonium, also to read the French language with ease, to write fairly, and to speak it with tolerable fluency."

There is the first touch of real sentiment, of lover-like expression. A great many months. It is prettier and tenderer to say that than to use the word "a year." There is a green spot in MR. RILEY's heart. "Many moons must wane" would have been, on the other hand, too poetical. "No end of a wait" is what we should say, were we engaged to a fast young lady of the aristocracy. But MR. RILEY chooses the prudent medium. But Miss PAINE must wait, for she has to learn in a year what many people never can learn in a life, and—

"To all curious ones I say, suppose nothing occurs to prevent it, expect the wedding in May, 1866, for I do not think it is likely to be before, with so much preparation on my intended's part."

In fact, the date of his marriage depends on her power of learning French grammar. If we were the young lady wouldn't we try the Hamiltonian system, or DR. PICK'S Art of Memory? But what pleasure in repeating the verbs, and saying with MR. BAYLE BERNARD'S French class in the *Boarding School*, (why is this capital farce never played?) "*J'ames I love*," when every repetition of the present tense brings one nearer one's Future.

MR. RILEY sums up in the following manner:—

"I have thought it just to myself to place this explanation before you, as that you may see how the matter really stands. A copy of the *Free Press*, which contains this address to you, will be forwarded to each of my relations and friends, as what I do I do openly, and leave the world to say what they like."

The world will say what "they" like, and we hope will say they like MR. RILEY's affectionate confidences. We think that he ought to have gone a little further, called a public meeting, and after giving all these explanations, ought to have announced himself as ready to answer any questions, but perhaps, being a man of business, his time is precious. We therefore, in answer to his appeal, assure him that his marriage meets our approbation, that we are reasonably satisfied with the curriculum appointed for his bride, that we wish the plighted pair health and happiness, and a union at the date fixed. If there be any other details of household life on which MR. RILEY would like to consult us, as to the choice of furniture, the aspect of the bed-rooms, the character of the cook, or the best apartment for the nursery, he has only to publish his wishes.

Epsom Cup.

AMONG the Stakes run for on the "off" day of Epsom Races was the "Epsom Cup." This seems hardly the sort of "cup" that one would be disposed to partake of for the purpose of luxurious refreshment, although the beverage which may be denominated "Epsom Cup," associated with a small round body of a mercurial nature, forms a combination which is sometimes styled a "black and blue reviver;" in the language of the labels on the bottles in the doctors' shops, HAUST: SERNÆ COMP:

SOUTHERN SUBMISSION.

THE State of Virginia, at the invitation of the Provost-Marshal, relinquished its old motto *Sic semper tyrannis*. It has now, we understand, adopted the reverse of that legend, and its present one is *Sic nunquam tyrannis*.



TURPS V. TURPITUDE.

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS A SLIGHT MISTAKE MADE BY SCUMBLE'S NEW CHARWOMAN, WHO, BEING "PARTIAL TO HER DROPS," THOUGHT SHE HAD A CHANCE.

[THE FRIENDS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

A FINE occasion for sneering at an attempt to promote the comfort and elevate the taste of the poor is afforded to any journal representing the pride and malevolence of the community, by an announcement stating that the Royal Horticultural Society has consented that an Exhibition of Window and House Gardening, by the Working Classes, shall be held at the Society's Gardens on July 10th, and that it has further agreed to give £50, to be distributed in prizes on that occasion. Especial scorn may be poured upon the further statement, that a Committee has been formed to carry out the above-named object, and has found, on calculation, that its accomplishment, if the number of parishes expected to compete by reason of the interest taken in the proposed Exhibition by the Parochial Clergy and others, do so, will require a sum of £400, to which those who have the social and moral good of the Working Classes at heart are invited to contribute. Contemptuous derision of that absurd scheme for indulging a maudlin sympathy with the grotesque Working Classes, may perhaps prevent more than one strong-minded lady or gentleman, who understands just satire, from giving any money or countenance to an undertaking, which, together with its promoters, must be thoroughly despised by the better orders to whom sarcastic animadversion on the necessary ridiculousness of poverty is delicious.

A Brave Motto for Washington.

HER MAJESTY'S Birthday was celebrated in London with various illuminations, including the letters V. R. When the day of PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S nativity comes round, his loyal people might as well commemorate it at Washington with similar devices, only changing the letters for V. V., the initials of "*Va Victis!*"

AN ECHO FROM EXETER HALL.

WHAT! our Costa can't write!—have a care what you say, man! Why, his *Naamæ*—but psha! 'tis enough to say, "Nay, man!"

WHALLEY'S CONSENT TO SING.

Yes, I'll sing with the Speaker's permission.
Sir, I trust I am not doing wrong.
You perceive my peculiar position;
The House calls upon me for a song.
With a Protestant hero's renown,
In derision I revel and glory;
I shall get on in singing a song,
If I break down in telling a story.

As I now am your Swan, may I hope
None will call me a goose any longer?
And if I must not speak of the Pope,
I'll "No Popery" sing all the stronger.
But the same sauce for gander as goose
Is what justice declares the right thing, Sir.
Let those others, whose talk's of no use,
Like myself be requested to sing, Sir.

There's POPE HENNESSY, BOWYER, MAGUIRE,
Pray allow me those Members to name, Sir,
Them to sing let the House, too, require,
For their bosh when a hearing they claim, Sir.
Let the rule of fair play be extended
From DEMOSTHENES likewise to TULLY.
I have sung; and now my song is ended,
I will take leave to call upon SCULLY.

A Trick on Two Mints.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH now and then, during his stay in Algeria, has doubtless taken a Turkish Bath. As often as his Imperial Majesty has experienced the action of that sudatory, its manager may be said to have been chargeable with sweating a Sovereign and a Napoleon too.

'OSSY INTELLIGENCE.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Screw connected with the name of ARCHIMEDES. Now that ARCHIMEDES has failed to win the Derby, it may be necessary to inform some of them that the Screw named after ARCHIMEDES is not a horse.

INTERNATIONAL IDIOTS.

M. RENAN, the orthodox, in a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says:—

"The worst enemies of Egyptian antiquities have been the English or American travellers, systematically protected in all their misdeeds by their Consuls. The names of these idiots will go down to posterity, because they have taken pains to write them themselves on the most celebrated monuments and over the most delicate designs. * * The wise principle that the antiquities are the property of Government has been proclaimed, a watch is established over them, but what if a brutal stranger, despising all law, defies the guardian, burns the door of the monument, if there be one, breaks everything at his leisure, and if the guardian so much as touches him, complains to his Consul, who causes the unhappy native to be beaten?"

What? Why that both the stranger and his Consul are scoundrels. Mr. Punch has declaimed, too often and too magnificently, against British Vandals, to be suspected of tolerating them. He well remembers the satisfaction he felt, and expressed, one day in Canterbury Cathedral, where a Cockney Snob, struggling up a column, was inscribing his vulgar name, and a stranger coming behind him did, with a reasonably thick ash-plant, inscribe *his* protest in a way likely to be remembered when that Snob should have occasion to take his seat in private life. Habitually averse to violence, Mr. Punch has, nevertheless, always authorised anybody to castigate desecration whenever a chance be offered. But M. RENAN apparently atones to himself for disbelieving some wonderful statements by credulity as to others. If he thinks that the offence of scribbling on monuments is not perpetrated by Frenchmen, Punch recommends him to make a brief tour of Parisian show-places. ERNEST, JULES, and PAUL are quite as fond of scratching their names as JACK, TOM, and HARRY, and if MARY ANN, JEMIMA, and MATILDA may be read on marble and glass, so may FIFINE, LISSETTE, and JULIE. There are Snobs of all nations, M. RENAN. French travellers are just as irreverent as English and American travellers. This is no excuse for anybody, but what is sauce for *l'oie* is sauce for *le jays*. With which reservation, Mr. Punch has melancholy satisfaction in publishing far and wide M. RENAN'S appeal, adding that more persons than vulgar tourists seek by flippant monographs to destroy what ought to be held sacred.

PARSONS IN PETTICOATS.



RUN to the interests of an important but somewhat declining branch of steel manufacture, we have much pleasure in extending the publicity of the subjoined statement derived from the *Edinburgh Courant* :—

"WARNING TO CLERGYMEN.—A Clergyman of the City of Durham, and a gentleman of extreme High Church proclivities, has lately excited the wonder of the citizens by the peculiarity of his clerical costume. A few days ago, the reverend gentleman had the misfortune to tread on the skirts of his coat and fall, receiving such injuries as have since confined him to his apartments."

In this interesting little narrative there is probably an error of the press. For "coat," most likely, we ought to read petticoat. Reverend gentlemen "of extreme High Church proclivities" are very fond of dressing like ladies. They are much addicted to wearing vestments diversified with smart and gay colours, and variously trimmed and embroidered. There is the chasuble, and cope, and stole, and dalmatic, besides the alb, which they are accustomed to deck themselves out in à la Romaine, and moreover there may be, for aught we know,

the casaque, and the burnous, and the visite, and the capote, and the fichu, and the pardessus. If they have taken to go about the streets in their petticoats, they have adopted the best possible plan to get a large following. At any rate they will be sure of having no end of a tail of street-boys for acolytes. But let them take heed lest they stumble. If they will wear long dresses, they should loop them up. Hoops are going out; but the sansaffectum crinoline is still advertised in the *Morning Post*. Let them don the steel cage under the muslin; or alpaca, or tarlatane, or *poult de soie*, or satin, or whatever it is that their robes are made of. By this careful and cleanly contrivance, they will be enabled not only to preserve themselves from being tripped up by their own skirts, but also to lift their trains out of the mire, and keep them from sweeping the pavement clear of orange peel and other things. At the same time if they affect the *IGNATIUS chausure*, they will enjoy the advantage of showing their sandals, or, in case they prefer the more modern style of embellishment for the foot and ankle in association with crinoline, of making an edifying exhibition of their Balmoral boots.

"LE CHANT DE TRIOMPHE."

(Par un Amateur du Sport.)

SUR la Grand-Stand galère,
Hissez le Tricolor !
Que le sort de la guerre
Soit vengée par le Sport !
Le ruban bleu du Turf
Pends à ma boutonnière,
Versons à pleines rasades,
Pel-el* et Porter-Bière !

Tu peux m'appeler Crapaud
Comme Goddam je t'appelle :
Mais sur les vrai chevaux
Nous avons mis les saules.†
En domicile je rentre
Triomphateur des courses,
De bif-tek plein, le ventre,
Des race-tek‡ pleins la bourse.

Longtemps de la défité
La coupe amère j'ai bu ;
Que les sels d'Espoon purgent
La grippe de Waterloo !
Nos dettes le Turf arrange,
Je prends ce qui m'est dû ;
Voilà tout prêt La Cassaca,
Rangeons les sacs (d'écus) !

Débranchons le Champagne.
Pleure, Albion ; France, souris.
Au moins, tandis que je gague,
Londres vaut bien Paris.
Vive le Grand Monarque !
Vive le Gladiateur !
Et jusqu'à ce que j'embarque
Nageons dans le bonheur.

Hélas, de toute calice
Surgit quelque chose d'amer,
Et j'attends ma supplice,
Quand nous serons en mer.
Mais même ce mal atroce,
De mer, et ses douleurs
Sont comme "la joie," en tant que
Tous les deux, "ils font peur."

* Pale ale apparently.

† An attempt at Frenchifying our proverb, "Putting the saddle on the right horse."

‡ "Race-Stakes" are evidently meant.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.—HAUSMANN, Prefect of the Seine and Lord of Miarle in Paris, so called from his housing men, women and children.

"BEST PUBLIC INSTRUCTORS."

We have rarely seen a more charmingly useful and valuable paragraph than the following, which we extract from a provincial contemporary :—

"On the 14th of April, Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravillac, and Booth committed their crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, President Lincoln, and others, have all died on a Saturday."

We have no doubt that the writer of this *résumé* of history intended to teach some important lesson, and that we might be the more fully prepared to receive it, we requested our little boy, home for Whitsuntide, to take MR. HAYDN'S unimpeachable *Dictionary of Dates*, and "verify" the rustic's statement. Our intelligent lad reports that ORSINI committed his crime on the 14th January, 1858; that CHARLOTTE CORDAY (called GORDAY in the provinces) removed the miscreant MARAT on the 13th July, 1793, and that RAVILLAC (called RAVILLAC in the provinces) stabbed KING HENRY THE FOURTH on the 14th May, 1610. As BOOTH'S crime was perpetrated on Good Friday, the provincial historian, with a penny almanack before him, could scarcely go wrong. Our assistant wished at this crisis to go to the Zoological Gardens, and we could not, humanely, detain him longer at references, and therefore we did not send him to the Perpetual Calendar to examine the second series of facts. But we are rejoiced to be able to compliment the country gentleman on his accuracy in regard to PRESIDENT LINCOLN, and we completely agree with him that "others" have all died on Saturday, as his own advertising columns and those of the *Times* abundantly testify. But, supposing the whole paragraph accurate, we are compelled to ask what does it prove, except that its writer is a Booby?

JOHNSON AND JURISDICTION.

THE Congress of Yankee-doodle-dom acknowledges the authority of one JOHNSON. The British House of Commons is supposed to own that of another. Yet MR. HORSMAN, in the debate on the Roman Catholic Oath Bill, took occasion to object to the Protestant Oath, as declaring that the POPE has no spiritual jurisdiction in these realms, when in fact he has some. If MR. HORSMAN had consulted DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*, he would have found that "jurisdiction" means "legal authority." Had he known that, he would not have gone on to suggest any difficulty on the part of Protestant Members in denying the POPE'S jurisdiction; for what authority of any sort has the POPE in these dominions that his Holiness can enforce by law? Neither could MR. HORSMAN have used language so very different from a House of Commons as that which he employed in raising a question about the POPE'S "legal jurisdiction," as if the POPE, or anybody else, could have illegal jurisdiction. Legal authority the POPE might have here, if Parliament, in its wisdom, would repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and give the acts of his titular bishops the force of law. If! In the meantime, MR. HORSMAN may swallow the Protestant Oath with perfect safety; it need not stick in his gizzard at all; but that, of course, is no reason why Roman Catholics, in order to sit in Parliament, should be compelled to make any affidavit that offends and chokes them.

FENIANS IN FACT.—"Small fear," observed a loyal Son of Erin, "is there of the invasion of old Ireland by the Fenian Brotherhood. Nothing at all at all is at all likely to be done by a set of *faindeans*."



"BLOOD'S NOT EVERYTHING."

The Gentleman riding. "THAT'S A VERY FIRST-RATE PONY OF YOURS, MY FRIEND—BROUGHT YOU UP THE HILL BEAUTIFULLY!"

The Gentleman driving. "AH, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MASTER. WHY, HE'AD A GREAT GRANDFATHER AS'WON THE DABBY, THAT LITTLE 'OSSIE HAD! BUT THERE NOW, WHAT'S THE USE O' AVING GOOD BLOOD IN YER VEINS, WHEN YOU 'AS TO WORK FOR YER LIVIN'?"

"HABET."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN the news came that Gladiator had done it, I instantly turned to my *Roman Antiquities*, with the following result. I showed it up to my tutor, and he has werry much applauded me for what I've done.

Yours, FIFTH-FORM.

The Derby's run, the breathless instant's over,
The board proclaims that Gladiator's won it;
I turn to ADAMS, eager to discover,
Which Gladiator's been and gone and done it.

Won in a canter—ne'er was race seen hollower,
Therefore I put this problem to my tutor:
"Seeing a first horse couldn't be a follower,
This Gladiator can't have been *Secutor*!"

My tutor frowned a moment, looking serious,
While the unused edge of his wit he whetted—
"*Secutor*,—no; but rather *Reliator*,
'Cause such a jolly stake he's been and netted."

Popular Sayings.

(Adapted to the Day.)

"I won't be a second," as *Gladiator* said to his Jockey on the Derby Day.

"I'm coming," as the *Times* Bee-master said.

"Two's company," as MR. WIGAN, of the theatre, said to MR. STRANGE, of the Alhambra.

"Three's a nun," as MR. WHALLEY said, without any meaning whatever.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

TO MISTER PUNCH.

DEAR SIR,—If you'll excuse the liberty of speaking so familiar which I umblly opes as you'll oblige a poor weak creetur by allowing of this here Hadver Tyzement to be coppied in your jernal it may elp jist for to show what Hinsults we poor unpertected female women is now subjick to in them there Drafted penny papers which cheap and naraty is the Motter for om leastways so I says and I dont keer who may ear me:—

INTEMPERATE—TO LADIES.—A VACANCY is Open in the house of a highly respectable Lady for a Lady of intemperate habits. The situation is in Derbyshire, and of unsurpassed beauty. First-class accomodation. References given and required.

A lady of hintemperit abits! What a bage and wicked calome! As if there ever were a Lady in the world as' was hintemperit! Good Evans! the igpression is enough to make one's blood bile! Has for thinking as a lady could ave written that there notice in course its quite preporstrus hand whatever do she mean by a talking of er sitivation being "unsurpassed in booty." Has if folkses had a eye for scenery when theyre a-seeing double or could valley lovely lambskips when theyre arter gitting lussy! For I spose as this ere Lady's ouse is kep open as a sort of "highly respectable" publick hor a Ouse of Caul for ladies as wants a drop of comfort which them as is respectable can't no more do without it than the pore creeturs as aint and this here 's as true a truth as that my name I dont deceave you for why should I is

JANE BLOBS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL S.I.R. kindly forward an address to which a note may be sent?

POINTEDLY asks the *London Review*, "What is to be the Cry of the Great Liberal Party?"—*Peccavi*.



QUERY P

DO NOT THE LONG SKIRTS KINDLE A CHRISTIAN FEELING IN OUR HEARTS WHEN LEAVING CHURCH?

SIR CHARLES LOCOCK'S ADDRESS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

GENTLEMEN,

I RESPECTFULLY solicit the honour of being your political attendant.

Did Babbicombe Bay or Natal return a Member, I feel that I should more appropriately request the suffrages of the electors of those places, wherever they are. But as the Isle of Wight contains the marine residence of our dear Sovereign, whose first physician-*accoucheur* I became in 1840, I am sure that you will see my claims upon your regard.

No person can set so high a value as myself upon a good Constitution, or would be more ready to repel empirical treatment thereof. I am a decided advocate for an antiphlogistic policy, for avoidance of irritants, and for a very cautious use of stimulants. At the same time, I am not bigoted, but am ready to meet any conjuncture, in short, to prescribe *pro re nata*, for in times like these there is no saying what a day may bring forth.

The nation appears to me to be as well as could be expected.

As regards foreign policy, I would conduct it upon the most generous and friendly principles, and my motto should always be, "Welcome, little Stranger!"

When England imprisoned NAPOLEON, the type of brute force, or, in other words, tied up the great Knocker, she pledged herself to repress revolution, but to encourage progress. That prescription saved Europe, and I shall not be willing to depart from the treatment then suggested. But though I am in favour of emulcents, I am far from saying that there is no occasion on which a vigorous exhibition of steel and BACON'S Powder may not be desirable.

I shall tender my Parliamentary support to the EARL OF DERRY; first, because he is an Earl, whereas his opponent is a less elevated member of the respected Aristocracy, and, secondly, because I think that he understands the case of the nation better than the rival practitioner. Having had frequent opportunities of conversing with both, when they have arrived at the Palace to offer congratulations on happy events, I may consider myself qualified to form a diagnosis.

I will never consent to alienate the Colonies. Happy is the nation that hath its quiver full of them.

On the question of Reform there is so depressed an action of the national pulse, that I feel bound to wait for further symptoms. I am opposed to a lowering system, and the idea of infusing fresh blood savours too strongly of empiricism for toleration. I am opposed to the Ballot and all other boluses.

I will always uphold the National Religious Establishment, holding it a nation's sacred duty to be properly church'd.

The new Parliament will be primiparous, and the utmost attention will therefore be required. I trust that the country will not be reminded of the mountain in labour.

Should you do me the honour to elect me, I shall be ready at any hour of the day or night to attend any consultations; and should a brother practitioner propose anything that seems to me desirable, I shall not be deterred from supporting it by any professional feeling of jealousy, nor shall the miscarriage of any valuable measure be due to my treatment.

Having thus explained my principles, I will only add, that no more bulletins will be issued, and that I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Servant,

Obstetrical Society's Chambers,
June 12.

CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

"Dye not, Fond Man"—or Woman Either!

AMONG other quack nostrums, we notice the announcement of a "vegetable" Hair-dye, for imparting to the head the "fashionable golden hue." Well, as this so-called "golden hue" in reality is red, a vegetable dye may be just the very thing to make the hair a little radish—we beg pardon for bad spelling, we mean a little reddish. Strange are the freaks of fashion! Ladies often have been noticed wearing artificial roses in their hair, and now it seems they try to beautify themselves by wearing artificial carrots in it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UNE 8th. *Thursday.* The idea of work, in this weather, must be repugnant to the feelings of any real gentleman, and the Lords declined to discontinue their Whitsuntide holidays. The Commons, who are not so delicate, and who, moreover, are interested in getting the Parliament decently dead and buried, met again to-day, and stuck to their seats until half-past one in the morning.

First, the Roach Fishery Bill was read a Second Time. As usual, the title of a measure is misleading, for the fishes to be legislated for are not roach but oysters, and the river Roach is in Essex. The Bill is protective, but we do not understand what it protects, and are certainly not going to take the trouble of looking to see. Perhaps the oysters have been crossed

in love—how should we know? Yet it is pleasant to write of anything that raises the idea of cool waters.

Then an Industrial Schools Bill. The very name of industry with the mercury where it was would have been enough to deter one from listening to the discussion; but when we add that it was originated by MR. HANNESSEY, we feel that we have said enough, and a deal too much. However, there was something in the case, and if the heat would permit us, we should energetically protest against the bigotry of the Middlesex Magistrates, who deliberately set themselves against the will of Parliament, which has decreed that the Catholics in prisons shall be attended by Catholic priests, and who oppose the carrying out of that liberal and proper policy in regard to Catholic children in the Industrial Schools. The Magistrates were rebuked by SIR GEORGE GREY, and he was thanked by LORD EDWARD HOWARD for his sentiments. But imagine the pleasure of fighting over a theological question in existing circumstances!

Two of the forgers of signatures to the petition about AZEEM JAH were brought up in custody, and they having stated that they were very ignorant, and very sorry, and very poor, and had been the tools of another person, and had been in custody for a week, the House good-naturedly discharged them without payment of fees. Members were too indolent to be harsh. But we doubt whether the evil-doers were well advised in coming out of the cool prison cells kept by LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

SIR GEORGE GREY moved an address of congratulation to the QUEEN on the birth of the new little Prince, son of the PRINCESS OF WALES, on the previous Saturday. MR. DISRAELI, who we are glad to perceive had so completely recovered from his gout as to be able to attend at the splendid marriage of MISS EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD, and make the most tender and graceful of speeches in honour of the occasion, seconded the motion, which *Mr. Punch*, rousing himself for a moment into loyal enthusiasm, has the distinguished pleasure of thirding—and relapses.

THE SPEAKER, delighted, then escaped to throw off his wig and gown, and take iced drinks. The House went into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates.

On a vote for the National Gallery, MR. COWPER said that the National Collection was to remain where it was, and that the work-house, the parochial school, and good ARCHBISHOP TENISON's in the rear, are to be bought, that new galleries may be erected upon the land so to be acquired. Government has informed the Royal Academicians that they must get out, but if they ask for a site at Burlington House, it will be granted. We approve of this, for the strawberries and iced cream at GRANGE's are very nice.

Much was said (for nobody has the energy, just now, to condense, except into a dew), upon the propriety of opening the National Gallery in the evening. The difficulty is a real one, the danger of fire. For it may be in the knowledge of most persons, not art-critics, that REMBRANDT and RUBENS and TITIAN and MURILLO are not now alive, and therefore most persons, not art-critics, may have mental power enough to understand that should the works of those artists be destroyed by conflagration—we mean burned, but it is less trouble to write long sentences than it is to compose short ones—the pictures in question could not be replaced. Gas, it seems, would be decidedly

unsafe in the present edifice, which we presume is the reason why the Royal Academy is allowed to light up. In the new galleries it may be possible to devise a system of lighting which will not endanger the treasures. But we cannot talk about gas and crowded rooms this week.

It was allowed on all sides that the National Portrait Gallery ought to be in a better place. But nothing pleases some people, and the moment poor MR. COWPER signified his assent to this proposition, somebody flew at him with a sort of accusing question whether he wanted to take the portraits to South Kensington. He retorted that the very name of that place seemed to frighten some Members, and declared that he had no idea of the kind.

MR. MILNER GIBSON bore tribute to the talents and valuable services of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY, and stated that it was intended to continue the system of observations, and telegrams, and signals. Somebody made foolish remarks about the Weather Office not knowing everything. Such nonsense would make us savage, except that this is not a time to give way to irritability. Do Members want notices left at their doors, saying that the wind will very likely blow their hats off at certain given corners of streets?

Then we talked of Music, *à propos* of the miserable little grant of £500 to the Royal Academy of Music, a most useful institution, which, as MR. GLADSTONE explained, teaches the teachers. It did not occur to anybody, in connection with the subject, to ask MR. WHALLEY to sing. The CHANCELLOR said that the Academy was a very good Normal school. We wish it could give us a very good *Norma*.

We hope that we are as humane as most people, but really the talking of a place like Abyssinia, even though English prisoners are detained there, was scarcely to be tolerated. MR. LAYARD begged that the subject might be dropped—he was doing all that could be done. So was the Italian Government, in order to rescue an Englishman who went poking about in a dangerous place, and got into the hands of some of the POPE's brigands. We hope that he will be delivered, but such people give us a great deal of trouble. If, before leaving England, they would assure their lives in some office that grants policies to travellers, it would be much better, as their relatives would be provided for and consoled, and Government would not see any particular reason for being bothered by the consequences of imprudence.

On a debate whether a certain sum should be granted to DR. COOKE, a most eloquent Irish Presbyterian clergyman, whom MR. WHITESIDE considers equal to CHALMERS, there was a curious little brotherly bit. MR. HADFIELD's absence, strange to say, was noticed.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. He stays away in proof that he no longer objects to the proposed vote.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL. I have a letter from him, asking that the vote may be postponed until he can come to oppose it.

Concordia fratrum rara est. The eloquent Presbyterian, however, obtained his money, by 51 to 14, and the Committee deserves a compliment for possessing energy enough to divide.

FREDERICK PEEL's superfluous steam was then let off in the introduction to the House of Commons of the longest single word which has ever been spoken there, even in the Long Parliament. He said that the expense of

Photozincographing

Domesday Book would be repaid by the ready sale of the fac-simile. By the way, stop! It is almost too hot to count letters, but in the days of the Puritans there was much cant about a superstition called

Supralapsarianism.

This was a staggerer, but FRED PEEL beats the fanatics by a head.

Greenwich Hospital Bill—confound the title! reminding us of MR. QUARTERMAIN's delightful champagne cups—went partially through Committee, and about a dozen other laws were rattled over without note or comment. Then we walked out into the night, eyed the blue vault, and blessed the useful light—which we obtained from a patent Fixed Star, warranted not to fall and burn holes in your trousers, also the "fire tasteless," like that of the verses of most modern poets.

Friday. Parliamentary virtue or valour—*virtus*—held out till nearly nine, but was then Counted. The proceedings were eminently conversational, as all proceedings that really mean business are—it is your *Bumbles*, and Vestrymen, and Freemasons, and Patriots that make the speeches. On the Prisons Bill a discussion arose on the propriety of giving Magistrates power to cut off the hair of refractory women. This punishment is so frightful a terror to them, that it is not surprising that gaolers desire it, but the House of Commons has manlier, that is, kinder instincts, and refuses leave to unwomanise even the depraved. SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, a Shropshire magnate, told with evident pleasure a story, how a prison matron, about to leave, was defied by a woman prisoner, and thereupon went into her cell and gave her "a sound whipping," which SIR BALDWIN considered, though an illegal, a sensible act. The matron was leaving in order to be married. A sweet and gentle bride! now blessed, let us hope, with children to partake her kindnesses.

The hideous railway accidents of the week, which have come

impartially, like Death, with "equal foot," upon humble excursionists and upon rich travellers by the tidal express, have again brought up the communication question, and MR. GIBSON now assures us that some of the companies have resolved on applying one or more of the hundred inventions that have been for years at their command.

A Museum debate enabled MRS. WALFORD to give a very pleasant account of the treasures of gold, and of silver, and of marble, that have been added to our collection, and the only drawback to our satisfaction is, that the Museum is so choked up with stuffed pigs and dusty ducks, that the beautiful new purchases cannot be seen. When will PROFESSOR NOAH OWEN be enabled to conduct his beasts and birds out of the Bloomsbury ark?

A STUDY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR PERFORMER.



E, the Amateur Talent Company Limited, have lately produced the Sweet Bard's favourite play intitled *Romeo and Juliet*, a Love Tale of Verona, with the greatest possible success. The house was literally crammed, crammed, Sir, to quote the bard, "to suffocation." I generally play the leading characters, but "by particular desire" on this occasion I undertook the small, though to a conscientious artist, onerous part of that eminent ecclesiastic, *Friar John*. The apparently less important personages in SHAKSPEARE'S dramas require as much, nay, more study than is demanded by the impersonation of his leading characters. They told

me that I could do what I liked with the part. I did so, and the result was—a Creation. I soared above rehearsals, and worked up the part from my own interior consciousness, and several consultations, with various learned authorities. By this judicious method my representation of the amiable, but ambitious *Friar*, produced equal admiration and astonishment among my envious fellow actors, and the appreciative audience.]

The first question was, how should the *Friar* be dressed? I remembered how MR. CHARLES KEAN used to appeal to Authorities, and under the circumstances, it struck me that BROTHER IGNATIUS might be consulted with some advantage. But then the idea occurred to me, that this might be a *Friar* of liberal tendencies, for he seems to be a roving sort of gentleman, running about on *Friar Laurence's* errands, and therefore not inclined towards the ecclesiastical garb.

I had seen the monks out walking abroad, and *never* without a snuff-box, a large old red pocket-handkerchief, and generally a family umbrella.

Herein said I to myself, the audience will recognise a study, a pre-Raphaelite picture from nature.

Pre-Raphaelite! There you are again; why not a mediæval monk, a middle-aged *Friar John*: delivering his speeches while in angular positions, and holding his umbrella, snuff-box and handkerchief in *open* palms, with stiff fingers widely apart?

I rejected this idea as one not allowing for action, and as too greatly circumscribing my freedom.

I came to the conclusion that *Friar John* was no common Brother, but (by reason of his liberty to go wherever he liked to oblige old *Laurence*) a superior of a Monastery out for a holiday tour. A jovial fellow, like one of those Monks of old, of whom "many have told" what a something or other race, or crew, they were.

Since writing the above, some days ago, I decided, yesterday morning, on making him a jovial brother of a mixed character. He is out for a holiday in *Friar John*; but the ecclesiastics of the neighbourhood, hearing of the approach of so holy a man, all came forth to meet him. This, you see, allows of a ceremonial, and an exhibition of archaeological pageantry, for which *Romeo and Juliet* offers, in other respects, but few opportunities.

I at once procured supernumeraries, at one shilling a head for the night, and their dresses, wigs and refreshments found, and when Scene 2nd, Act 5th came, I flatter myself my brother actors were not a little astonished to see the use I had made of the permission "to do what I liked with the part."

The simple Scene as originally written stands thus:—

ACT V. SCENE 2.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother! Ho!

In my annotated copy, and with my practical development of the great Bard's directions, the Scene was thus rendered:—

ACT V. SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Trumpets heard without. (*I paid them myself.*)

Then Drums alone. (*I only had one for an hour.*)

ENTER A PROCESSION.

Two Acolytes in parishes (one tall the other short: capital contrast).

An Acolyte.

(*With a Candle.*)

An Acolyte.

(*Without a Candle.*)

BANNER.

(*He didn't carry this well, or it would have been splendid.*)

Choristers Chanting.

Choristers Silent.

Incense Bearers, with red caps.

Madams throwing flowers.

A HERALD.

(*He ought to have come first, only he quarrelled with the Prompter as to whether he should go on at all.*)

Then

A CARRIAGE DRAWN BY MULES,

In which is *Friar John's* Snuff-box, Umbrella, and Handkerchief.

More Acolytes and Candle-lights.

Then

FOUR MEN IN ARMOUR

CARRYING

A SEDAN CHAIR.

In which is seated *Friar John*.

Wasn't *this* an effect? The Amateurs were actually annoyed at it. Bah! Well, out I got, and having procured my "properties," my umbrella, snuff-box, &c., I commenced my speech.

I need not say with what applause I was received, nor need I dwell upon the sulkiness of *Friar Laurence* at finding all these people in his cell. It was a long time before he could be prevailed upon to come on, and I had to shout "Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother! Ho!" six times, in measured tones, before he condescended to appear; and when he *did* come, he behaved in a most irreligious manner, anathematising me between his lines, and frowning upon me like a demon. I tried to deliver my one good speech, "Going to find a barefoot brother out," &c., in recitative, but failed, for want of a preconcerted arrangement with the orchestra. My attendants *would* talk on the stage, which was not kind; but on the whole, the Scene went admirably, and I only hope that all Amateurs who determine upon representing the works of the Divine WILLIAM, will bring to his smallest characters the same amount of careful study as I on this occasion gave to the minor part of *Friar John*.

Minor! A sudden thought: he was a *Friar Minor*. I wish I'd thought of this before. Another time, however, must do for this. Till then, farewell!

GLADSTONE AND SON AT CHESTER.

ELECTORS, this is my Son BILL,
Your humble servant if you will.
Him your apprentice let me bind;
To be a Statesman, BILL's designed:
I'd have him learn his trade right thorough,
Serving as Member for your Borough.

I take the Business of the Nation
To be a regular vocation
That study needs, with view to knowing,
As much as any other going.
One footing and the same I place on
The would-be Minister and Mason.

You, therefore, to beseech I venture,
That you will grant him his indenture.
I think I know the young man, rather,
And, though I say 't who am his Father,
Of trusting him repented never.
So then, hooray, my Son for ever!

AN ASIDE.—Beware of DISBARRED when he talks of Lateral Reform. He wants to get into office by a Side-wind.



HOW WE PLAY CROQUET AT BUDDLEAPOOR!

MINISTERIAL BABY SHOW.

We are not, as a rule, partial to the exhibitions called 'Baby Shows' as we believe them beneficial neither to parents nor infants. A recent display of the kind may, however, be regarded as exceptional. It had been known for some time that a not unnatural difference of opinion existed between the parents of two infants, of good birth, touching the comparative merits of their offspring, and it was finally agreed that both children should be exhibited in public. In accordance with a not uncommon custom in the sporting world, the competitors registered feigned names, but there was little secret as to the real position of MRS. THANKFUL and MRS. THERECOURSSES. At the appointed date they duly appeared with their interesting progeny, and the show took place at Leeds and at Chester. Both parents have reason to be proud of their children. MRS. THANKFUL's infant, 'JOHN,' though small for his age, evinces great liveliness and some precocity. At first there was a difficulty in inducing him to submit to examination, but at a hint from his parent he assumed confidence, took notice in a very decided way, and indeed surprised many persons by the loudness of his voice, and the peremptory way in which he signified his wishes. MRS. THERECOURSSES introduced her child 'WILLIAM' very gracefully, disclaimed any merit in being the parent, and begged to submit him to public judgment. He immediately created a strong impression in his favour, was not in the least shy, and indeed has caught up some funny little words, such as 'put that in your pipe,' which caused great amusement among the spectators. He is evidently a child who has been most carefully reared, and he promises exceedingly well. His parent, with much tact, paid a beautiful compliment to her rival, which told well upon the public. It was finally decided, and we think wisely, that a verdict should be postponed until the interesting young folks should have had an opportunity of being seen in the Metropolis, which, after all, is the great court of final appeal. At present they may be considered as Feeling their Feet. They were therefore withdrawn, MASTER JOHN THANKFUL exclaiming, 'Me tum again,' MASTER WILLIAM THERECOURSSES ejaculating something which was interpreted by his delighted parent to mean that he loved all the people. Without prejudging the case, we may record that we consider them both very nice boys, and we shall watch their future career with the greatest interest.

'PARDON'S THE WORD FOR ALL.'—*Cymbeline*.

THIS Paragraph, from the *Star*, it need not be said that Mr. Punch is only too happy to conserve for posterity:—

"In the number of the *Augusta Sentinel*, of May 2nd, was the last printed relic of slavery likely to be seen in the South. It was the advertisement of 'T. SAVAGE HAYWARD, auctioneer,' who proposed to sell at the 'Lower Market, on May 2nd, the coloured man PETER, a finished waiter, and the negro woman LAURA, a good field hand.' GENERAL UPTON reached the city next day, and T. SAVAGE HAYWARD was glad to escape."

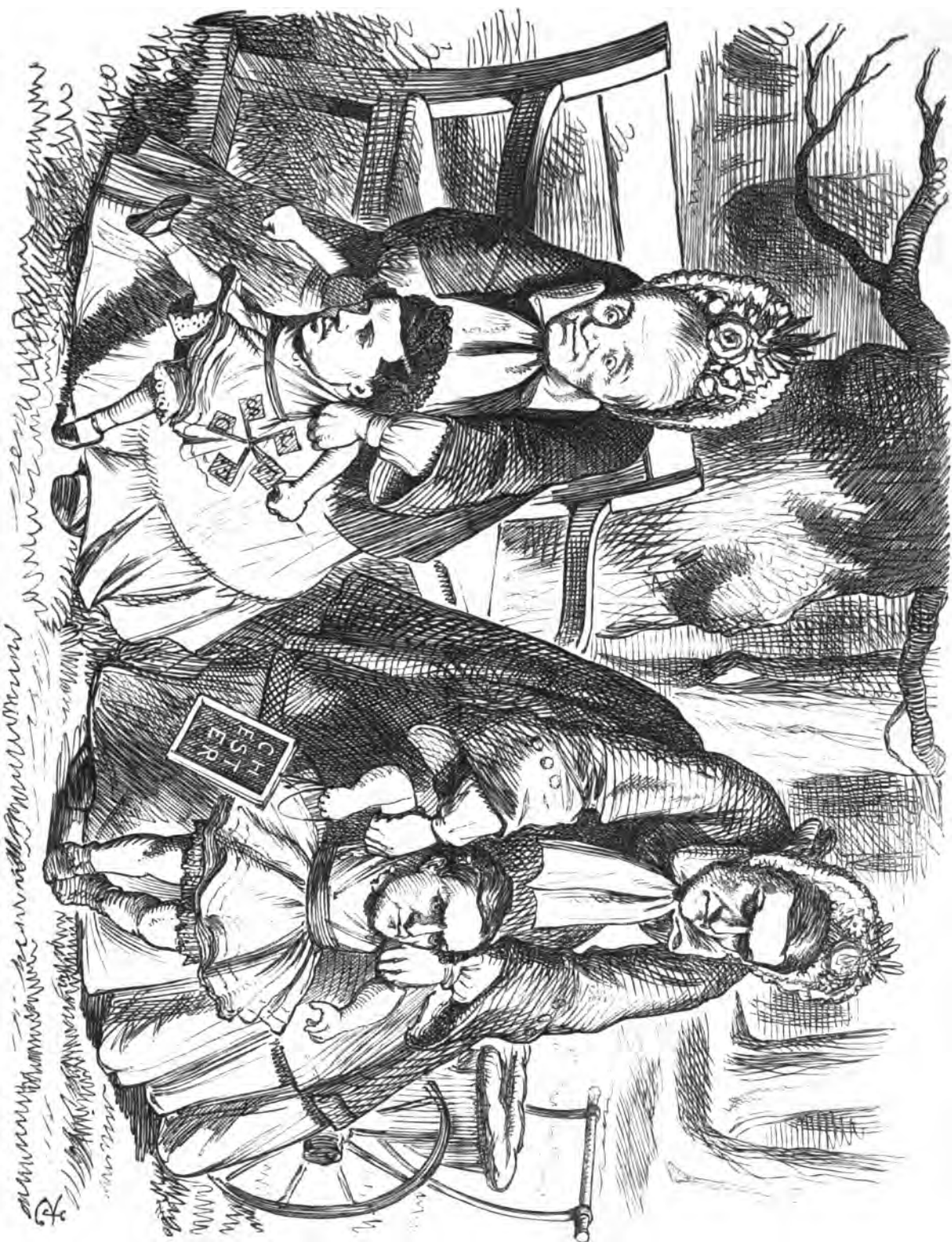
PETER and LAURA are free. But surely the Americans will not spoil the satisfaction with which Mr. Punch reflects that this man and woman, and thousands of other men and women, are no longer in danger of being ordered to the auction-block. There is a "finished waiter" called DAVIS, who, having finished, waits for the end, and a very good "field hand" called LEE, whose hand was in many a memorable field. Surely there is such a word in JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* as "pardon"—we are certain that it would have been in WEBSTER'S, had DANIEL lived till now; and we are equally sure that if SHERIDAN be consulted, the word will be found. Our cousins will see that we are not interfering, but are referring them to American authorities only. In the old days slaves were sacrificed on the tomb of heroes, but let not heroes be sacrificed on the tomb of slavery.

A Drop of Consolation.

MR. WHALLEY was very unhappy all day on the 8th, because DR. MANNING was being consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. But the honourable Member cheered up on reading in the *Glow-worm* (new evening paper) that the consecration was performed by DR. ULLATHORNE, of Birmingham. "MANNING is only a Brummagem Archbishop, after all," said MR. WHALLEY, and went, comforted, to his tea.

POLITICS AND ART.

It is remarkable that in view of the approaching General Election, no eminent Photographer has put himself forward with a proposal to represent the people.



“FEELING THEIR FEET.”

MRS. RUSSELL. “AMBERLEY PAMBERLEY MUSTN'T GO TOO FAST!”

MRS. GLADSTONE. “STEP OUT, MY CHILD—I'LL TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL!”

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(BY A CRITIC WHO COULDN'T GET IN.)

R. PUNCH.—The present Ninety-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Academy is said to be the best that we have had for many years. This may be so, but as I have made three attempts to get into the West Room, and failed on each occasion, I am not in a position to offer an opinion on that point.

But although I have not seen the pictures, I have seen much that has interested me. Gifted as I am with a powerful imagination, I had little difficulty in persuading myself that the groups and incidents I witnessed at the entrance and in the lobby were, in point of fact, so many objects exhibited, and I have attempted, generally with success, to identify them with the recognised Catalogue. I assure you, Sir, that this method of visiting the Academy is infinitely more agreeable than that which involves wading through a surging mass of voluminous petticoats, the proprietresses of which claim all the privileges of their own sex, while they push and struggle in the manner of the most uncouth members of ours. Moreover, I have found myself on each occasion to be completely free from that hideous epidemic, or rather epacademic, the Academy Headache.

I was much struck, on reaching the building, with the work of art I have sketched in the margin. Curious to learn the meaning of that quiet stolid determination which characterises the features and attitude of this stalwart soldier, I hunted about him for a number by which he might be identified in the Catalogue, and after much labour I contrived to decipher the figures 542 on the heel-plate of his rifle. On referring to the catalogue I discovered that this work of art was the design of MR. POYNTER, and was christened *Faithful unto Death*. It represents, Mr. Punch, a stalwart soldier of Herculanum, who, having received no orders to quit his post, remains faithful to his duty, while the city is being gradually destroyed. Observe the dogged determined expression with which he watches the approach of a hideous doom. I noticed a star on his collar and accoutrements, and on referring to the catalogue I found that, in accordance with a recent regulation, it was intended to indicate that the work of art was sold. I shed a tear for the soldier of Herculanum (much to his surprise, for he asked me if I was unwell), and passed on.

My attention was next arrested by a remarkably striking group on the steps leading to the entrance. By some mistake, no number was attached to it, but this was quite unimportant, for the group told its tale so completely that I doubt whether I should have taken the trouble to refer to the Catalogue, even if it had been ticketed. The subject of the picture was evidently, *Sleeping Satyr Startled by Nymph*, and I have no hesitation in expressing my pleasure at this recurrence to the classic subjects



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



SLEEPING SATYR STARTLED BY NYMPH.

so popular in the days when Art was in its most legitimate stage. The grotesque clumsiness of the *Sleeping Satyr* is artistically contrasted with the stately grace of the *Nymph*.

I passed on to the entrance of the building, and here I was struck by the immense artistic power displayed in No. 559, which, on referring to my Catalogue, I discovered to be, *Whitefield Preaching in Moorfields*, A.D. 1742.

PAY HERE.



WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS, A.D. 1742.

haughty old Cardinal, in the curious ecclesiastical costume of the day, is effectively set off by the expression of mingled awe and admiration depicted in the countenances of the Father Superior of the Abbey, and his subordinate. The Abbey of Chiaravalle is, as we all know, in Lombardy, but as the daring Artist has represented the rugged old Abbot with a life-like *goitre*, it is not improbable that he was an importation from some monastic establishment in southern Switzerland or modern Savoy.

I was much pleased with an amusing sketch by MR. A. LEWIS, in the immediate vicinity of the work I have just noticed. The picture is described in the Catalogue as *The Last Number*, but this is palpably a misprint for *The Lost Number*.



THE LOST NUMBER.

A young Lady is about to take her departure from (say) the Academy Exhibition, and on applying for her parasol, finds that she has mislaid the number, by which alone it can be identified to the satisfaction of the official who is in charge of the umbrella and parasol office. One umbrella deposited with the official in question is found to be without a number, and the blundering servant, by a curious process of reasoning, comes to the conclusion that as neither the young lady nor the umbrella has a number, they must necessarily belong to each other. It is accordingly handed to the young Lady, who gazes at the hideous substitute for her delicate parasol with a genteel horror.

Naturam Expelles Furca—Recurret.

(Translated by a Gentleman who has Married beneath Him.)

VAINLY my look says "Fork"—my wife
Into her mouth will put her knife.

LEAVE BAD ENOUGH ALONE.

(To PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.)

MY DEAR SIR,—Because WILKES BOOTH murdered ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that is no reason why you should murder JEFFERSON DAVIS. Believe me, although no Ironclad, your trusty Monitor, PUNCH.



VISIT OF CARDINAL POZZOBONELLI TO THE ABBEY OF CHIARAVALLE, LOMBARDY, IN 1750.



THE MAIN QUESTION.

Girl. "ANY USE OF MR WAITING?"

Boy. "NO; I ONLY CAME YESTERDAY MORNING, AND AIN'T HALF FULL YET."

NO EXPOSURE FOR USURERS.

PUNCH,

YOUR friend, MR. PATERFAMILIAS, who has sons at Oxford or Cambridge, was doubtless pleased to see the letter from "Five Freshmen" of the latter seat of learning, and the article relative thereto, on the subject of "University Usurers," in the *Times* of the Derby Day last week. The suggestion that we money-lenders was to be put down by the Press, was probably highly gratifying to that respectable old gent.

I dare say you virtuous public writers thinks your're a going to come it over us like you did over the Quacks; though I'm glad to see that lots of country papers still publishes their advertisements in spite of your teeth. But we defy you.

Expose our operations, or practices as you call them, as much as you like. Tell how we discount a bill, and renew it from time to time with interest received in a few years quadrupling the original sum, still to be paid. Explain all about our sending circulars to undergraduates, and canvassing them like wine-merchants or tailors. That won't hurt us a bit. The boys we does is a sort of spooneys that can't put this and that together. They ain't the gumption to apply anything whatever that's told 'em only in general terms, even if they reads it, and they reads nothing but the larky and spicy bits in the papers. General observations has no more effect upon 'em than they has on the mind of a female. Talking about usurers and their doings, don't put 'em up not in the least to such as me. But tell them that AMINADAB is a rascally usurer, an extortioner, and a scoundrel, that charges 60 per cent., and advise them to have nothing to do with him or else they'll be cheated, and give 'em both my name and address, and they'll understand that. There you has me, like Detector had the Quacks. But that's just what you daren't do, thank the law of libel, and the judge that lays it down, and the jury as takes it from the judge's mouth, and the barrister whom the most notorious rascal of us all can always hire.

I am, &c.,

MORRY AMINADAB.

Shark Street, June, 1865.

P.S. The gratitude of we money-lenders is due to the truly honourable Member as counted the House out on the Second Reading of SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN'S Libel Bill. Bless him! I trust his constituents won't forget to return him again.

PROGRESS AT HIGH PRICES.

We're rejoicing in old-fashioned weather,
But we live in a new-fashioned day;
Is it better or worse, altogether,
Than the Past that has vanished away?
Less than we our progenitors traded
In construction, and texture, and store,
And we make much more money than they did,
But we have to pay very much more.

We've repealed a vast load of taxation,
From all trammels to set Commerce free;
But price rises on that operation,
As when duty is taken off tea.
Bread is cheap; gutta percha, and supple
India-rubber at small cost abound;
But now fowls are nine shillings a couple,
And beef's more than a shilling a pound.

There is cheap stuff for claret that passes,
But good port's inaccessibly dear;
With regard to the drink of the masses,
You can hardly get any good beer.
The cigar that at threepence was sold,
Can't be had under double that figure;
While it costs twice as much as of old,
Neither better the weed is, nor bigger.

Ways and means of investing your cash
At much profit, once few, now are many,
If you'll just run the risk of a crash,
With the chance of not getting back any.
Rate of interest higher you'll find,
If you take no account of futurity,
Nor bear WELLINGTON's maxim in mind,
That good interest means bad security.

There are railways, increasing old towns,
Forming new ones round every station;
But they've cut up the fields and the downs,
And disfigured the face of the nation.
And there now is a project on foot
To make Oxford materially greater
By a Factory, smirching with soot
The grey piles of that fair Alma Mater!

Manufactures and arts, bearing fruit,
Have extended, but refuse deliver,
With the sewage of towns, to pollute
Every once crystal streamlet and river;
Bleach the herbage and blacken the air
With the foul acrid smoke that they vomit,
Which you, but for its hue, might compare
To the tail of a pestilent comet.

They have poisoned the grayling and trout;
They have nearly destroyed all the salmon.
Thus it is, with high wages, no doubt,
We are paid for the service of Mammon.
To our new ways, advanced on our old,
Some advantages, doubtless, are owing,
We are getting a great deal of gold;
Very well, but oh! where are we going?

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(From the *Zoological Gazette*.)

THE Elephants residing in the Regent's Park packed up their trunks last Saturday, and started for their favourite watering-place, namely, the big pond, at the back of their residence.

The two seals have been receiving company last week as usual, but, in consequence of the heat, they have remained under water more than usual while receiving it.

At the Cattle Show at Hereford, by order of the judges, the pigs were supplied with a quantity of mire, and were all invited to a Competition Wallow.

The frog who would a wooing go, having returned after his honeymoon, has been handsomely entertaining a select circle of friends, who have joined the happy couple in a nightly game of *Croaky*.

THE DOG SHOW.

(A DUOLOGUE BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. CODDLE, OF ISLINGTON.)

Date, Sunday night, June 4th, 1865. Time, 11:30 P.M.



ANECDOTE OF JOHN PARRY.

"How do you do?" said a celebrated wit, meeting MR. JOHN PARRY, on Saturday.

To this novel inquiry MR. PARRY replied, with the utmost self-possession, "Quite well, thanks."

"That's well," said the wit, with equal promptness of repartee. "And are you singing now?"

"No, I am speaking, now," replied MR. PARRY, smiling, "but I have to-day sung 'Mrs. Roseleaf' for the six hundredth time, and the last. And I have rehearsed a new song, to be called 'Recollections'—musical memoranda, I may say."

"You may," said the wit, thoughtfully. He was making a desperate mental struggle for another epigram, and at last it came. "I—I—hope it will be as successful as Mrs. Roseleaf was—deservedly successful—good morning, old fellow."

"I am not an old fellow, but he meant well," said MR. JOHN PARRY, after some consideration. And he went on to MR. GERMAN REED'S Gallery of Illustration. You had better do the same.

A NUISANCE IN NEWSPAPERS.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—The following paragraph, extracted from a newspaper, exemplifies a practice of which I wish to complain:—

"A special train, running at the rate of sixty kilometres the hour, will hereafter convey in thirty-four hours to Turin the passengers and mails arriving at Brindisi from Alexandria."

Now, Sir, what the length of a kilometre may be, I have no idea whatever. Of course, I know that it is a measure consisting of a thousand measures, but how long is each of them? Nobody can tell without a table of French weights and measures, with their English equivalents, at hand. Our newspapers are continually publishing details which contain the words "gramme," and "kilogramme," and "litre," and "hectare," and so on. What do they mean? I wish you would tell MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, or somebody in the House of Commons, to

introduce a Bill for compelling your contemporaries, whenever they employ these terms, to give the weights or measures corresponding to them, by our own standard, according to WALKENHAM or COCKER. By this exertion of your unquestionable authority, you will oblige many a man who, although possessed of some general information, is a partial IGNORAMUS.

"With Verdure Clad."

In a notice of *Medea*, so successfully performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, a contemporary states that—

"The Band and Chorus covered themselves with laurels."

Has Birnam Wood, then, come from Dunsinane to the Haymarket? To be shaded with laurels from the glare of the footlights must certainly be rather agreeable this hot weather. But, perhaps, a fitter place for such an operatic novelty would be PADDY GREEN'S.

H, JOSEPH! is it fire? do

Get out, and pull the blind up:
Why, we might all be burnt while you
Lie there, and make your mind up!

If there were twenty burglars here,
You wouldn't stir—you wouldn't:
'Tis no use, J., for you to say
That there would be no good in 't.

You're laughing. "No, you're not?" "Obl! you
The feeling of a log show."

"Why don't I sleep?" "How can I, through:
The barking of that Dog Show?

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
As 'tis their nature to do"—

CODDLE! for shame! it is not right.
To joke with hymns, as you do!

What do I care for Dogs or Hounds

Descended from "The Druid!"

Ain't they obliged to douse the grounds

With disinfecting fluid?

Of course, or 'twould be worse than nests

Of Badgers or of Beavers:

You'd kill the town with plague and pests,
And Islington with fevers!

"Badgers don't live in nests?" I knew

You'd catch up at my words, C.:

I'm just as well aware as you

That Badgers are not Birds, C.

'Tisn't for this you built the Hall?

Why don't you act accordin'?

To that? "You can't?" A fig for all
Your power as Churchwarden.

"Churchwardens can't do much?" But they

Their brains with smoke and grog daze.

What? "Every dog must have his day?"

You're joking. I hate dog-days.

Joking on such a subject!—think,

Should, in this sultry weather,

These horrid dogs refuse to drink,

And all go mad together!

"It only lasts four days!" Well, I've

Enough of it in one day.

"They're shut on one day out of five?"

Their mouths, though, ain't on Sunday.

Ah! there again! I'm sure that it

Beats Bears and pipes-and-tabors:

You ought to get a Robin writ,

And signed by all the neighbours.

Again . . . well, this won't last a week . . .

Louder . . . this, I suppose is,

Going on . . . What? . . . "didn't speak?"

(A pause, and now she dozes.)

Churchwardens . . . should . . . you know . . . appear

Before the . . . parish . . . Board in

Order to say . . . say to, to . . . (here,

She stopped, and soon was snoring.)



A SIGHT FOR A FATHER!

APPALLING SYMPTOM OF EARLY DEPRAVITY IN OUR ELDEST-BORN!—OUR HEIR!—ACCIDENTALLY REVEALED TO US THE OTHER DAY.
IN FUTURE, THAT BOY SHALL NEVER STIR FROM HOME WITHOUT AN ATTENDANT!

LETTER FROM A SCHOLAR.

*St. Simon's College, Pierhead, Bactonshire,
June 14th, 1865.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE are having our Examination now, and all of us are in an awful funk except PETMAN and SWEATER Major. Some of our fellows say that old GINGER (that's our Second Master) has told PETMAN what a lot of the questions are to be, which is beastly unfair, and JONES punched his head for it yesterday. We are quite sure it's true, because he has favoured him ever since he sneaked about the 5th Form fellows, lathering his (I mean old GINGER's) boots one Sunday, and none of the fellows like him, because he is no end stingy, and won't subscribe to anything unless he is obliged to by the rules. So, if he gets a prize, we are going to make him "run the muck," and TOMKINS and I have knotted our handkerchiefs jolly hard, ready for it. SWEATER Major ain't a bad sort of fellow, only he never comes out to football or cricket, and goes and works in the DOCTOR's garden instead, and the fellows get him in a wax by saying the DOCTOR gives him sixpence a week to do it.

We had our Latin paper on Monday, and it was a beastly hard one. The fellows say GOWER set it, and he only came this half, and is awfully strict, and won't let us do our work together, because he says it's just as bad as copying, which is a beastly cram. Well, first of all we had to translate Ode 15, Book i. of *Horace*. SWEATER Major says I construed two bits awful, and has been chaffing me no end about getting a licking from the DOCTOR, so I want you to tell me whether it's really as bad as SWEATER says.

This is the first bit: "*Mala ducis avi domum, quam multo repetet Græcia militæ*," and this is how I did it: "You are drawing apples to the house of your grandfather, which Greece will seek for again with a large force of militia." SWEATER says it's all wrong, but I don't believe it, because TOMKINS and I looked all the words out together. Then I said that "*Pactus Caesarium*" was "Thou shalt comb CÆSAR;" and I know that's all right, although that conceited ass, SWEATER, did laugh at it. Then there are two questions I want to ask you about.

No. 7 was, "How were the horses of Apollo harnessed? Give your authority for your answer." I said they were driven tandem, and quoted "*TANDEM venias precamur . . . augur Apollo*." No. 12 was, "Have you any reason for believing that Charon was an ill-tempered man?" I said, "He had to cross the *Styx* so often that he became as 'cross as two sticks.'"

I hope you'll let us know next Wednesday, because TOMKINS and I have ordered a *Punch*, and there'll be three tarts gone if you don't.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours truly,

GULLY.

P.S. Don't you think TOMKINS ought to go halves in the stamp for this? He says he oughtn't to.

PROBABLE OCCURRENCES.

THE Lords of the Privy Council had a *seance* yesterday at a table with MR. HUM the Medium.

The Bishop's Eleven will play the Judges to-morrow at Lord's Cricket Ground.

Christy's Minstrels gave a performance last evening at the College of Surgeons.

The Peace Society has deputed its Secretary to shoot for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

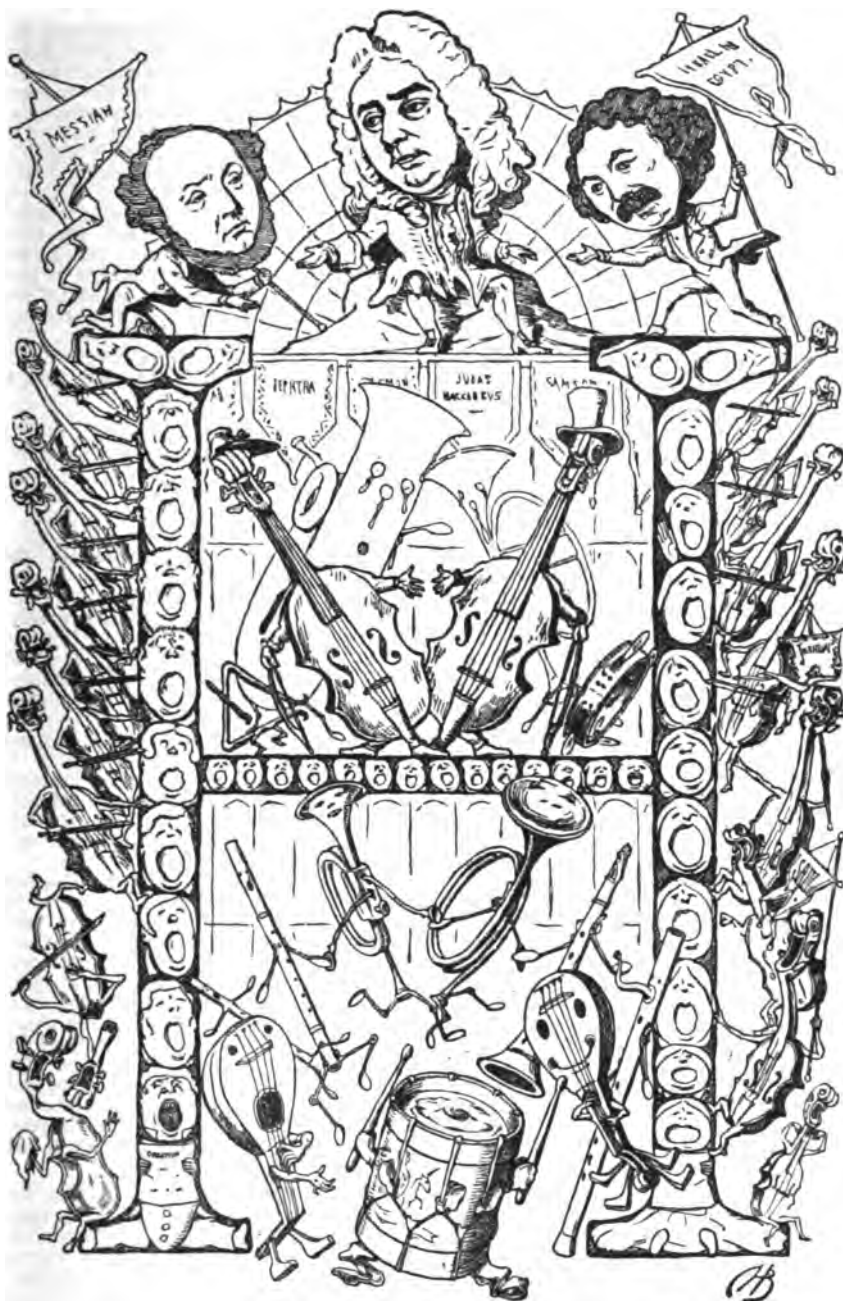
DR. MANNING, the newly-consecrated titular Archbishop of Westminster, has been invited to read a paper to the Anthropological Society.

The Annual Ball of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews will take place next Monday in the large room at Exeter Hall.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WESTMINSTER is not usually fond of pugilism, but its inhabitants are now determined to have a good MILL.

THE HANDEL PARLIAMENT.



IC sumus istorum—or, less classically speaking, "here we are again:" four thousand performers and more than forty thousand listeners, all prepared to take another turn with *HANDEL*. To those of us past thirty, it hardly seems three years have passed since our last festival. But the years are as fugacious now as in the time of *POSTUMUS*, and they fly away the faster the older that we grow.

That the Handel Parliaments are triennial, as everybody knows: this was one of the five points in the charter which established them. Another point was that the Parliaments should always meet at Sydenham, seeing that its Palace is the only place in England big enough to hold them. Equality of districts—in the orchestra, that is—was allotted to the singers, and no property qualification was required in the electors, that is, in the hearers who elected to be present—further than the money which they paid for their admission. Any one who has a half-guinea about him, may readily obtain a seat in the Parliament at Sydenham: and what he hears in the three days there will be far better worth listening to than what is heard in any three months in the Parliament at Westminster. There will never be such harmony at St. Stephen's as old HANDEL's, even were MR. WHALLEY to sing there every evening.

Unlike the gentleman in *Shakespeare, Mr. Punch* is ever merry when he hears sweet music: but there is far too much of wisdom in his merriment, for him simply to crack jokes about the Handel Festival. Such music as our HANDEL wrote, inspires a kind of "awful mirth," which is more enjoyable than simple mundane merriment. The pleasure that one feels in hearing his grand harmonies, not merely entertains the mind, but raises and refines it. HANDEL said he wished to make men better by his music; and surely any one who listens to such sermons in tones must feel the nearer heaven for them. Sneer as sceptics may, a religion must be heavenly to inspire such heaven-born strains as those of the *Messiah*.

After sentiments like these, *Mr. Puck* need hardly say that, among his other gifts, he is gifted with an ear—with two, in fact—for music. It is not everybody who is similarly fortunate. There are people in the world whose relish for sweet sounds is limited to those which are extractable from codfish. Yet even they, if they be wise, will go and take a turn with *HANDEL*. At the festival forthcoming there will be much to please the eye, and not the hearing merely. A deaf man and a blind one alike may find some pleasure in it. The sight of that vast orchestra, when filled with its four thousand, is quite worth a trip to Sydenham, for it is not every day one sees half an acre of white waistcoats.

When the Parliament assembles, the honourable Member for the kettle-drums will take his seat in front of them, and will be recognised no doubt as a CHIEF of the old block. The Members for the ophicleide, the trombone, and the trumpet brass about them always ought to be. The front seats on the front benches are occupied by those who, like the Speaker, lead the voices, while himself is to "catch it" in quite another sense. Above all—a seat will be retained for the harmonious *harmonious Blacksmith*.

will all be seated near him, and kept somewhat in the background, as people with much brass about them always ought to be. The front seats will be occupied by Members who intend to play first fiddle in the Parliament, just as the front benches are occupied by those who play first fiddle in the House. For the maintenance of order, Mr. COLE will preside, and, like the Speaker, lead the voices, while himself remaining mute. Any one who fails to catch his eye at the right time will be pretty sure to "catch it" in quite another sense. Above him some half mile or so—for one cannot speak with certainty in such a monstrous orchestra—a seat will be retained for the harmonious BROWNSMITH, who perhaps, by way of interlude, will have his organ-bellows blown by the *Harmonious Blacksmith*.

How HANDEL would have loved to hear his music played as we who live now hear it! Two hundred were, in his time, a large body of performers, and who would then have dreamed of hearing twenty times that number? Yet this is how we now serve up the "roast beef of music," as HANDEL's has been christened; and when the four thousand all burst forth into sound, and "the many rend the skies with loud applause," surely no one more than HANDEL would have enjoyed a sitting in the Handel Parliament.

Sailing Directions for the Bark of St. Peter.

How to assure safe voyage and quiet quarters
Unto St. Peter's bark in English waters,
No wiseman here? "Try MANNING" is the cry:
"If that don't answer?" "Then *New-manning* try."

The Test of all Tests.

**ABOUT the assault on Oxford tests,
Why make such a commotion?
Seeing the Bill would Oxford make
A very Land of Gos(c)hen.**

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 12th. The Lords re-assembled, and the EARL OF DERBY demanded what PRESIDENT JOHNSON meant by declaring that merchants trading with the still blockaded American ports were pirates, when at the very worst they could be only smugglers? LORD RUSSELL allowed that it was a curious business, but said he believed that the PRESIDENT only intended to frighten people.

By the way, great complaints are made of the way in which LORD RUSSELL mumbles answers and statements. Why does he not go and take a lesson or so in elocution from MR. D'ORSEY or MR. FRED. WEBSTER? He fills a position which makes

it very important that he should be faithfully reported, but it is said to be impossible to report him. *Punch* will be obliged to give him instruction if he does not mend his utterances.

The Lords then took the Second Reading of the Union Chargeability Bill. It was moved by LORD GRANVILLE, and seconded by LORD BROUGHAM, whom we and the LORD CHANCELLOR were exceedingly happy to see in his place again. The DUKE OF RUTLAND opposed the Bill, and tried to refer it to a Committee, which meant the throwing it over. But the Peers of England declined to withhold justice, and the Second Reading was carried by 88 to 24. It went through Committee later in the week, after a condemnatory protest from LORD KINGSDOWN, whose opinion, it being one entitled to respect, we are sorry to see opposed to a good measure. *Punch* adds that the calm and decorous way in which the Bill has been treated by such of the "territorial aristocracy" as dislike it, contrasts with the noisy bitterness of the "country party" below.

The Commons treated themselves to a battle on the Catholic Oaths Bill, and SIR HUGH CAIRNS proposed to restore the vow never to injure the Church. MR. DISRAELI was compelled, by the necessities of party, to support the amendment and to make a speech. Being obliged to say something, it occurred to him to prove that attempts on the part of the Catholics to get rid of injustice might do them harm, because such efforts would set the Protestant mind in arms against Popery. This, and a good deal more, the best part of which was MR. DISRAELI's evident disbelief in the utility of oaths in reference to political and theological matters, made up an address which may not have been very acceptable to the extremely Protestant. SIR GEORGE GREY asserted the right of the Catholic to perfect equality. MR. WHITESIDE declared that we were going to break up a solemn compact, and MR. HOBSMAN answering that the oath of 1829 was never intended to be permanent, but was devised to quiet the alarms of foolish people who were afraid of Catholic Emancipation. Both sides put forth their might on the division, when SIR HUGH was defeated by 166 to 147, majority 19 for relieving the Catholics from an offensive oath. The Bill went through Committee later.

Tuesday. Moved by certain frightful railway accidents which have occurred, LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced a Bill for preventing railway people from locking both doors of a carriage.

On the Committee on the Bill for amending the Public House Closing Act, so as to let compositors and others obtain refreshment, LORD REDSDALE was good enough to prescribe for the class which complained of existing restriction. He said that it was not good for persons to take refreshments just before going to bed at three or four in the morning, and that it would be better to go to bed without them. Perhaps, on the whole, Englishmen may safely be trusted to settle for themselves the question proposed to be settled by LORD REDSDALE. LORD DONOUGHMORE asked whether their Lordships, after a late debate, would like to go to bed without a sandwich and a glass of sherry? Altering glass to bottle, we share his indignation and subscribe his protest.

The CHANCELLOR made an excellent speech in support of the Partnership Amendment Bill, showing that LORD MANSFIELD, in 1775, was the author of all partnership evils. He gave an erroneous decision, and the lawyers have woven a network of chicanery around it. Now it is proposed to brush all away, for as LORD WESTBURY said, the common-sense rule, in matters of commerce, is Freedom. Just our own feeling—we consider ourselves free to order whatever we like, and free to pay for it whenever we like, and we are glad to find our principles sustained by such high authority. We are also glad that the Bill was read a Second Time in spite of a groan from LORD ST. LEONARDS, and a moan from LORD WENSLEYDALE, and that it has passed through Committee.

Decidedly, the speech, which of all the speeches of the Session, has been most interesting to a Londoner, was delivered to-day in the Commons by SIR WILLIAM FRASER. He brought before the House a graphic statement of the hideous state of the streets of London. Badly paved, badly lighted, badly cleansed, the Metropolis is a disgrace to the world. London is split up into parishes, and the meanest jealousies arise. A vestryman opposes the improvement of a street because it would give an advantage to his rival in trade. The paving of one side of St. James's Street is different from the other, and this is because each side is in a different parish. As for the slush after snow, it is simply horrible, and we always hunger and thirst to roll our vestrymen in the mess, for their souls' good and for their reformation. The fact is, that all the two-penny local authorities must be cleared off, and the Metropolis must be consigned to the Metropolitan Board. Let us do for the London parishes what we are doing for those in the country—spread the area all over the Province of Brick. We should not wonder if this were done next Session. SIR GEORGE GREY intimated that it was the right course. Meantime

A debt which we're happy to pay, Sir,
We owe to SIR W. FRASER,
And we hope that M.P.
Will be present to see
The parishes all swept away, Sir.

Does anybody wish to know the points of a so-called debate got up on the subject of the Belfast riots? MAJOR O'REILLY attacked the Magistrates. SIR ROBERT PEEL admitted that they had lost their heads—metaphorically. SIR H. CAIRNS held their brief, and described them as angels, and the Mayor who bolted to Harrogate as a kind of archangel. MR. WHALLEY contended that the Orangemen had a right to sing "*Boysie Water*," and was invited to execute that ditty himself, but did not. After much wrangle, the House refused further inquiry, by 132 to 39, and then refused Harbours of Refuge by 111 to 99.

MR. BERKELEY had proclaimed his intention of bringing on his Ballot motion, but thinking that he could not do justice to the novel subject at 12.30 P.M., declined to go on. He might just as well have proceeded—some farces are only useful to fill a bill and play the people out.

MR. LOCKE, less scrupulous, moved the Second Reading of the Theatres Bill. SIR GEORGE GREY advised him to withdraw it, and move for a Committee of Inquiry next year. If he gets one we shall attend, and favour the Committee with our opinion of all our theatrical friends, dramatic authors, managers who don't send us boxes enough, actors and actresses, and the profession generally. MR. BERKELEY, who had been taught a silly antithesis about theatres and pothouses, was savagely laughed to scorn by MR. LOCKE, who said he knew who had crammed MR. BERKELEY with that sippancy. DR. BRADY also opposed the Bill, which inclines us to think that there must be some sense in it. However, it will not pass, and the whole question, which is a large and interesting one, must be looked into. The debate was adjourned.

Wednesday. The Bill, moved by MR. GOSCHEN, for abolishing the Oxford test, was debated. MR. GLADSTONE opposed it. After a discussion of some interest, the Bill, which is intended to let the Dissenters take the degree which gives a voice in the government of the University, was carried by 206 to 190. There is a House of Lords above us.

[*Omnia sub ictu mors habet.* A singular and melancholy incident marked this debate. A young nobleman, of great talent, rose to speak at half-past two. One hour earlier, he had, without knowing it, succeeded to the title of an elder brother, who had expired suddenly. The speaker (LORD ROBERT CECIL) had become LORD CRANBOURNE, heir apparent to the MARQUISATE OF SALISBURY.]

Thursday. A new writ was moved for Coventry, a seat having been vacated by the death of a great and good man, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. What kind of a successor the Liberals of Coventry have selected for him shall be judged by this extract from an address by the favoured candidate, MR. MASON JONES:—

"And now, this evening, when all nature is auspicious, in this vernal season, when our great mother has put on her loveliest robes, and crowned herself with flowers, when all nature is rejoicing, and when that summer moon hangs suspended in the eastern sky, as she has for these 6000 years, singing as she ascends, 'The hand that made us is Divine'—under these auspicious circumstances, with beauty

above, with calm around, with harmony and peace below, let me thank you for your kind attention, wish you good evening and pleasant dreams."

Is it not lovely? How the Commons will hang, breathlessly, on such divine talk. We long to hear the maiden speech.

MR. CAIRD made a good speech about barley, but MR. WHALLEY was not asked to sing,

"When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe."

After a Malt-Tax debate (the particulars of which we will publish in a supplement, if requested by three subscribers of twenty years' standing) and the getting through a good deal of business, MR. GLADSTONE announced the important fact that LORD MONTEAGLE, (*olim* SPRING RICE), was going to retire from the office of Comptroller of the Exchequer, on a pension, whereupon some personalities were exchanged.

SIR FITZROY KELLY's Law of Evidence Bill went into Committee, and various Members gave some interesting accounts of their views of the character of Woman, how she in her innocence might be deceived by artful Man, but how artful Man always got the worst of it when pretty Woman was placed in a witness-box, with private instructions to cry at the right time. One Member told a piquant story about a fair Circassian who gained the day by being attired in very diaphanous raiment. MR. ROEBUCK, who had returned from a signal victory over the Philistines at Sheffield, declared his conviction of the angelic nature of Woman, and notice was taken of his having for once expressed sympathy with created beings. The Bill was so mutilated that SIR F. KELLY withdrew it.

Friday. LORD WESTMEATH, for once, did good service by a long

and elaborate exposure of the ridiculous mock-popey soup prepared for foolish congregations by foolish Clergymen. He adduced his proofs, and called on the Episcopal Bench to interfere. The BISHOP OF LONDON said that unless there were an amendment of the rubric, the Bishops could do little. But why does not the Bench initiate the desirable reform? Do they wish laymen to re-edit the Prayer Book?

Four persons were bit on the previous day by mad dogs. SIR GEORGE GART, interrogated by MR. DAMER, said that the police had power to destroy dogs known to be dangerous, a regular circumlocution answer. Do dogs who intend to go mad give the police notice in writing, dated from Barking?

On a Dockyard debate, MR. SEELY moved a resolution that it was inexpedient to appoint ignorant naval officers, however brave, to the control of the dockyards. Valour does not imply a knowledge of ship-building. LORD PALMERSTON, of course, declared that all officers were profoundly skilful, as well as preternaturally valiant. On the first division Government was beaten, but on the second MR. SEELY's motion was rejected.

ROSA BONHEUR receives the order of the Legion of Honour from the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, who calls to deliver it personally to the painter. LORD PALMERSTON does not think that the civil and military Orders of the Bath should be united, lest soldiers and sailors should undervalue a distinction which they would share with mere civilians.

The week concluded with the farce called the Ballot Motion. It was humorously played by the only two actors who have parts in it, MR. BERKELEY giving due liveliness to the part of *Mr. Passages*, and LORD PALMERSTON being good-naturedly cynical as *Mr. Trustees*. By 118 to 74 the spectators decided that the farce should be shelved.



A PRETTY PUZZLE.

"NOW, DEAR, I BET YOU ANYTHING YOU CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE FRONT OF MY NEW BONNET!"

A Strange Millennial Machine.

In the course of a late debate in the French *Corps Législatif*, M. KERVEGUEN mentioned the recent invention of an "infernal machine" at Toulon, which, he said, rendered useless the construction of iron-cased vessels, and opened the prospect of perpetual and universal peace. If the prospect of universal and perpetual peace, opened by an infernal machine, is destined to be realised, that infernal machine is a devilish good thing.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE STOMACH.

(A Song of the Whitebait Season.)

Oh! give me not more work than I can do,
Or, by the laws that rule this kingdom, Man,
As sure as you're alive I'll punish you,
Embitter, and abridge your mortal span.

First, I'll protest, rebel: in spite of that
If you load me with more than I can bear,
The superfluous I'll have put down in fat,
And spoil your figure for you; so beware!

Neglect this warning, and, with gross abuse,
Continue still my powers to overstrain;
Well, then disorder I shall next produce,
And put you to uneasiness and pain.

I'll send redundant blood throughout your frame,
And stuff you, puray, panting with distress;
Repletion shall suffuse your eyes, inflame
Your cheeks, your labouring heart and lungs oppress.

Too much, too rich, yet go on taking in,
And I will brand you, so that men may see:
I'll throw out, in eruptions on your skin,
The messes you've ingested into me.

With me your liver, too, you make your foe,
And we will pay you out in pretty style,
What indigestion is we'll let you know,
And make you understand what's meant by bile.

Headache, vertigo, noises in the ears,
Congestion causing pressure on the brain,
And palpitations, qualms, and spasms, fears
Of worse, for which all physic will be vain.

For these inflictions, and for more than these,
If you keep overworking me, look out;
Expect particularly that disease
Known as the stomach's great revenge, the gout.

At length, unless you put on me no more,
But to my last remonstrances attend,
There's droopy or paralysis in store,
There's apoplexy for you—and the end.

Now go, with measure share the civic feast,
Or wisely dine at Greenwich or Blackwall,
But if you choose to make yourself a beast,
And me a slave, you see your way, that's all!

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical Farmer being styled one of the Judges of the Land?



GENTLE REBUKE.

Old Gentleman. "HOW CHARMINGLY THAT YOUNG LADY SINGS! PRAY, WHO COMPOSED THE BEAUTIFUL SONG SHE HAS JUST FAVOURED US WITH?"

Lady of the House. "OH, IT IS BY MENDELSSOHN."

Old Gentleman. "AH! ONE OF HIS FAMOUS 'SONGS WITHOUT WORDS,' I SUPPOSE."

(MORAL.—Young ladies, when you sing, pronounce your words carefully, and then you will not expose unmusical old gentlemen to making such a ridiculous mistake as the above.)

Joseph Paxton.

DIED JUNE 8TH, 1865.

BEAR him hopefully and humbly, through the genial summer weather,
To quiet E'nser graveyard, where the dead have flowers around them;
While titled and untitled, Lords and lowly, weep together,—
Hearts with scarce a common tie but the love of him that bound them.

Needs but a simple tomb-stone, with birth and death carved neatly,
And no hollow-sounding praises of him whose work is past.
His monument is elsewhere—in those Chatsworth gardens stately,
In the far-off Crystal Palace, where the world looked on him last.

The yeoman's son, the gardener's boy—still true to his vocation—
He won a worthy master, who prized him at his worth:
For grand designs that came to him he found, or made, occasion;
And lived to sit at great men's feasts, but ne'er blushed for his birth.

Let him sleep almost in hearing of the many-voiced fountains
He loved to turn and tame, and make his fancy's bidding do:
Now dancing crowned with rainbow, now adown the mimic mountains
Dashing in crests of foam, now wreathed in figures quaint and new.

Let him sleep almost in breathing of the many-coloured flowers
He loved to tend and trim and train—a gladness to the sight:
On his grave still warm and wooingly drop down the summer showers;
Bloom, field-flowers, bright around him, in the pleasant summer light.

No gentler life, no truer heart, no quicker, keener brain,
E'er closed, or ceased from labour, than his that lieth here:
Long they'll talk of the "Grand Gardener" round Chatsworth's fair
demesne,
And many a hard hand, at his name, will wipe a well-earned tear.

BULL DOGMATISM FOR THE DOG DAYS.

SOMEBODY has specified, as a possible example of the expressive power of sound, music descriptive of a man's going abroad, and changing his religion. DR. MANNING's Pastoral, just published, may be calculated to suggest to some eccentric composer a combination of quavers and crotchets representing a man's going over to Rome; but there are passages in that address rather likely to check any Romeward movement, and to invite the exercise of the musician's skill on the theme of a man's remaining in England and abiding in the Established Church. The Pastoral for which the British Public is indebted to DR. MANNING contains the following passages:—

"It is surely by a dispensation of the Divine Head of the Church that in the heart of the nineteenth century, when both the intellects and the wills of men have reached an excess of unbridled licence in matters of revelation, of morals, and of politics, that the Vicar of our Lord, the teacher of all Christians—as the Council of Florence entitles him—should twice in these last years have spoken with the voice of infallible truth. The Dogmatic Bull of the Immaculate Conception, and the Encyclical of last year, will, we believe, mark an era in the reconstruction of the Christian order of the world."

According to DR. MANNING, therefore, belief in the POPE's political principles, particularly as they regard religious liberty and freedom of discussion, is equally obligatory with belief in the "Immaculate Conception," or any other dogma of faith. The errors condemned by his Holiness, in the Syllabus annexed to his Encyclical, are, in fact, so many heresies, which everybody who persists in will be dashed to all eternity. Now, any gentleman, who may think of changing his religion for DR. MANNING's, knows what he will commit himself to by taking that step. It is to be feared that this knowledge will not tend to remove the Protestant prejudice which has refused, throughout England, with the exception of one constituency, to return a single Roman Catholic Member to Parliament.

[18th JUNE, 1915—1865.]



THE GOLDEN WEDDING; OR, FIFTY YEARS' JUBILEE OF PEACE.

ANECDOTAGE.

MR. PUNCH has been asked by a variety of Correspondents, who, on the strength of a fortnight's sojourn in an English hotel in Paris assume a taste for French literature, "why he never gives any Charming Little Anecdotes, like those which make *Le Grand Journal*, *Figaro*, *Le Journal pour Rire*, and other delightful Parisian papers so spiritual and so interesting." He has been looking at the intellectual productions in question. They appear to his English mind to be the merest twaddle, flavoured by impertinence. In some cases they are simply puffs, no doubt paid for in some coin or other. But as he scorns to be churlish, he has made an arrangement with his Foolish Young Man to supply the article required—omitting, only, (with apologies) another little flavour, very dear to the fashionable patrons and patronesses of MADemoiselle THÉRÈSE, but not admired in the British household. The Foolish Young Man has, with commendable promptness, sent in the following specimens of his art—the scenes, of course, being laid in England.

I.

JONES—we all know Jones—is a papa.

The infant is a boy.

Papa Jones turned into Farrance's the other day, in hopes to see some one who would congratulate him on his new honours. Nor was he disappointed. The wit Robinson was there, taking some *Punch à la Romaine*.

Now Jones calls himself an original writer—and steals.

"You will want godfathers," said Robinson.

"I am puzzled about that."

"Well, ask Paul Bedford to be one."

"Why Paul Bedford?"

"Because your son will then be worthy of his sire."

"How so?"

"He will be called Paul Jones."

Paul Jones was a pirate.

II.

At the Zoological Gardens last Sunday afternoon there was even more than the usual crowd of pious persons eager to admire the works of creation, especially when manufactured into costume.

Jenkins and his friend Tompkins, dressed their best (according to their City lights) sauntered elegantly up to the witty Lady Blinking-bury, who was seated near the porcupines.

"Most delightful gardens in London," said Jenkins.

"They would be, but for the beasts," said her ladyship.

III.

Which, by the way, reminds us of a still better thing.

Widgery Shattock has lately been elected into the United Grunters. It was thought that he would be black-balled. He thought so himself. Those who did not keep him out have a crime and a blunder to atone for. That is their affair.

He attends morning, noon, and night. The men think he is dead when they have seen him only nine times in one day.

"What a pleasant club this is," he said, in an accession of simple happiness, to Domitian Spiker, the critic.

"It would be, but for the members," said Domitian.

But Widgery is too proud and happy to understand this.

IV.

Jingles has produced a new piece at the Frippery. Between ourselves, all the world does not go to see it. Perhaps all the world has bad taste. Jingles would say so, and he should know what bad taste is.

But Jingles goes every night, and laughs at what he supposes to be his own jokes.

He is very fat, be it remembered.

The other evening, pretty Laura Taggleton, who makes much of a bad part, was doing her best for Jingles, and showing her talent, and we may add, her ancles.

Jingles saw Prodder a few stalls off, and leant over to him.

"When I see my own creation vivified so charmingly, I seem like Pygmalion," said Jingles.

"More like Pig than Malion," said Prodder.

What did he mean?

V.

Fluker has many good qualities, but he does not always pay his bills.

If his creditors do not complain, what is that to us

But they do complain.

His tailor called on him on Tuesday, and pressed for something on account.

Fluker's indomitable good temper would have melted an iceberg, but could not melt the tailor.

"I must make up a large amount on Thursday, Sir," he said.

"Do so, and lend it me," said Fluker, "and I will pay your small account on Friday."

The tailor did not seem to see it, and has appealed to his Sovereign.

VI.

Joppus was playing croquet with the Hazelporter girls on the lawn at Wombat Lodge.

He put his glass into his eye, and inasmuch as he can see much better without his glass, he struck an atrocious stroke. The ball rolled into what, as the excellent Mr. Hazelporter calls it the lake, we have no right to call the pond.

"I play very badly to-day," said Joppus.

"Why date?" asked saucy Maria Hazelporter.

VII.

Our friend Bleat, the poet, cannot write good things, at least the deduction is legal from the fact that he never does.

But sometimes he says a thing which gods and men may tolerate.

Dr. Weazel, his uncle, took him to see a dissection. The poet pretends to take an interest in such sights.

The subject was being duly anatomised, and lectured on, when it grew dusk.

"Light the gas," said Dr. Weazel.

"Yes," said Bleat. "Throw a little light upon the subject."

Do you think that man can ever be a true poet?

VIII.

Miss Flirtington goes to see her dressmaker very often indeed. I suppose that all the letters Madame Grenadine hands her are bills for dress-making. It is odd that a person should make out a bill so often, but every trade has its own traditions.

Miss Flirtington does not pay so regularly as Madame could desire.

The last time but one that the young lady called in — Street, Madame said,

"Is your papa a handsome man, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes indeed, Madame. That is, for sixty-one. Why?"

"I am susceptible. Do not let me run the risk of breaking my heart by seeing him, as I am inclined to do."

The last time that the young lady called in — Street, she brought a cheque for Madame Grenadine's bill.

IX.

Flaps, the publisher, is nevertheless a man of wit.

Dronesby, who writes what nobody reads, met him. Dronesby, who is not young, wears very well, thanks to certain tradesmen.

"How in the world do you keep your beard so black, said Flaps.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said Dronesby. "I dye it. But don't you tell anybody."

"My dear fellow," said Flaps, "do you think I would publish anything confided to me by you. You ought to know better."

X.

Lord C— wants his son to go into Parliament.

Young L—, who is a born *flâneur*, shudders at the idea of being obliged to do anything at any given date or hour of the day, and Parliament has its fixtures.

"You have no ambition," urged his father.

"I have the ambition to be economical," replied L—.

His father laughed outright, and thought of the ravages paternal love had made in his cheque-book.

"You may laugh, my dear father. But I am serious. The great object of going into Parliament is to escape paying one's debts. I do that already, as you are good enough to pay mine."

Lord C— is considering the argument.

A "ROUND MAN."

THE saying about Round men in square holes, and square men in round holes, is frequently used. A square man would probably be a "brick." What a round man is, the following advertisement informs us:—

WANTED, a Circular SAWYER. None but efficient men need apply to M. — & Co.

The advertisers do not state who wants the "Circular Sawyer," but they intimate that, as far as they are concerned, "none but efficient men" of whatever trade "need apply" to them, whatever they may do to others. Nevertheless, we trust that should the efficient circular man apply, he will find that they have only adopted a round way of putting it, and that it really is all "on the square."

A Slight Difference.

MR. LAYARD, the other night, in answer to an interrogation about the British captives in Abyssinia, said it was "a most difficult question to deal with, and one requiring prudence and circumspection." That is just the mischief of it. What the question requires, is circumspection: what the Foreign Office has employed on it is circumlocution.



PAINFUL MISTAKE.

Short-sighted Visitor. "MRS. BOUNDER AT HOME!"

Housemaid. "YOU A GENTLEMAN, SIR!"

Visitor (startled). "YA-YA-YA-YAAS—CERTAINLY."

Maid. "'COS THIS IS THE KITCHING ENTRANCE, SIR—FRONT DOOR A LITTLE 'IGHER UP."

GREENWICH OBSERVATIONS.

THE custom of proceeding four miles down the river from the foot of London Bridge, for the purpose of devouring little fishes fried in grease-froth, is one that every year becomes more and more attractive to the gullets of Great Britons. As the poet might have sung, if he had only thought of it:—

'Tis pleasant while at dinner there to watch the stately ships,

And with cooling effervescent drinks to wet the thirsty lips:

'Tis pleasant the eleven *plats* preceding it to munch,

Then with undiminished appetite the crisp whitebait to crunch.

While sitting in the cosy chairs of QUARTERMAINES or HART, one envies not one's honourable friends their sittings in St. Stephen's. A seat in Parliament is more expensive than one at the "Trafalgar," and the dry talk that one hears within the House of Commons is far less pleasant music than the popping of champagne corks or the gurgle of Moselle cups, with which, while at the "Ship," one's ears are sweetly tickled.

A dinner down at Greenwich is so popular an amusement, that many people will be interested to learn that HART's and QUARTERMAINES are soon to be united, and become, in trading phrase, "the same concern." It is said the same concern will be shown at both these hostelrys to the comfort of their guests as has been previously manifested; and, for an assurance of this, it is hoped that the chief management will be confided to the careful hands of MR. LAWRENCE. This gentleman has long held the command of the "Ship," and all who there have known him have the knowledge of his having been a most efficient captain. Except an *omelette soufflée*, Mr. Punch most heartily detests all sorts of puffs: but to say that a person is efficient in his business, can be hardly deemed a puff. MR. LAWRENCE, be it noted, is a manager, not a *chef*: and although he attends daily to see his whitebait served, he has no hand in the frying of it. Else, haply Mr. Punch, viewing the

RAILWAY SECURITY.

THE British Public is indebted for a piece of valuable information to MR. PERLE, solicitor, of Shrewsbury, who represented the Great Western Railway Company at inquest No. 2, on the victims of the last crash resulting from mismanagement on that line. The Coroner having summed up:—

"After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, the jury returned with a verdict similar to that which had already been found in the previous inquiry. They considered that the engine No. 8 was not such as should have been attached to a train of that description; that the brake power was not adequate; that the permanent way was not in a fit state; that the signal exhibited was not sufficient, nor shown in a proper manner; and that gross negligence had been displayed; but they were unable to attach criminality to any individual."

Whereupon:—

"MR. PERLE said, on behalf of the Company, there had been only one anxiety, and that was to ascertain if there was any fault which in any way might be remedied in the future. With regard to the permanent way, he believed that this line generally was as perfect as any in the kingdom."

The word of MR. PERLE may be taken for the truth of that statement. Instructed by the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, he spoke with authority. The line to which he referred may be confidently believed to be "as perfect as any in the kingdom;" but it may be very imperfect for all that. The truth of MR. PERLE's assertion about its perfectness is not at all inconsistent with the fact that, as the Coroner's jury decided on clear evidence, it "was not in a fit state." If then, the Great Western Railway Directors, speaking through MR. PERLE, are to be credited, there is every reason to fear that no line whatever in the kingdom is in a fit state, and therefore that not any line is safe. Let Railway Directors mend their ways, and the Public in the meanwhile look to their lives and limbs.

Sing, Whalley, Sing.

WE have been requested by numberless Correspondents to indicate the song which the Hon. Member for Peterborough has been lately so constantly called upon to sing. We beg to state in reply, that it is his favourite strain:—

"WHALLEY, WHALLEY, up the bank,
And WHALLEY, WHALLEY, down the brae."

DANGEROUS.—There is talk in Paris of the French army striking, like the Paris cabmen, for wages. Truly once more *L'Empire, c'est la Pay*.

coming union of the QUARTERMAINES and HARTS—the Greenwich *Motagues* and *Capulets*—might be tempted into making an apposite quotation about good Fryer LAWRENCE.

AN ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTRYMAN IN A CLEFT STICK.

OH! Pity a poor Islander as can't make out how he's to vote
Without a turnun of his sleeve, if not a turnun of his quoad;
There's SIMMON Liberal, LOCOCK Tory; which to poll for of the two?
'Cause I must choose the Roman Catholic if I dwoan't the Accoshoo.

I be a Liberal, I be, to the chine; so Liberal is my notions
That principles is all I looks to; doan't regard a man's devotions.
What's one man's faith's another's fudge; to me, if 'a can sarve the nation,
No matter what a feller thinks consarnun Transubstantiation.

Ay, but 'ool e're a single one of them as owns the POPP's dominion,
Deny that there Encyclical, and stand for vreedom of opinion,
In spite of all his cusses, and regardus of his ghostly terrors?
Free Press, free Speech, free Creed, and all of what his bull condemns for errors,

To dictate all droo-out the world, wherso they can, them Priesties aim,
And "mastery or martyrdom," says DOCTOR MANNING, is their game.
And mine is for to try and stem all their attempts to domineer:
I wants to know is this the coorse as SIR JOHN SIMMON means to steer?

If ees, why then I'll vote for un; to no man's creed I'm no objecter,
If no, then he wun't represent this Liberal Isle o' Wight Elector.
I doubts if I can vote for one; I ben't obliged to vote for 'other;
Darn me, I thinks what I shall do is bide at whoam and vote for nather.

A DARING ACT.



HERE is nothing strange that our English singers appearing upon the equestrian stage should after a while find themselves a little horse, and gracefully retire. Nor is it a matter for wonder that ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, the muscular daughter of the Hebrew Caucasian Race, should again mount her hobby and perform the barebacked act upon the bare-backed steed.

But what we are speculating upon, with much pleasurable curiosity, is how MR. SMITH intends carrying out the latter portion of his attractive programme:—"Mazeppa will be performed each evening of the week. MR. W. HARRISON will appear in Opera after Mazeppa. To us it is clear that Mazeppa goes first in Mazeppa and is followed by MR. HARRISON in some operatic character. This arrangement will certainly relieve harrowing situations of the drama. In that scene, for instance, where the wild horse is crossing the stream, and the property vulture is pecking at the "daring and graceful" spasmodically, the arrangement will probably be as follows:—

Mazeppa (tied on to the horse's back, and looking as much towards the audience as is possible under the circumstances). Again that fearful bird! (Alluding to the vulture.) He hovers over me like my evil (bird hesitates, and pecks at him) destiny. (Makes some more remarks about the fearful bird, and then, with the hand remote from the audience, encourages the wild steed to pee-up.) Oh, OLINSKA! for thee—for thee I would—(bird pecks at him undecidedly)—for thee I would—(exit horse unexpectedly, having had quite enough of it).

Then, while the audience, trembling, and wondering whether the bird will ever make up its mind to swoop down upon the apparently defenceless MENKEN, shudder at the probabilities of their own morbid imaginations, enters, up to his middle in water, MR. HARRISON, in the well-known Bohemian Girl costume.

Mr. Harrison (looking after Mazeppa). Ha! again he urges on his wild career! His heart quails, his lips are blanched with hunger!

Sings (still in the water).

N.B. We've almost forgotten the libretto, but to the best of our recollection it runs thus:—

When other lips and o-o-o-other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language which which whi-i-ich imparts
(*"We always sang it like this."*)

The power it fills so well.

We never knew what we meant. MR. HARRISON thinks he has, after long study, ascertained what the words are intended to convey.

Mr. Harrison (still singing in the water):—

There may per-per-haps
Some re-re-o-o-le-lection be,
Some re-o-o-le-herherher-lection be
(This is how WE sing it.)

Of days that might as har-har-har-arp-py bin,
And you'll re-me-o-o-ember ME!
And you'll re-mem-ber,
You'll re-me-o-o-o-o-Em-be-o-o-er ME!

[Exit MR. HARRISON, despairingly.]

Then in the Scene in the Tent when they're going to murder the Old Khan, but can't, the English Tenor, as Lord Rochester in the Puritan's Daughter, might follow Mazeppa, or, better, might accompany Mazeppa during the combat.

Mazeppa (defending the feeble Khan against conspirators). Villains! Cowards! have at you! [They fight. Slash, crash, dash, &c.]

Mr. Harrison (as Lord Rochester, in a corner of the tent),

Let others sing in praise of wine! &c. &c.

At last we may congratulate the enterprising Master of Cremorne on a genuine novelty.

THE TRIUMPH OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

REJOICE, O MAYOR OF KINGSTON, shout, ye Aldermen, and sing,
For lo, a sage VICE-CHANCELLOR hath done you a great thing!
Hath given judgment in your cause for you against the Crown;
O glorious!
Victorious!

And Thames shall cleanse your Town!

Frustrated is the Government that, with indictment vain,
You from polluting Father Thames attempted to restrain,
In'o his bosom freely now shall Kingston's sewage flow,
And Norbiton,
And Surbiton,
Shall disemboague also.

A nuisance quite unbearable your slush not yet bath grown,
To grow thereto his Honour saith it must be left alone;
Then, as you've no prescriptive right, abated it may be.
Tremendous Vice!
Stupendous Vice!
Salubrious decree!

RAILWAY REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

WHENEVER the captain of a vessel belonging to the P. and O., or any other great Steam Navigation Company, has the misfortune to run his ship aground, although by the merest accident, that unlucky officer, I believe, is invariably suspended.

Why is not the rule thus vigorously applied to poor individuals extended to rich joint-stock associations? Why is not the liability to which officers in the Merchant Service are subject not imposed on Railway Companies? Whenever a train gets off the rails, or a collision occurs, no matter whether a lot of people are smashed, or even if anybody is hurt or no, let the company be subject to a heavy penalty. Why not?

Because there are too many Railway Members in the House of Commons. Therefore nothing whatever can be done in the present Parliament to bring Railway Directors to their senses. Let electors take care that the Railway interest shall not be too strong for them in the next.

Why cannot the Great Western be forbidden to ruin Oxford with a hideous factory? Why is it able to set public opinion at insolent defiance in the resolution to persist in that brutal project? Why cannot Railway Companies' rights of property be sacrificed to the general welfare as unmercifully as those of individuals are to the interests of Railway Companies? By reason of the multitude of Railway-mongers that write themselves M.P.

But a General Election is at hand. Then will be the time to set all these things to rights. Different cries will be raised among different constituencies all over the country; but if self-preservation is the first law of our common nature, and we have any sense above a pig's, the most general of them will be "No Railway Collisions!" "No Wholesale Slaughter!" and "No Vandalism!"

Trusting, for the sake of my dear life and limbs, to hear these cries wherever I go, believe me, Mr. Punch,

Yours truly,

VIATOR.

Rosa Bonheur,

Made Knight of the Legion of Honour, by the EMPRESS EUGENIE.

WHEN woman's hand on woman's breast can lay
The cross that EUGENIE gave ROSA BONHEUR;
Paintress or Empress—it is hard to say
To which the cross is most a cross of honour



CITY DINNER.

Head Waiter of the London Tavern. "ARE YOU AN 'INCURABLE,' SIR, OR A 'REDUCED UNDERTAKER?'"

Old Gent (late and breathless, producing his Dinner Ticket). "NO, I'M A 'DESTITUTE JUVENILE DELINQUENT.' I THINK IT SAYS SIX O'CLOCK—"

Head Waiter (feelingly). "DEAR, DEAR! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, SIR. THAT DINNER'S 'ELD AT THE FREEMASONS' THIS YEAR, SIR."

SAUCE FOR AN APPLEPIE.

WE have thought it right to publish the following letter, but it is needless to say that we do not sympathise with the writer. A great house, with a great nobleman as its chief proprietor, and a small house owned by a plebeian, are two houses.

TO PUNCH.

The Old Applepie, Houndsditch,

June 16, '65

Sir,
Being informed by several parties that you are the great appeal when wrongs is done, I take the liberty to State that having read in the Advertiser as the *Prince of Wales* have lately attended to open a new Tavern in Langam place I wrote to Marlborough Palace respectfully inviting his Royal highness to perform simillar ceremony on the occasion of me opening of a new Music Hall attached to my Premises, wine and spiritous liquors, established 1847, and *No word of Complaint* from the police during those years. Sir, my req^t was respectfully worded and offered to send a Trap for the Prince and servants and Make the Hour his own only not 7 P.M., when the Public were coming in, also copy of my License and testimonial from 103 Parties using the House which many are old tradesmen and *would not sign what were not correct*. Sir, I rec^d Answer from a Mr. Knowlys Declining and I ask you as between man and man why sauce for Langam Place is not Sauce for Houndsditch, and all Englishmen are *equal in Eye of the law*. Respectfully apologet for this trouble and Intrusion in your valuable space, remain, Sir,

Your obed. Serv^t,

BARNABAS JULL,

(Licensed Victualler, since 1847.)

P.S. Advertiser refused to Insert, though a trade Greivance. A party informs me that most like the Prince never saw my Letter, which I think ought to come before Parliament.

LAGRANGE'S HORSES v. SCHNEIDER'S LOCOMOTIVES.

COURT DE LAGRANGE'S *Gladiateur* and *Fille de l'Air* have won the Derby at Epsom, and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot.

"A French firm, at the head of which is M. SCHNEIDER, has obtained a contract for Steam Locomotives from the Great Eastern Railway, in the face of seven English competitors. Other French houses have obtained contracts for rails and sleepers, for use on English lines, at cheaper rates and of better quality than the same articles could be supplied by English houses."

See the Journals, passim.

THAT a French horse of blood and bone,
A British stake should win,
May raise the British sportsman's moan,
And tax that sportsman's tin.

But Gladiators, be their field
The arena or the course,
Will make inferior prowess yield,
Alike in man or horse.

What if a British cup or two
French *buffets* should adorn,
If e'en our Turfites' riband blue
Should by LAGRANGE be worn?

BRITANNIA still would hold her own,
And still her balance show,
Were her turf cut beneath her feet,
Her star of sport brought low.

But when the British iron-horse
Before the French turns tail,
When England yields to France, perforce,
The Empire of the rail,—

When British trading to French truck
Inglorious comes down,
French metals on French sleepers stuck,
English embankments crown,

Then may BRITANNIA doff the crown
That still her brow environs,
Her trident waive, and sit a slave
Imprisoned in French irons!

His Last Effort.

WHY is it impossible to get anything to eat at a picnic when it is held on the sunny side of the hill?
Because it's a Balmy-side feast!

LIKELY NOTICES OF MOTION.

MR. SOMES,—To move for a grant of money to the Sunday Bands in the Parks.

MR. LAWSON,—To ask whether Government is prepared to introduce a Bill for permitting spirits to be sold by retail at stalls in connection with the various drinking fountains.

MR. WHALLEY,—To ask leave to introduce a Bill for legalising the collection of Peter's Pence.

MR. BRIGHT,—To move the repeal of the Malt-Tax.

MR. POPE HENNESSY,—Bill for extending the system of Mixed Education in Ireland.

MR. NEWDEGATE,—Bill to afford Convents and Monasteries greater facilities of acquiring possession of Landed Property.

War-Song of the Westminster Doctor.

Ye Medical Electors, vote for MILL,
And efficacious draught, and active pill.
GROSVENOR and inert globules both eschew,
And let him represent the Quacks, not you.

Shotten Herren.

THE Herrenhaus at Berlin, the Prussian burlesque of our House of Lords, has just proposed, by the resolution of a large majority, to make both its own Members, and those of the Lower House, liable to punishment, on citation before the Courts of Law, for calumnies uttered, or other actionable expressions employed in the course of debate; thus sacrificing their parliamentary privilege of speech. Surely the Herrenhaus deserves to be called the *Sclavenhaus*, for these Herren are a very servile set of bloaters.



OH, HOW KIND!!

Miss Spriggs. "FLORA, LOVE, IT IS MOST IMPRUDENT OF YOU TO COME ON THE GRASS IN THOSE THIN BOOTS. YOU SHOULD REALLY GO IN, AND PUT ON GOLOSHERS. YOU WILL FIND MINE IN THE UMBRELLA-STAND; AND YOU ARE QUITE WELCOME TO THEM!"

(The grass is as dry as tinder; and if MISS SPRIGGS's feet were as pretty as FLORA's, we don't think she would be so anxious about FLORA's health.)

LORD RUSSELL'S TRIUMPH.

(To Mr. Punch—a Retort Uncourteous.)

YOU complain of my writing so many despatches:
My inkstand you'd drain, clap my pen under hatches:
Yet now that this troublesome brute THEODORUS
Contrives to out-wit, and out-bounce, and out-roar us,
Gets the whole Office round into whine and hot-water,
(As, indeed, perhaps, one who is styled *Negus* ought-ter):
Now a *civis Romanus* and eke *consularis*
Lies in chains (to say nothing of two mission-aries),
If you'll read up the papers, and look for the reason
Why this savage has thus brought BRITANNIA her knees on,
Forced us meekly to swallow such gross violations,
At all points, small and great, of the high law of nations,—
Stir down to its depths all the dirt we have swallowed,
The wrong that came first, and the snubbing that followed:
Our presents pooh-poohed, and our offers evaded.
The country, and even the OFFICE, degraded,
STERN's and LOWENTHAL's suffering and CAMERON's fetter . . .
It's all through my NOT having written a letter!

On the Announcement in the Times of June 20, 1865,

Of the Marriage of MISS SEWELL to ROBERT LAST, Esq.

THE Bride's name first, before her Lord's?
Sure, fashions must be changing fast;
Yet it fulfils the Scripture's words,
The first hereafter shall be last.

A HANDY JOKE FOR A HOST.—Will you take Champagne? Don't say no; say Ay.

FASHIONABLE AMBIGUITY.

THE *Post* of Saturday last week says:—

"LADY L. had her first dance this season last night at the family residence in Portman Square."

As this is announced as a matter of public information, we may be allowed to inquire, what is precisely meant by the statement that LADY L. *had* her first dance? To "have" a dance is, in customary language, a phrase for to dance. "We'll have a dance upon the heath," as the Witches in *Macbeth* sing. In having a dance there is something that seems of quite a personal and private nature. It is one thing to "have" a dance, and another to "give" a dance; but, though we are told that LADY L. had a dance, probably we are expected to understand that her Ladyship gave one. And surely we are not to suppose that she is in the peculiar habit of dancing at certain seasons, and danced for the first time this season the other night. Otherwise, in knowing when LADY L. had her first dance, the community are as much concerned as they would be to know when LORD L. smoked his first cigar.

A Stanza from Sydenham.

THE Singers in the Handel choir
So well have earned their fame,
That each should have, if he desire,
A Handel to his name.

ALL "DICKY" WITH HIM.

A GREAT sensational newspaper paragraph was made, a week ago, out of the fact that MR. RICHARD BETHELL was tapped on his shoulder by a sheriff's officer while enjoying the sport on Ascot Heath. His release should be headed in the largest type, "RICHARD's himself again."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 1964. The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced a Bill for Editing the Statute Law. At present the written law, which every English man, woman and child (over seven) is bound, or at least is supposed to know, is contained in about Fifty enormous and thick volumes. The hydraulic pressure, proposed by LORD WESTBURY, will compress the work into Twelve vols., so that one may be read to the Englishman's family every month, and the entire system may be gone through every year.

The Lords would not pass LORD ST.

LEONARDS' Bill forbidding the locking both doors of a railway carriage. They thought—and wisely—that it is impolitic to take away any responsibility from the directors. It is certain that had the Bill passed, and a stationary engine had exploded, or a viaduct had fallen down, the railway managers would have attributed the disaster to Parliamentary interference.

The Lords' Private-Business Carriage stops the way, so that General Election's carriage cannot get up.

Gentlemen deputed by Canada have been here in conference with the Colonial Office upon the proposed Confederation, the Defences, and other matters, and the most satisfactory results are stated to have been arrived at. The Ambassadors went away in the best spirits, MR. CARDWELL dismissing them with the Canadian Boat Song:

"Go, brothers, go, the Tape's tied fast,
The Office is pleased, and the Minute's passed."

LORD STANLEY, Chairman of the Patent Laws Commission, has been thinking for three years on the subject, and has very serious doubts whether it is expedient to maintain the principle of those laws. Mr. Pasch's clear intellect cuts at once to a conclusion. The word Patent means Open. The system of Patents is to shut up inventions and inventors. Ergo, the system is a self-contradictory absurdity.

When you have reason for punching a man's head, punch. But, that done, don't keep getting behind him and running minikin pins into him. We have had our say about LORD AMBERLEY, and should be ashamed to go on nagging, night after night, about his having had a little sail in Greek waters at the expense of the country. MR. HENNESSY is a smart Irishman, but does not quite understand the tone of English gentlemen.

LORD PALMERSTON declines to give MR. DARBY GRIFFITH the control of the War Department.

COLONELS DUNNE and FRENCH preferred the oddest grievance which two Colonels ever submitted to the House. They are unhappy because the ancient Irish Records are not carefully translated and published. MR. FREDERICK PEEL explained that a good deal had been done and was doing in the required direction. We believe that the collection is soon to be issued, with the following motto from Ireland's favourite bard:

"While History's Muse the memorial was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves."

There will also be an illustration—we wish that DANIEL MACLISE would draw it—of the above scene, with England kindly using a piece of blotting-paper, inscribed "Civilisation," and a patent Eraser, marked "Equality," and thus doing away the said blots on the Irish page.

MR. HUBBARD thinks that we have been done in the matter of the Treaty with the Zollverein, because Germany taxes her exported coal, and we have engaged not to tax ours. But MR. MILNER GIBSON says that we have gained such valuable concessions that we have no cause for complaint. But—we ask simply for the sake of causing annoyance, and not in the least because we want to know—how will the account stand when the German Fleet shall be created, and the Germans want no end of coal for their hundred terrible iron-plated monster steamers?

There was a Forest debate, and in spite of FRED PEEL and circumlocution, it is quite clear that the Crown neglects its forestal rights, and that Lords of Manors and others encroach in all directions. We advise some resolute Member to take up the subject in the next Parliament, but to do so like a man of sense, not babbling o' green fields, and drawing pensive pictures of wearied folks seeking to bathe

their eyes in leaves, but getting plans of the old forests, showing what they were, and ought to be, and marking what pieces have been stolen by SIR TUNBELLY CLOMST, country gentleman, by MR. SMIRKER STRELYARD, manufacturer, and by JAMES POACHER, squatter.

The House gave MR. COWPER £20,000 to buy the site behind the National Gallery.

Tuesday.—Nothing remarkable in the House of Lords, except that in accordance with a new rule, a Two-Minute Sand-Glass was used before divisions. "The glass," says the *Star*, "became an object of hilarious curiosity to noble lords." Gracious—did they never boil their own eggs at College?

And, we rejoice to add, the Union Chargeability Bill was read a Third Time and passed. Mr. Pasch bows affably to his Peers.

The Fire-Brigade Bill went through the Commons Committee. We presume the title of the officers will be Fire-brigadiers. This will look well on visiting-cards, and sound well when passed by CHAWLES to JAMES.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING's exertions for the Catholic Church have begun. One of their fruits was exhibited in a motion which was made by THEO. DONOGHUS to-day, to the effect that the Irish Catholics are aggrieved by the present system of University Education in Ireland. They decline to attend Colleges in which the Catholic religion is not exclusively taught, but they want degrees and University distinction generally. The compliment which they pay to Protestantism by exhibiting such terror lest young Catholics should hear two sides of the question, is so high that it is impossible to refuse reasonable concession. We shall not found a Catholic College for them, but we shall affiliate their own College to the Queen's University in Ireland. Every form of high education is virtually anti-Papal.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL declines to give MR. DARBY GRIFFITH information as to the disposal of the Secret Service money.

Wednesday. A short sitting, but several Bills were put to death, and the Indemnity Bill was introduced. This is one of the fatal signs—the Session is given over.

We deeply regret to state that Coventry would not elect MR. MASON JONES, and threw stones at him instead.

Thursday. The Lords rushed through worlds of business between 5 P.M. and 6. Dozens of laws were shoved ahead.

Our young and middle-aged and bald-headed and senile friends in the Government Offices are very desirous to have their half-holiday on Saturday afternoons. They certainly ought to have it, if they wish it. For our own part, we should have thought that it was aristocratic, and dignified, and all that, to ignore the plebeian holiday; and while shopmen and the like were shutting up early, and perspiring and cutting away, it would be rather the thing to work serenely to the end of the day, unmoved by the excitement among one's inferiors. But if our superb friends desire a half-holiday—pooh! termination of public business—we agree with LORD PALMERSTON that the subject is very deserving of consideration, and we are glad to see that he thinks they may be relieved in batches—we beg pardon, by arrangement for alternate exchange of duties.

The Clerical Subscription Bill was read a Second Time. The Clergy, as we have explained, have scruples about the plenary inspiration of the Prayer Book, though they generally approve it. So four Archbishops, several Bishops, and other authorities have concocted a declaration, which is to make all persons easy. The Clergy are to signify their "Assent" to the XXIX. Articles and to the Prayer Book. And it is distinctly understood that Assent is a general phrase, as you might assent to the proposition that JONES's dinner was "a good one," though you privately held that the pickled salmon was coarse, that the so-called claret was *vis ordinaire*, and that the way he said Grace was objectionably flippant. The House received the Bill favourably, MR. HADFIELD was divertingly rampant against the Catechism, the Burial Service, and everything else that was churchy, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, a devotional authority, explained that the Bill was meant to relieve scrupulous consciences, not to encourage dialoyal priests, and, for a theological measure it was wonderful how smoothly the Bill glided along. A dissolution must indeed be near when Members cannot rouse into fury over religious themes.

The Second Warning, the Appropriation Bill, was given. The huge two-handed engine at the door Stands ready to smite once and smite no more. The proceedings on

Friday were a mixture of dullness and formalities.



VERY MUSICAL.

Churchwarden. "WELL, NOW DOES THE ORGAN DO NOW, MR. TWIDDLES!"
Organist (who has persuaded the Vestry to have the Instrument looked to). "THOSE PEDAL PIPES ARE HARDLY RIGHT YET, SIR. DIDN'T YOU HEAR—"
Churchwarden. "AH! WELL, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING SQUEAK!"

AN EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES.

"AN application having been made in the Court of Bankruptcy, the other day, for the release from prison of the Hon. RICHARD BETHELL, eldest son of Lord Westbury, on the ground that he had been adjudicated bankrupt, COMMISSIONER GOULBURN said he had taken the case, though it belonged in due course to Mr. WISELOW; because the Official Assignee in Mr. WISELOW'S Court was a relative of the applicant's, which would make it painful in the extreme to take the matter there." (*See Proceedings in Bankruptcy, Thursday, June 22.*)

All very well, MR. GOULBURN, but if the Hon. RICHARD BETHELL'S case is to be excluded from all Bankruptcy Courts in which a BETHELL, and friends of BETHELL, hold office, where on earth is it to be heard?

Authentic Information.

By a Reform Bill, which Government is preparing, the Bishops are to be excluded from the House of Lords, and their places are to be supplied by Aldermen.

The European Powers and the United States Government have agreed upon a general disarmament.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will bring forward a supplemental Budget, repealing the Income-Tax.

The POPE has excommunicated the Brigands.

LE BÉLIER ET LE TAURAU.

THE *Toulonnais* publishes a full, true, and particular account of a new steam-ram, called *Le Taurau*. Making a bull of a ram is surely making a bull, indeed.

QUERY.

PLEASE, Sir, do the Black Ball Steam Ships take away from England the Candidates rejected by different Clubs?

SONNET TO A STAGE PHOENIX.

AN actress, graceful, winning, young, and fair,
 Furnished alike to please men's eyes and hearts;
 Yet thinking, if aright we read her air,
 Not so much of herself as of her parts.
 Who, under her stage-mask gives proof of brain,
 Whether she aim at moving smiles or tears;
 Who shows no trick of mouthing, strut, and strain,
 And yet has trod the boards from earliest years!
 Who in her archness is not coarse or brazen,
 And in her sentiment not prone to snivel;
 Own this a stage *Miss-TERRY*, most amazing,
 To whom *Pusht* may be proud to do the civil.
 And when she takes her benefit next Friday,
 Reader, let that be yours as 'twill be my day!

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE RAIL.

THE official Report of the Government Inspector of Railways in reference to railway travelling, contains the following monitory statement:—

"Gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence in this manner to avoid all risk of being accused, for purposes of extortion, of insult or assault."

Thus the moral and physical risk of railway travelling are about upon a par. The chances of broken bones and blasted character are even. For the former of those chances we may thank the parsimony of Directors in sparing proper precautions; for the latter, the folly and injustice of magistrates and jurymen, who allow evidence to be established in the mouth of one only witness, and that witness the accuser.

For Mr. Leigh Murray's Benefit.

(A day after the fair.)

MURRAY'S *Guide to the Continent*—MRS. LEIGH MURRAY.

REUTER ROUTED.

THE news so emphatically telegraphed by MR. REUTER of a great Russian defeat in Kokhan, turns out to be a mere Khok-an-a-bull story.

PAGE WOOD ON THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

In delivering his wonderful decision on the right of Kingston to pour its sewage into the River Thames, sage PAGE WOOD is reported to have said:—

"Of course if the evil was of such a magnitude as in the case before this Court of the River Lee, where sewage equal in amount to the whole volume of water was being daily poured into the river, and scarlet fever had actually broken out, then he (the VICE-CHANCELLOR) should have at once interfered."

In the judgment of VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD, when the steed is stolen it is quite soon enough to shut the stable-door.

Some Sense of Propriety.

AN unfortunate horse carries a so-called woman through an indecorous exhibition, to please the London cads and snobs. We are glad to hear that when the horse receives his feed, the groom apologises to him nightly, on the part of the Manager, adding, with a wink, "Business is business." The creature is too dejected to reply with a horse-laugh. It is to be regretted that a noble beast should be put to such a base use.

The Liskearded Member.

BERNAL OSBORNE this time,
 Has badly played his card;
 And both reason and rhyme
 Couple "Liskeard" and "discard."

SIC SEMPER TYRANNI.

POLAND is put down by the sword. The EMPEROR says, mockingly, "No dreams!" How can there be dreams, when *Masoch's* hath murdered sleep?



OUT OF PLACE.

OLD JAMBOROUGH, WHO HAS TREATED MRS. J. TO A FORTNIGHT IN TOWN, TAKES HER FOR A DRIVE IN ROTTEN ROW—TO THE HORROR OF THE "UPPER TEN!"

MELTING DAYS.

(By a Moist Member.)

HERE the Dog-days are upon us
Ere the Dog-days ought to be:
In our lightest garbs we don us,
Yet we go perspiring free.

Mad dogs are so large a topic,
"Rabies" seems all the rage:
"Philo-canis," philanthropic,
Hints at troughs dogs' thirst to assuage.

With the glass set fair and firm, Sir,
At a hundred, night and day:
In all senses of the term, Sir,
Members well may run away.

Overhead the blazing sunshine,
Underfoot the scorching flags:
Work or pleasure is all moonshine
To poor creatures stewed to rags.

In Supply the last we've voted:
Here's th' Appropriation Bill:
Scilly SMITH, the iron-throated,
Spent and sweltering, is still.

DARBY GRIFFITHS' pumping-engine
Stops, by summer drought drained dry:
FERRAND's bluster grows less swingeing,
Hushed is WHALLEY's plaintive cry.

Nature in these hints and omens
Plainly tells us what to do:
It is she dissolves the Commons,
Thou, O PAM, dissolve them too!

A FAIR WORD FOR A FARMER.

If it be true that a man much benefits mankind by making two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, then it is clear that MR. MECHI is a human benefactor. He has not merely done this, but, by admirable farming, he has made two ears of corn grow where one never before sprouted. MR. MECHI has shown how to manure the land with brains, and has not spared his own in accomplishing his purpose. By numberless experiments, by industry undaunted, and patience well applied, he has proved that the worst land may produce the best of crops; and every one who either eats bread or drinks beer is the better for the wheat and barley grown by MR. MECHI. He has drained, reclaimed, and cultivated what was unproductive ground; and, by the food which it has yielded, men have sprung out of his clay, as from that of old Prometheus.

In recognition of his services, a movement is on foot to buy his farm of Tiptree, and present him with its freehold. Farmers who have profited by watching his experiments, of course will be the first to put their names down as subscribers; and people who reflect upon the good that he has done, will not be slow in seconding a motion so well merited. MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in commending this good work; and whatever MR. PUNCH approves, is sure to be successful. May the ears of MR. MECHI's wheat soon grow on his own ground as long as those of MR. WHALLEY! May the blades of his barley be as productive to his pocket as his razor-blades and knife-blades! May he live in clover for many a long year, and ever have the luck to turn to good account his mangel!

Parliamentary Sensitive Leaf.

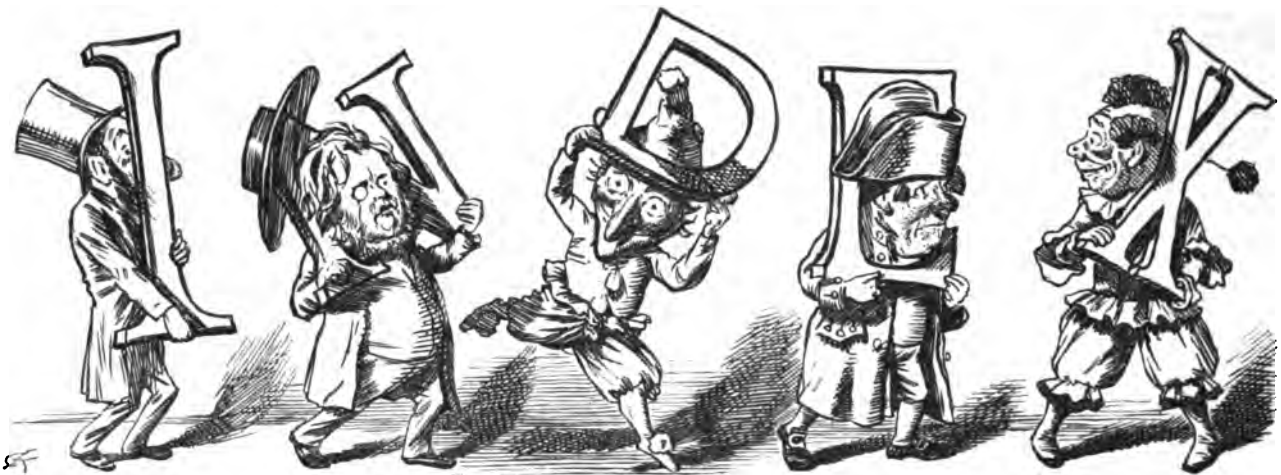
THE Funny figure which this leaf presents is causing a great sensation. If you take it roughly in hand, or haul it over the coals, it will instantly curl up and show you a decent pair of heels.

You may call it a delicate plant if you please, but if you mistake it for a delegate, it will fly off at a tangent or throw a somersault out of the house before you can say—BERNAL OSBORNE.



À PROPOS DU TEMPS.

PUNCH. "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MY LORD, IF *YOU* DON'T DISSOLVE, I SHALL!"



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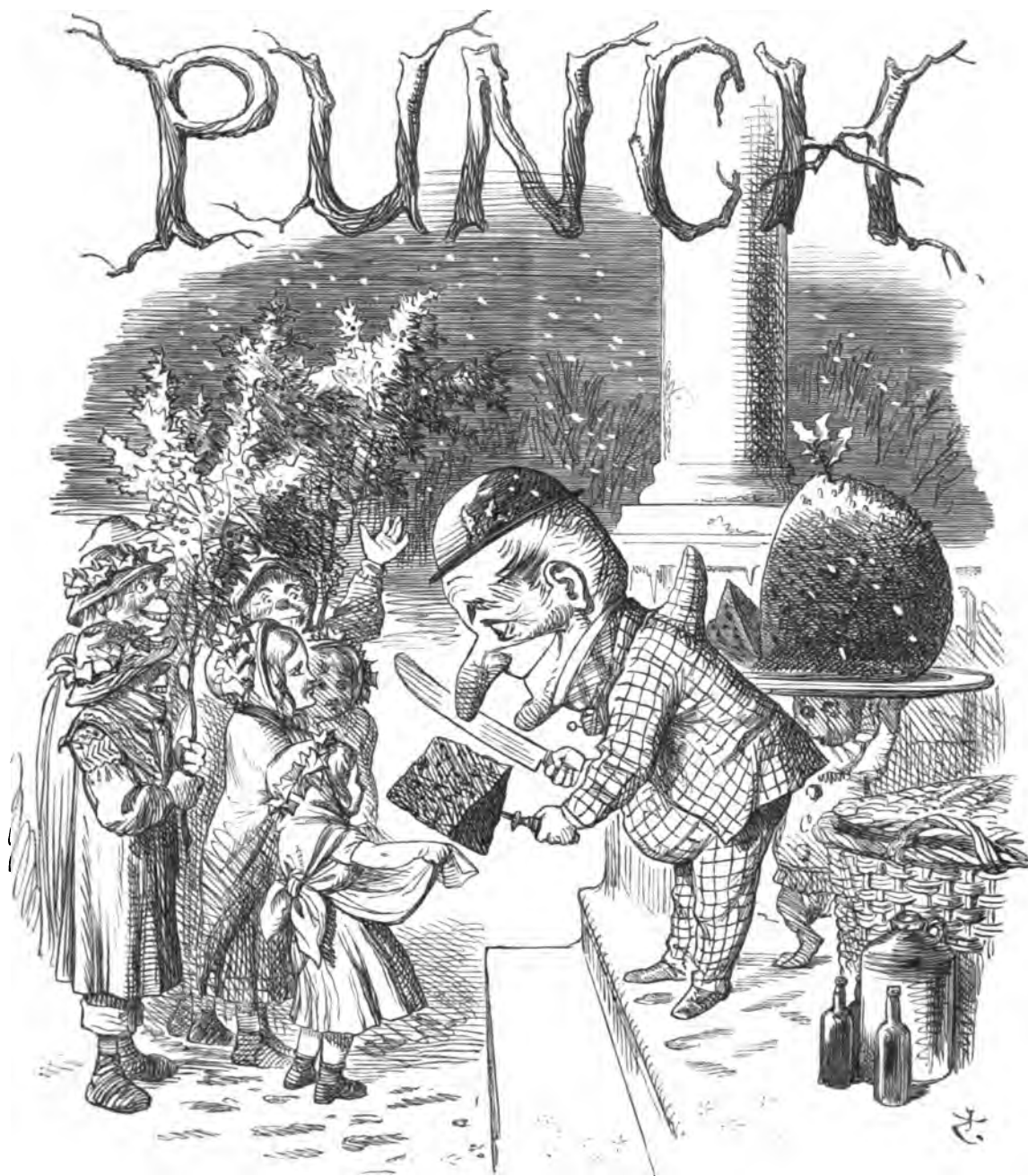
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TOBY rushed into the Presence, much disconcerted, and growling.

"Well, my faithful, what is it? Anybody want to eat you?"

The intelligent creature nodded, intimating that his master had just hit it.

"Giant waiting, Sir," said the Groom of the Cigars, entering.

"I have seen such a lot of them," said PUNCH, discontentedly. "There was GOLIATH of Gath, MAXIMIN the Emperor, GABARA of Arabia, JOHN MIDDLETON of Hale, PATRICK COTTER the Irish giant, BIG SAM of Carlton Palace, and a dozen more of overgrown humanities. I don't much care about him. Give him a handful of sovereigns and send him off."

"But he——"

"Answering me and providing yourself, ALPHONSO, is one and the same thing, as my friend MRS. VARDEN observes. However, I see that you are under gigantic influence. Speak again."

"He—which his name is CHANG—is humbly eager to see you, Sir."

"That wish shows more brains than his kind usually own. Gratify his humble eagerness. Fear nothing, TOBY. Under our Eye, his Chinese appetite shall be curbed."

CHANG stood in The Presence. TOBY evinced continued ill-feeling.

"Now, Big 'un, what's up?" asked MR. PUNCH. Observe that with his usual independence he selected the smallest words for the largest auditor. Had the latter been a dwarf, MR. PUNCH would probably have requested an intimation of the circumstances which had induced the requisition of that interview.

"Cousin of the stars," said CHANG; "your intolerably unworthy servant tenders you his worthless acknowledgments of the priceless boon of admission to your unparalleled presence. He reverentially thanks you for the extraordinary countenance you have been pleased to show him."

"I don't know that my countenance is so extraordinary, GIGAS. Fascinating, intellectual, impressive, perhaps."

"Your slave's abominable vocabulary is atrociously inadequate to the occasion," said CHANG; "but he intended to refer to the patronage which your Eminence has been pleased to extend to him and to his brother ANAK."

"I always foster rising genius," said MR. PUNCH; "even when it rises to the height of eight feet, or whatever you call yourself. I have immortalised you in my pages. Well, what next?"

"The unpardonable ambition of your slave astounds himself—"

"Nothing astounds me—go it."

"His abased and obnoxious soul lives in one hope only, if he might venture to utter it."

"Utter away, then, can't you, GIGAS? Don't waste time. December days are not as long as you."

"Your graciousness transports your slave into a region of bliss and flowers. Might he, then, dare to beg that, all unworthy as he is, he may be enrolled among the Sacred Band of Notables—the Band of your Contributors?"

TOBY signified his decided objection to the proposed addition to the Staff.

"By KOONG-FOO-TSE, whom the Jesuits called Confucius—you believe in Confucius, I trust, by the way?" said MR. PUNCH. "I hope, my dear CHANG, that you are not a proselyte of FAN-SHIN, the unbeliever, 440 A.D."

"Never heard of him," said CHANG.

"Nor did I," said MR. PUNCH, aside, "until I looked into the 'Dictionary of Dates.' I am glad to hear it, CHANG. I could not have entertained overtures from an atheistic giant. It is only the dwarfs whom I permit to be profane. I was going to say, CHANG, that you have asked a big thing."

"Your slave is a big thing."

"He is. But do you know what qualities are required in a Contributor to 'PUNCH?'"

"All the virtues, all the graces, all the arts, and all the sciences."

"Yes, that is all very well for a beginning," said MR. PUNCH, smiling indulgently. "But there must be much more. He must have an Ample Fortune, that he may be removed from all sordid influences; an Impressionable Heart, that he may be enabled to touch the heart of woman, Inspiration of the highest order, that he may write Poetry, and a Profound Conviction that he is the only person in the world who understands anything about anything whatsoever. Do you possess all this, CHANG, my son?"

"Your unapproachable Eminence has taught me a golden lesson," said the giant, bending humbly over the Great Teacher. "You have taught me how great you are, and how small I am."

"Then," said MR. PUNCH, gently, "I have placed you on the first step of the ladder which you would ascend. Go—and study. It may be that when we next meet I may grant your prayer. In the meantime, make this book your Ly-King—your manual of all the relations of life."

So saying, MR. PUNCH gratified the Giant with his

Forty-Ninth Volume.



Introduction.

VOLUME XLIX.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1865.

THE RUSSELL CABINET.—1865.

First Lord of the Treasury	EARL RUSSELL.
Lord Chancellor	LORD CRANWORTH.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster	RIGHT HON. G. J. GÖSCHEN.
President of the Council	EARL GRANVILLE.
President of the Board of Trade	RIGHT HON. THOMAS M. GIBSON.
Lord Privy Seal	DUKE OF ARGYLL.
Home Office	SIR GEORGE GREY, BART.
Foreign Office	EARL OF CLARENDON.
Colonial Office	RIGHT HON. E. CARDWELL.
War Secretary	EARL DE GREY AND RIFON.
India Secretary	SIR CHARLES WOOD, BART.
Admiralty	DUKE OF SOMERSET.
Postmaster-General	LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.
Poor Law Board	RIGHT HON. CHARLES P. VILLIERS.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

PAGE

THE prosperity of the country was not to be without alloy. The Rinderpest—necessarily, but briefly alluded to in the pages of *Punch*—broke out in England and Wales, with what terrible results we now know, whilst in Ireland a plague even more destructive of prosperity and comfort developed itself in the Fenian conspiracy.

The most stringent measures were, after a time, adopted to stay the progress of the Rinderpest, but with small success. By the middle of October over 14,000 head of cattle had been either killed or had died, from the disease; in November the number increased to over 21,000, and during the last three weeks of the year the Commissioners reported that more than 55,000 head of cattle had perished.

Ireland had been exempt from the cattle plague, but Fenianism was in the midst of that generous, excitable, and easily misguided people. This important outbreak deserves to be recorded at some length, and we therefore avail ourselves of the following extracts from the *Annual Register* of 1865:—

“The conspiracy which was this year brought to light, but was happily checked before it arrived at any outbreak, was larger in extent, more daring in its objects, and, in some respects more formidable in its nature than any similar movement of late years. Of the name by which it was distinguished, various explanations have been given, but the most probable is, that it was derived from *FIINN*, a celebrated chieftain, who lived before the conversion of Ireland to Christianity, and who is the same as the hero of *MACPHERSON, FINGAL*. By the modern Irish this individual is styled *FIINN MAC COOL*. The Fenians were the men or people of *FIINN*. They formed in the period above-mentioned a sort of standing militia or warlike caste, whose office it was to protect the country from aggression, and support the power of the kings, in return for which service they received a certain allotment of land and other privileges. The leaders of the present movement, no doubt, saw an advantage in connecting their party with the historical and traditional glories of Ireland. But whatever may have been the origin of the name, the thing itself was simply a scheme of rebellion against the English Government, organised in the United States, having its centre of rule and adminis-

tration there, and intended to combine the numerous Irish settlers in that country, men for the most part bitterly hostile to English rule, with the disaffected in various parts in Ireland, in a great effort to throw off by force the yoke of the British Crown, and to take the whole power and property of the island into their own hands. The evidence given on the trials of some of the conspirators by the Special Commission, will clearly show what the aims and designs of the insurrection were, and what were the means intended to be used to effect this purpose. It appeared that the Fenian Society had its chiefs, its officers, both civil and military, its common funds and financial agencies, its secret oaths, passwords, and emblems, its laws and penalties, its stores of concealed arms and weapons, its nightly drills and training of men, its correspondents and agents in various quarters, its accredited journals, and even its popular songs and ballads, all designed to extend its influence, and to gain adherents from various quarters, not excepting the soldiers in the British army, and the warders in the gaols. It is true, indeed, that by their vain parade, their boastful language, and the unseemly squabbles among their rival factions, the Fenian leaders in America exposed their association to no little ridicule and contempt; it is true, also, that a more insane attempt than that of overthrowing the British authority by such means as, according to their most sanguine calculations, the associated forces on both sides of the Atlantic could command, was never engendered in distempered brains. But it is no less true that the existence of such a plot, so wide-spread, so fanatical, so desperate, indicated that the long-standing disease which had for centuries sapped the vitals of Irish prosperity and advancement, was still as active as ever in that morbid branch of the body politic, and that those sanguine dreams which English statesmen had indulged, that conciliation and equity, and an impartial policy were gradually welding the sister kingdoms into a compact and harmonious whole, were but flattering illusions. But the wounds of centuries cannot be healed in a few years: and traditional repugnance, and antipathy long survive in the breasts of nations the causes which originally produced them. There was, indeed, one feature in this last form of disaffection which distinguished it in a marked manner from preceding combinations. Most of the plots and fraternities which have for some time back menaced the peace of Ireland have had more or less of a theological character. They have been animated by a fierce hostility to the Protestant Church and its partisans, while they have professed submission and respect to the Roman Catholic faith and priesthood. But the Fenian movement made no such profession. It did not seek any countenance from the spiritual authorities of the popular creed, nor any aid from religious zeal or fanaticism. On the contrary, its members openly proclaimed their enmity to the Romish hierarchy and priesthood, including them as well as all holders of political power, and all owners of property, of whatever creed, in their denunciations, as the enemies of the nation, who were to be swept away and destroyed. In their turn the insurgents were

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solemnly reprobated by the Catholic bishops, both in Ireland and America, and denounced from the altar in the strongest language by the parochial priests, as the worst foes alike to religion and society. The views and intentions avowed by the chiefs of the movement fully justified such imputations. These men had 'drunk deeply,' as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND said on the trial of one of them, 'of the spirit of the French Revolution; and were prepared to imbrue their hands in blood for the attainment of their ends.' It appears clear from the documents put in evidence before the Special Commission at Cork and Dublin, that the massacre of the upper classes, of the owners of land and property, and of all who held power in Church and State, together with a confiscation of estates, were the steps by which they intended to carry out, in the event of a successful invasion and a defeat of the British Government, their deliberate scheme for the establishment of an Irish republic. In the words of Mr. JUSTICE KEOGH, describing the character of the insurrection, which were fully substantiated by the evidence adduced before the Court, 'the object of its leaders was to extend it through all classes of the people, but especially the artisans in towns and the cultivators of the soil; its ramifications existed not only in this country, but in the States of America; supplies of money and of arms for the purposes of a general insurrection were being collected, not only here, but on the other side of the Atlantic; and, finally, the object of this confederation was the overthrow of the QUEEN's authority, the separation of this country from Great Britain, the destruction of our present Constitution, the establishment of some democratic or military despotism, and the general division of every description of property as the result of a successful civil war.'

Our space forbids us to follow this subject to its close, indeed, it has occupied its place in the history of Ireland during the two last years, and will have to receive further notice in our succeeding volumes.

As the outbreak in Jamaica will occupy a remarkable place in history, not only on its own account but also from the extraordinary proceedings to which it led, we shall again avail ourselves of the pages of the *Annual Register* :—

"In the month of October this year, an outbreak of the negroes took place in Jamaica, which was followed by deplorable consequences. For some time previously there had been a good deal of discontent amongst the black population, which had been fostered by the harangues of agitators and the addresses of Baptist ministers, who attributed the distress from which the island suffered to the misgovernment of its rulers. That there were grievances which required redress, we are not disposed to deny; but the poverty which had overtaken a great part of the community was chiefly caused by the indolent and thoughtless character of the negro, who abhors labour and thinks idleness the most precious boon of liberty.

"The disturbance began on the 7th of October, at Morant Bay, in the district of St. Thomas-in-the-East, about twenty miles east from Kingston, and we will give an account of its commencement in the words of BARON VON KETTELHOFF, the Custos of the district, who himself fell a victim to the murderous violence of the blacks. He says, in a dispatch addressed to the secretary of the Governor :—

"A number of over 150 men, armed with sticks, and preceded by a band of music came on Saturday, the 7th October, with the openly expressed intention to rescue a man who was that day to be tried for some offence, if found guilty. Leaving the band of music outside the town, they proceeded to the square in front of the Court-house. A man having been ordered into custody on account of the noise he was making in the Court-house, a rush was made by a body of the men referred to, and the man rescued from the hands of the police, one of whom was left with his finger broken, and several others beaten and ill-treated.

"In consequence of this outrage, warrants were issued yesterday against twenty-eight individuals who had been identified, and the warrants placed to-day in the hands of six policemen and three rural constables for execution.

"On, however, the attempt being made by this force to arrest one PAUL BOOLE, I am informed by the policemen, who have just returned, that on a signal being given, a body of over 150 men, armed with cutlasses, bayonets, and pikes, appeared, and made prisoners of three of the policemen, on two of whom they placed handcuffs, and only suffered them to leave after having obtained an oath from them that they (the police) would join them.

"The oath was administered by PAUL BOOLE on a Bible he had at hand. The next day, to quote the language of the Clerk of the Peace of St. Thomas-in-the-East, 'there was a meeting of the vestry at Morant Bay, at which his Honour the Custos and several magistrates were present. About

three o'clock in the evening, and while the vestry was still sitting, a band of music was heard, and shortly after from about 400 to 500 men appeared, armed with sticks, cutlasses, spears, guns, and other deadly weapons. The Custos then appeared on the steps of the Court-house, and entreated the people not to come into the square of the Court-house, and requested to know of what they complained. At this time the volunteers, eighteen in number, were drawn up in front of the Court-house; the mob still persisted in entering the square, and when about fifty yards from the volunteers the Riot Act was read by the Custos, but which had no effect on the rioters. On the rioters coming within ten yards of the volunteers they fired a volley of stones at them; the order was then given to fire, and several of the rioters were killed. The fury of the rioters was such that every one had to take refuge inside the Court-house; several shots were fired into the Court-house, the windows were all smashed to pieces, and ultimately fired and burnt down; his Honour the Custos was murdered in the most brutal and savage manner, with other magistrates and gentlemen of the parish.'

"Almost the whole of the small band of volunteers was cut to pieces, after making a gallant and determined resistance to the attack. After their victory at the Court-house, the negroes dispersed in various directions and committed acts of violence and murder elsewhere, entering plantations, from which the proprietors had to fly for their lives, and causing the utmost terror to the whole white population, which is outnumbered by the black in an immense proportion. Amongst other documents, the following was found, which shows that the outbreak was premeditated, and shows also its character and objects :—

"MR. GRAHAM and other gentleman, it is time now for us to help ourselves. Skin for skin, the iron bars is now broken in this parish, the white people send a proclamation to the Governor to make war against us, which we all must put our shoulder to the wheels and pull together. The Maroons sent the proclamation to us to meet them at Hayfield at once without delay, that they will put us in a way how to act. Every one of you must leave your house, takes your guns, who don't have guns take your cutlasses down at once. Come over to "Stony Gut" that we might march over to meet the Maroons at once without delay. Blow your shells, roar your drums, house to house take out every man, march them down to Stony Gut, any that you find in the way takes them down with there arms; war is at us, my black skin war is at hand from to-day to to-morrow. Every black man must turn at once for the oppression is too great, the white people are now cleaning up they guns for us, which we must prepare to meet them too. Cheer men, cheer, in heart we lo king for you a part of the night or before daybreak.

"We are, &c.,
(Signed)

"PAUL BOOLE,
"J. G. MCLARREN,
"B. CLARKE,
"P. CAMERON."

"Nothing could exceed the brutality with which the infuriated negroes perpetrated their atrocities. At the Court-house the eyes and hearts of some of their victims were torn out, and the women showed themselves even more cruel than the men."

The means employed by GOVERNOR EYRE to put an immediate and effectual stop to these atrocities gave rise to proceedings against him, which *Mr. Punch*, having regard to the exigencies of the occasion, has stigmatised as the persecution of a brave man, daring to do his duty to his countrymen and countrywomen at a time when to have hesitated, would have been to have invited butchery and something worse.

The state of the money-market at the close of the year was productive of much mischief, especially in the fluctuating prices of cotton, and the balance of trade was undoubtedly against us. The principle of "Limited Liability" came largely into favour—no less than 287 new companies came into existence, and many old private firms of the highest respectability also accepted the new form of partnership.

On the 9th of December died LEOPOLD THE FIRST, King of the Belgians, after a life of much usefulness. He was a lover of peace, and industry, and a peace-maker.

NOTES.

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- 1 **Bankruptcy Officials under Lord Westbury.**—See Note to p. 123, Vol. XLVIII.
- 2 **Medicine and Member for Westminster.**—See Note to page 260, Vol. XLVIII.
- 7 **Business before Pleasure.**—There was no Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at the close of the Session.
- 23 **Messages from the Great Eastern,** employed in laying down the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.
- 24 **The Tribulation of the 'Tizer.**—The *Morning Advertiser* was opposed to MR. MILL on religious grounds.
- 27 **Waiting for the Verdict.**—The General Election was on, and MR. DISRAELI and his party had an idea there was a "Conservative reaction" in the constituencies.
- 37 **Pegasus Unharnessed.**—MR. GLADSTONE was liberated (by the election of MR. HARDY) from sitting as Member of Parliament for Oxford.
- 45 **Sea-side Amusements in Town.**—The company of the Strand Theatre was playing at Liverpool.
- 57 **Dizzy's Arithmetic.**—The Conservative press asserted that they had a majority of twenty-five, which proved not to be the case.
- 75 **Professor Gamgee** had advocated the interdiction of the importation of foreign cattle.
- 76 **The Moral of Cherbourg.**—The English and French Fleets met at Cherbourg, and subsequently at Portsmouth. See Introduction.
- 81 **"C'est Emirable."**—Abd-el-Kadir paid a short visit to England, and met with scant attention from the aristocracy.
- 81 **Clap-trap Motto for a French Clacqueur,** as the *clacqueurs* in the French Theatres redemand anything by exclaiming "Bis! Bis!"
- 87 **The Green-backed Monster** refers to some expressions in the American press on the amity of England and France, as expressed by the meeting of the Fleets.
- 97 **Oxford in the Future, or the New Freshman.**—The Great Western Railway had proposed to erect large workshops in the immediate neighbourhood of the University.
- 106 **The Brigand's Banker.**—MR. MOENS was captured by some Italian brigands, and detained until ransomed at the cost of £3000.
- 107 **The Water Babies** is the title of a charming book by PROFESSOR KINGSLEY. The out refers to the good understanding between England and France.
- 109 **"Faithful Alone among the Faithless found."**—All the votes of St. Alban Hall were recorded for MR. GLADSTONE.
- 114 **The Prussian Warm Bath.**—A cook, named OTT, in the service of the QUEEN, returning from a merry-making, was stabbed in a brawl by a petty German prince who for a time was protected by the Prussian authorities.
- 117 **Queen Hermione** was expressive of the loyal aspiration of MR. PUNCH that HER MAJESTY would again return to the exercise of her public duties.
- 127 **Erin's little Difficulty** proved to be more troublesome than was at this time expected to be the case.

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- A Great Consolation.**—MISS BURDETT COURTTS was 131 amongst the early sufferers from the Rinderpest.
- The Re-united States.**—MR. PUNCH's friendly suggestion 137 has hardly been adopted at present (1867).
- Fenians "in a Fix."**—The Roman Catholic clergy, to their 157 honour, unanimously declared against Fenianism.
- The Fenian Fund.**—The Fenian affair is now a matter 170 of history. See Introduction.
- Narrow Escape.**—THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND is a Volun- 182 teer fireman, and owns a private engine.
- Lord Marmion-Russell.**—EARL RUSSELL was the new 187 Prime Minister, and his appointment had been spoken of as "a necessity."
- Remarkable Effect, &c.**—This out occasioned some specu- 192 lation as to its meaning, and therefore it may be as well to state for the enlightenment of succeeding generations, that the large chair is supposed to have grown from the application of Cod Liver Oil.
- Kelly's Directory.**—SIR FITZROY KELLY had been lec- 193 turing. The Haymarket was long infested by French persons of the worst character.
- The Great Feature in Chang's Performance.**— 193 CHANG was a Chinese giant exhibited in London, and "Chin-chin" was his salutation to the visitors.
- Distressing Scene.**—There were no Men-in-Armour at the 194 Lord Mayor's Show of 1865.
- The Political "Wall-Flower."**—It had been suggested by 209 some of MR. BRIGHT's partisans that he should be invited to join the New Ministry; MR. PUNCH gave MR. GÖSCHEN the preference, and the Prime Minister accepted the suggestion.
- Advice to Captain Coles.**—CAPTAIN COLES was the In- 213 ventor of Turret Ships.
- Epicurean Logic.**—A rupture—arising out of the Peru- 217 vian squabble—took place between Spain and Chili, and lead to warlike demonstrations on both sides.
- Dean and Chopper.**—Many letters appeared in the *Times* 219 and other papers on the University Commons, especially complaining of the high charges made for bread-and-butter.
- The Land of Gos(c)hen.**—MR. GÖSCHEN, M.P. for the 224 City, had been appointed President of the Board of Trade.
- R. D. T's Concerts.**—SIGNOR ARDITI was musical director 225 of Her Majesty's Theatre.
- John Slow and John Fast.**—MR. BRIGHT had been 229 making some rather violent speeches on the claims of the Working Man and Reform at Rochdale and elsewhere.
- A Caution in Black and White and Sus. per Coll.** 235 and **Sus. per Con.**—GENERAL EYRE and his persecutors, 237 the Jamaica Committee.
- From the Gallery.**—"A row" had taken place at the 243 Princess's Theatre on the production of MR. CHARLES READE's drama, "*Never Too Late to Mend*," and a sharp war of words followed between the author and one of his critics, who had—it was said—provoked the disturbance. The drama was remarkably strong and successful, playing over 200 nights.
- A Tall Notion.**—ANAK was a French giant exhibited as 235 a rival to CHANG.



A WORD WITH FINSBURY.

ELECTORS,

You have several Candidates before you. There is ALDERMAN LUSK. There is MR. TORRENS. There is MR. PHILLIPS. There is MR. COX.

Mr. Punch recommends you to vote for Cox.

MR. COX has brought an action against *Mr. Punch*. MR. COX, alleging that some of *Mr. Punch's* remarks upon him are injurious, demands £50 as the price of such injury. *Mr. Punch* means to fight him for it.

You need hardly be told that there is no foundation for MR. COX's action. *Mr. Punch's* words are ever and always those of legitimate criticism, a function he exercises in the interest of the nation. That they might damage MR. COX's election prospects was possible, but we propose to remove the possibility.

Mr. Punch has no personal feeling against MR. COX, and indeed never saw him. MR. COX is an Attorney, but *Mr. Punch* is not aware that MR. COX ever served a writ, at the suit of MR. FLIGHT, or anybody else, upon any friend of *Mr. Punch*. The castigation which *Mr. Punch* has administered to MR. COX has been on public grounds only.

Mr. Punch considers that, as a general rule, an Attorney is not an eligible Candidate. If he have had a large practice, its pursuit must have disqualified him for the studies which befit a statesman, and if he be a small Attorney—is it necessary to finish the sentence?

But there are exceptional cases in which able and large-minded men discard professional shackles, and become valuable Members of Parliament.

Is MR. COX one of the exceptions? Is not the House of Commons usually in a laughing mood when he is oratorical? Has he ever shown anything like a statesman's mind? Does he not deal in exaggeration and absurdity? There is no personality here—a general election demands that the claims of every Candidate shall be fairly weighed.

Did not MR. COX mightily assist the Tories in their persecution of MR. STANFELD, whereby an able man was turned out of the Ministry? MR. COX may have believed that he was right in thus aiding the Tories, but does Finsbury think so?

You have elected, in other days, the noble SIR ROBERT GRANT, MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, who was an ornament to the Commons, and who made Finsbury respected, and MR. WAKLEY, who, with divers shortcomings, was a man of mark. Now, Finsbury is known by COX, the Attorney.

Mr. Punch respectfully requests you to elect MR. COX. The latter, though he knew his action to be *bosh*, hoped to silence *Mr. Punch* during the election, considering that *Mr. Punch* would be deterred from speaking while an action pended. This fear of *Mr. Punch* showed good sense. The idea of silencing *Mr. Punch* was a good Attorney's idea, but *Mr. Punch* has a soul above Attorneys. He is not silenced. On the contrary, he proclaims his ideas in regard to MR. COX, and begs the electors not to deprive him, *Mr. Punch*, of a favourite type of what a Member of Parliament, for a great and important constituency, ought not to be.

MR. LUSK is a rich, upright, sensible gentleman. MR. TORRENS is a statesman. MR. PHILLIPS is a very respectable candidate. But, Electors, please to consider how useful MR. COX is to *Mr. Punch*, and do me the favour to re-elect COX the Attorney.

Yours respectfully,

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

ARISTOCRATIC INTIMIDATION.

(Communicated.)

We had hoped that Manchester was tolerably free from aristocratic dictation, but the curse of the cold shade is upon us, and the Upas-tree is ineradicable. We had intended to elect a worthy citizen, one who is respected by all, and who has done good service to, and suffered for the cause of Liberalism. But MR. A. HEYWOOD is suppressed by lordly dictation. LORD BRIGHT has ordered Manchester to elect his brother, the HON. MR. JACOB, and the fiat having gone forth, the Liberal organs apprise MR. HEYWOOD that the sooner he gets out of the way the better. It is haughtily added, that Manchester "owes something to the name of Bright." This means that his Lordship, in '57, and before his elevation to the Peerage, was rejected at Manchester for opposing a popular Premier. We know nothing of the HON. MR. JACOB, but he has JACOB's ladder to political eminence, and, of course, will climb it. May the day come when the haughty tyranny of the Aristocracy shall be at an end!

BANKRUPTCY OFFICIALS UNDER LORD WESTBURY.—*The Miller and his Men.*



A GOOD JUDGE.

Rev. Percy Beeching (aghast). "WHY SURELY, MR. BROWSELS, CAN YOU BE AWARE OF WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING! WHY THIS IS OLD CUBAÇOA, AND COST ME TWO GUINEAS A BOTTLE!"

Farmer Browseles (who while his Landlord was out of the Room had finished the bottle). "AH, AND WUTH IT TOO, EV'RY SHILLIN' OF IT, YOUR REVERENCE; IT'S DELICIOUS!"

WHO SHALL CRITICISE THE CRITICS?

WITH glorious old HANDEL still ringing in his ears, *Mr. Punch* is nothing just at present if not musical. Being in this humour, *Mr. Punch* would crave an inch or two of his own valuable space, to bring before the notice of the musical world a charge made against a journal which, not to be too personal, he will call the *British Ensign*. This newspaper is accused of having suddenly turned round from praising Covent Garden Opera to unmerited fault-finding in it; and the reason of the censure is hinted by the *Preston Herald* to be this:—

"Immediately before the critic had discovered that Opera at Covent Garden was 'cut' and 'curtailed,' and that PATTI was 'a dove trooping among the crows,' the advertisements of the theatre had been withdrawn from the columns of the *British Ensign*."

Of course this accusation is utterly unfounded; and what is thought to be a reason must be merely a coincidence. Of course no critic would allow his judgment to be warped in the manner here suggested; and of course the *British Ensign* has published an indignant contradiction of the charge. But taking this for granted, and considering the charge dismissed, *Mr. Punch* must make another short quotation from the *Preston Herald*, if only for the sake of adding his approval of it:—

"If notices favourable to artists or managers or houses can be purchased directly or indirectly, by a fee or an advertisement or a privilege,—there is an end to public confidence, and an end to the critic's occupation also. We do hope, however, in the face of much discouragement, that the day will come when art criticism, and literary criticism also may be believed in;—that will be when professional men are not hired to hold at their mercy the reputation of their professional brethren,—that will be when journalists separate the literary from the commercial departments of a newspaper, and refuse to call black white because it may or may not be advertised."

Clearly what is now called criticism must cease to be so called, if it be biased by advertisements; among which, in that case, it would most fittingly be printed. In that case, too, the critic clearly ought to draw his salary from those of whom he writes; and this fact should be

MEDICINE AND MEMBER FOR WESTMINSTER.

"TELL me, Doctor, tell me why
Faith in homœopathy
Should unfit, if held by G.,
Him from representing me?"

"You have common sense: no less
Ought your Member to possess.
If infinitesimal
Doses, faith proves sense as small.

"Faith, where Reason should decide,
Ever is a donkey's guide;
Faith in physic is no rule:
Faith in humbug shows a fool.

"Let a homœopathist
Represent you, an you list,
And consider gross delusion
No political exclusion.

"Yes, but then let no wild notion
As regards perpetual motion,
Circle squared, or rapping table,
Any candidate disable.

"Ev'n a Medium might content you,
For a man to represent you,
If a craze is no objection,
In your eyes, to his election."

Trustworthy Intelligence.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF gave a treat yesterday to the Officers of the Guards. The gallant gentlemen were taken in a van to the Crystal Palace, where the whole resources of that vast establishment were employed for their entertainment. They expressed themselves highly gratified with the display of the fountains. In the afternoon they were regaled with tea and plum-cake, and conveyed back in the van at an early hour to their Clubs.

The differences existing between the Italian Government and the Holy See have been referred to the arbitration of the KING OF DAHOMY.

NATURAL-HISTORICAL.

WHAT is the pleasantest and jolliest animal going?
The Brick-Bat.

made known in every notice which he pens, in order that the public be not wrongfully allured by the praise which he puts forth. There would at least be honesty in such a course as this, and doubtless in the long run it would prove a better policy than the plan of using criticism simply as a puff. If the stuff which critics write is thought at all to swell the circulation of a newspaper, care surely should be taken to make the critic's column attractive to the public; and this can surely not be done by letting critics write advertisements, which, as a general rule, the public never cares to read.

MILL AND PUBLIC MEASURES.

OUR cauponious contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser*, has been objecting very much to MR. MILL as a Candidate for the representation of Westminster. The alleged ground of its objection is the rationalism which it fancies it smells in some of MR. MILL's writings.

The other evening, however, at a meeting of testotallers favourable to the "Permissive Bill," held, under the presidency of MR. JOS CAUDWELL, at the Mission Hall, Soho, we find that:—

"There was a strong expression of approval of the course taken by MR. JOHN STUART MILL in not having public-houses for committee rooms."

"Gin and true religion" may be points on both of which the *Morning Advertiser* considers the views of MR. MILL equally unsound; but probably the animosity of that public-spirited journal has been excited against him more particularly by the line which he has taken with regard to gin.

QUERY.—Is there any such book as "Half-hours with the word Authors?" I should think such a work would be a fortune to any enterprising publisher.



WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT-GALS?

Charming Lady (showing her House to Benevolent Old Gentleman). "THAT'S WHERE THE HOUSEMAID SLEEPS."

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME, YOU DON'T SAY SO! ISN'T IT VERY DAMP! I SEE THE WATER GLISTENING ON THE WALLS."

Charming Lady. "OH, IT'S NOT TOO DAMP FOR A SERVANT!"

A DOUBT ABOUT BRIGANDAGE.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

THERE is a certain personage whom the proverb declares to be not so black as he is painted. This personage is called in a vulgar euphemism, "The Old Gentleman;" or, more particularly, "The Old Gentleman Down Below."

Is it not possible, *Mr. Punch*, that the saying about the blackness of the old gentleman down below is equally applicable to another old gentleman out yonder? I mean his Holiness the Pope, and I can't help suspecting that we have lent too credulous an eye to the dark complexion with which some painters, and those of the Italian school too, have represented the Holy Father; so called very ironically if their portraits of him resemble him at all.

The Liberal Italian Press accuses the Papal Government of virtual complicity with brigandage perpetrated in the interest of the Pope and the Ex-KING OF NAPLES. In the *Italia* of June 31st, there is an account of the atrocities committed by brigands in the province of Chieti, whence allow me to present you with a few extracts. For example:—

"A poor peasant, captured by these ruffians in the plain of Piapano, had his tongue wrenched out by pincers, and his eyes torn from their sockets, being finally dispatched by stiletto thrusts."

This deed, if the alleged relation between the brigands and the Holy See really exists, may be styled an act of faith. So may that related as follows:—

"The band commanded by a certain LUSIO DE ARMA, has spread terror throughout our district. This chief has 24 or 25 men, or rather ferocious brutes. Last Saturday they made a descent upon a farm owned by one GIOVANNI, whom they bound tightly with cords, and after covering him with bayonet wounds (more than eighty were counted on the body), brutally shot the unhappy man, together with his wife and mother."

The only difference between these alleged acts of cruelty and a regular *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, is as that wherein the legal execution of

justice differs from Lynch law. I will trouble you with only one more case in point:—

"The band of LUSIO DI CAGNOTTO DI CASOLI is now united with that of SCIAPPO, and numbers 40 men, who ravage the country with impunity, without any energetic measures being taken by the authorities to put a stop to their atrocities. On the 12th instant these united bands made an attack upon the country house of ZIO GASTANO, and captured LUIGI SCARINGI. After binding their victim, they first cut off his chin; a paper was then placed on his forehead, and nailed to his temples, bearing the inscription, 'CANNONE DI CASOLI has done this.' The sufferer was finally besmeared with pitch, to which his inhuman tormentors set light, leaving him half consumed by the flames."

In the course of your studies, Sir, you may have at times alighted on some of those comic songs of our ancestors, of which the subject was the death or mutilation of a human being, the details whereof were wont to be sung to a lively tune, usually with a chorus of *fol de rol de rido*. Now, what I want to know is, whether the particulars above quoted have any other foundation in fact than such as may have supported the lyrical autobiography of the British sailor, whose ditty relates how, in the service of his country, he had lost first one limb and then another, until at last a chain-shot, or some such missile, came—

"And, bless me, knocked my nose off."

—the dismembered songster concluding with the consolatory reflection that it will take "them" (the French) a blest long time—

"Bless me, to spoil my singing."

For if the brigands are not in the habit of committing the rampant atrocities of which they are accused, the word of their accusers, for any connection between them and the old gentleman of the Vatican, or even the young gentleman who lately occupied the throne of Naples, is all the undersigned. On the other hand, if they are really guilty of anything like the outrages imputed to them, and the Papal Government abets them in any degree, how is it that all the civilised powers of Europe do not combine to sweep the Papacy off the face of the earth?

If there are any serious grounds for asking this question, pass it on to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; but surely his Imperial Majesty must believe the stories about the encouragement of brigandage by the Court of Rome to be all

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

DOMESTIC subjects for English Opera are seldom, if ever, to be met with. Of course, there will come a time when a generation yet unborn and unthought of will be listening with rapt delight to some romantic legend about a gallant young Railway Director, and will encore a chorus of Policemen, Stokers, and so forth, as we now-a-days applaud an ensemble of Huguenots, Soldiers, Mediæval Watchmen, or Puritan Boatmen. The Music of the Future will take its inspiration from the libretto of the Present, and, in order to forestall the librettists of three centuries hence, we select a scene and a striking, though not entirely unfamiliar, situation from a great work which we are pleased to call

THE CABMAN'S OPERA.

ACT I.—SCENE LAST.

PLACE: A London Terminus. TIME: Not much before the Train starts.

[Argument briefly stated. The story is founded upon a custom, that obtains on some Railways, of shutting the outer doors of the Station, and not allowing anyone to enter until after the train, then starting, has quitted the interior.]

SCENE—The Stage (this direction is for MR. HARRIS, of Covent Garden) is divided obliquely. One side, L.H., representing the interior of the Railway Station, and the other side, R.H., representing the exterior of the Railway Station. Guards, Collectors, Passengers, Porters discovered, L.H., within. Cabmen on their cabs, Omnibuses, Porters, a Railway Policeman, and an Elderly Gentleman examining a Time-table, R.H., without. As the Scene opens, a four-wheeled Cab, with Luggage, drives up; the Driver gets down from his box; Porters eye the Passenger listlessly.

Passenger (to Cabman—recitative). Just get down this (pointing to box)—and this—and that besides. (Chorus.)

An Inspector (a character like the Huguenot Soldier who sings the solos in the Ratanplan chorus—aside—recitative). I hear a chord and (laughing to himself) I see a cord, upon the box. [Exit, pleased.]

Passenger (looking at his watch). Dear me—it is—(seeing that the Cabman is not unloading quickly)—where are the Porters? (Calls.) Porters! Hi!

Chorus of Porters (bowing). Obedient we to your command,
Hale the light baggage in our hand.
(To one another, aside.) And moneys we receive.
But tell not,
Neither whisper.
Ha!

Chorus of Omnibus-men (led by their own Conductors).
Obedient they to his command,
Hale the light baggage in their hands.

Chorus of any other people (who know the tune, and like to join in).
Obedient they, &c.
Hale the light, &c.

Tutti Cabman, Passenger, Drivers of all sorts of vehicles, Porters, and Chorus; afterwards Inspector.

Joy! joy! our hearts are beating!
Fine! fine! the weather is to-day!
Wine! wine! this is a happy meeting!

(Fugely.) Ratanplan! Ratanplan!
R-R-R-R-Ratanplan-plan-plan!

Inspector (looking out of door in Station front—Solo). Anyone here for Rickenham, Twicklake, Mortney, Putmond? (Sternly.) Say!

Passenger (agitated). I am—I am—but hear me—

Inspector. Nay—two minutes more—

Chorus as before (aside). What says he?

Passenger. Alas! Fate! this then is it!

Inspector (beckoning). One minute and a half! Hence!

Chorus as before (aside). Oh, faithless one!

Cabman (refusing fare). I have no change.

Passenger. Within these halls [clerk.
There dwells a gentle youth, (Alluding to the ticket.
Some twenty summers
O'er his head have alighted,
But he knows not
The past, and will give his aid.

Inspector (to Passenger, briskly). One minute and three quarters! Hence!

Chorus (as before, aside). Oh! Heaven!

Cabman (plaintively). I seek not wealth, I seek not fame,*

But only modest recompense;

My birth is noble, and unstained my badge,

As is thine own, let this attest.

* To Music Publishers. Capital title for a Ballad, "I seek not wealth." Send to 85, Fleet Street, for the score of *The Cabman's Opera*. Title registered.

Chorus (as before). He is. But, no?
Inspector (putting his watch to his ear, to see if it's going). One moment, and of seconds fifty-five. (To Passenger, authoritatively.) Hence!

Passenger (overcome with emotion).

My own, my fare! I'll give to thee,

When I return again.

Oh! ne'er shall it dwell in thy memory
That he was false, and caused thee pain.

Inspector (apart).

Cabman (to Passenger). { His } Own { His } Fare.
Passenger (to Cabman). { My } { My } { My }

Trio. When { I return
You return } Again, &c., &c.
He returns }

Trio and Chorus (coming forward enthusiastically).

When { I } return.
You } return.
He } returns.

{ I } will come back.
You
He }

[Exit PASSENGER, dragged away by INSPECTOR through open doors. PORTERS, exeunt into interior with luggage.]

Chorus of Porters (while Passenger is getting his ticket).

Label! Label! Label!

Merrily, oh! Merrily!

Away! Ha, ha! Away!

Passenger (having obtained his ticket). Is my luggage right?

1st Porter (obsequiously). Good Sir, it is.

Cabman (without, knocking at the Station-door). He does not heed me.

Inspector (suspiciously to Passenger). Have you your number?

Passenger (much agitated). I have not, alas!

1st Porter (with paste-brush and label). There, here!

Passenger. Joy! Joy! My bounding heart!

2nd Inspector (closing front door against Cabman). You are not going by this train? Away!

Cabman. Nay, hear me (nearly gets his fingers pinched, screams).

Passenger. Where is my train? (Bell rings). Ha!

Inspector (to him). This way, this way! Your ticket you possess?

Cabman without (kicking at door). My fare! my own! Ah! Admit me!

Porters and Guards (to agitated Passenger). This way, this way! Your ticket you possess?

Cabman (without, frantically). My fare! my own! (Kicks). 'Tis I! Admit me!

Chorus of Omnibus drivers, &c. (without). Ah! pity! He is distraught.

Stoker (a long way off, recitative). All right? (Steam whistle).

Cabman (without, half wild with frenzy). That sound! Oh, Perfidious One!

Inspector (holding up his hand to Stoker). One second wait. Now, Sir, What class? (to Passenger).

Passenger. The third—I mean the first.

Cabman (without, as before). Again I ask. Again I ask! (Kicking at portals).

Chorus of Omnibus drivers, &c. Oh, shameless!

Chorus of Indignant Passengers (putting their heads out of window).

Why this delay!

Too bad! (Watching breathless Passenger). He has just saved it!

(To him). We're full in here!

There should be partitions,

(To one another). They cram so many in! The grasping ones!

Ay! and carriages too

Dedicated to Tobacco fumes.

Should he object to smoking,

Ha, what then? Then by this hand—(threatening)

Ho! boy. An evening paper.

Hi! Ho! Hi!

We're off! we're off! HURRA!

Boy with Papers. He y' are! Timesdailytelegraphmornstarpunch, &c.

GRAND FINALE.

Passenger. Saved! Saved! Saved!

Cabman (madly). Still deaf! Oh, hear me! Madness! Despair!

Passengers (in the same carriage).

Strike the light fuzee!

Hail to the gay cheroot!

We'll sing!

We'll pipe!

Away! Away! We're off! HURRA!



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

LORD JOHN. "NO WHITEBAIT DINNER! ALL TOO BUSY! NO! I SHAN'T 'REST AND BE THANKFUL.'
I SHALL WRITE A DESPATCH TO GREENWICH, AND DINE BY MYSELF."

a night or two later, that the country wanted the elections, and was not going to be kept waiting by the squabbles of railway people over their Bills.

The EARL OF DERBY moved the Second Reading of the Catholic Oaths Bill. The EARL OF DERBY moved its rejection.

It subverted one of the leading principles of a Great Settlement.

He had many Catholic friends, and was a good landlord to many Catholic tenants. He had voted for Catholic Relief.

But this was not a personal, or a social, but a high political question.

Who wanted the Bill? Where were the real noble old Catholic families? Where was ARUNDEL, and HOWARD, and STOURTON; where was TALBOT, PETER, and CLIFFORD? [It sounded like a bit of *Marmion* to hear a STANLEY trumpeting out this roll call.] They were satisfied. What sort of folks were the promoters of this Bill attempting to please, and just before a general election?

He would do away with the declaration against equivocation and mental reservation, for a man who had mental reservations would break an oath. [No doubt, my Lord.]

Government ought to take the lead in so important a matter, and offer an oath which all classes could take.

For forty years he had defended the Church, and he was not likely to abandon her when he was on the confines of the grave. [My Lord, what nonsense! Confines of the grave? You were born in 1799—argal, are about sixty-six. We look for twenty years work out of you.]

EARL RUSSELL was very imperfectly heard. We give him notice that, if he does not speak out in the next Parliament, he shall have a whole Cartoon to himself, which he will probably not think to his advantage. He thought the oath no security, and that Protestants and Catholics were not on an equality in regard to votes on the Church.

The EARL OF HARROWBY saw no grievance in preventing people from doing that which it was undesirable for them to do. [Aristocratic logic. It is undesirable for LORD HARROWBY to get drunk (we do not suppose that he ever did such a thing in his life), but would he not think it insulting if, in the spirit of his logic, Mr. Punch proceeded to 39, Grosvenor Square, Sandon House, and Norton, and padlocked all the wine-cellars?]

EARL GREY thought that the Irish Church must soon undergo Revision, and with the Church would go the Oath. [Outspoken, my Lord.] Meantime, it might be wise to make concessions where grievances existed.

Some other Lords spoke, but it was useless, as LORD DERBY had the majority in his pocket. The Oaths Bill was rejected by 84 to 63.

Nothing worth note in the Commons, save that for Liskeard, came in BULLER, *vice* BERNAL OSBORNE, who bolted, to punish his late constituents by giving them the trouble of a double election.

Tuesday. The Prisons' Bill went through Committee. Somebody had objected to Solitary Confinement in the case of short sentences, but as it is only in such cases that this very severe punishment can properly be applied, Mr. Punch approves the permission to give a culprit time to think quietly. If he discovers that he has been a rogue, and that roguery has brought him into trouble, it is possible that the reflection may be beneficial. At all events, give him the opportunity. Few men, of the rogue class, have ever had a chance of a few hours of quiet thought, without disturbance or excitement, until they were locked up. We wonder whether Thinking Cells will ever be part of our educational system.

Gracious! A new Hymn Book has been served out to the Army and Navy, and LORD WESTMATH objects to it, as containing Popish sentiments. We leave such a matter in all confidence in the hands of a Government that contains SIR ROUNDELL PALMER. EARL DE GREY said that the men did not like the old hymn book. Imagine the British Grenadier, and his friend, JACK MARLINSPIKE, sitting down to overhaul DR. WATTS.

MR. LONGFIELD—stop, who is LONGFIELD? Where is DON? Irish Member—Mallow—has published several legal works (we never read any of them, happy to say), a Liberal Conservative. Not much said about LONGFIELD. He made a bitter attack upon LORD WESTBURY, in reference to the Leeds business, and was indignantly castigated by LORD PALMERSTON, who, however, stated that the subject was under the consideration of the Crown lawyers.

The Bill for the Abolition of Tests at Oxford was carried through the Commons, as has been mentioned. In reference to this measure, and its having passed the Commons, Mr. Punch remarked, in one of those simple but oracular phrases which contain a mine of wisdom for those who have ears to hear, "There is a House of Lords above us." To-day, the Bill was withdrawn. The Church of England, as by Law Established, cannot, therefore, be utterly destroyed by the Dissenters before the first week in March next.

Wednesday. RABELAIS has mentioned cases in which it is difficult to extort language, or vocalisation, but even he never figured the hardship of exciting a laugh from a moribund House of Commons at a Wednesday sitting. Yet MR. DARBY GRIFFITH accomplished the feat. He gave notice that next Session he would do something or other, "if everything went right," and the House laughed. He meant that he

was everything and everybody, but we respectfully inform him, that even if the electors of Devises should be silly enough to return him again, everything will not be right, though *Punch*, for reasons, will be pleased not to lose DARBY.

Thursday. Royal Assent given to heaps of Bills, and much business done in the Lords.

In the Commons, SIR CHARLES WOOD brought on the Indian Budget. He is usually sufficiently confused and inaudible, but to-day, we regret to say, that he was unwell. The Indian Surplus is much less than was expected, and the finance measures are in a muddle. So are the accounts. But the latter are to be kept better, true principles of political economy are re-enacted, and a new Finance Minister is gone to India. A transition state is clearly not one for criticism, but we were told, not long ago, that the Indian sky was all serene, and that Brahma had come down for his tenth Avatar in a shower of gold.

Friday. SIR FRANCIS HEAD, as all parties are now ready enough to admit, saved Canada. But precedent and red tape were too strong, even to be conquered by such a service as that, and he never received the reward to which he was entitled. He is now "old and poor;" the words are LORD HARDWICKE's, but he is too proud to accept any pension save one which shall descend regularly through the Ministers of the Crown. He lives in retirement at Croydon, a memorial of British gratitude to a man who saved an empire. A debate on a Pensions Bill brought out the facts, which are not calculated to make any Englishman proud, except SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

The eternal GRIFFITH asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether he would not bring in a Bill for "simplifying" the law of "simony." "Who should do that but Simple SIMON, M.P. for Devises," thought SIR ROUNDELL, but he only said that he didn't know.

MR. HUNT gave notice of a Vote of Censure on the LORD CHANCELLOR. Evidently,

"The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
And Punch must really say,
That if the Buck don't mean to fight,
It's time he were away."

Then we had a long and interesting debate on Abyssinia, and KING THEODORE. MR. LAYARD gave a full account of that monarch. Among other matters, he mentioned that an Englishman who had been useful to the King having been slain, he "avenged" him by deliberately killing 1600 persons, as a special mark of respect for the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. It is clear that our Government think that CAPTAIN CAMERON has got into trouble through his own love of meddling with matters beyond his sphere—also that the Abyssinian Missionaries hate one another, and do much mischief by their mutual hostilities and intrigues. No definite statement was made as to what is being done in the way of rescue. The matter is not so easy as it seems to some of us at home, ready to cry out with *Dame Quickly*, "Here, good people, bring a rescue or two."

Dissenters Done by Themselves.

THE Nonconformists, with a will,
Would make the House divide
On LYON's Education Bill:
Upon the losing side,
Against the Church there did a crew,
Of thirty-five combine:
Opposing them, good men and true,
United forty-nine.

NO RIDDLE.

WHY was there no Ministerial Whitebait Dinner this year?
Because circumstances, which we hope will be satisfactorily explained, would have forbidden the LORD CHANCELLOR and his colleagues to unite in abandoning themselves to unmingled jollity.

Denmark Avenged.

'Tis likely theft and murder will draw down
For Denmark's wrongs some partial retribution.
The Prussians, if their King lose not his Crown,
Can hardly fail to lose their Constitution.

WESTBURY WHITEWASHED.

WHY is LORD WESTBURY's character as clear as daylight?—Because neither is affected by the "spots on the sun."

A SWEET BOY humming "*Hot Codlins*" in a chimney, might be alluded to as singing above his register.



THE ONLY SEAL OF CONFESSION

ALLOWED IN THIS COUNTRY.

OUR WORKING CHILDREN.

A GREAT deal has been said of late about our working men, but little notice has been taken of our working children. Yet working children, if they live, grow into working men and women, and assuredly are scarce less worthy to be talked about. At a meeting of the Working Men's Club a few evenings ago, what is called the "half-time system" was sensibly considered. "By this system," said LORD LYTTELTON,

"Which compelled every parent who chose to send his child to work also to send him or her half the day to school, a very useful compromise had been effected between the demands of labour and education. * * This system, as carried out in the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, had resulted in the increased education, and consequent improved life and conduct, of their inhabitants, as had been manifested during the late cotton famine, and in many other ways."

As a rule, it is not wise to do things by halves: but this division of the day's work between bodily and mental labour may certainly be viewed as an exception to the rule. When the mind has been exhausted, it is a great relief to exercise the muscles; and when the limbs are tired—but not over-tired—with labour, there is positive refreshment in the labour of the brain. Children's work in cotton factories, and similar employments, is limited by Government to ten hours a day; and this surely is enough to weary their small limbs. If their time be wisely halved between the workshop and the school, their handiwork and headwork are mutually improved by the alternate hours of rest. But ten hours' work per diem may be said to be mere child's play compared with the child's work which other children have to do. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, perhaps have little notion of how hard some children work, and how needful it appears to make some effort to relieve them. From a Blue-Book he produced at the meeting we have mentioned, LORD LYTTELTON

"Gave an instance of a little girl engaged in a brick-yard near Birmingham from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., only having fifteen minutes for breakfast, and thirty minutes for dinner, no time for tea, and during one day she would have to catch and throw to her neighbour fifteen tons of bricks."

What a mercy it would be to such poor little working children if their fathers were compelled to send them every day to school! "But,"

THE BRIDGE.

I Sroon on the balcony at midnight,
As Big Ben was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the Abbey,
Behind the Victoria Tower;

And like the waters rushing
Before the House of Peers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my soul with fears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the Sessions now gone by,
I had shirked the debates at midnight,
And shunned MR. HUGHES'S eye!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the House would divide,
And let me escape from the lobby
To the Row for my usual ride!

For Committees made me restless,
And constituents brought me care;
And the speech expected from me
Was more than I could prepare;

But now it must shortly be spoken,
When the County town I see,
When the County hustings' awning
Throws its shadow over me.

And whenever I think of the mob
On the next nomination day,
Like the dream that succeedeth to pork,
Comes the thought of what they will say.

For for hours and for hours,
As long as the hustings stand,
As long as there 's chaff in the people,
As long as there 's breath in the band;

The pledges I gave last election,
And broke—my opponents say—
Will rise like political spectres,
And trouble the polling day.

Westminster, July, 1865.

says BROWN or TOMKINS, "this is a free country. By our blessed Constitution men are left at liberty, if they like it, to be brutes. The British Government has no right to compel a British subject to educate his child." And so we, calm, complacent Britons keep on twiddling our thumbs, and bragging, Sir, that slavery was never known in England, while hundreds of our working children now slave worse than any slaves.

A HINT.

You heard him yelping through the night,
That spaniel in our Terrace mews,
And taking all a fiend's delight
In hindering Christians from a snooze.
A coachman owns him—to the man
I sent my maid with bland remark,
That menial told my faithful ANW
That "dogs had got a right to bark."

Unto his master then I wrote,
And brought my wrong beneath his eye,
But to my gentlemanly note
The vulgar snob made no reply.
'Tis well! A dogmeat man's my friend,
A strychnine pill gives little pain,
Macbeth reminds me, "I will send"—
You shall not hear that beast again.

The Reds and the Blues.

THE Police force ought to be much larger than the Army. Why? Because it admits of persons of both sexes joining it. How so? I will explain: thus, only a man can "go for a Soldier," but a man, a woman, a little boy, or even a little girl, can "go for a Police-man."



FALSE ALARM.

Amy. "OH, FRED, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVE TAKEN ANY OF THOSE HORRID VOWS!"

Fred. "HA! HA! HA! NOT I! DON'T BE THE LEAST ALARMED, AMY! AIN'T IT A JOLLY COSTUME, THIS HOT WEATHER!"

THE AUTHORS' VOLUNTEER HORSE ARTILLERY.

WAS it not ROWLAND HILL who said he did not see why the devil should have all the best music? So it might be submitted there is no reason that entitles the devil to have the best Volunteers, namely the Inns of Court Regiment, called the "Devil's Own." The Lawyers, however, being inevitably his due, the only way to deprive him of a military pre-eminence which he does not deserve is that of creating a corps that shall cut out the one enrolled under his name. There is on foot an endeavour to effect this object by the institution of a corps that might be denominated the Muses' Own. We are informed, by a Prospectus lately published, that:—

"In accordance with a general feeling on the subject, it is proposed to form a MOUNTED BATTERY OF VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, composed chiefly of GENTLEMEN conversant more or less DIRECTLY WITH LITERATURE. It has been found useful, as well as socially convenient, to call upon classes engaged in Cognate Pursuits and of kindred Tastes to form themselves into VOLUNTEER CORPS; and the results, as evinced by such eminent Regiments as the 'ARTISTS,' the 'INNS OF COURT,' and others, have been strikingly successful."

The announcement commencing as above is surmounted with a device consisting of a horse's head shooting vapour from the nostrils, over a pyramid of bombshells. One of these is charged (outside on a sort of shield), with a pen and a sword, saltier-wise; a second with a miniature cannon, and a third with a smaller shell fissing. To the right and left of these implements of destruction there is another smaller shell topped with a crown, and inscribed with two intersecting triangles. In the centre of the prospectus, surrounded by letter-press, is the photograph of some gentleman in the "Full Dress of the 'A. V. H. A.'"

Authors are apprised that:—

"The exclusive character of the corps, and the promises of influential support which have been already received, will cause the subscriptions of efficient members to be moderate in amount, and one of the first rules proposed to the corps will be, that 'all extraneous expenditure is to be entirely discouraged.'"

This is a very needful provision; for the intrinsic expenditure of a mounted Volunteer Corps would probably be quite high enough for any but the most successful writers. The country will of course provide

the horses required by its literary ornaments, few of whom, perhaps, are in the position of being able to stand the charge of a charger. But, however:—

"Many of the most eminent Authors of the day have expressed their desire to become honorary members of the battery. Arrangements are in progress for the use of an excellent drill-shed, and for the supply of arms and munitions. An advantageous offer for horsing the guns on the 'march out,' is also before the Secretary."

In whatever style the guns of the "A. V. H. A." are horsed, the officers and men, of course, will be mounted each on a Pegasus, if the animal is to be obtained for love or money.

Against the formation of a literary corps, may perhaps be objected the proverbial irritability of authors. Some people may surmise that any regiment composed of gentlemen of the pen will be more apt at falling out than at falling in. These objections are to be regarded as merely joocular. There is no serious fear that any member of the mounted battery of literary artillerymen, whose works have been unfavourably criticised by another, would ever be tempted to draw his sabre, and attempt to cut his critic up, or cut him down. Nobody need apprehend that, at a review of literary troops, any retaliation would be likely to be practised on Reviewers. Nor is it to be expected that any little jealousies would cause a corps of penmen to quarrel about rank, all wanting to be commanding officers.

We have not as yet seen Gasetted the name of FIELD-MARSHAL SIR BULWER LYTTON, nor that of MAJOR-GENERAL DICKENS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILKIN COLLINS, COLONEL TROLLOPE, or CAPTAIN READE. We wait to see them.

In conclusion, let *Mr. Punch* add, that the "A. V. H. A." is no hoax, but a fact, endeavouring to accomplish itself, inasmuch that:—

"Pending the establishment of Head Quarters, further information may be obtained, by letter, from 'The Secretary A. V. H. A.,' 44, Dover Street, Piccadilly, where members may be enrolled on Monday Evenings, from 5 to 7, when the Secretary and one of the Drill Instructors will be present, and where the Rules may be inspected."

It is but natural to express the hope that the Head Quarters of the "A. V. H. A." will prove the seat of more intelligence than that which usually presides at Head Quarters.

HAPPY HOURS IN TOWN.

A HAPPY HOUR IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

It has often occurred to me that the Country Visitor now in the Metropolis has been ill furnished with a guide not only to all places of mere amusement, but also to those picturesque spots in our smoky, dingy city where instruction is combined with recreation, and where a glance may be obtained of some portion of that gigantic machinery daily set in motion, and kept moving by the collected forces of an energetic Government. Such a place is Somerset House.

The Northern Farmer, or *Knock Arden*, or any other sojourner for a few days in London, will, of course, insist upon being taken to Somerset House.

The shortest way from any point to Somerset House is to take a cab, and the shortest and *cheapest* is to take a friend with you, and let him pay for it.

If you are alone, you can tell your Cabman to await your return at the Strand Gate, while you, your inspection of the interior being finished, can, without causing any unnecessary excitement, leave the building by the other gate in Wellington Street. This is another cheap method; but, like most conjuring tricks, to which it bears a close affinity, too sudden a repetition will destroy the effect first created.

Remarks on Entering the Building.—You may make as many remarks as you like, either on your entrance or your exit. They had better not perhaps be of a personal character with regard to any of the officials, unless given in terms of unqualified admiration. Thus, you will be permitted to stand in front of that Hall-beadle-porter (or Hall-porter-Hall-beadle, or, omitting "Hall" in both cases, as allowing a Cockneyfied use of the "H," say correctly Half-beadle-Half-porter), and exclaim, using action expressive of unqualified admiration, "How lovely! How beautiful!" But you mustn't point, because, as was instilled into you with the other pure moral maxims of your youth, "it's rude to point."

More Remarks on Entering.—You may say, "Here we are again!" if you've been there before, or simply "Here we are!" if you haven't. You will notice a dim religious light throughout the building, and small lamps feebly burning before the shrines of St. Income-Tax, the Blessed Legacy and Succession, the Beatified Comptrollers, and other Government Divinities.

Perhaps it is through these media that you will be so greatly struck by the close resemblance between Somerset House and St. Peter's at Rome, especially if you've never seen the latter. The illusion would be perfect, but for a strong smell of cooking, that issues, apparently, from a tall and narrow watch-box close at hand. Through its glass window you will see that this box is full of smoke. As this gradually clears away, a Beadle appears before you, as the Genie did to the fisherman, and you will then discover that the excessive fumigation was caused by the preparation of this Jack-in-the-box-in-office's dinner, which he has been stewing or grilling on a small portable stove cunningly fitted into a corner of his lantern-like round-house. Nobody, as a rule, likes to be looked at or spoken to when eating; but you can at once put him at his ease by standing on no ceremony, and saying jocularly to him, "I say, give us a bite."

You will now smile benignantly on a policeman, and walk along the dimly-lighted corridors until you come to an ancient inscription on the wall, which your knowledge of languages will enable you to decipher as

"INQUIRY FOR INCOME-TAX OFFICE."

Here you are expected to look in, and make an inquiry after the Income-Tax. You may ask to look at yours, or request to have it returned to you, because you believed there was a bad shilling in it. When you have ascertained that the Income-Tax is quite well, proceed a few steps further, and you will see another intimation to this effect—

"ALLOWANCE OFFICE FOR SPOILED STAMPS."

In this room you may spend a very amusing quarter of an hour in spoiling Stamps. This is the only office where you are allowed by Government to do it. On leaving it, seek the "SOLICITORS' OFFICE FOR MARKING DEEDS." This operation they will, if in a good humour, extend to pocket-handkerchiefs, in indelible ink—initials or name in full.

Keep your ears open for the sounds of revelry and music. Directly you hear some one troling a song, make for the room. It is the COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, or "Come! Troler's Office," as it was originally named. Offer to join him in any chorus. The Clerk, following the manner of Custom-House officers, will ask for your keys, and, after a short exercise, you may retire.

After several journeyings up-stairs and down-stairs, you will be inclined to ask, "Who's WILLS?"

You'll find him proved "within ten years" and without ten years, at the top of the House, at the bottom of the House, in the middle of the House, and, in fact, in every part of the House. This WILLS is examined, indexed, and treated in all sorts of ways. In one place he's

called "OLD WILLS," in another—only we didn't see this ourselves—"YOUNG WILLS," and, for aught we know, "MIDDLE-AGED WILLS."

There is also in Somerset House a School for Politeness. Over one door you will see, in large characters,

"DUTIES RECEIVED."

Every visitor must enter here, and pay his duty to the venerable gentleman seated in a private box, behind a sort of counter, as if he'd got something to sell, but he hasn't, on the right-hand side of the door as you go in. The ceremony is confined to two bows, and the expression of a hope that he, the old gentleman, is enjoying the best possible health. You may ask him a riddle, if you like, but this is not compulsory, nor is it in any way expected of you. You can see him fed at one o'clock, when, if you call, you will be expected to throw him a penny bun. There is a baker's shop close at hand, in the Strand, where you can get yesterday's buns for a halfpenny each. This is worth knowing. Call in at the AUDIT OFFICE. This is where the celebrated strong ale, so popular at Cambridge, is brewed. Audit ale is given away gratis on some feast days. The beverage is named after the office, not the office after the beverage. The name signifies, "He hears;" and the two gentlemen who are seated in this room are bound to listen to everything that anyone may say to them. They are not compelled to answer, or to make any observation whatever, but they must hear you. No deaf person need apply for the appointment. Here you will always find a gentle sympathiser for your grievances—a steady listener appointed thereto by a compassionate Government. You will perhaps be surprised at the number of policemen in the passages of Somerset House: the fact is, that the presence of one necessitated the employment of the rest. A 2 was stationed there to look after A 1, and the duty devolving upon A 3 was to see that A 2 and A 1 didn't shirk; and so on, up to the last man in the division. At first sight one might almost imagine that these gentry would be better employed out-of-doors; but, at all events, there is no excuse for not giving a direct answer to the vulgar cry, "Where are the Police?" by immediately replying, "In Somerset House."

You may now quit Somerset House, and go home to dinner, thanking our guidance for your first Happy Hour in Town.

YOUNG PALMERSTON.

AIR—"College Hornpipe."

THE tumble and the talk of the Session are past,
And the House of Commons is dissolved at last.
There are many grave and gay,
To the country take their way;
And the gayest of the lot is Young PALMERSTON!

There's GLADSTONE more glibly and gushingly can speak,
And RUSSELL he can write more despatches in a week;
But what's written here or said,
That the nail knocks on the head;
Ten to one is writ or said by Young PALMERSTON!

Let DIZZY climb the Caucasus to find a hustings-cry,
Or come it strong to catch the Church, as angel from the sky,
Let him fill his wind-bags full
Of great cry and little wool,
But what cry is like the laugh that greets Young PALMERSTON!

He may be eighty-one by the reckoning of DEBBETT,
But who can say what lots of "life there's in the old dog" yet?
If on the charge of years,
You would try him by his Peers,
You must go to twenty-one to try Young PALMERSTON!

Then here's luck and good deliv'rance to PAM the ever green,
Soon, coming from the country, may his jaunty face be seen:
And whoe'er goes to the wall,
May he never have a fall,
Or but fall to rise a livelier Young PALMERSTON!

The Aim of Italy.

THE following portion of a telegram, dated at Florence, is the best news we have had from Italy for a long while:—

"The national rifle meeting was inaugurated to-day by KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL, who fired the first shot."

If every Italian who wishes to complete the unity of Italy would only learn to make sure of his man with a rifle at a reasonable distance, the Roman and Venetian questions would very speedily solve themselves. Rome and Venice are prizes which Italians must learn to shoot for.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Arabella. "Now, CHARLEY, DEAR, DO HAVE A LITTLE COURAGE... WHEN I HAVE A POWDER TO TAKE, I DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO... BUT I MAKE UP MY MIND THAT I WILL TAKE IT, AND I DO!"

Charlie. "AND WHEN I HAVE A POWDER TO TAKE, I MAKE UP MY MIND THAT I WON'T TAKE IT, AND I DON'T!!!"

AURAL EDUCATION.

MR. MAPLESON deserves the thanks of all lovers of good music for his production of *Medea* and the *Magic Flute*. Such music lifts the nose from the grindstone of one's daily mundane drudgery, and elevates the mind while amusing and refining it. Ordinary operas are in their way a pleasant pastime, and do not need much stretching of the ears or straining of the mind to comprehend their purport. But such music as was written by MOZART and CHERUBINI demands a higher faculty rightly to enjoy it, and a far more lasting pleasure is derived from its enjoyment. Men who have the ears of MIDAS, and whose minds are made to match, may think that operas are written simply to be yawned through, and may view them as a proper undercurrent for mere small talk. But a little careful hearing of the music which MOZART wrote must convince a man with brains that ideas may reach the mind by other channels than mere words, and that the mental faculties are bettered by receiving them. Happy is the man who can derive the greatest pleasure from the various enjoyments this varying world affords; and men who think that music is only meant to dance to, or be fashionably chatted through, may, by attentive hearing of MOZART and CHERUBINI, soon learn that a much higher enjoyment may be gleaned from it. By education of the ear great pleasure may be gained; and no one is so fit to complete this education as one of the old masters. The more good music one hears, the more one learns to relish it; and they who really do so, when they hear the *Magic Flute*, are sure to be enchanted with it.

Progress in Political Economy.

A DEPUTATION from the township of Everton had an interview on Monday last week with the RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS at the Office of the Poor-law Board, Whitehall. We understand that the object of the Everton deputation had reference to a proposal contemplated by the Poor-law Commissioners, of supplying pauper children in workhouses with Everton Toffee.

THE DYING PARLIAMENT TO PUNCH.

"Who's there? Is't *Punch*? You sat beside my cradle,
You sit beside the death-bed, where I sink,
Your weekly sauce-boat has supplied my ladle
With wholesome sweets or tonic diet-drink:
And now your hand mixes the cooling cup,
The last from which these fevered lips shall sup.

"I've blessed your *déton* e'en when o'er my knuckles,
It came with sharpest sting and heaviest weight;
I've loved your hunch, that cringes not nor truckles,
But with a bold, blank turn, marks scorn or hate.
I knew well how that honest rap I'd earned,
That tell-tale hump right in my face had turned.

"They might have waited till my breath was gone;
But to the country all my sons have hurried,
Leaving me here unpitied and alone,
Doglike to die, and dog-like to be buried;
'He's lived his life. He's weak, poor, and outworn,'
So I pass hence in solitude and scorn!

"They say that by base fears I've been o'er-awed,
Lavish of promise, impotent of good,
At home donothing, egotist abroad,
'Letting I dare not wait upon I would'—
E'en from '*de mortuis*' no hope I see,
I die, and none has a good word for me!

"But you will speak that word—you'll be my friend—
Ask who it was made me what I have been:
Who flattered me, till I drew near my end,
For a wise Parliament, discreet, serene:
Holding to solid good, distrusting dreams,
'Turning to scorn the falsehood of extremes.'

"Have I been coward? What were they indeed
Who Counsell'd, shaped my voice, and hailed my law?
Have I thought most of self? Whence sprang the greed,
Quenchless of thirst, insatiate of maw?
Have I stood by, when Might did Right o'erbear,
Who bade me fold my hands, and speak all fair?

"Both sides strove to possess my infant senses,
Into one ear the Tories buzzed '*Reform*,'
The Whigs in t'other shouted '*False pretences*!'
Until they took the Treasury Bench by storm.
And then Reform was huddled out of sight,
But nobody complained, except JOHN BRIGHT.

"I've lightened taxes, I've freed trade from fetters;
To Law Reform I've given my contribution:
I've kept aloof, in spite of RUSSELL's letters,
From foreign bothers; for the Constitution—
If I have not re-soled and healed, I've vamped it,
And all must own, at least, I haven't swamped it.

"Well, p'raps all this is no great things to boast:
Of bad bills, too, I may own to a bank full;
But I was born when caution ruled the roast,
And the time's counsel ran '*Rest and be thankful*!'
I may have been too easy, timid, quiet,
But who'd have thanked me if I had run riot?

"Yet, here I lie; JOHN BULL, with arms a-kimbo,
Before I'm dead my funeral sermon spouts;
And oocly sentences me to DANTE's limbo,
Where lie the halters 'twixt desires and doubts.
No one, in death, with bitter hate besets me,
But it's too clear that nobody regrets me.

"The moral of my life? I doubt indeed:
Is money all in all? Is Faith a fiction?
Is siding with the strongest the true creed?
Of all I doubt—except of this conviction—
That Parliaments are what the people make 'em,
And if they sleep, 'tis JOHN BULL's place to wake 'em.

"Now close my eyes: tie up my falling chin:
Fold my arms, Christian fashion, on my bosom:
May my unloving children drop their tin
For their elections, and to new men lose 'em;
May JOHN BULL be more kind to my successor,
Or, of two evils, find the last the lesser!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ON DAY, July 3rd.

LORD BROUGHAM explained to the Peers that he had never been a partisan of American Slavemongers, as some misinterpreted words of his had led some folks to imagine. [Nobody imagined it—but it suited somebody to pretend to do so.] His whole political life had showed his abhorrence of the detestable institution. But he did believe that the North had sought slave emancipation, less on its own account than as a means of crushing the South. This is true of a portion of the North, but from the time of the

passing the Fugitive Slave Law, and the showing free citizens the spectacle of men, women, and children, chased, on free soil, by bloodhounds and worse brutes, the doom of the Institution was sealed. From that hour the Abolition party began to number thousands for hundreds. That Fugitive Law was the worst blunder ever committed by the South.

The Peers, having been informed that the dissolution would take place, whether private business were done or not, did the business. Not a single Bill is left undisposed of.

LORD EBURY's unhappiness about the Burial Service continues, and he tried to carry a resolution that it requires the early attention of the Legislature. He sympathises deeply with the oppressed Clergy, who are obliged to express their belief in the great mercifulness of the Supreme Being, and who repine at not being allowed by the Church to label each departed person according to their own notions of his character, and his condition in the Future State. His motion was rejected by 43 to 20.

The House of Commons held debate upon the conduct of LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY. There had been a severe whip, and men who had hurried away to the country, to make their elections sure, were summoned up to swell the ranks. The discussion was more remarkable from the high position of the accused party than from that of most of the speakers, or from their eloquence. MR. HUNT began the debate, and went through the history of the Leeds case, concluding by demanding a vote of censure. The LORD ADVOCATE answered him, and contended that there was no case for censure, but was willing to assent to a resolution that some further check should be placed on the granting pensions to the holders of legal offices. MR. HENNESSY, of course, was all bitterness. MR. GEORGE DENMAN, mentioning that he had been snubbed by SIR RICHARD BETHELL in other days, and therefore had no reason for supporting him, argued that the House was going to commit a cruel wrong, and he protested against driving from office a great and good public servant because he had committed an error. MR. BOUVIERIE moved an amendment which he explained to mean a vote of censure, though it acquitted the CHANCELLOR of corruption. He had great abilities, but they were not guided by discretion. The Conservative party at once, and cleverly, adopted MR. BOUVIERIE's amendment, and thereby gained some votes. MR. HOWES and MR. VIVIAN, members of the Committee that had reported on the subject, expressed different views, the former going with MR. BOUVIERIE, the latter refusing to allow that the evidence justified a vote of censure.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then delivered a most animated and earnest defence of the CHANCELLOR, animadverted severely upon the eagerness of the Conservatives to drive him from office, enumerated the many great services he had rendered to the country, and asked whether a vote of Want of Confidence was to be passed because he had on two occasions shown too much leniency to a public official.

MR. HENLEY would not vote for a resolution accusing the CHANCELLOR of corruption; but felt that such transactions as those complained of were public scandals, and therefore he supported MR. BOUVIERIE.

MR. HUNT's motion was negatived. The Lord Advocate's became the substantive motion, and MR. BOUVIERIE's amendment on it was moved.

LORD PALMERSTON observed that it was the unanimous opinion of the House, that there was no charge of corruption against the CHANCELLOR. He then pronounced a eulogium upon LORD WESTBURY's public services, and demanded that leave should be given to the Government to consider the course they would adopt.

MR. DISRAELI (who knew to a man the numbers in the House, and also what would be the result of allowing men to go away again) solemnly declared that an adjournment would be a mockery.

LORD PALMERSTON, however, divided, and the Government were beaten by 177 to 163, majority 14.

The PREMIER said that he would accept this division as an indication of the feeling of the House, and MR. BOUVIERIE's amendment was carried.

Such was the work which occupied the House of Commons up to midnight.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD explained a matter which showed that this ex-Chancellor hath, like others, a soft place in his heart. He had most properly refused to recommend, for a pension, a person who had misconducted himself. Some time afterwards he wrote to express a hope that the pension, might be granted. Having thus, we suppose, made his mind easy (though we do not in the least understand the intermediate process which turned him from severity to lenity), his Lordship began about the Abyssinian prisoners, and was civilly told by EARL RUSSELL that he was more anxious to damage the Government than to serve the captives. The Earl described KING THEODORE as a blood-thirsty tyrant, and, as THEODORE has the English papers read to him, this may please him. DR. BAKER (who has his own ideas about the Nile) offers to go out and negotiate for the release of the prisoners. We hope he will, as getting them before a beak is equivalent to getting a *habeas corpus*.

In reply to the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, LORD GRANVILLE said that the QUEEN had no intention of licensing an Irish Convocation. When we are putting down the prize-ring and cockfighting? We should think not.

In both Houses—LORD GRANVILLE speaking in the Lords, and the PREMIER in the Commons—it was announced that LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY would resign on the following Friday.

An attempt was made to get the Board of Trade to attend to the subjects of Railway accidents, but MR. MILNER GIBSON declined to interfere. But he refuses a request so much more pleasantly than most people can grant one, that the House seemed rather obliged to him than not, for refusing what was asked.

Wednesday. The Lords sat, and for one whole hour the Royal Assent kept descending like the gentle dew from Heaven upon a mountain of new law.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in a short and dignified speech, stated that he had resigned office. He had proposed to do so months ago, when charges were first made against him, but LORD PALMERSTON had refused to let him set a precedent which would encourage persons to get up accusations in order to drive a Lord Chancellor from office. As regarded the vote of the House of Commons, he bowed to the opinion of that House, but hoped that at a future time other thoughts would prevail, and a more favourable feeling be entertained towards himself. He adverted, becomingly, to the measures he had proposed, and with which he hoped that his name would be associated. He wished that he could have inaugurated the great scheme of a Digest of the Law, but that was left to his successor. He promised his aid, as a private Member, whenever he could give it. All the Lords' appeal business had been done, nor would there be, in the Court of Chancery, an appeal unheard or a judgment unpronounced. He concluded with a hope that any inadvertence of speech, or want of courtesy on his part, that might have given pain, would be erased from their Lordships' minds. Cheering followed, and the DUKES OF CAMBRIDGE and other Peers shook his Lordship's hand.

Thursday. The *Suprema Dies* of the Parliament. The Royal Speech was read (very audibly, LORD RUSSELL) by LORD GRANVILLE. Its items, compressed by Mr. Punch's extra patent hydraulic squeezer, were as follows:—

Thanks for the Session's work,
You are to be Dissolved.
Thanks for Six Years'-work.
All's well abroad.
American war over.
North American Confederation not yet constructed.
India tranquil and prosperous.
Thanks for Supplies.
Commercial treaty with the German Union.

Advantages of { Chargeability Act.
Partnership Act.
Courts of Justice Act.
Clerical Subscription Act.
Prisons Act.
County Courts Equity Act.
Exchequer Comptroller Act.
Irish Tithes Act.

Advantages of { Irish Titles Act.
Irish Constabulary Act.
Colonial Naval Defence Act.

May a blessing rest upon the proceedings at the hustings!
Such was the final message from the QUEEN.

So ended the last manifestation of consciousness on the part of the moribund Parliament. But it was not dead. Later in the day, the *coup de grâce* was given. Let it be told classically. We would transcribe the parallel history, the death of Dido, for we have a beautiful edition of VIRGIL, folio, Glasgow, 1778, splendidly printed at the University, but then it is on the other side of our library, and the thermometer is 80°. Therefore, the world must be content with—nay, thank us for the majestic music of GLORIOUS JOHN, set down from memory.

"Then JUNO, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent IRIS down to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, but not by Heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,

And raging love that plunged her in despair,
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
(Which PROSERPINE and they can only know)
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downwards the various Goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
Then stood beside the dying lover's head,
And said, 'I thus devote thee to the Dead!
This offering to the Infernal Gods I bear,'
And while she spoke she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loosed, and life Dissolved in air."

NOTES.

- V. 1. *Juno omnipotens.* HER MAJESTY.
V. 3. *Irim demist.* MR. BEWAT, the excellent Editor of the *London Gazette*.
V. 5, 6. *Nec fatis—merita nec morte—sed misera ante diem.* Not being dissolved by effluxion of time, nor at the command of indignant electors, but before the regular date.
V. 8. *Nondum virtutes crimem.* The Parliament had not been ordered to cut.
V. 14. *Hunc ego Diti.* I bear this MS. to the Demons of the printing-office.
V. 16. *Sic ait, et —.* Inserted the notice of dissolution in the *London Gazette*.
V. 17. *Omnia et una.* The Parliament was at an end. *In ventis recessit,* and was scattered to the four winds, and Mr. Punch once more puts the stopper into his bottle of Essence of Parliament.



A HINT FOR POLITICAL MENDICANTS.

A STRIKE AGAINST THE BUTCHERS.

MR. PUNCH,

We laugh at the obtrusive impertinence exhibited by teetotalers, in parading about with flags and banners flying over their heads, and trumpets sounding before them to proclaim their abjuration of spirituous and fermented liquors. But, Sir, if beer had risen to three shillings a pot, I think we should very seriously approve of any demonstration that people might make to signify their intention not to drink any until its price was reduced considerably. Just so, although we should deride a simple procession of voluntary vegetarians, designed to inform those who are not concerned to know, that its constituents have determined to subsist on greens and cereals only, we cannot but highly approve of one such as that described below, meant, as it was, to advertise those whom it did concern that they who took part therein were resolved to practise a temporary total abstinence from animal food. I quote the *Times* :—

"THE PRICE OF MEAT.—Worcester, Saturday.—This evening there was a demonstration on the part of the working classes of this city—the second in a fortnight—against the high price of meat. A body of some 800 or 400 men, chiefly of the hard-working class—engineers, 'navvies,' skilled and unskilled labourers—marched in procession through the city, with a band of music at the head of the procession, to the Worcester Race-course, where a meeting was held and a protest was made against the high price of meat, which was attributed to a monopoly amongst the farmers and butchers."

I know the interruption which, if I were talking instead of writing, I should meet with here. I should be asked what there is to complain of in the monopoly of the sale of meat by farmers and butchers, and if the complainants want the bakers and brewers also, the grocers and the fruiterers too, and likewise the linen-drappers and tailors, to deal in that commodity? My answer would be, "Never mind;" and I should continue my quotation, stating the notable fact that :—

"A resolution to abstain from the consumption of meat for a certain time was adopted."

Although these labourers attributed the high price of meat to "monopoly," they showed that they perfectly well understood that in fact it was owing to demand. We shall agree, I think, Sir, in indorsing the comment which follows the foregoing sentence :—

"This resolution is the wisest course that the workmen can adopt, if they can adhere to it."

They can, if they like, and let us hope they will. If I possibly could, I would, as far as I could, encourage the industrious classes to put that sensible resolution into immediate practice by my own example; but I am under the necessity of dieting myself on the system of MR. BANTING. Therefore I cannot personally renounce meat; but I earnestly recommend all who can to do so; and then you see, Sir, we shall get it cheaper. Let me, therefore, beseech you to impress with all your power upon the working classes the wisdom of taking good heed to the suggestion which the paragraph above quoted winds up with :—

"There can be no doubt that the present high price of meat is mainly to be traced to the fact that the consumption on the part of the working classes has of late years enormously increased, owing to their prosperous condition, good wages, and cheap bread. A general resolution on their part to limit the consumption would soon bring down the price."

To be sure it would. This is the sort of strike the working classes may safely combine to turn out in. They will not injure themselves, nor hurt their wives and families; on the contrary, all the while the strike lasts, they will be putting by money. The public will support instead of discouraging them. Let them everywhere in places where meat is too dear, raise the standard of self-control against the exorbitant butchers, and march about as much as they like under a variety of colours emblazoned with suitable mottoes, such as, "No Beef till further Notice," "No more Mutton at Present," "Farewell to Dear Veal!" and with the war-cries or watchwords of, "Arrow-root!" "Tapioca!" "Sago!" "Bread-and-Cheese!" "Oatcake!" "Beans!" "Peas!" "Turnips!" "Potatoes!" "Cabbage!" "Carrots!" accompanied by symbolical representations of those several vegetables. If they please, let them have bands of music to play before them; but with a view to give special effect and point to their demonstrations, they had better be preceded by marrow-bones and cleavers. Whilst others, I trust, are endeavouring, by total abstinence from butchers' meat, to reduce the butchers to reason, I remain, medicinally, of course, always

A BEEFEATER.

P.S. The bands that precede the processions demonstrating the renouement of the flesh they cannot afford, might play, "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*"—ironically.



MARTIAL ARDOUR.

LITTLE SPADGETT NEVER CAN RESIST HIS MILITARY INSTINCTS UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

LORD BACON. LORD BETHELL.

Lord Bacon. So, my singular good Lord, it seems that I am to say *Judez damnatur*.

Lord Bethell. I am unaware, LORD ST. ALBANS, that any demand has been made upon you for that or any other Latin quotation.

Lord Bacon. Nay, nay, my Lord, let your speech be grave, as becometh your Lordship's eminence, and the regard (I will say't) in which you are holden by your fellow subjects, these storms and blasts notwithstanding. And what saith the wise PLINY, *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.

Lord Bethell. The saying is not entirely new to me, my Lord, but I beg leave to express my sense of your Lordship's kindness in this visit to a Censured man.

Lord Bacon. *Vexat censura columbas*, as our gay friend FLACCUS observes; not that I would liken or compare your Lordship to a dove, nor would you desire the same. But I would have you presently take comfort, if you need it, and that you may the readier do so, I would have you slowly and thoroughly to comprehend what it is that hath befallen you. *Da spatium tenuemque moram*, as STATIUS hath it.

Lord Bethell. I am in no haste, my Lord. I have resigned the Great Seal, and have leisure for deliberation.

Lord Bacon. Why, therein is comfort already. For though I ever hold idleness a crime, the bow of ULYSSES must be at times unstrung, *et agentis quiescendum est*, to cite SENECA.

Lord Bethell. Nevertheless it would be highly agreeable to be permitted to select one's own time for the unstringing.

Lord Bacon. I see that as my Lord the first Lord was pleased to say in the House of Commons, your Lordship hath been stung, and that the sting remaineth. Yet, so please you, I shall show you that you should cheerfully trample on the serpent, and disdain the *viperium genus*, and retort the savage threat of the reptile *lingua vibrante minas*.

Lord Bethell. I am not very apt to be discomfited by clamour, but you will allow that a hostile vote of the House of Commons is a matter which may make a man look grave.

Lord Bacon. *Jus dederunt, non jus dixerunt*.

Lord Bethell. I may think so, LORD ST. ALBANS, but our countrymen are a good deal led away by words, and a vote of censure, bless us and save us, is an awful thing. Paterfamilias pronounces the words with a solemn voice over his marmalade at breakfast, and he and his friends twaddle unctuously over the phrase as they ride to job in the stocks or rig the market. Country parsons, taught by their provincial paper, look at the words with mingled terror and delight, and tell their female parishioners that Parliament has avenged the Church on the atheistic Privy Council.

Lord Bacon. Methinks that he who has sat in my seat is over-timid. Have we lived in the great woods to be scared by the little owls? I must even carry you to TACITUS again, and say *neque mala vel bona quæ vulgus putat*.

Lord Bethell. Do not accuse me of incivility, but accept my assurance that things have somewhat altered since your Lordship's time. Your own haughty scorn of the ignorant many, provided that you stood well in the eyes of the liberal few, was justified in your own days, but we have taught much to the many and have to listen to them in return.

Lord Bacon. Still, *sententia ponderantur non numerantur*. And to that end, and if it may be that I may show your Lordship that the tears are in an onion that should water this sorrow, as my facetious friend WILL SHAKESPEARE would say, I will even proceed with you by the Socratic method, asking you certain questions.

Lord Bethell. I acknowledge your kindness.

Lord Bacon. Nay, my Lord, we have both read CICERO, and we both know that *hoc maxime officii est, at quisque maxime optis indigeat, ita ei potissimum optulari*. Now, what said the House of Commons? That you were corrupt?

Lord Bethell. No, I was emphatically acquitted, on all sides, of anything like corruption.

Lord Bacon. I was a great man, yet twenty-three charges of corruption were brought against me, and I did "upon advised consideration" confess my guilt, pleading, however, that there were *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia hominis*.

Lord Bethell. As LORD PALMERSTON said, the inquiries resulted in my absolute acquittal of every corrupt motive.



BACON AND BETHELL.

LORD CHANCELLOR BACON. "THOU HAST NOT SAVED THY BACON, MY LORD—BUT MARRY! HAVE NOT
I BEEN CALLED 'STREAKY?'"*

* Comic History of England.

Lord Bacon. I was fined £40,000, sent to the Tower, declared incapable of ever holding another office, of sitting in Parliament, or coming to Court. Those items are inscribed for ever under the *memorable et venerabile nomen*, FRANCIS BACON. Yet that name is a household word in this kingdom.

Lord Bethell. I see your Lordship's drift. It is lucky for me that party spirit, by which I have been persecuted, for good reasons, was not powerful enough to damage my character, though I might lose my place.

Lord Bacon. *Melius est cavere semper quam pati semel*, but he is to be held fortunate who hath been careless, yet suffers slightly. For, bating the loss of place, what else have you lost? One hundred and seventy-seven enemies voted against one hundred and sixty-three friends. We will deduct the lesser number from the greater. What is the difference?

Lord Bethell. Fourteen.

Lord Bacon. Fourteen men say that your Lordship should retire. I pray you give me the muster-roll. I see that the whole of the Tories who could be whipped into the House were against you, with a few extra votes, as BOUVIERIE, who is of the priggish nature, SIR MORTON PETO, the Baptist builder, and BOWYER, the Papist. I see HENNESSY, the tool of the Papists, the sapient LENNOXES, ROSE, the ex-Mayor, the aged if not wise DUKE, the Parliamentary Colonels, ever blatant against reforms, and some barristers. Truly, my Lord, it must be a tender skin indeed that feels such bites. Surely you will say, *Mons invicta manet*.

Lord Bethell. All votes count alike in a division. PALMERSTON cannot outweigh even PETO.

Lord Bacon. *Distinguo.* Your country is the scrutineer. Your countrymen know that the Vote of Censure was a Party Move. You are hated by the Tories for the reforms you have wrought, and still more for those you threaten. The vermin of the Bankruptcy Court have been rudely brushed by you, and would have been brushed out entirely, had you remained in office. You have given the Divorce Court to the people. You have simplified conveyancing. This and more will be remembered, when your errors shall be forgotten.

Lord Bethell. I admit the errors.

Lord Bacon. They were two, and *non licet in bello bis peccare*. But Englishmen do not hate a man much because he has been too lenient, or because he has been wrongly tolerant of the evil deeds of his children. You have been punished, my Lord, and will live to serve the State. *Non ignarus mali*, I give you this consolation. I add that much of your trouble is from another fault.

Lord Bethell. I wish to hear it.

Lord Bacon. Intolerant of fools and knaves, you have made yourself, by virtue of a bitter tongue, the least popular man in England. My gracious manners and flowing eloquence made friends out of enemies. *Multis terribilis, caveto multos*, as AUGUSTUS remarks.

Lord Bethell. It may be so. But it is very hard to hear a knave talking what he knows to be folly, and yet not to give him a backhander. However, I will mend. You would not have me retire from public life?

Lord Bacon. *Misimè.* The nation can ill spare such a brain. Go to the House of Lords and do your duty. A Bishop or so may be spiteful, but the Peers are gentlemen, and will remember that *semper bis cessari debet pro eadem causa*. It is from your country that you have your retaining fee, my Lord. And for the end, for I may tarry no longer, take my advice, which I gave to JUDGE HURTON. "Mix well the freedom of your own opinion with reverence of the opinion of your fellows, affect not the opinion of pregnancy and expedition by an impatient and catching hearing of others, and fear no man's face, yet turn not stoutness into defiance." And so I bid your Lordship heartily farewell.

Lord Bethell. As my friend Mr. Punch said, "the character of that BACON was streaky," but he always spoke the words of wisdom. My lark shall whistle yet.

ATTESTATION OF QUACKERY.

THE subjoined fudge comes out of a respectable Journal, in which it is printed at the bottom of a column of news, in the same type with the rest of the column, ostensibly as a simple statement, and not as an advertisement:—

"DR. PRITCHARD.—This trial is now going on in Edinburgh, and will form a pretty specimen of the pharmaceutical poisons used in medicine, against which the British College of Health, on behalf of the Society of Hygeists, has protested for the last forty years. Let the public look to it.—British College of Health, Ruston Road, London, July 4."

In the same part of the next column but one, and under the same appearances, the same journal contains the following series of falsehoods:

"HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Hope for all. Whatever their ailments, none need despair of being cured till they have tried these estimable remedies. Whether the disease be internal or external, spontaneous or the result of violence—if a cure be possible, HOLLOWAY'S medicaments will effect it. The severity or duration of the malady is no bar to the successful influence exerted by these twin medicines, which cleanse, purify, and invigorate every fluid and solid in the body, and completely renovate the digestion. They render every organ of secretion healthy. These admirable antidotes to disease act immediately on the absorbent

system, lungs, heart, and circulation, whereby they invariably give energy, tone, and vigour to all the natural functions of life."

Now, the quacks of the "British College of Health" will be enabled to quote the former of the two foregoing puffs as the testimony of a reputable paper in favour of MORISON'S PILLS. The quacksalver also, who thrives by the fools that buy HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and Ointment may cite the latter puff as expressing the real belief of the conductors of the paper as to the virtues of those "twin medicines." Many simple persons, having read those puffs, doubtless regard them as avouched by its authority. Do the gentlemen who are responsible for the assertions published as those of the paper, with reference to the British College of Health and HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and Ointment, give their apparent sanction to those untruths gratuitously, or for a pecuniary consideration? If they sell their endorsement of affirmations to quacks, regardless of veracity, what will you give for their word? Is it too much to invite them to consider whether the sale of that sort of commodity is exactly an honourable way of making money?



ELECTION LUNES.

No. 1.—THE ELECTORAL BODY.

CHARACTER CLEANING, AND REPUTATION RENOVATING COMPANY.

FLUMMERY'S PATENT PURIFYING PROCESS.

Enrolled according to Act of Parliament.

THE high commercial value which character now commands, and the extreme difficulty of cleansing it by any system at present in operation, have suggested the necessity of a Company with large and varied powers of lustration.

"FLUMMERY'S Patent Purifying Process" is already too well known in this country to require any lengthened encomium.

As the Directors, however have no desire to encroach on vested interests, application will be made to Parliament for leave to extend its application beyond its present privileged area.

All differences of opinion as to the most judicious method of bleaching any individual reputation will be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, as most competent, from their experience, to deal with matters of unusual delicacy.

Courts of Bankruptcy, metropolitan or provincial, requiring fumigation, will be treated with on liberal terms.

Scandal-cases scoured, and sent home in twenty-four hours, perfectly inodorous.

Stains on Wool speedily removed, and a new face put on anybody that has got the Sack.

To protect the Patent, all the Company's operations will be carried on behind a screen, and any infringement will be visited by immediate proceedings in Chancery.

Beds of Justice, on which judicial caution has slept, aired, and seasoned, and scented pursuant to order.

Calumnies extracted, and rumours dyed to any colour required. Reports calendered and faded popularities restored.

N.B. Machines are already in course of construction by which the accounts of the Company will be periodically audited.



BANTING IN THE YEOMANRY.

Troop-Sergeant Major. "IT COMES TO THIS, CAPTAIN, 'A MUN N'THER HEV' A NEW JACKET OR KNOCK OFF ONE O' MY MEALS!"

OUR UNPROTECTED FOOTMEN.

ONERD MR. PUNCH,

Sir, I usually am in the abut of a dressink U in ryme which my freinds say is quite ekal to 10-nison hor Sheekapur, but the subjick now B 4 me is too serious for Potry. I elude Sir to the Dawgs, which they daily grows more newmorous, in spite of all the ephorts as is taken to decrease M. We footmen are igaspeahly in terror of the Brewts, for hour carves is extry plump and no trow-sers to proteck them. Has i were standink only yesterday with CHAWLES beind our cawridge, CHAWLES I says to im Hif a mad dawg were to come I should fall a Copee immejitt! And the wust of stray dorgs is theyre allys sleeping upon dorsteps, which necessaly increases of our inconvenience. I used to take a Pride in givink dabble nox, but when a dorg is on the dorstep my and shakes to that degree that I scacecan old the Nocker, hand if the dorg's asleep I nock as gently as i can for phear of Hydry Foby.

Men as ave lean legs can pad their carves with cork or cotton, which is as good as hancient harmer to M. But pussone with more phlesh they carnt purteck themselves in this way without binjurin their phiggers. Hi should make a puffik DANIEL LAMBY of myself hif i was to be padded. Besides, the eat of it this weather would be truly hawfil! The ladies bleas M! have their crinnilynes for to purteck them from mad dawgs, but footmen aint so fortnit as to go about under petticoat protection. It mite look a little ludicrious to see us so costumed, but i ad far reether be larfed at than ave either of my legs bitten. With so many dorgs about, it reelly isnt safe to go with nothink on one's carves excep a pair of stockings.

Pray then, *Mr. Punch*, say something for the elp of us poor unpertected footmen. Hif perliceemen had instrack-shuns to drownd all the stray dawgs the same as in Ameriky, what a mussy it would be to us and ow grateful we should pheel for it. Nineteen dorgs in 90 doesnt pay no dorg tax and ort on that account alone to be hextrumminated. Certingly at any rate our legs shoold be per- tected with crikket pads or petticoats, or the hospitals will soon be phull of footmen hydryfobified. Pray then persade our Guvners to let us all wear crinnilyne, at least during the dorg days. They cood buy it cheap enuff just now its going out of Phashin. With best respecx to *Toby*, who is much too wise a dorg to run about this wether, I subscribe myself respectfly your most obejnt Servant,

JOHN THOMUS (of Belgravy).

ETHNOLOGISTS AND PHRENOLOGISTS.

At a meeting of the Ethnological Society, the other day, a report of a Government Commission on certain Indian tribes inhabiting the region between Vancouver's Island and the Rocky Mountains, having been read, a discussion took place on the particulars comprised in it, and, amongst them, on a practice peculiar to a tribe of savages bearing the suggestive name of Cowitchans, of flattening the heads of their children by artificial pressure in infancy. In regard to which:—

"DR. DONOVAN expressed the opinion that the effect of flattening the heads of the Indians must have been to diminish their intellectual capacities; and the rationale of the practice he conceived to be, that the Indians desired to make their children as much like animals as possible, and therefore flattened their heads to prevent the development of the intellectual organs."

Without believing in the details of phrenology, and only supposing that the human brains have something to do with the human mind, most people would be inclined to share DR. DONOVAN's opinion, that the effect of flattening the heads of the Indian children must have been that of diminishing their intellectual faculties. But:—

"COLONEL HAWKINS, who was one of the Commissioners, when appealed to by the Chairman on the subject, said they had observed no difference in the intellectual capacities of the Indians with the compressed heads."

This is the sort of answer which any physiologist, let alone phrenologist, may always expect to get to any question apparently asked with a view to obtain a confirmation of an opinion, from any such referee as an officer in the military or civil service who has never studied the subject it relates to. Such a reply has all the effect of a snub, which, inflicted on an individual, is always delightful to the majority of those present, who do not think with him. DR. DONOVAN had suggested that the compression of Indian heads probably impaired Indian intelligence, and COLONEL HAWKINS, when invited to say if it did, answered, as many other gentlemen under similar circumstances would have answered, that it had not been observed to do anything of the kind. So far so good. Not only, however, were the Indians with flattened heads no duller than the rest of their race, but, added the gallant officer:—

"They were, if anything, rather sharper than others."

This proves rather too much for the commendable purpose of snubbing a physiological inquirer. For that purpose it was enough to say that compression of the skull had not been observed to injure the mind. Oredulity is taxed by the statement that the compression of certain men's brains rendered them sharper than other men—if anything. Such anti phrenology is harder to believe than phrenology.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

(DIZZY ON DERBY.)

"If a man comes to me with a dog with a muzzle on, and says, 'Take the muzzle off the poor creature; he is quite harmless: and besides, the muzzle is half rotten, and affords no great protection,' I understand him; but if he says, 'This is a most vicious animal, and nothing prevents him pulling you and me to pieces except the muzzle which is put round his nose, and therefore I want you to take it off,' I am inclined to say, 'Very much obliged to you, but I had rather keep the muzzle on.'"
(LORD DERBY on Roman Catholic Oaths Bill.)

FOLLOW my leader—ay, so you may bawl,

But how; when my leader, his head in the air,
And the bit in his teeth, goes full-but at the wall,
I've been trying my 'outest to prove isn't there.

When he kicks through the cobwebs, I've spun with such pains,

Flings his heels out at Ireland, however we need her,

Tells the priests they are dogs fit for muzzles and chains—

It's all very well to say, "Follow my leader!"

"Follow my leader," though wildly erratic

He gallops away from the Treasury-Bench,

Trampling down the young fruits of my needs diplomatic,

Which I've toiled so to drill, and to weed, and to trench,

Though he can't see an inch in advance of his nose,

Though my prospects be cross, and my dodges be null.

To our friends show his heels, and his tail to our foes,

"Follow my leader," and land on my skull!



ELECTION LUNES.

No. 2.—THE COMING HARVEST.

A MODERN GREGORIAN TONE.

(A Chant pointed according to the Use of Norwich.)

THERE were five persons of Norwich City; who took and went into a MONASTERY.
 There was BROTHER CLEMENT and STANISLAUS: and BROTHER IGNATIUS who had the SUPERIORITY.
 There was BROTHER BRANNOCK and BROTHER MAURUS: and the youngest he was LITTLE SAMUEL.
 And they called themselves of the Order of Saint BENEDICT: which is the meaning of their O. S. B.
 They blessed and they cursed and excommunicated one another: and they all lived so delightfULL.
 They'd no meat for breakfast and no meat for dinner: and not a bit o' jam with their bread at tea.
 But SAM he was allowed a pat of butter: all on account of his juveNILITY.
 And BROTHER IGNATIUS as the SUPERIOR: he could indulge in the LUXURIES.
 Which filled BROTHER CLEMENT, and STANISLAUS: and BROTHER BRANNOCK with envY.
 As it would have filled too BROTHER MAURUS: only he wasn't as yet a member of the CONFRATERNITY.
 But BROTHER IGNATIUS was ordered by his doctor: to take a little chicken and a glass of sherREE.
 So when the Brethren heard the prescription: they all wished the doctor fOR to see.
 And BRANNOCK had spasms and CLEMENT a toothache: and STANISLAUS had some other infirmities.
 But the doctor said there was nothing the matter: which was most unsatisfactorY.
 So they looked on at BROTHER IGNATIUS eating: and they all were so very emptY.
 Then BROTHER MAURUS who had joined the BrETHREN: he winks to them all so quietlY.
 For BROTHER IGNATIUS was going to London: to preach to the people in the great CITE.
 Reserved seats half-a-crown, unreserved a shilling: and sixpence was charged in the gallerY.
 He'd scarcely been gone a blessED minute: when the Brethren got up a mutinY.
 There was BROTHER MAURUS, who led the ChORUS: which was, We are so very hungreY.

THE WALLACE TOWER

The Wallace Tower, at Stirling, cannot be complete for want of funds, so the project is to be discontinued and the materials are to be sold by Auction.—*Scotch Papers*

THE AUCTIONEER'S ADDRESS TO HIS AUDIENCE

Scots, wha won't for Wallace bleed,
 Scots wha'd see such humbug d'd,
 Welcome: each condition read—
 Then make bids to me.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 Yon's the rock, and yon's the tower,
 Ere it's in the Sheriff's power,
 Pay the £ s. d.

Wha would hear an English knave,
 Just pretending to look grave,
 Drawl, "Is that unfinished Shave
 Place for shrimps and tea?"

Wha would see the cursed law
 Grab it in its cruel paw,
 Sell up WALLACE, BRUCE, and a,
 Sae contemptuously?

By your sturdy Scottish brains,
 By your wealth of Union gains,
 Show that Scotland's sense disdains
 An anomalie.

Lay provincial pedants low,
 Give the cant of Race a blow:
 England's One—and that you know—
 One—from Thames to Dec.

MODERN HERALDRY.—Motto for my Uncle's Arms: "Up the Spout."

We haven't had no breakfast and no dinner: and ain't accustomed to such austéritéES.
 Oh, MAURUS, go out and get a leg o'mutton: or a joint as'll be a meal for more than three.
 Not forgetting some secular Bass or Porter: and like monks of old we'll make merrie.
 Says aly BROTHER MAURUS to the ChORUS: whence is all the money for this to be?
 For we ain't got a shilling nor yet a sixpence: which we've taken the vow of pOVerty.
 So then they up and cursED BROTHER IGNATIUS: with bell, book, and candle they cursED he.
 They cursED him sleeping, they cursED him waking: with other remarks merely cursOR.
 And they cited him to appear befORe them: and sent up a letter to the absentES.
 Who, when he read their ex-communication: he treated the matter jOCularlY.
 And ordered BROTHER CLEMENT to do penance: so down he went upon his bENded kneES.
 And with tears in his eyes he ejaculATED: "Oh, FATHER IGNATIUS, what a fOOl I be!"
 Then BROTHER IGNATIUS went back to the Brethren: and they very much trembled him for to see.
 And in a voice of thunder he made 'em knock únder: and they dolefully sang, "O miserABLE!"
 All, with the exception of BROTHER MAURUS: who wouldn't return to the refectorY.
 So BROTHER IGNATIUS locked the house-door: and BROTHER MAURUS had nÓ latch-key.
 So he wandered up and down the city: and couldn't get in at any hÓstelrY.
 And whether he pawned his frock and sandals: is still a matter of mystERY.
 And he's now supposed to be living in Epping FÓrest: doing penance as a SÓlitarY.
 And he's been applied to by a well-known gentleman: the Lessee of Cremorne which is SMITH E. TEE.
 To come and be the Hermit as it was at Vauxhall: in the days of MR. SIMPSON's RÓYALTY.
 But Brothers CLEMENT, BRANNOCK and STANISLAUS: with the youngest which is Infant SAMMY.
 Under the rule of FATHER IGNATIUS: under the title of O.S.B.,
 Are all now living in Norwich city: a hungry and happy fÁmíly.



DM

DELICATE HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Jemimer. "COME, NOW, BETSY, WHAT'S YER LITTLE GAME? AINT'CHER GOIN' TO STAND SOMETHIN' 'OT AFORE WE SAYS FAREWELL! . . ."

Betsy. "NO, JEMIMER! . . . I'VE STOOD PORTER, AN' I'VE STOOD RUM, AN' I'VE STOOD KIDNEY PIES AND WELKS, AND MILD HALE AN' GINGER BEER . . . AN' I'VE STOOD GIN AND HORINGES, WITH HOYSTERS AND HICES TO FOLLER, NOT TO MENTION ALL MANNER OF SWEET STUFF . . . AN' I'M BLOWED IF I'M A' GOIN' TO STAND ANY MORE . . . THAT'S MY LITTLE GAME."

IGNATIUS AND HIS MONKEYS.

It is not true that BROTHER IGNATIUS and the monks, his associates, have removed from their monastery at Norwich to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and there taken up their abode in the Monkey-house. Subjoined is the latest authentic intelligence concerning that pithecooid Benedictine:—

"BROTHER IGNATIUS.—BROTHER IGNATIUS has returned to the monastery at Norwich. In his absence he had been excommunicated by some of the monks—viz., BROTHER BRANNOCK, BROTHER MAURUS, BROTHER STANISLAUS, and BROTHER CLEMENT. BROTHER MAURUS, who styles himself chaplain to the Chief Justice of Tasmania, has left the monastery; but BROTHER STANISLAUS has been induced to make an ample apology for the part he took in the excommunication and "rebellion" (as it is termed) by BROTHER IGNATIUS. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. BROTHER MAURUS charges BROTHER IGNATIUS with tyranny and insinuations. BROTHER IGNATIUS charges BROTHER MAURUS with dishonourable insubordination and disregard of solemnly contracted vows. At least ten of the monks have left the monastery, the fortunes of which have sustained a very severe shock."

The simious brotherhood, of which BROTHER or FATHER IGNATIUS acts the Superior Jackanapes, remain in their old monkeyry at Norwich, all except the ten who have deserted it, and perhaps cast off their monkeyish habits. Were not the acts of these mimic monks like those of monkeys, it might be said that the vagaries practised by them during IGNATIUS's absence were illustrative of the proverb, "When the cat is away the mice will play." But though, as monks in the Church of England, they may, in relation to that Church, be regarded as vermin of the rodent order, yet the tricks they played behind their sham Superior's back, in pretending to excommunicate him, can only be looked upon as monkeys' tricks. Playing at excommunication would be possible only among a set of ecclesiastical monkeys.

In aping an abbot and friars, IGNATIUS and his companions make themselves so ridiculous that it is, perhaps, fortunate that there is no authority that can put an end to their diversions. As it is, they

LUSH AGAINST MILL.

(An Appeal to a Brother Elector addressed from a Lamp-post.)

'SHAY, BILL, old fellow, I shay, BILL,
Don' vo' for that 'ere beggar, MILL.
'Cosh wy—the beggar's viewsh aint aound.
'Bject to'm upor religioush ground.

BILL, now you go an' re' sha 'Tizer,
Cosh if you do, shen you'll be wiser.
A beggar wot 'as no convictionsh!
Thinksh parson's *lum's* a pack o' fictionsh.

No band, no colours, ne'er a banner!
Won't shpennomoney, norra tanner!
Where shush a beggar shpectogoto?
Not Parliament—not by my vo' to!

Yah! Think o' havin' no committee
Ax publichouse in all shish city.
A man mush go sha wrong direction
Not to make sure of hish election.

No gin! For MILL then I won't poll.
No sperrits! What, deny sha shoul!
I shay No Logic! No Freethinkin!
And shem's my shentimentah for drinkin'.

A VERY SAFE POWDER.

THE Safety Powder Company's Works, Southdown, Hamoaze, Plymouth, blew up the other day. A telegram announcing their destruction states that:—

"From the nature of the patent powder, its explosion was harmless to the neighbourhood."

Powder, whereof the explosion is harmless to the neighbourhood in which it occurs, is perhaps little likely to do much harm under any circumstances. This sort of powder seems calculated for exportation to foreign countries for the use of enemies of England, or the supply of plunderers of their neighbours, like the King and people of Prussia. It is just the powder with which one would choose to be shot at.

VIVE LA CHASSE!

A MEDICAL work is advertised called HUNT *on the Skin*. We hear that a few copies have most properly been forwarded to the inmates of the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens.

answer the same purpose as that which Helots were made drunk on purpose to serve amongst the Spartans. Their extravagances are calculated to disgust all beholders. They may call one another BROTHER CLEMENT and BROTHER "MAURUS," meaning probably MAURICE, but names much more appropriate for them would be BROTHER JOCKO and BROTHER PUG, and their FATHER IGNATIUS, squabbling, as he perpetually is with his subordinate monkeys, should change his name for that of FATHER PUG-NACIOUS.

If nobody would take any notice of IGNATIUS he would most likely discontinue his public performances, which it is desirable that he should continue for the sake of example such as that which was afforded by the drunken Helots, and this is the only reason why he is ever noticed by *Punch*.

HOMŒOPATHY AND HUMBUG IN PARLIAMENT.

EVEN if Homœopathy is humbug, why should not a Homœopathist sit in the House of Commons? Homœopathists sit in the French Senate. For, the other day, in Paris, according to REUTER—

"In yesterday's sitting of the Senate a debate took place upon a petition in favour of certain privileges to be accorded to homœopathic doctors. M. DUMAS and M. DUPIN condemned the principles of homœopathy, which were defended by M. BONJEAN and M. TRAYET."

The question whether the practice of homœopathy shall be encouraged or not, concerns nothing more than the public health, and therefore what does it signify if homœopathy is humbug? Humbug is at least not less Parliamentary in the British Legislature than it is in the French. Homœopathy and Humbug for Ever!

OBVIOUS.—Best Paris Kid! The PRINCE IMPERIAL.

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A GENTLEMAN OF INFLUENCE

WISHES TO KNOW WHETHER THERE IS AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PROTECT HIM FROM THIS SORT OF INTIMIDATION.

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is hardly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to say that although the Directors of the *Great Eastern* declined to admit the 376 representatives of the British press, who demanded permission to go out with the wire, and rations during the voyage, His Representative was instantly received with all honour, and that the intelligent person in question has a delightful cabin, and champagne *ad libitum*. We have arranged to receive Messages until the work shall be completed; and, to our delight, our Correspondent has already begun to transmit them.

Great Eastern, July 14.

"Don't like beginning to send on a Friday, but who's afraid? The ship is all that can be desired, the officers are most polite and affable, the sailors are truly manly, the electricians are brilliant sparks, and the correspondents are awfully jolly. From the admirable prog on board, I prognosticate success."

Saturday.

"Wished to test the steadiness of the ship under exceptional circumstances. Drank twice as much sparkling Moselle as usual, and more. Any other ship would have gone round and round with me. This noble vessel did not, which is in part attributable to the build, part to the brand."

Sunday.

"We are making excellent progress, but you must send me another map. I knew we were going to Valentia, but thought it was in Spain, where the raisins come from. Find we have changed our route for Valentia in Ireland. I do not like this change of spots, which is a fascinating policy, but must submit. Send me an Irish Handbook. Church to-day. Sermon sent through the Wire. Electrifying discourse."

Monday.

"Goat got loose and ran full butt against the compass. A wit remarked, 'Goat and compasses.' Milking time being fixed, another wit remarked, 'Off Cowes.' Pigs made a great grunting; supposed they saw a sow-wester. Took great pains to understand the nature of the telegraph, and it was kindly explained to me by a literary gentleman with a slight Irish accent. He told me that sea-water being

electric, as was shown by the phosphorus at night, all that was needed to generate messages was gutta-percha heated by galvanism, for which reason the Batteries at Valentia and Newfoundland were selected as points. This is beautifully simple. All goes well, except my watch, which fell into a tar tub."

Tuesday.

"Nothing to describe. Going very steadily. Asked Irish gentleman how many knots an hour, and he explained to me that knots were not, as I had supposed, lumps in a rope, but 'negative terms,' and should be spelt 'nots.' He said that they were converted into positive terms, and calculated by an astronomical process which a non-professional person could not understand, but it was done (I think) by a sexton taking an observation at a quadroom."

Wednesday.

"The Moselle is better than the Champagne, though that is good. No persons have been sick, except some youthful smokers. The wire is in perfect order, and insulated, as is natural, coming from an island. A pig was brought near the galvanic machine, and the ring in his nose was touched. In one second he was converted into the finest pork-chops and sausages I ever ate. I find out new things every day. CAPTAIN ANDERSON is not the Wizard of the North, as I had supposed. There is a great artist on board, and you may imagine the jokes about casting loose the Painter, and 'Westward Ho!' I should add, that my messages are taken from me by a young officer, of a very merry disposition, and he undertakes that they shall be telegraphed, as I do not care to go among the machinery. I shall continue to send. I hope that the Elections are going satisfactorily. Do you know that electricity is derived from the Greek, *electron*, amber? which reminds me to ask whether LORD AMBERLEY has got in."

A Vulgar Error

THAT "The Returning Officer" must always be a Colonel, or at the least a Captain, on leave of absence from a foreign station.

MUSICAL LAW.—"Bar's Rest." Long Vacation.

POLITESSE IN POLITICS.

"OH, MR. MILL must surely be a most gallant young man,"
Said PORTIA to her pensive friend who sat behind her fan,



"For he thinks that each young
person who her name correctly
signs,
Should have a voice in Parliament
like—" "Like whose?"
LOUISA PYNE'S?"
"No, dear, like Ten pound House-
holders—that is a right to
vote
For CAPTAIN SCAMPER, who that
funny book of travels wrote.
How charming it will be to have
the darling Captain call
In his curricle to take one to the
Poll at the Town Hall.
Of course I shall be bound to
plump (how nice!) for him, and
you,
MATILDA, I presume will give a
little plumper too!"
"No, PORTIA," said her friend,
severe, "you may plump if you
will;
But I shall say, 'Sir, take a seat,'
and be a lady still."

ELECTION LUNES.

No. 2.—SOME PREFER VERTICAL, AND SOME, LATERAL REFORM.

THE TRIBULATION OF THE 'TIZER.

'Tizer, 'Tizer, public light,
Champion of the wittlers' right,
What has made thee sing so small,
Checked thy bounce, and hushed thy bawl—

Stopt the froth that used to fly
In thy leaders creaming high—
Left thee flat as porter stale,
Sour and sharp as o'er-kept ale—

Turned to smallest beer thy stout,
Sunk thy heart to "cold without,"
Robbed thy wind-bag of its gas,
Dimmed the lustre of thy brass?

That a MILL should dare defy
'Tizer's theology!
That a MILL should reck the same
Of pot-house praise or pot-house blame!

What will be the Church's fate,
What the prospects of the State,
When the 'Tizer's beacon-light
That has blazed so broad and bright,

Can be thus in scorn snuffed out
By a man who owns a doubt,
Though the *Record's* faithful fist
Write him down an Atheist!

What must be his creed, who dooms
Public-house Committee-rooms!
What his faith—abandoned knave—
Who dares Licensed Wittlers brave!

Woe! Oh woe to Westminster,
When with MILL she stoops to err,
And declines to care a rap
For the 'Tizer and the Tap!

Theological Horology.

THERE's this to say about the Scotch,
So bother bannocks, braes, and birks;
They can't produce a decent Watch,
For Calvinists despise good works.

GOVERNMENT BY STEAM.

OUR facetious contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, has surpassed itself of late in its brilliant jocosities. Never were such funny articles as those which it has written on the General Election, and the prospects of the Tories, whose triumph it predicts. On the morning of the metropolitan elections, the *Herald* humorously prophesied that London, Westminster, and Greenwich would each of them return a Tory Member to the House; and in another exquisitely funny leading article, it thus facetiously accounted for the wonderful prosperity which, under the present Government, the country has enjoyed:—

"On what ground do the Whigs solicit now a renewal of the confidence of the country? England is prosperous, and Englishmen are thriving, and large remissions of taxation have taken place during the last six years. It happens that the discovery of the steam-engine has given an immense impetus to manufactures and commerce. As the revenue increases *pari passu* with the wealth of the country, nothing can be more natural than that taxation should be gradually remitted. It augurs a lamentable confusion of cause and effect that this increase of wealth should be ascribed to the remission of taxation. The fallacy reminds us of the old story of the fly on the waterwheel. That LORD PALMERSTON should claim all the credit which is due to JAMES WATT, is a notable illustration of the old principle of *sic vos non vobis*.

This connection of LORD PALMERSTON with the—ha! ha! ha!—the discovery of the steam-engine, is really so delicious, that—ha! ha! ha!—we fear we shall split our pen with laughing at it. How funny of the *Herald* to pretend that it has just found out that steam-engines have—ha! ha! ha!—have actually been invented, and really have extended the commerce of the country! And how LORD PALMERSTON will laugh to learn that he has "claimed all the credit which is due to JAMES WATT," which is equivalent to saying that his Lordship has claimed the invention of the steam-engine! Ha! ha! ha! Such jokes as these are really overpowering. Why, our facetious contemporary will doubtless soon be telling us that, as it has been caused by the invention of the steam-engine, the success of the Whig Ministry is a mere *succès de steam*.

READING FOR ROGUES AND THIEVES.

THE following extract from a letter, addressed by a convict at Portland Prison, a fellow named SAYERS, to his brother, will afford admonitory information to any thief who may be enabled to read it by having stolen a number of *Punch*:—

"I hope I shall be at liberty in ten months. I have to work like a slave. It is worse than slavery under a mask, but I must get through it as well as I can. You have not the slightest idea what I have to put up with, and I dread another winter."

It appears, from the foregoing vague but suggestive revelation of the secrets of the prison-house at Portland, that the life of a convict in gaol no longer bears much resemblance to that of a gentleman at large staying at a luxurious hotel. There is a certain illustrated weekly journal, the contents of which consist chiefly of tales and pictures of crime, published under the title, we think, of the *Illustrated Police News*. This print probably has a considerable circulation among thieves, and particularly young rascals who delight in stories about exploits such as those of TURPIN and JACK SHEPPARD. It is true that many thieves cannot read at all, and that the rest are mostly in case to be classified in the gaol calendar in the category of "R. & W. Imp.;" but they can all at least understand pictures that are addressed to the lower feelings. The generality of thieves, therefore, probably see and know what is in the *Illustrated Police News*. That less useful than entertaining journal would do a service to the respectable portion of the community, and afford instruction as well as entertainment to rogues and ruffians, by giving the advantage of its circulation to the lamentations above quoted from MR. SAYERS's letter, accompanied by a portrait of MR. SAYERS, or a gentleman in MR. SAYERS's position; namely, that of a convict under sentence of penal servitude engaged in the performance of hard labour. To which might be added, with beneficial effect, a faithful account of the sensations experienced by a garotter whilst subjected to the cat-o'-nine-tails; this narrative being also embellished with a likeness of the sufferer.

THE ELECTIONS.



THE Elections for the Boroughs, including those which are so small and snug that they may fairly be called Watch-pocket Boroughs, being now concluded, *Mr. Punch* volunteers a review of the results which he can with truth say, were invariably cheering.

In some towns Whigs were in their proper place—the top of the poll; in others, notwithstanding the Act passed last Session for their suppression, Tories were victorious. Many Candidates, like the bundles of improvident persons on a Saturday night, were pledged; many Picorustean promises were given and swallowed with hazardous alacrity.

"The grand old Constitution," like some dear old grandmamma, was petted and made much of, its "bulwarks" Toryfully defended, its "ancient landmarks" Conservatively cherished. Seaport towns saw "colours nailed to the mast" in the midst of excitement that never flagged; watering-places allowed respectable gentlemen to be "thrown overboard" and "swamped."

new candidates were placed "in a proud position" (whatever that may be), whilst old members who bore away the palm at the show of hands had to knuckle down on the polling day, and console themselves by remarking in their "rejected addresses," that "if defeated they were not disgraced."

Split votes abounded, but split skulls were not so common as in the good old times, owing to the spread of "election intelligence;" but as the Irish returns are not yet complete, *Mr. Punch* may have something different to say on this head. Hand-shaking went on to such an extent that one of the unsuccessful candidates at Devonport dreaded at last to hear the words, "Tip us your PHINN." In the Metropolis the legal agents used conveyances freely, but the cabmen made no decided stand for the one party in preference to the other, some being rank Liberals, others rank Tories. In Westminster, the Conservative candidate carried his voters in cabs, but was unable to carry the day, "MILL's Logic" proving irresistible. The old ladies in Marylebone, Tories to the stay-bone, are horrified at a "Common Serjeant" being returned.

In Finsbury, PHILLIPS discreetly resigned, and, by so doing, gave a fillip to the success of TORRENS, whose victory was hailed with a torrent of applause.

At Derby, MR. BASS, speaking of the Night Poaching Bill, declared he was "open to conviction," thereby leaving an unpleasant conviction on the minds of his supporters that he had been out snaring.

Perhaps the most astounding fact in the history of the General Election of 1865 is, that at Chatham, one of the Candidates was an Admiral, and an ELLIOT, but not a Whig!

MUDDLE OF THE PERIOD.

We really think that the Racing World might have shut up during Election time. Surely, there was bribing, and lying, and cheating enough elsewhere, without the aid of the turf. Besides, the newspapers are so aggravating. They place in alternate columns the news about the candidates and about the horses, until one does not know what one is reading. We arise from breakfast with this sort of thing before the eyes of our mind:—

"Capricorn, Bonassus, Snug, and Pop are all here and MR. PRIGGINS has just finished his speech, and he is being pelted, but Musidora has kicked herself lame in the railway carriage, and LORD AMBERLEY has not a leg to stand on. The Conservative has not shown, and it is said that MR. FERRAND is a roarer, but the early trial appears to have deluded the unhappy touts, and MR. GLADSTONE's friends are getting very uneasy, though Bishop was never in better form, as will be confessed at the close of the poll. An effort has been made to introduce a leg into the stable of the Liberals, and their minds have been poisoned, but the Jockey Club have taken it up, and MR. SAMUELSON is not disqualified, for he is no alien, but as good an Englishman as any of his opponents, though what Little Beggar did for the Two Thousand does not exactly encourage his friends to put the pot on, but time will show, and the majority cannot be very great either way. The Chippenham riots afford an instructive lesson to those who would confer the suffrage previously to education, but the conduct of the jockeys, in refusing to obey the

orders of the starter, cannot be too severely reprimanded, and we should recommend disfranchisement until the borough became more alive to the sacredness of the blue ribbon of the Turf. Jehoshaphat is scratched, and the Conservative Candidate has got a black eye!"

AMONG THE PIGS.

(Song of the Contented Swineherd.)

Among the pigs as I was pokun
About, upon a zummer's day,
Wi' my own zelf a kind o' jokun
I set to pass the time away.
Says I, "Just now is the Election,
Between the Tories and the Whigs,
While I indulges in reflection
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!"

No zooner is the struggle over
Than off the gentlefolks will be,
Like rabbuts runnun wild in clover
About the world by land and sea.
And there while some goes out a yachtun,
Or drives their chariots and their gigs,
Here I shall bide at whoam, a squattun
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

Just like a feller out a sowun
His grain upon the ground bestows,
This side and t'other seed a throwun,
They flings their money as they goes.
Where can it come vrom, all they squanders,
As merry as a lot o' grigs?
I often wonders whilst I wanders
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

I s'pose their wealth's vrom speculation,
As now the rage is wi' your swells,
Them there Jinte Stock Association
Grand public-houses called hotels,
Or them tall chimbley works, wi' pison
That, foulun streams and scorchn twigs,
Smells wuas than any roke arisun
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

How 'tis to live away like they do!
How 'tis in riches to abound,
And what some calls a Heldorado,
And others names Tom Tidler's ground!
How little money I be makun!
Thinks I, my taters while I digs,
Or ates my bread-and-cheese, or bacon,
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

But there, them sart of enterprizes
Is neck or nothun, I suppose,
Considerun how they advertises,
And what if smack the business goes?
I'll own that question is consolun
To think on when my beer I swigs,
And lies, as you may say, a rollun,
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

"Egg-Sactly."—Most Burlesque Writers.

We read in the American papers that—

"Small change is so scarce in Georgia, that eggs are being used for currency."

Did not the divine WILLIAMS know and foresee everything? There is an explanation of the passage in the *Winter's Tale*—the line that has so puzzled the commentators:—

Leontes. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

THE REPROOF VALIANT.

"CONFESSIONAL, indeed," said a strong-minded lady, "I am disgusted at Protestant cant. The idea of Men abusing the POPE's Confessional, while they submit to GLADSTONE's Income-Tax inquisition. Bah, boo, bosh."



"ALL VERY WELL."

Darling Nephew. "OH, AUNTY, COME OVER HERE! MAKE HASTE! HERE'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CAVE! NEVER MIND YOUR BUNIONS!"

MR. DISRAELI'S SPEECH.

(Specially Reported.)

GENTLEMEN,

WHETHER Conservative Reaction, now on trial, be proved innocent or guilty, the facts remain the same. LORD DERBY and his Territorial party have effected whatever good has been done in this country for many years past. Whatever of enlightened legislation has been carried out, you owe it to LORD DERBY and the party with which I had the honour to act. The Emancipation of the Catholics was our doing, and any one who will read my delightful novel of the *Young Duke* will see that I had, even at that time, the clearest sense and the strongest feeling of what was due to the followers of the Ancient Creed. That the shackles of the Dissenters were struck away, and the annihilation of the profanity, justly denounced by the poet COWPER, of the oath of office being dipped in the chalice at the altar, was our doing. You would never have had a Reform Bill at all but for LORD DERBY's eloquence: but I may add that you would never have had so good a one but for the persevering resistance of the Conservatives, who compelled the Government to improve and improve their measure, until it arrived at perfection. I need hardly say that you owe Savings Banks, the Thames Embankment, the Penny Postage, Vaccination, and the Electric Telegraph to our party, or that all had long been prefigured in books written years back by noblemen, and chiefly in the *Century of Inventions*. That the Jews have been set free from all fetters is due to my own exertions, and notably to my portrait of *Sidonia*, in whom I shadowed forth all the intellectual power and vigour which the Hebrew now places at the service of the State. We have preserved the Church, while popularising her institutions, we have defended the Constitution while ventilating its incongruities, we have elevated the people while eradicating its excentricities. True friends to the land, we have not been unmindful of the sea; patrons of the plough, we have also been lovers of the loom. We have compelled the Government to keep the peace, by incessantly exposing to the country the weakness of our armaments, and thereby enlisting fear in the service of patriotism. We have diminished your Taxes and increased your Harvests, acclimatised the salmon in your streams, and destroyed the blue-bottles in the shops of

your butchers. LORD DERBY has given you the best translation of *Homer*, and I have "stood upon the ruins of Troy and cursed my destiny." In fact, I should weary you with a repetition of the great and grand things which we have been doing for you. But I must, in conclusion, point out that you would do well to eject LORD PALMERSTON's Government at once, and replace it by a Conservative one, for a dark cloud is looming over the Atlantic, and it would be an act of the highest wisdom to place in office a Cabinet which can over-awe the Americans. We have ever been hostile to them, and it is no fault of ours that the South was not recognised, and that at this moment our troops are not winning honour and glory under the Palmetto flag. I am able to offer you my sincerest assurance that if we come into office, the insolence of the plebeian Dictator of the States shall be met as becomes Britons, and that in three months we shall add to all our other claims on your regard that of carrying you into a long and, I trust, a glorious war with the United States. Gentlemen, three cheers for the country party and the benefactors of Great Britain.

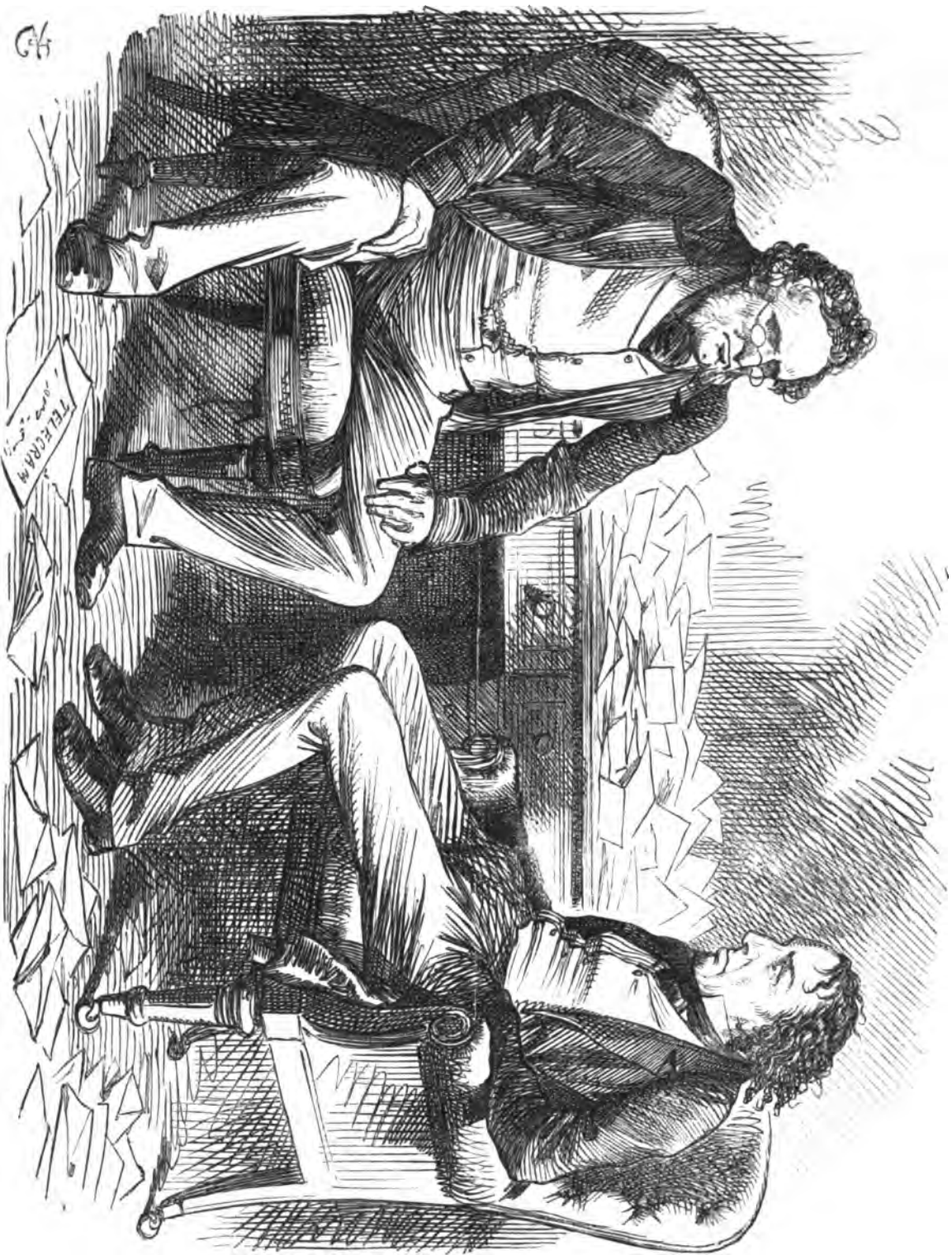
NAVAL REVOLVERS.

FOR MR. PUNCH, SIR,

TURRETS! Queer lingo, that. My son who is a millwright, and has never been afloat (like his father, who served under DUNDAS and CODRINGTON), takes his stand on these Turrets. But when an old salt like me tries to do it, my head swims and I reels overboard. For it strikes me (I speak from speculation) that when an enemy's shot strikes these turrets, they spin round like a patent iron chimney pot. Am I right? Please, say, if possible, in your next, which I read regularly on 1-Tree-Hill every Wednesday afternoon. For I like my Punch cool this weather. Of course, Britannia always did and always will rule the waves, but how she is to rule 'em straight with a revolver puzzles me altogether. So no more at present from

Your humble servant, TOM BARRY.

P.S. Mind! I don't want to hit these Turrets too hard; but, "Steady, aye Steady," is my motto.



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

"Conservative Reaction" on its Trial.—See *Tory Papers*.

OUR COMPANY.

(How it was "got up;" what it was "got up for;" and what it did when it was "got up.")

In these days of Companies it struck us—me and ARCHIE BRISTOWE, or rather *vice versa*, only I originated the idea—that it would be a good notion to get up a Company. We decided that ARCHIE would make an excellent Chairman of Directors; in fact, I rather think that it was something in the sound of BRISTOWE's name that gave rise to the suggestion.

Yes, it did, too. I said to BRISTOWE, "What a capital Chairman you'd make." To which he replied, "Yes, Chairman of Directors." Whereupon I cried, as if by inspiration, "Directors of a Company! Let's get up a Company." ARCHIE BRISTOWE said, "You're another," which for the moment rather confused me.

We, having talked the matter over, called upon JOE BARCLAY. JOE's a good fellow, a sharp fellow, and knows a good deal about this sort of thing. At least so we had always heard. JOE was practical in a second. What was the Company's object? he asked. BRISTOWE at first suggested "the Company's pecuniary benefit;" but, on consideration, added, "and to offer peculiar advantages to the Public."

What should it be got up for, was the simple difficulty. The solution was not quite so simple. BARCLAY said that something might be done with Soap. We thought so, too. Soap, decidedly. BRISTOWE wanted to know "How?" He meant "In what way?" BARCLAY answered, "Well, Works—Soap Works." "Or Drinking Fountains," some one suggested—I think it was myself.

BRISTOWE observed that Drinking Fountains wasn't a bad notion. BARCLAY, however, stuck to Soap. Somebody, perfectly disinterested, who had dropped in on a visit, proposed an amalgamation of the first with the second—say, Soap-and-Water.

We made him a Director on the spot. He said, No, he didn't care about it, or he'd rather not; but we included him in our list, and told him that it wouldn't be any trouble to him. His name was FELTON. He had a great idea of offices and papers. He said everything ought to be done in form; where was a bit of paper? and pens? and ink? Now he would at once put down the names of the Directors.

The idea struck us all at once, FELTON should be the Secretary—the very man for the post. FELTON said, "No, no, no! he'd rather not." We said, "Yes, and with a salary. By all means with a salary." Carried *nom. con.*, FELTON voting with us.

BRISTOWE proposed that this should be considered our first meeting. BARCLAY said that of course the Company would be Limited. We said, "Yes; Limited, decidedly." ("Limited") in brackets.

PIDGE wanted to know what was meant by "Limited." The Chairman said, we'd come to that by-and-by.

FELTON asked authoritatively where was a note-book?

BARCLAY said he'd send out for one; and, as some of the Directors offered to pay for it, he made a merit of presenting it to the Company.

It was a large school copy-book. FELTON said it would do for the present, just to enter minutes in. We agreed that for that purpose it was peculiarly well adapted.

Well, what should be our first minute? asked the Secretary, looking round, pen in hand.

We appealed to the Chairman, who was on the sofa. It was agreed unanimously that a Chairman mustn't sit on a sofa; that business was business; and that if this thing was to come to anything, we really must be business-like. The Chairman, after some little difficulty, arising from the question being put as to whether smoking should be allowed during a business-meeting (this was settled in favour of smoking), took the chair.

FELTON then wrote down,

"First Meeting of Directors (with date),

Chairman	MR. BRISTOWE.
Directors Present	MESSERS. BARCLAY AND PIDGE.
Secretary	MR. FELTON."

The Chairman found fault with this arrangement, and said it looked like a playbill.

The Secretary was noting down this remark, when

A Director asked, if it wouldn't be as well to avoid tomfoolery, and come to business?

Carried, *nom. con.*

Another Director (myself) wanted to know how this resolution should be entered on the books.

The Chairman said there was only one book. (*A laugh.*)

The same Director said he knew that, but—

The Secretary expressed his sorrow at interrupting the honourable gentleman (meaning me), but he had already entered the resolution in his book, thus: "Resolved, that there be no tomfoolery."

The Chairman asked what was the Company for?

BARCLAY said Soap.

The Secretary asked if the Company's motto would be, "How are you off for Soap?"

It was unanimously decided that this was tomfoolery contemplated by our bye-law.

One of the Directors wished to inquire whether the Minutes were bye-laws, or, generally speaking, what was a bye-law?

The Chairman explained that a bye-law was a law made when another law existing—or rather, to put it clearer, a bye-law was rendered necessary by an already existing law to a contrary effect—

Secretary (*interrupting*). No; to the same effect.

Chairman. Well, a bye-law is merely a law that—

A Director. Yes, but has it the force of law? For instance,—"Smoking is strictly forbidden on the platform, *vide Bye-Laws*,"—was that a—(*wandering*)—was this bye-law one of the Regular Laws, or—or, in fact—

Another Director (*plaintively*). But there are no platforms in our Company. (*Laugh from the Secretary.*)

First Director said it was nonsense talking like this. He (*PIDGE*) knew what he (*BARCLAY*) meant.

The Secretary inquired what he should write down as being the object that the Company had in view. Was it Soap, or not? He had scratched out Soap once, and it was absurd going on writing down and scratching out every minute.

Everyone said that this was absurd, and that the books ought to be kept in a business-like manner.

BARCLAY asked whether we proposed the sale of Common Soap, Windsor Soap, Scented Soap, or all kinds of Soap?

PIDGE (*as the best way of getting out of an unforeseen difficulty*). Oh! all kinds of Soap.

All shake their heads. Somehow, no one sees the feasibility of the Soap project now. A silence ensues, during which the Chairman looks vacantly at his watch-chain, and the Secretary attempts a portrait of nobody in particular, in fancy costume, among the minutes. The two Directors watch him feebly, with some vague feeling that the whole proceeding is not exactly business-like.

Secretary (*suddenly waking up, and scratching out the fancy portrait*). Well!

Chairman looks from one to the other Director. BARCLAY votes that the meeting adjourn to-day, and they'll think it over in the meantime. The Chairman, rising with great alacrity, says, "Yes, that'll be the best plan." He and the Directors take up their hats.

Secretary (*hastily, feeling that they are going away and leaving him to write*). Here! Just stop for me! Look here, what shall I write?

Chairman (*who is in a hurry to go to a flower-show*). Oh, anything. The usual thing; you know. House adjourned and so forth. Only be regular—do be regular—(*Exit at door, reappears again*)—and enter everything in a business form.

[*Exit quickly, under the impression that HE'S done HIS duty at all events.*]

Barclay. Well, I'm off.

[*Going.*]

Secretary (*piteously*). No, no; do stop. Look, I've only got a few words to put in.

Barclay. Can't. I'm not going your way. Just shut the door after you when you go, you fellows, will you?

[*Exit in a hurry.*]

Secretary (*to PIDGE the remaining Director*). You know it's too bad to go off and leave a fellow to write all this. It's not business like.

[*He says this under the impression that he'll induce PIDGE to stop.*]

PIDGE. Yes!

[*Considers how he can get off without hurting SECRETARY'S feelings. Secretary (writing clearly from his notes). "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the—what is it—July the—"*]

PIDGE. The Fourteenth—(*sees his way out*)—I say, we didn't settle when we'd meet again. I'll just run after BARCLAY. [*Exit suddenly.*]

Secretary. Hi! H'm!

[*Calls after him.*]

PIDGE (*at front door*). All right!

[*Walks quietly into street, and flatters himself on his cleverness.*]

Secretary (*by himself returns sulkily from window, sits at table*). It's too bad of those fellows. (*Reads what he has written.*) "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the 14th, it was settled—" (*Thinks for a few seconds, then closes book*). Oh yes, I can enter that at our next meeting.

[*Exit cheerfully, and meanly revenges himself by leaving the door open.*]

Of our next Meeting you shall hear another time.

MIND YOUR ACCENTS.

In a penny paper, the other day, there appeared a paragraph, headed as follows:—

"WORKING MEN'S CLUB FETE."

It went on to relate the particulars of a social gathering, described as "a pic-nic of an unusual character." This description of the pic-nic seemed to suggest that it had been held for the benefit of the "Orthopaedic Hospital," or some similar institution for the cure of club feet. Instead of feet, however, the continuation of the narrative indicated the right reading, for what looked like simply wrong spelling, to be fête.

ELECTION LUNES.



No. 4—NO NEED TO DESTROY THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE,—



BUT RATHER ENCOURAGE HIM TO LIVE THEREIN.

THE LAW OF SELF DEFENCE.

THE remarks of the venerable CHIEF BARON are mostly so replete with common sense that the ensuing extract from his summing up, on the trial of MR. DEBENHAM, as given in the *Times*, may surely be supposed to have been strangely modified by the pen of a generally correct reporter:—

"It was not of much consequence to consider whether or not the house had been attempted to be entered before by burglars, though one would think that if such attempts were made, the prisoner ought to have been the more cool and cautious."

From being used to it? A man's house has been several times broken open, and therefore he ought to be able to take an apparent attempt to break into it coolly! This is what the LORD CHIEF BARON is made to say. *Lord Dunsoreary* would hardly have said it. His Lordship is represented to have proceeded to lay down the law thus:—

"There were undoubtedly circumstances in which the firing of a pistol would be justifiable—those, for instance, in which a burglar entered a house, or was about to enter one, with all the implements of housebreaking upon him, and there were no other means of preventing the loss of life, or property, or both."

It is possible that the words above quoted may have really been those of the learned Judge who presided at MR. DEBENHAM's trial. The CHIEF BARON was obliged to lay down the law as it is. It is the law then, and not the CHIEF BARON personally, that tells you that you are justified in firing at a burglar only under circumstances which it is impossible for you to know. You are at liberty to shoot a burglar only in case you are quite certain that he has skeleton keys, and a "jemmy," and a life preserver, or some other deadly weapon in his pockets, and that he will surely attempt to rob you or murder you, or both, even if you give him the chance of stealing off. *Dogberry*, in his charge to the watch, said something very much of this sort, which the LORD CHIEF BARON had to say in his charge to the jury. But *Dogberry* was dictating, not laying down, the law, and the law was *Dogberry's* own, and therefore *Dogberry*, personifying the law, deserved to be written down an ass.

THE DESCENDANTS OF HEROES.

WATERLOO.

To my Tenants.

"You will vote exactly as you please. I have neither the right as a Peer, nor the wish as a Landlord, to dictate to any of my tenants as to the mode in which he shall exercise the trust confided to him by the Constitution."

WELLINGTON.

RAMILIES.

To my Tenants.

"My horses shall fetch such of you as vote for my man, BARNETT; my Estates clerks shall take down your names at the poll. You may go through my Park of Blenheim, thus saving miles (the Liberals shall not go through), and you will have heard from my steward and agent what will be thought of those who vote for MR. HENRY.

MARLBOROUGH.

BY PERMISSION OF MISS MARIE WILTON.

"WAR to the Knife" against the high price of Butchers' Meat.

THE OBJECTIVE MIND.

(A Song by a Cynic.)

AIR,—*"The Midstoe Bough."*

On business whenever my way I wend,
Or my time in the streets on a ramble spend,
Perpending the work I have to do,
Or pondering what may, or not, be true,
As I mark what small cause will collect a crowd,
I am often constrained to sing aloud,
Oh, the Objective Mind!
Oh, the Objective Mind!

A multitude frequently bars my path,
Arrests my course, and excites my wrath.
To stare at, what have those people found?
It is only a horse down they're gathered around.
No aid can they render the prostrate steed,
Meanwhile, my progress they impede.
Oh, &c.

Blocked up is the street I fain would thread,
There is one to be buried, or two have been wed;
Nor the corpse nor the couple that throng have known;
The affair they're intent on is not their own.
They have often seen just the same sight before,
As the one whereupon they gaze and pore.
Oh, &c.

Whenever I'm struck with a brilliant thought,
And to fix the idea my mind has caught,
Stopping in one of the streets of Town,
I bend o'er my note-book to set it down,
I find myself, as soon as I rise,
The cynosure of surrounding eyes.
Oh, &c.

My dog was run over the other day,
When he happened to get in a taxed-cart's way.
No bones were broke, but he howled aloud,
And of course immediately drew a crowd.
I carried him home—that was much to see—
And a mob at my heels dogged my dog and me.
Oh, &c.

How free must the populace be from care,
That they can so readily gape and stare
At trivial things which concern them not!
How happy the British Public's lot!
Their thought for the morrow must be but small;
They can hardly be troubled with thought at all.
Oh, &c.

But lucky 'tis for us, beyond all doubt,
That so many good folks only look without.
Who'd fight our battles by land and sea,
If all were thinkers like you and me?
Let the people still feast their external sight,
If they get in your way, never mind; all's right.
Oh, &c.

CONVERTED ENGLAND.



"Pour la conversion de l'Angleterre . . . autrefois l'île des Saints, maintenant, hélas! séparée de la Sainte Eglise."

In the litany appointed for recital at this service, no fewer than eight saintesses and two-and-forty saints are specially invoked by name, and solicited to pray for poor perverted England; while other saints and saintesses, whose names are not recorded, are in general terms entreated to proffer their petitions to the like effect. In common with other Englishmen, *Mr. Punch* of course feels grateful that such efforts are made for the benefit of England; and when the prayers of all the saints have succeeded in converting it, *Mr. Punch* and other Englishmen will doubtless put their faith in the powers of the Saints.

RESISTANCE TO THE ARISTOCRACY.

(Communicated.)

WE adverted to the attempt made by the Right Hon. the LORD BRIGHT at coercing the constituency of Manchester into returning his brother, the Hon. MR. JACOB. It was supposed that Manchester would be compelled to submit to this dictation, for her trade is so entirely dependent on the will of the above nobleman, whose domineering character is well known, that unless we had the protection of the ballot, it would be vain to contend against his power. But we are happy to be able to say, that resistance has been successfully offered to this haughty aristocrat, and that he has been prevented from forcing his honourable little brother upon the representation. A re-inforcement of Conservatives, who, having nothing to hope for from LORD BRIGHT, had nothing to fear from him, came up, and MR. HENWOOD avenged his own wrongs and those of the party by leading away the ultra-contingent, where it was of no use in the battle. MR. JAMES, a reasonable Liberal, won the seat, and we have JACOBUS instead of JACOB. So my LORD BRIGHT may stalk up and down his ancestral halls, wishing that the good old times had come back, and there were pit and gallows for the democratic recalcitrants.

FASHIONABLE FRIPPERY.

WE learn from the best writers upon that exciting theme, The Fashions, that straw and steel are now considered the proper things wherewith to decorate young ladies—and doubtless old ones too, if they require decoration. The fashion is to wear the straw scattered upon the skirt, and the steel made into bracelets, as well as into beads and bangles and spangles for the head-dress. Ladies who would dress in what is deemed the proper style, must have their wrists adorned like those of captured pickpockets, and must appear in the costume of *Ophelia* in her mad scene, *plus* a pair of disjointed handcuffs. A girl who has the folly to be guided by *Le Follet*, but is obliged to study some economy in dress, should pull her straw bonnets to bits, and sew the pieces on her skirt, and should ornament her hair with scraps of the steel hoops discarded from her petticoats. Were a philosopher to introduce a magnet at a party, half the ladies in the room would be resistlessly attracted to it. Away would go their head-gear and stick tight to the loadstone; and down would come their backhair, all the pins being

drawn out of it. What a scene this would be for a farce or a burlesque. We advise our comic playwrights directly to seize hold of it. By the bye, if for burlesquing they want to find an opera in which they might most fitly introduce this magnet scene, they had better try their wits upon *The Rose of Cast Steel*.

KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING.

WHILE loud battle's roar is
Twixt Lib'rals and Tories,
Through cheers, rotten eggs, howls and hissing,
A minist'ring angel,
Lo, *Punch* dares to range all
The field, for "killed, wounded, and missing!"

While the Battle
of the Elections
rageth, *Punch*
looketh after the
killed, wounded,
and missing.

O'er the corpse of FRED PERL,
Swathed thick, head to heel
In Red-tape, the Phillipians make merry;
Why, courting disgrace,
Would he fight in a place,
With the ominous title of *Bury*?

Bury rejecteth
FRED PERL for
PHILLIPS.

Kidderminster we know,
Swore she'd never stand *Lowe*,
Quick to brickbats her sons wrath and gin stir,
Carlton cash, on the nail,
Has made WHITE's star pale,
For a *Grant* is what suits Kidderminster.

Kidderminster
that erst broke
the head of BOS
LOWE, turneth
out WHITE for
GRANT.

His own trumpets may herald
The charge of FITZGERALD,
But as victor the *lists* won't endorse him:
There he lies, with hope's dream o'er,
And can't say or see more.
Since a HURST, with a hoist, could unhorse him.

SEYMOUR FITZ-
GERALD is over-
thrown by
HURST at Hor-
sham.

And brisk VISCOUNT BURY
Is mortified very,
His *old field* lost, in *fresh field* thrown over:
Why, when snuffed out at Wick,
Cross the ale's length so quick,
If 'twas but to be *buried* at Dover?

VISCOUNT BURY
leaving Wick is
run-down by
FRESHFIELD at
DOVER.

To be PAGET by race,
And in Court hold high place,
Is to tower in life's uppercrust ranges;
Litchfield ought to be partial
To equerry and marshal,
Yet its old for new *diet* it changes.

LORD ALFRED
PAGET, Chief
Equerry and
Clerk Marshal,
is thrown over
at Litchfield for
COLONEL DYOTT.

How thrills fight, and shudders field,
At *taches* of Huddersfield,
Which, if *bright* blades it have, won't unsheath 'em;
His brother-in-law waiving,
Like a cross-land behaving,
It coolly throws over young LEATHAM!

YOUNG LEATHAM,
JOHN BRIGHT's
Brother-in-law,
is cruelly done
to death at Hud-
dersfield by
CROSSLAND.

From the schoolmaster's rod,
You may shrink, or his nod,
But the schoolmaster's brother you *may* cob;
So the Manchester school
Speaks its mind on BRIGHT's rule,
By upsetting JOHN BRIGHT's brother, JACOB.

Manchester,
rising in revolt
against Newall's
Buildings, will
none of JACOB
BRIGHT, JOHN's
Brother.

And young NAMBY-PAMBERLEY,
Who strove, fly-in-amber-ly,
To get where folks *must* say, "How odd! Is 't he?"
Embracing his *banes*,
An antidote gains
In a purl which *may* teach him some modesty!

LORD NAMBY
PAMBERLEY, of
Leeds, finds that
BAINES can't
command anti-
dotes against
defeat.

But the worst news comes last:
Punch, his colours half-mast
Hoists, in token of heart-breaking trial;
Cox is GONE—his best butt,
Let the Commons' House shut—
Without Cox, there's *præterea nihil*!

But, most griev-
ous blow of all,
COX is OUT FOR
FINSBURY!

The Roman Catholic Oath Bill.

LORD DERBY declines to unmuzzle the Dog
Whose howling affords him amazing delight,
But DERBY can't see, through a thick Tory fog,
The Dog's bark is by many more shunned than his bite.



THE LATE RAIN.

Fred. "CAN'T WADE ACROSS THIS MUD, YOU KNOW!"

Charles. "ABS'UTELY IMPAWIBLE, BY JOVE!"

Fred. "HO'D BAW! WHAT'S TO BE DONE!"

Charles. "MOST 'FERNAL NUISANCE! DON'T KNOW, 'M SHAW!"

Fred. "HAW! WELL, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, P'HAPS."

Charles. "HAW, YES! ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE STREET, YOU KNOW!"

Fred and Charles. "HAW! TATA! HAW!"

INCOME-TAX SUFFRAGE.

It is strange that no candidate has as yet gone to the hustings with the cry of, "The Income-Tax for Ever!" It would be a capital cry; in the first place, because it is so true, expressing, as it does, the evident truth that the Income-Tax is destined to have no end. In the next place, if the candidate cried, "The Income-Tax for Ever!" the multitude would be certain to respond, "Hooray!" because the multitude does not pay the Income-Tax. The multitude, therefore, will cry not merely, "Hooray!" but, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" The majority of those electors even who do pay Income-Tax, will shout simply, "Hooray!" For the Income-Tax is the fairest of taxes to persons of safe incomes; and, although unsafe incomes are common, forethought is scarce. Few are they who, being in the receipt of any income at all, consider otherwise than that their incomes are going to last for ever, and most people pay their Income-Tax under Schedule D, if not without grumbling, still without thinking any more than they think when they set up a carriage, or take a wife in these days of excess in female apparel. Hang the few!

Then the Income-Tax has now been reduced by so much that it is no longer a glaring confiscation, but resembles gas that has been turned down to a glimmer, ready to be turned up again into a blaze immediately, as occasion may require. Even the rare thinkers who think what is to become of them when the personal earnings constituting their sole incomes cease, and who feel it as a confiscation especially hard to themselves, will be ready at least to groan, "The Income-Tax for Ever!"

Since, then, the Income-Tax is to be eternal, make the best of it. Make it the basis of the Elective Franchise.

Give everybody who pays Income-Tax a vote, and let nobody else vote. But taxation without representation is tyranny. Are the working classes, whose gin and tobacco are taxed, but who are exempt from Income-Tax, to have no vote at all? By no means. Give a vote to every one who chooses to demand to pay an Income-Tax on the amount of his income, whatever it may be.

If taxation without representation is tyranny, representation without taxation will come to the same thing. If the classes who pay no Income-Tax are to vote the supplies, there is some fear that the Income-Tax payers will very soon have to find all the money that the Government may require for the national expenses, and, for example, for the pursuit of a spirited foreign policy. Income-Tax Suffrage obviates this danger, and meets every difficulty of Parliamentary Reform.

It was reserved for *Punch* to point out the one only satisfactory and sufficient foundation for a perfect Reform Bill. How beautiful, how simple it is! Who could ever have conceived anything so exact but *Punch*? Statesmen, for any political article which they are in want of, must always come, at last, to 85, Fleet Street.

PHILOSOPHY AND PUNCH.

Logic's in Parliament with MILL. Hurrah!
Deep from the well of Truth a bucket draw,
But the pure crystal, ere you quaff it, boil.
The generous fire, that warms it, will not soil.
Imparting strength, add spirits, which will come,
For brandy if you call, and summon rum.
Withal let lemon, deftly squeezed and peeled,
Flavour and fragrance, sugar sweetness, yield.
Mingle, and pour; the brimming goblet fill:
That *Punch* in punch may drink, "Success to MILL."

Interesting Event.

We are happy in being enabled to announce, that a zebra in the Zoological Gardens, called, in the language of Zoology, *Asinus Burchelli* (Burchell's Donkey), has, in giving birth to a fine foal, presented the Fellows of the Zoological Society with an addition to their scientific happiness.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

PREFACE.



SCIDOM, if ever, has the gigantic intellect of man been employed upon a work of greater utility, or upon one of such special application and general comprehensiveness, as in the projection, completion, publication, and sustentation of the now familiar *Bradshaw*. Few literary efforts, however high their aim either in the ethereal regions of Art, or the sublime paths of Philosophy, have ever achieved so much for the cause of Progress as has the *Book of BRADSHAW*.

And yet, such is the original imperfection inherent in even the most carefully elaborated human scheme, the writings of *BRADSHAW*, it is objected, contain so many difficulties, real or apparent, so many contradictions, so much error, mingled, it is allowed, with a certain amount of truth, as to partially destroy its character for credibility, and so far to injure its usefulness for guidance, as to render it unworthy of that implicit reliance which most minds would be willing to place in the *dicta* of an acknowledged superior and accredited teacher. In answer, we contend that the so-called difficulties are far less real than apparent, and that the honest student, who applies himself heart and soul to the work, will encounter no greater obstacles than such as were surmounted by *CHAMPOLLION*, during his laborious researches into the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The plain title of the Book carries with it the overwhelming grandeur of simplicity. Who is there but can without effort pronounce it? What being so dull as not to respond interiorly to its utterance? *BRADSHAW!* Let us repeat it mildly, softly, soothingly—*BRADSHAW!* Let us be

hard and fierce in our tone, as announcing an authority from whose decision there lies no appeal—*BRADSHAW!* Let us pronounce his name in the broken accents of despair—the despair of one who has no time to lose, and to whom every minute is of the last importance—let us, half weeping, say *BRAD-AD-SHAW*. Let us lispingly allude to him among the false smiles, false teeth, false hair, and false hearts of the gilded saloon, as *BWADTHAW!* Mentioned where you will, and how you will, there is a strange charm in the name that rivets the attention, even though it fail to reach the understandings, of all hearers.



Of the genuineness of *BRADSHAW* there may, and indeed must, always exist most reasonable doubts. The question of its authenticity has been

raised by its supposed difficulties, and these it shall be alike our duty and our pleasure to explain.

Once let a doubt of *BRADSHAW* be confirmed and established, and in whom, in what, shall we put our confidence?



Once let the discovery be made that in the statements contained in *BRADSHAW* no trust can be reposed, and what abiding happiness will remain to us in life? To and fro shall we be drifting, from one Station to another, from one informant to another, now clinging to this opinion now holding on by that, at one time late for an early train, at another early for a late, dependent upon ignorant officials, at the mercy of grasping porters, equally uncertain as to the moment for entering or leaving a compartment, we, with mental powers weakened, equanimity utterly overthrown, and physical capacities prematurely decayed, shall ultimately find ourselves harmlessly playing at Steam-Engines on the green sward of Colney Hatch, or composing an Oratorio out of old Great Western time-tables while wandering in the cloisters of the secluded Hanwell.



Quo Tendimus? To this, an admission of the existence of difficulties, a staunch denial of their insuperability, and an acknowledgment of the great need of a competent expositor. In this character we come forward as the champion of *BRADSHAW*, and Guide to the Guide.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Genuineness of BRADSHAW—Objections answered—His wit, humour, satire—Our Line.

CONCERNING the authorship of *BRADSHAW*, it seems to us no reasonable doubt can be entertained. It is as evidently to our minds the compilation of several hands, as are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of HOMER.

We attribute no weight whatever to this objection as regards the trustworthy character of the information contained in the book. For, to say that a certain book was written by one *BRADSHAW*, is no more than to say St. Paul's was built by *SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN*, who, it may be fairly supposed, never touched so much as a stock or stone in a practical way during the rearing of the ecclesiastical edifice:—

"*SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN*
Directed his men,"

and no more nor less than this fell to the lot of *BRADSHAW*.

That the hand which had guided the work to its completion, should have given the few finishing touches required, is far from improbable, and some of the index fingers, shunting lines, and amusing, though perplexing, arrangements and notices, are, without doubt, from the facile

pen of BRADSHAW himself, when, in the quiet winter evenings, he could, over the social glass, allow his freakish fancy to rove freely through the mazy labyrinths of his favourite book, lightening, beautifying, and embellishing its pages with a graceful humour all his own.

The adoption of this hypothesis will at once account for the occasional sudden digressions, and affected jerkiness of style, that, while thoroughly original both in conception and execution, strongly remind us of the peculiarities of STERNS. Thus, for instance, when a train to Brighton is announced as leaving London at 9 A.M., you may trace it carefully down to its sixth Station, and then it is lost in space, or stopped by a pointing finger, or becomes inextricably mixed up with some train going in a totally opposite direction, or it capriciously breaks off without any reason whatever, and never reaches Brighton at all, or—it takes us onwards towards a castle in the air, and suddenly (Grand Thought!) vanishes among the Stars! (*.*.).

Now, this was BRADSHAW's peculiar vein of humour. We can see the mischievous twinkle of his eye, as his strong active imagination fully anticipated the amusing perplexities into which the erasure, made by his pen, would cast some thousands of his readers, and how heartily, as one of themselves, he sympathised with merriment which the discovery of his innocent jest would cause among them, when they entered into and appreciated the true spirit of his sly, quiet fun.

Let this much, as stated above, be on all hands conceded to BRADSHAW.



If, then, BRADSHAW created the difficulties of which we complain, why did he not take upon himself their solution?

The question might just as well be asked why BRADSHAW ever wrote any Guide at all? or why he adhered to any precise method in composing it?

We believe his motives to have been of the highest and purest, not to say most disinterested kind.

But he *has* provided a "Key" to every volume, and in it has drawn largely upon his fund of quiet humour, and has slyly satirised the affected weakness of those, whose pretended necessity laid so great a tax upon his time and patience.

We propose, first of all, to deal with the Title-page and Key, wherein will be found specimens of BRADSHAW's satiric mood.

Then we will take at hap-hazard a page, or, so to speak, a leaf out of his book, in order to present the reader with BRADSHAW in his simply humorous phase.

From time to time we shall be open to any suggestions from esteemed correspondents, and shall answer them or not as we feel inclined.

Having thus thoroughly imbued ourselves with our Author's spirit, we will attempt, in all humility, and with a sense of our utter unworthiness for the task, to extract from his teaching short practical maxims, and brief instructions for the traveller's ordinary guidance. Besides this, we shall, in the true mind of the Author, give funny things, jokes, &c., for every traveller, suitable to different lines.

We will then develop his hints, and having thus filled up what was wanting in BRADSHAW, shall present our Complements to the reader.

From the general tenor of his writing, we shall in due course proceed to deduce particular rules of conduct, applicable to the various situations or Stations wherein the traveller may find himself placed.

In fine, we will endeavour to confute the superficial objectors by bringing to light the hidden treasures of BRADSHAW, and, by an easy method, make patent to all, what had hitherto seemed to wear the veil of mysterious obscurity.

A Trifle Picked up at the Dramatic Fancy Fair.

SAID the STIRLING to a Frenchman,
"Buy this pretty rose from me;"
But the Gaul refusing gently,
"Merci, ma belle dame," said he;
"M'sieu," replied the laughing lady,
"Je suis la belle dame sans merci."

A FREE AND INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE.

THE following answer to a requisition on the part of certain electors to become a candidate for the representation of Blankshire was returned by a straightforward country squire:—

GENTLEMEN,

I have received your solicitation to undertake the office of representing you in Parliament.

If I were simply to consider my own inclinations, I should refuse to accept the onerous employment with which you desire to saddle me.

As the proprietor of a large tract of land in your county, I have more than enough to do to mind my own business, without troubling myself with yours, or that of the nation.

I delight in the recreation of fishing; and the Parliamentary Session exactly coincides with the trout season. I am addicted to literary and scientific pursuits, which attendance in Parliament will oblige me to intermit for nearly six months in the year.

The labour of serving on Committees would be so irksome to me as to amount nearly to an infliction equal to penal servitude.

My health would be impaired, and my days might be shortened, by the late hours which the House of Commons is in the habit of keeping. It is true that a Parliamentary life is not incompatible with longevity, as in the case of LORD PALMERSTON, but LORD PALMERSTON likes that sort of life, and I hate it.

However, I do not feel justified in absolutely declining a public duty such as men in my position are, as far as their circumstances go, of all men the fittest to discharge. But if you can think of anybody else whose political abilities are greater than mine; whose information, eloquence, and argumentative powers, exceed my own; and who is as well off as I am, I hope you will ask him to become your representative in preference to me.

Herewith I send you a statement of my political opinions, which you can print and distribute if you like to do so at your own expense. I expect that, if you insist on returning me, you will defray all the costs of my election yourselves; for if I am rich, I have not more money than I know what to do with, and it seems to me monstrously absurd that a man should pay his fellow-citizens for leave to do them the favour of serving them in the capacity of a Member of Parliament. Besides, the expenses of my election, if borne by myself, might amount to more than even I could afford singly; whereas your respective contributions to them would not at all inconvenience each of you. Moreover, if you take them entirely upon yourselves, they will be sure to be very small.

Hoping you will manage to find some one who is better qualified and more anxious than the undersigned to fill the seat which you invite him to occupy, I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant to command,

Sturdy Knoll, July, 1865.

JOHN BLUNT.

LADIES AND THEIR LONG TAILS.

CRIMOLINE at length is going out, thank goodness! but long, trailing dresses are coming in, thank badness! In matters of costume, lovely woman rarely ceases to make herself a nuisance; and the length of her skirt now is almost as annoying as, a while ago, its width was. Robes à queue they call these dragging dresses; but it is not at Kew merely that people are tormented by them. Everywhere you walk, your footsteps are impeded by the ladies, who, in PORN's phrase, "drag their slow length along" the pathway just in front of you. "Will anybody tread upon the tail of my petticoat?" This seems to be the general invitation they now give. Sad enemies to progress they are, in their long dresses: and a Reform Bill should be passed to make them hold their tails up. Ladies should be taught to mind their *p's* and *queues*; and every policeman should be armed with a big pair of garden shears or tailors' scissors, wherewith to cut away the skirts which he sees trailing on the pavement.

Young ladies, as a rule, we will allow, are little ducks; but by wearing such long tails they make great geese of themselves. Clearly something must be done to shorten their appendages, if it be only on account of the safety of the public. We often see a child tripped up by a long dress, and falling on what *Jaques* calls its "innocent nose" thereby. If the trains be worn much longer, there is no telling what misadventures and master-haps may be occasioned by them. Wellnigh as many accidents will be met with by these trains as by those upon our railways, and we really hardly know which of the two may prove more dangerous. For ourselves, having the welfare of our little ones at heart, we always try to tread upon as many dresses as we can, and to do them all the damage that hobnailed boots can perpetrate. If every father of a family would sternly do the same, the fashion of long dresses would have a short existence.

WHAT is the difference between the punctual arrival of a train, and a collision? The former is *quite* an accident; the latter isn't!

THE RECENT HIDEOUS CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(Fide Letter in the Times of 8th July.)

"SIR.—At half-past six o'clock this morning I was fishing in the Hampstead ponds, near the Vale of Health. A well-fed smooth black and tan terrier came behind me and shook the leg of my trowsers.



"Thinking it not quite safe, after your late police dog-reports, I gave it a kick.



"Again, however, it returned, and from its movements I could evidently see it wanted to draw my attention to something amiss.



"The terrier led me on for some hundred yards to a pit with high banks, where I discovered a puppy, to which the dog (not its mother) had brought me, and which unfortunate little animal I extricated as quickly as possible.



"The dog and puppy followed me some distance, but I purposefully evaded them.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c."



MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

"I HOPE you received my six previous messages. I say this because the young officer who promised to telegraph them, laughs so when I mention them. He says they are all right, and it would not be polite in me to doubt the word of a naval gentleman on board his own vessel. Nothing very important. We have been slowly steaming all round the south, and I do not know where we are at present, but I suppose we shall turn to the right soon. I have been very unwell. The gentleman who has given me so much information says that the nausea I feel arises from the effect of the telegraph cable, the iron wire in water acting on the atmosphere as a chalybeate, and that I shall feel daily better as it is paid out. I hope so."

"We fell in with another ship near the Land's End. I wished that we had let her alone, for we are quite low enough in the water, and don't want any more shaking, but the Captain insisted upon hooking her on to us, and so we are pulling her along. She is called the *Caroline*, and she has got a thin end of cable, to be stuck into Valentia, and tied to our rope. I have endeavoured to ascertain the necessity for this clumsy contrivance, and why our own end could not have been fastened. My Irish friend says that it would have been as much as the QUEEN's crown is worth to sanction such a thing, that the awful weight of our cable would have broken away a huge cantle of Ireland, and that the Prerogative would not stretch to alienation of territory. This seems a Constitutional reason. I am still unwell."

"A little better. My friend says that this is on account of the galvanic action being reversed by the electricians, and that I ought to change my diet entirely. I do not care about eating anything, and that is the fact. I can hardly allude to pork without a shudder, but I must correct a statement I made in a former despatch. That pig was never killed at all: it was a practical joke of our (I must still say) worthy cook, who slipped him down a hole,

and uncovered the chops and sausages I found so good. We are all liable to be deceived, but they will not take me in again. We had a thunderstorm last night, and I am informed that the electricians hung one end of the cable out, and put the other into the sea, and that the lightning illuminated it to the bottom, clearly showing the wreck of the *Royal George*, and killing thousands of fish. We certainly had a very abundant fish dinner to-day."

"Sunday.

"Church, of course. But our excellent chaplain stated that he had no sermon of the right size to be passed through the wire, as last week, so we did without one, and some of Mr. TUPPER's admirable proverbs were sent through for the edification and instruction of the crew. The beautiful remark, 'He who goes to sea without a cork jacket, is like unto the butler who neglecteth to cork his bottles,' was very impressive. I hope, also, that many were touched to the heart by the reminder, 'If thou eatest fish, O friend, thou livest; but if fish eat thee, thou diest.' My friend states that on Sundays our telegraph wire loses a certain and appreciable quantity of power, a fact which he is inclined to attribute to the circumstance that the workmen who made it were mostly Scotchmen, and of Sabbatical tendencies. This shows the exceeding and susceptible delicacy of the machine."

"Monday.

"We have come to Valentia, and here we throw off the *Caroline*, and lounge up and down, as it were, until she has fixed the thin end. Why could not this have been done a week ago, so that we might have taken time by the fore-wire, so to speak? There are two more ships to wait upon us, the *Terrible* and the *Sphinx*, but if they keep so far off, we may all go to the bottom before they can put out a hand to us. I told CAPTAIN ANDERSON that they ought to come close, but he only laughed, and said something about 'a good sea-room give me.' I have nothing to say against his sea-rooms, which indeed are very tidy and clean. The Irish gentleman who tells me everything, says that if any accident happens to the Cable, CAPTAIN ANDERSON has sealed orders from the Admiralty, authorising him to throw all the electricians and machine people overboard. This would be a painful scene, and I hope the Captain will temper justice with mercy."

"Tuesday.

"Lounging up and down, but the wind is very severe. I am, however, decidedly better, and again enjoy my meals. My friend says that we are obliged to keep away from the Irish coast for fear the Green Isle should produce verdigris in the wire."

"Wednesday.

"Dull work, if everybody were not so kind and communicative to me. There are some reporters on board, but they will all be set ashore before we start, except certain very select gentlemen, and of course, except myself. I am informed, however, by my Irish friend, that I shall be requested to enter into a solemn vow, ratified by an oath on the largest anchor, and on the binnacle, that I will keep the *Secrets of the Wire*. He hinted that if it should not work well, some terrible means will be resorted to for the purpose of compelling action, and I heard with a shudder what I dare not repeat. I knew that science has often shown herself regardless of human suffering, but I was not prepared to hear anything so awful as that which my friend secretly intimated is in contemplation. I dare add no more."

"Friday.

"Saturday.

A WORD OF COMFORT.—COUNTY (married) Electors are assured that the Union Chargeability Bill is *not* a measure for throwing additional expenses on husbands.



HINT TO CROQUET PLAYERS.

WOULD NOT THE ALPINE MILKING-STOOL, IMPORTED FROM GRINDENWALD, BE A VALUABLE ADJUNCT TO THE CROQUET-GROUND DURING THIS FATIGUING WEATHER?

OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

OXFORD'S loss is England's gain. We condole with the University. We congratulate the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the country. He can now throw away the pole, and with unfaltering steps proceed on the path staked out for him. There was a nonconformity between Mr. GLADSTONE and the old "Masters," which no growth of intelligence in the minds of the country clergy and county squires, no softening of the bigotry of the cloister and the common room could ever have abolished. He had outgrown the suit of Oxford Mixture, which will exactly fit Mr. GATHORNE HARDY.

The future First Minister of England would never have been comfortable with Heads of Houses looking over his shoulder, guiding his hand, and cramping it. They will have a more submissive pupil in Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, a good plodding boy, who will never "greatly daring" shine.

The Oxford Majority (non-resident) have completed an exchange—Mr. GLADSTONE for an Under Secretary in LORD DERBY'S Government, an official who, when a Tory Cabinet is again in the chambers of Downing Street—the date is not yet fixed—will probably be promoted, say, to the Duchy of Lancaster.

They are now represented by two Members of that party which is as averse to change as ladies who keep stalls at a bazaar, and from whom it is wrong as money is wrong from a miser. They wanted some one who was sound and safe, and they have got Mr. GATHORNE HARDY safe and sound. There was a sickly whisper that the statesman who honoured them by being one of their Burgesses, was disposed to join the Manchester "Express," so they looked out for a slow "Parliamentary," and found what they required in Mr. GATHORNE HARDY.

What did they care for peace, plenty, and prosperity, as the signs of a good Government, the honours of a first-class administration? They lusted after a Member who would fight for Tests and haggle over Rates, who would mount the barricades against Dissenters, and insist on the retention of rotten oaths, and the desire of their eyes is gratified in Mr. GATHORNE HARDY. *Alma Mater* longed for a babe who would not want shortening, and Mr. GATHORNE HARDY was willing to wear

long clothes, and never to pout at the political pap provided by his coddles. The Oxford go-cart was large enough for him: all the amusement he sighed for was to dance the College hornpipe—in fetters. So GLADSTONE'S name is taken off the books, and HARDY'S recorded in its stead.

Words cannot express a tithe of the delight felt by the overpaid and underworked country Rectors at the result of the struggle—the busy pastors who, in consideration of eight hundred a year, an excellent house, and a walled garden, consent to supply the spiritual wants of a few farmers and cottagers, a fair proportion of whom prefer the stimulant of the chapel to the sedative of the church. The port that night had a fine old Tory smack about it. The girls went to the Archery Ball prouder of Papa than ever; and AUGUSTUS began at once to prepare the speech he is to make after the Vacation at the Union, in support of a motion which declares that the whole policy of this country, since the death of LORD ELDON, has been dangerous, delusive, and democratic.

Choice distinction! to be caressed by the *Standard* and hugged by the *Herald*; to be thanked and congratulated by the President of St. John's ("the WYNTER of our discentment") and other obstructive Heads—(the innocent should be told that the Head of a House is not invariably its Brain); to have assisted at the sacrifice of such a noble victim; to have given a turn to the wheel out of which there has rolled such a splendid prize!

The wisdom of the votes of the Oxford Majority (non-resident) may be doubted. The assault on JOWETT was suicidal; the dismissal of GLADSTONE is *felo-de-se*.

If the Oxford opposition have to pay heavy damages in the shape of a thorough reform and a complete purification of the University, hereafter they may perhaps regret their torture of the Professor of Greek, and their abandonment of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. If they expect to stop the political circulation, they must try a different nostrum—pea-shooters are of no use against granite walls. Growth of rational opinion in their minds is typified in the natural world by the moss and the lichen, or by the alce that flowers once in a hundred years.

But the Oxford Majority deserve credit for one Christian virtue—



PEGASUS UNHARNESSED.

self-denial. They have renewed their oath of allegiance to that party in the State which is as likely to have the command of Church patronage as the Quakers are to control the Horse Guards or the Admiralty; they have taken the vows in that political order which, though it may be tolerated by way of interlude (a description of farce), has as much chance of governing the country for long together as the Pops has of saying mass in St. Paul's.

THERE AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIX.

A PRIVATE EXCURSION.

It cost more than three-and-six did my Excursion to Fort Shingles. Where is it? On the East Coast. You go and see. I'll tell you how I enjoyed myself. Fort Shingles is quite out of the way. No one goes there except some country people in September: that's why I went the other day, from Saturday to Monday, to freshen myself up, as every one said I wanted it, and every one was right. I did, and I went.

The first observation I made was, that the Shingleites were a primitive people as regarded bed-time, or an economical people in the matter of candles, as, though it was barely ten o'clock, the inn was closed, and not a light was to be seen anywhere.

"Capital!" thought I to myself. "Here I shall be undisturbed." Up from below came the pleasant roar of the waves tumbling over and over one another, as if they had determined to make a night of it under the very nose of the placid oldest male inhabitant of the moon.

My driver had been ringing the bell for about five minutes.

"Sim stannin stunty," said the native.

Not knowing what he meant, I smiled, nodded, and suggested that he'd better ring again.

"Stanning stunty he is," repeated the driver.

I thought he meant that they were asleep. Further acquaintance with the language of the County leads me to suppose that the landlord was "amazing obstinate," because he wouldn't open the door.

An ostler came at last. After some conversation, in which, from what I could gather from the tones and sounds, the ostler abused the driver, and the driver the ostler, I interfered with an inquiry as to whether I could have a bed.

On this the ostler rang a bell, and in another five minutes a chambermaid appeared, who came down-stairs yawning. This made the ostler yawn, then the driver yawned, and finally I yawned, and as we all apparently took our time from the maid as long as she stood there, and yawned, we kept it up with all the faults of mere imitation. But I never saw such mouths!

In revenge for waking them up, I was shown into the "only room unoccupied, Sir." It *wasn't*, I know that now. Could I get any supper? No, she didn't think I could; and we both yawned. A glass of ale and a biscuit? No, she said, yawning worse than ever: she was certain I couldn't get that. The bar was shut up; and we both yawned again. Couldn't I get anything? No, nothing. "If I'd come," she explained, "in the afternoon, why—?" What would have happened then I don't know, as a yawn stopped her, and carried her out of the room. An attempt on my part to call her back, and say what time I wished to be called, was rendered utterly abortive by such a fearful yawn that it suddenly occurred to me that my mouth was becoming as big as theirs, and that I myself was (Darwinianly) developing into a Shingleite. So I got into bed.

Hunger is not only a sharp thorn, but an early caller. At four o'clock I was awake. Gray morning. I heard the sea, and somebody snoring. Ah! My window should be opened, and luxury of luxuries to a worn, smoked Londoner, I would lie in bed, and lazily looking at the glorious ocean, would allow my mind to expand, and bathe myself in the sweet breezes that float over the ever fresh, the ever free. (I never heard, by the way, such extraordinary snoring.)

To accomplish my wishes, it became necessary to pull up my blind. I jumped out of bed. (I stop for a second to wonder where that snoring comes from.) Now, now, *Thalatta! Thalatta!* as the Greeks said (for I was in high spirits, and hadn't quoted Greek for an age), now for it—where's the cord?—oh, here's the cord—and now—up goes the blind stiffly, and this is what I saw: the dead wall of a red brick coach-house and a pig-stye, occupied by one Sow, fast asleep.

The snoring was instantly accounted for. Was it for this that I had left my couch at four o'clock, A.M.? I broke the string in pulling down the blind. In my miserable disappointment, I said, "Awoke by cold pig in the morning," and, having sneered at my own joke, returned to my bed. No one would be up till six, I supposed. It was now a quarter-past four. I'd brought no books with me, except an Eastern Counties Railway Guide. While pondering over the outside page (yellow cover), I fell asleep, and was awake at 6.30 by somebody else's boots being brought into my room.

From that moment I commenced getting up. At half-past seven I ordered breakfast. The Chambermaid (outside the door) asked, in a faint voice, "What I would take?" I, not being prepared for this poser, answered by asking, "What there was?" She would ask. While

she was absent on her mission, I employed myself in considering what I should have when she came back. Chicken? Yes. Chicken I settled with myself, and an egg, or an omelette—yes, chicken grilled, or mackerel broiled? That was the thing—mackerel broiled, and an omelette! There we were. The Chambermaid doesn't answer my bell when I ring for her, but somebody else, represented by another faint voice outside my door, does. "What do I want?" "Oh!" I say, rather put out by having to go back to the commencement, "I rang for breakfast." "Had I ordered it?" was the next question. I considered. "No, I had not: at least, I had rung for the Chambermaid, and she had—" Getting confused at this point, I wound up with, as if by inspiration, "Order some eggs, please, and tea." The voice retired. I felt that this was not the breakfast I had intended, but I was scarcely prepared, on going into the Parlour, that did duty for a Coffee-room, to find no breakfast at all. I rang. "What did I want? Had I ordered it?" Ordered! Hadn't I ordered eggs and tea? The tea was ready—there were no eggs. No eggs! And this is the country! I had always thought that—"Will I have anything besides tea?"

Somehow or another, probably through being bothered by such an absurd question about breakfast, I can't think of any answer except "Coffee." Suddenly rousing myself, I say, "Bread, of course,"—and, as an after-thought, "Butter."

When she has gone out of the room, Ham flashes across my mind. I ring boldly, and ask what she has to say to Ham. Broiled Ham? Yes, that's it. And there's a cold pie. Oh! pie, by all means; and, while that's preparing, I'll go out and bathe.

I may go out, but I mayn't bathe. The Machine ain't down on Sunday. I can bathe without a Machine. The Landlady, who is passing through the passage, hears this remark, and stops to say it's dangerous.

"Why?" I ask. "I can swim."

"It's not swimming," she returns: "it's the boys."

I fancied she meant *boys*, and said they could be avoided.

"The boys that drives donkeys in the season. They've got nothing to do, the young limbs!" she explains. "They think it's a game running off with clothes they see lying on the shore."

"A game! Do they? Oh, thank you! Then I shall not bathe."

Breakfast! Excellent ham! Beautiful pie! Lovely day! View of the sea from parlour charming! I will smoke a cigar outside. This is delightful!

(To be continued.)

INES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I LOVE thee for thy *chignon*, for the boss of purchased hair,
Which thou hast on thine occiput the charming taste to wear.
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto thy poll doth lend,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with knobs at either end!

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy cheeks that deck,
The lilies likewise that adorn thy pearly-powdered neck,
And all that sweet "*illusion*" that, o'er thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the muslin and the gauze about thee bound,
Like endive that in salad doth a lobster's tail surround,
And oh! I love thee for the boots thine ankles that protect,
So proper to the manly style young ladies now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for aught I see,
The clothes-frame of a draper's shop inside all that dress be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface know,
The picture 'tis I value, not the canvas hid below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity, and pride;
But, oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be my bride.
So dear a wife as thou wouldst prove, to marry thee, alas!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be—what an ass!

Indignation.

"CORPORAL punishment in the aristocratic schools?" said LORD BRIGHT. "Don't tell me that the democratic schools are not just as brutal. There's the Manchester School. I myself had the severest licking there I ever had in my life, and my young brother, JACOB, whom I sent there this half, with orders that he was not to be touched, has not only been soundly beaten, but expelled into the bargain. By BARCLAY'S *Apology*, I'll—I'll—well, we shall see." And his Lordship went away, meditating a Public Schools Reform Bill.

SPORTING INFORMATION.

THE Lyndhurst Races were run the other day. The sport was unusually good. A thief carried off the cup.



MNEMONICS.

Snell (in the Club Smoking-room). "WAITER, JUST GO DOWN-STAIRS, AND SEE IF I WASN'T WEADING A BOOK AT DINNER!"

CONSERVATIVE VEAL CUTLETS.

MR. DU WALKING STICK—no no, MR. DU CANE, said some very amusing things the other day at Braintree, to the electors of North Essex. In the first place, after having made some observations of no consequence, he remarked, with reason enough that:—

"Any one who said he was ready to support LORD PALMERSTON must be prepared to support MR. GLADSTONE also."

And then he proceeded to characterise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as:—

"MR. GLADSTONE, the future destroyer of the Irish Church, the future proposer of universal suffrage, and the future introducer of Republicanism. (*Cheers, Oh! Oh! and uproar.*)"

MR. DU CANE's audience took all this seriously. He should repeat it at his Club, where of course it would create a good laugh.

The honourable and facetious gentleman continued:—

"When MR. GLADSTONE first came into office, six years since, he put on a most enormous mass of taxation, which he had been for years giving back to the country in little dribblets."

That is to say, MR. GLADSTONE had to pay the bills incurred by his predecessors, the Conservatives, put on taxes to pay the bills, and, having paid them, proceeded as fast as he could to reduce taxation. This is a droll way of disparaging a political opponent's finance.

Having repeated in detail the charge against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which he had stated as above in general terms, MR. DU CANE went on to say:—

"A word about the manly, spirited foreign policy of the Government. When LORD DERBY left office the policy of England was respected in every European Cabinet, and the name of England was honoured on the Continent. But now that we had betrayed Poland and ruined Denmark, the foreign policy of England was laughed at, and treated with scorn in every European Cabinet, ay, and not merely in every European Cabinet, but among those semi-barbarous nations which LORD PALMERSTON delighted in worrying."

According to MR. DU CANE, a man who, being on one side of a river, which he cannot cross, and seeing a gang of ruffians robbing and

AMENDS TO SCOTLAND.

THAT gallant and energetic Volunteer, LORD ELCHO, had to rush from Wimbledon to defend a Scotch seat, to which, in the circumstances, Scotsmen might have elected him without taking him away from the scene of his services to the national cause. But we can hardly regret the incident, as it enabled the Volunteer to display his exceeding self-possession and good temper. To appreciate these, people should know what a low Scotch mob is. It is perhaps the most ill-conditioned and spiteful gathering in the world. It is too stupid to understand fun, but, on the other hand, Calvinistic associations have made it familiar with the most awful denunciations, and these are poured out in sulphureous gales. When not under the eye of authority, it resorts to savage force. With such a mob had LORD ELCHO to contend. It yelled, howled, anathematised, and refused to hear him return thanks to the respectable electors who had placed him at the head of the poll. But he stood firm, as a rifleman should stand, laughed when the assembly was most brutal, asked whether he should smoke or speak, declaring that he was quite ready to do either, according to the taste of the meeting, and when he had done, he good-humouredly offered the mob the pipe of peace in the shape of the contents of his cigar-case. But there is none of the easily conciliated character of an English crowd about a Scotch mob, and while picking up and pocketing the costly tobacco, they cried that they were insulted, and one cigar (it must have been a damaged one), was actually buried back at the donor, with language hot enough to light it. But our Volunteer only laughed, and came back to Wimbledon. *Mr. Punch* notices the business, to make up to Scotland for her losing, by a neck only—or rather by a nostril—the International Shield.

Oxford's last Triumph.

PROUD Oxford claims another prize,
And cheers salute her hardy crew,
Making us mournful moralise,
Her laurels look so much like rue.
How party zeal 'gainst judgment pulls
Leaving her adversary afloat,
With strength of SAMSON in her sculls,
And woman's weakness in her craft.

murdering a traveller, contents himself with crying, "Thieves!" and "Murder!" as loud as he can bawl, betrays and ruins the traveller. And two opposite lines of policy, pursued towards foreign nations, have had the same result, that of being laughed at; as the foregoing quotation will probably be, and that which follows actually was even by those who heard it:—

"Thus, the Maories of New Zealand murdered our missionaries and settlers, the KING OF ABYSSINIA laughed at our soldiers, and the KING OF ABYSSINIA imprisoned our consul, and (MR. DU CANE) believed that he had long since eaten him at a State banquet. (*Laughter.*)"

Now they who were the hearers of MR. DU CANE are themselves a tribe of the natives of England vulgarly denominated Essex calves. *Punch* does not call them so, oh no! *Punch* never calls anybody opprobrious names. The free and independent electors of North Essex, and South Essex too, take *Punch* in, and he would not say anything disrespectful about them for the world. But what does MR. DU CANE take them for, if not for calves, and bull-calves of the most bovine intellect? What should a North Essex elector say to blatant MR. DU CANE? Should he not say to him, "You're another?" Should he not tell MR. DU CANE that if the KING OF ABYSSINIA were to eat him, the Majesty of Abyssinia would dine on undeniable veal?

ELECTION RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

It is right to leave no stone unturned to help your friends, but wrong to pull up the pavement and pelt your opponents.

It is right to take pains, but wrong to break windows.

It is right (if you like them) to be for a sweeping measure, but wrong to throw soot at those who condemn them. At all events, if you must blacken a man's shirt-front, don't blacken his character, especially behind his back.

Volleys of applause are right, volleys of stones wrong.

It is right to lay down the law, but wrong to floor the police.

It is not right to bring forward "a regular stick," but decidedly wrong to bring out a regular bludgeon.

THE NEW BRIDGE.



HANKS, my LORD MAYOR," you are very good, said *Mr. Punch*, "but the fact is that I am so busy about this General Election, that I must decline all invitations. I am sure you can lay your first stone without me."

"Mechanically, yes," said the Mayor; "but morally, no."

"Indeed!" replied *Mr. Punch*. "Well, I should be sorry if the Mayor and Corporation did anything immoral. I will come to your coffer-dam. But I am bothered. Dizzy perplexes me. Day after day the Liberal majority grows larger and larger, and he keeps on declaring that this is exactly what he wants, in order to put DERRY and himself into office. This Asian Mystery is too much for me."

"Politics are an abstruse science," said the Mayor, prudently.

"Politics be—coffer-dammed," said *Mr. Punch*, smiling. "I am speaking of Divisions. What does he mean by saying that a loss of twenty votes increases the Conservative strength? I have it. He means that every Tory Member is a man beside himself, and counts two."

"I dare say he does," said LORD MAYOR STORMES HALE. He is a very good arithmetician. "But the state coach is at the door."

"I prefer walking," said *Mr. Punch*. "Let my people see me."

The LORD MAYOR and the LORD PUNCH descended into Bride Court, and were speedily at the foot of the temporary bridge, which the latter nobleman considers a greater triumph of ingenuity than any architectural affair could be. Let posterity know that, like MR. GLADSTONE, Member for South Lancashire, a passenger saw three courses open to him, one straight and level, and one on either hand, high up in air. To-day all were kept rigorously clear, and the solitude in the midst of the myriads was sensational, and affecting. *Mr. Punch* yielded to the sentimental influence of the scene.

"I'll race your Lordship to the Dam—you take one side and I the other. Run you for a pint and a screw."

"I don't smoke," said the LORD MAYOR.

"Well, you are quite right," said *Mr. Punch*. "It interferes with the digestion, is unpleasant to the ladies, debilitates the faculties, spoils your taste for wine, and costs an awful deal of money. I shall give it up," he added, producing an embroidered cigar-case, and lighting a huge weed, slightly larger than a Swell's umbrella.

They mounted the ascent, and gazed upon the Railway Bridge on their left, and the snaggy ruins of MYLME's structure on their right.

"Have you pens, ink, paper, a penny patent blotter, a folding-knife, and the other essentials for writing, anywhere about you, my Lord?" said *Mr. Punch*, pausing in the middle of the bridge.

"I fear not," said the LORD MAYOR.

"I regret it," said *Mr. Punch*, as I wished to dictate to you a sonnet which would have totally eclipsed WORDSWORTH's on Westminster Bridge. But let it pass—let it pass. My LORD MAYOR, this is an occasion for profound thought and meditation."

"Only," suggested the LORD MAYOR, "that we are waited for in the bed of the river."

"Let us be waited for—let them wait—let them be waiters," said *Mr. Punch*, slowly and abstractedly.

"As a beam o'er the face of the waiters may glow,
While the landlord sits scowling and cheating below,
So the face may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While each dish is distasteful, along of your bile."

"Such thoughts will rise," pursued the poet, "though all the earth conceal them from men's eyes. Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow: Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow. Behold St. Paul's, nor deem thy time mispent: look further, and behold the Monument. Far to the west, see the Victoria Tower: likewise the giant Clock that tells the hour. Those cloud-capt towers and gorgeous

palaces: in which are jewels, cups, and chalices; Must, like the baseless fabric of a dream, be one day blown away like smoke or steam, And the New Zealander—"

It is impossible to say how long the bard might have continued to pour forth his tide of song, but at this moment a hideous shriek from the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and a rush of one of their trains along the iron way, made him inaudible. Somewhat angrily, he seized the LORD MAYOR's arm, and hurried with him to the Southwark end of the bridge, across the road, and into the entrance to the Great Dam. There they were most politely received by blue-gowned Municipals.

"How do you do, MR. BENNETT, and what's o'clock?" said *Mr. Punch*, affably, to the celebrated horologer.

"Your own time, which is always the right time, Sir," said MR. BENNETT, with equal politeness.

They dived, *Mr. Punch* and his conductor, like DANTE and VIRGIL, into the shades, and after descending about seven hundred feet, or more, and beholding nothing but vast beams, crossing one another, and covered with pink calico, they suddenly came upon a sort of pic-nic party at the bottom of the river. Elegantly-attired ladies sat smiling, and partaking of champagne and confectionery which were being handed about by the Fathers of the City. In the centre was a platform, with two radiant chairs, much gilt, and with real glass knobs between the brasswork. In front hung a huge stone, suspended by a chain over a sort of abyss, made cheerful with more pink calico. There was great growling and shouting up above in the air, and these sounds proceeded from persons in the upper galleries, who could neither see, nor hear, nor get anything to drink, and who were unreasonably angry. However, some Common Council-men handed them up some wine cards on the end of wands (just as you feed the bears in the Zoological pit), and the growling ceased.

"The LADY MAYORESS will take one of those chairs, and you, *Mr. Punch*, the other," said the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Punch made one of his own exquisite bows to MISS HALE, who gracefully took the right hand seat, and then he violently shoved the MAYOR into the other chair.

"Do you think I have no respect for authorities," demanded *Mr. Punch*, indignantly.

Then everybody proceeded to lay the first stone of MR. CUBITT's bridge. What was done in the abyss, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to know. Aldermen and others gathered in crowds round it, and nobody could see in except MR. CRAWFORD, M.P., who is eight feet high. *Mr. Punch* fell back and conversed with a pleasing ex-sheriff, a Rhadamantine critic, a *Nineur*, a most genial reporter, a large editor, and an epicurean contributor, and a few bottles containing fluid of an effervescing character speedily ceased to contain the same. As ARTEMUS WARD says, each man got outside a good deal of liquor. At intervals, speaking was heard, occasionally an "h" fell heavily in aid of the foundations of the bridge, and the REVEREND DR. MORTIMER read out the Latin inscription bravely, and it was kind of him, when he came to the date of the day of the month "XX" to say, frankly, "Twenty," instead of putting in more Latin, of which the Aldermen had had enough. Finally, coins chinked, the chain was seen to move, and to descend, and then a shout announced that the money had been laid away in a savings bank whence it is not likely to be drawn for a few centuries, without some slight notice in the shape of an earthquake. Music broke out—and *God save the Queen* was played. The last time the air was given in the foundation of Blackfriars Bridge it was in honour of young GEORGE THE THIRD, whose reign was not a week old.

"And now," said the LORD MAYOR, emerging from the abyss, where he had trowelled the stone like a true mason, "What are we to call this bridge?"

"The old one was named Pitt Bridge, in honour of the terrible cornet of horse," said *Mr. Punch*; "but the people, though they adored him, would never call the bridge anything but Blackfriars. Best leave it so."

"He is, curiously, commemorated in our neighbour, the Railway Bridge—the CHATHAM line," said the Remembrancer.

"Well remembered," said *Mr. Punch*.

"Somebody suggests the name of SHAKESPEARE," said MR. CUBITT.

"That would not add one cubit to his stature," said *Mr. Punch*, "beautiful as your design, Sir, undoubtedly is."

"Then," said the LORD MAYOR, "the question is settled."

All bent to listen, and several persons who had crawled to various points on the beams above, fell down and disappeared in the chasms, whence they were recovered, cussing, at later dates.

"This will be the bridge nearest to 85, Fleet Street. It will be the Bridge over which *Mr. Punch* will go when, desiring relaxation, he seeks the ocean. It will be—"

A universal shout went up from the deep bowels of the river, and startled all London. One loud, decisive, Medo-Persic shout. It proclaimed that the new Bridge at Blackfriars should be called

PUNCH'S BRIDGE.

By which name mark its ruins in thy sketch-book, O Macaulian New Zealander!



THE POLITICIAN.

Waiter (indignantly). "HE'VE 'AD A CHOP AND A GLASS O' WATER, AND HE'S READ THE STAR, THE TIMES, AND THE STANDARD, GIVES ME A HALFPENNY, AND NOW HE WANTS YESTERDAY'S ADVERTISER!"

SHABBY IDEAS OF A SHERIFF.

ANYBODY who venerates the LORD MAYOR'S Show, and would not have it abolished on any account; who reverences a Beadle all the more for his uniform, and, in short, entertains a proper respect for all that sort of thing, will be shocked and scandalised above measure by a manifestation of the reverse of that feeling thus recorded in the Times:—

"MIDLAND CIRCUIT. DERBY, July 17th.

"Their Lordships attended Divine service yesterday at St. Mary's Church. "The Spartan simplicity of the Sheriff's carriage was the subject of general remark. The learned Judges were conveyed to church in a brougham and pair that had evidently seen some service. No javelin men were in attendance, nor were even the customary trumpeters present. Such an utter absence of display has rarely, if ever, been witnessed before on this circuit."

The learned Judges conveyed to church in an old brougham and pair! Why, some Sheriff of ignoble ideas will next propose to have them taken there in a Hansom cab, or to drive them thither in a dog-cart, or—who knows?—perhaps to trundle them to church in a wheelbarrow! Their Lordships will possibly be seen in some places even walking to church. Not a javelin man, not even a trumpeter! How is this? Because, in these days of an efficient county police, an armed escort appears to be an absurdity, and, when it consists of beery old men, in an antiquated garb, and bearing useless weapons, is a sham? Because a flourish of trumpets is an unnecessary announcement of a Judge's advent? Perish the base utilitarian suggestion!

The Sheriff that wishes to behave as such, and glorify the Judges in the good old English spirit that appointed him to that end, should not only organise a body of javelin-men to guard their Lordships, but should have all those merry men attired in the uniform of Foresters, or some other equally splendid. He should have, to carry the Judges to church, a State Coach, gilt like ancient gingerbread, and emblazoned with coats of arms and all manner of colours. As for trumpeters, instead of stinting his homage to two or three, let him have as many as may be required for the performance of the most pompous music. The band (all dressed

HUNTING THE (SUMMER ASSIZES) HARE.

HOLD a Court of Oyer and Terminer,
Summer Assizes; all Nature is gay.
Judge and jury, attorney and barrister,
Set to, and at it the whole of the day.
There's High Sheriff in Court attire, Justice and Country
Squire,
Witnesses, waiting about, from afar,
Plaintiff, defendant, and turnkey attendant,
With gaoler, on prisoner placed at the bar.

Officer, call away "Silence!" and bawl away,
Making the noise all yourself, with much pains;
Court Crier, kiss the book says; there are yonder, look,
Constables, Catchpolls, and Clerk of Arraigns.
Now then come on, from high treason to larceny,
Ready for anything, here, boys, are we;
Misdemeanour or capital felony:
All in our wigs and gowns, comic to see.

Nisi Prius is holden hard by us.
There civil Justice sits, poisoning her scales,
Pondering over your actions of trover,
And trespass for having got over the pales.
Loss of service, assault and battery,
For damages suit, of indictment instead.
Libel and slander, and Goose *versus* Gander,
Breach of promise young lady to wed.

Interpleader, replevin, and right of way,
Process by Crown, information *qui tam*;
Negligence, nuisance, ejectment, and warranty,
Blue bags how full of briefs counsel to cram!
There you in costs are cast, here the Judge gives, at last,
Donning the Black Cap, with frown full of awe,
Sentence of *Sua per Coll.*, whence grace defend us all,
Hey for old Father Antic, the Law!

The Naked Truth.

THE part of William, in *Black Eyed Susan*, is certainly as unfeminine a part as can well be imagined, and therefore there may be some technical fitness in the cast which has received the latest puff. But the Manager says,

"She is the only Lady who ever attempted this arduous part."
Some mistake here. The character has never yet been attempted by a Lady.

like beef-eaters) might be accompanied by a troop of dancers. There can be no doubt that the cheers of the populace would express the sentiments with which they regarded the pageant thus constituted, and a large following of little boys would assuredly attest its influence on the youthful mind. In the meanwhile, the wise that sit in the clouds and mock some people, would smile approvingly.

A NEW TRICK UPON TRAVELLERS.

AFTER the scorchingly-hot weather we have had, it is really quite refreshing to meet with anything so cool as the following advertisement:—

TO LADIES desirous of a THREE MONTHS' TOUR on the CONTINENT.—A lady and gentleman, middle-aged, intending to travel through the Tyrol, the North of Italy, and the Pyrenees, wish to meet with another LADY, as company, who would pay her own expenses and partially those of the gentleman, who is experienced in economical travelling.

"Experienced in economical travelling!" Well yes, rather so, we fancy, if it has been his practice to travel about "partially" at the cost of other people, as his offer seems to show. We wonder what percentage of expense he means by that word "partially," for the term is so elastic, that perhaps it may embrace eleven-twelfths of what he spends. We should recommend the lady, who elects to travel in company with this experienced economist, to have this point distinctly settled before starting; for even the society of a middle-aged couple, however economical they may be in their journeys, may be purchased at a price which may turn out rather dear.

APROPOS DE L'AFRICAINNE.

WHY does *Selma* remind you of a doorway? Because she is an egress.

A GREAT ELECTION POWER.—Power of Attorney.



HORRIBLE SUSPICION.

Old Gentleman. "OH, WAITER, WHY IS IT THAT A DINNER OFF THE JOINT IS FIVE SHILLINGS, BUT IF YOU ONLY HAVE MADE DISHES AND SOUP, IT'S TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE?"

Waiter. "THAT, SIR, IS ON ACCOUNT OF THE VERY HIGH PRICE OF BUTCHERS' MEAT JUST NOW, SIR."

THERE AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIX.

A PRIVATE EXCURSION.—(CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED.)

10 o'clock.—I shall soon hear the sweet church-bells. I will attend the service. The Landlord says I shan't hear any church-bells, because there isn't a church. Not within four miles. Oh! then I will go down to the beach, and think. If the Landlady has got a book she can lend me, I will be much obliged. After some search, she produces, with an apology for not finding a more modern work, a volume of miscellaneous poems called the *Adieu*, dated 1833.

10.15.—The sound of wheels. Visitors, eh? The Landlord says, "Oh, yes. People from Stanton on Sunday."

"Where are they going to?" I asked. "Oh, they're coming here." "To stay?" "Till about five o'clock, or later. They dine here."

Here are some people walking up the road to your gate."

"Oh, they're Slawford folks," says the Landlord, as if you could see them any day of the week.

There was a *table-d'hôte* at one, the Landlord told me. Would I join it?

What, with the Stanton people, and folks from Slawford? No, thank you. Slawford and Stanton must have emptied themselves to-day, for if the number of visitors to the Inn all came from those two places, "To them," said I, "I'll leave the Inn. For me the calm beach, and my book *Adieu*, date 1833, and my thoughts."

(What bad tobacco Slawford and Stanton is smoking!)

11 o'clock.—Beautiful day—calm sea. No one here. Slawford and Stanton didn't seem devotionally inclined, or they'd have been four miles away before now. They won't come down to the beach, though. I am right. Now for my *Adieu*. I open it at haphazard—"Lines on a Daisy." "Meek and modest little flower, Simplest offering of the hour, Blooming in obscurest shade" (here I try to arrange my hat, so as to protect myself from the sun, without giving it up to the wind.) "Meek and modest"—No, I read that before. Oh—"Shade"—"Or, the sunlit verdant glade, On the rock or"—here I begin to think. I am thinking. I am still thinking. Delicious sensation! I am still thinking. I think there's something approaching. Am too lazy to turn. Think it's a Slawford person, or

a Stanton, or—a—what's that? A growl—a low growl, and a sniff! Two enormous black dogs—water-dogs. Wild, perhaps! Fierce, certainly. I say "Poo' fellow, then," but I think I'd better keep perfectly still. They are sniffing and growling slightly. Thank goodness! a whistle summons them away.

Now, for my *Adieu* again. I've lost my place. No matter—I'll think. I am thinking.

I am aroused by something falling on the tip of my nose, which is just under the apex of the crown of my wideawake. Odd. Rain? No. I think what it can be. Another! It's a pebble! Two or three. I rise suddenly, and see little boys scurrying away over the beach. I shake my fist at them. Shouts of laughter, and a defiant waving of spades. Where are their nurses? Oh! these are the Young Limbs my Landlady spoke of. Villains!

I will go in, and get something to eat.

Slawford and Stanton are gorging, it being one o'clock, and the *table-d'hôte*. In consequence of this, no one attends to me. In despair, I order bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale. At intervals the maid brings a cloth, a spoon, salt, pepper, mustard, a knife, a fork, another spoon (does she think that I eat cheese with a spoon?), a wine-glass, then a tumbler. Things remain at this stage until I ring, when she recollects the bread. And on my again appealing to her, she produces the cheese, Slawford having made a pretty good hole in it, and, finally, the beer. This takes altogether one hour.

Why don't Slawford and Stanton go out and enjoy the fresh air?

I am not so calm and quiet as I had hoped to be. Pooh! I will go out and take a good walk over the sands, far away from Slawford, Stanton, wild dogs, and Young Limbs. This reminds me that I've left the *Adieu* on the beach. I search, but it has disappeared. Very annoying! Perhaps a keepsake of the Landlady's. Dear me! I will go for my walk.

Why don't Slawford and Stanton go out for a walk, instead of sitting indoors all day?

A delicious breeze springs up. This is bracing. It blows across the sands. I fancy it is blowing the sand up. I am sure it is. Gracious! quite a simoom! I turn up my coat collar and down the brim of my hat. If I turn back, I shall have it in my face. Never mind, after all it is not so bad as a storm of rain would be. (Perhaps this is the reason why Slawford and Stanton didn't come out.) In another half-hour the wind has gone down. Pleasant walking, now. I will walk out to that rocky point, and think.

Good gracious! Thunder and lightning! Hail! Ice-stones! I must keep on running. Dear me! what a long way I've come from the beach by the Inn. Perhaps this is the reason why Slawford and Stanton, knowing the signs of the weather, stayed indoors.

I see some other person on the beach. No—two donkeys belonging to a lot that the "Young Limbs" drive over the sands. Only donkeys could be out such a day as this on the sands.

On returning, I have to pass in front of three windows of the hotel, whereat are congregated the Slawford folk and the Stanton people, male and female. They jeer me as I pass. I mentally despise them. I wish I hadn't gone out.

I am wet literally to the skin, and having come down for this day only, have, improvidently, brought no change. The Landlord can't lend me anything, and I wouldn't have anything of Slawfords or Stanton's as a gift. So I go to bed for the rest of the day, and when the blind has been mended, I have nothing to do but to watch the Pig. I don't like to ask for a book, having lost the *Adieu*, so I devote myself to the Eastern Counties Railway Time-table and the Pig. The Pig won't come out because of the rain, so I must put up with watching the Stye. I dine in bed, smoke in bed, and meditate on the Pig. When it is so dark that I can no longer see the Pig or the Railway Guide, I ring, to ask if my things are dry. The Chambermaid is of opinion that "they none of 'em won't be dry till to-morrow morning; and as for the boots, she don't think they'll ever do again."

Slawford and Stanton filled the place with the fumes of brandy and bad tobacco, and left late.

I awoke, with a headache, on Monday morning. My clothes were dry; so, having apologised for the loss of the *Adieu* (the good lady almost cried—it was a keepsake), I returned to Town, having for once and a way had enough of Fort Shingle.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Phenomena of BRADSHAW—His integrity—An Irishman's testimony—BRADSHAW considered Politically—Ecclesiastically—Astronomically—Mystically—Musically—The Key.



N dealing with BRADSHAW according to the plan proposed, we will commence with the exterior of BRADSHAW.

The outside is Yellow, and the inside is Read. The name of the Month of Publication at once strikes the eye, and herein, in spite of all the temptations to falsify facts, is invariably shown BRADSHAW's characteristic regard for Truth. If it is June, he writes June; if July, July; if December he follows the same inflexible course.

Does this not speak volumes for such a man's integrity? It does, twelve volumes annually; not counting the Abridgments.

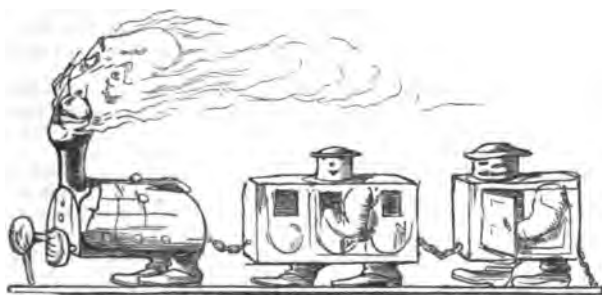
Again, the Price is Sixpence. He makes this pecuniary statement bluntly. He says it's Sixpence, not a penny more or less, and there's an end of it. No haggling, no bargaining, the lowest price mentioned and nothing under that will suit the Book of BRADSHAW. Isn't this honest? Who after this can entertain doubts of BRADSHAW?

Twopence more, and down goes BRADSHAW into all parts of the Country by Post.

Who does not know the excitement occasioned by the arrival of a Box of Books in a Country House? Well, you've gone through them all, from the Sensation Novel down to the last Theological pamphlet, within a week. But in that time is BRADSHAW exhausted? You may have tired of your favourite poet in a fortnight; but how many of BRADSHAW's grandest lines remain unscanned? and as to those that you have perused, are they not fresh again at the beginning of the next month?

The urn is hissing on the table; in spite of such senseless opposition let us applaud; Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to propose a toast—I see you are on the rack, it is . . . BRADSHAW for Ever!

An Irishman best described the Editor of this Book of Railways, when he spoke of him as "a *rales* gentleman."



Before getting at the Key, we will, while glancing at the front page of the cover, stop for a second to gather some notion of what is meant when we speak of BRADSHAW's Railery. Observe then a notice that heads the page. "Look for Index, pages 1 to 15."

Look for it by all means; but that's quite another affair from *finding* it. Note, the sly but honest fellow doth not commit himself even in jest. In the first fifteen pages you may glean intelligence about a Rotary knife-cleaner, a Turkey carpet, or a Crystal sewing machine, but nothing about an Index.

Now that's one specimen of BRADSHAW's fun. What is the result? You must be the most crusty person and ill-bred into the bargain, if you don't enjoy a hearty laugh at the neat way in which you've been "done," and then set to work to discover the index in the place where Mr. Sam Weller fixed his abode, that is, "Varever you can."

It has been left for the Astronomer Royal to make the profound observation, that BRADSHAW, like the Moon, changes once a month. But

* BRADSHAW may say that he never meant you to look in the Roman numerals which commence the book, and reach XXXII. "Oh, didn't you?" say we, ironically.

the book is under the Patronage of the QUEEN, the PRINCE OF WALES, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and *all* the Government offices; "Wherein," saith this Constant Reader of the Morning and Evening Star, "the book hath no little advantage over the Moon."

How often has the statement been read, and yet who has ever pondered on its significance!

What unbounded joy must the First of every month bring to Her Most Gracious Majesty, to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES (why is the PRINCESS excluded?

—fie, BRADSHAW!), the Royal Family, and both Houses of Parliament, when The New Guide is laid damp from the Press upon the Breakfast table. This then is why the Church bells ring on the Commencement of every Month. Imagine the jubilation in both Houses of Parliament. LORD DERBY examining it for opportunities for classic metre. LORD HOUGHTON making all the Stations rhyme. EARL RUSSELL writing extracts from it, and sending it to his friends on the Continent.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, you may see, doing funny little sums in addition and subtraction out of the Fares from Oxford to South Lancashire. MR. WHALLEY, in Peterborough, the Town of St. Peter, Anglican Rome in fact, will occupy himself in rapidly turning over its pages, lest perchance a Jesuit should lurk within them—and SIR ROBERT PEEL shouting out a playful alphabet to the effect that—

A. B. was A BRADSHAW,
C Cut it,
D Didn't,

and getting up to X, the Xpress, which would take him for a day's holiday into the Country.

For the Day of the Publication of BRADSHAW is a General Holiday omitted in the Calendar.

A century hence, perhaps, the Festival of BRADSHAW will be kept as that of St. Linus, or St. Railway Linus.



A GREAT GOOSEBERRY AT GRENOBLE.

It is sad to think of the spirit of incredulity in which the subjoined paragraph is headed by the *Times* as:—

"A DOUBTFUL STORY.—The *Courrier de l'Isere* relates the following extraordinary instance of determination which occurred three days since at Miribel Lanchâtre, in that department. A boy, twelve years of age, named DURAND, having climbed a tree to take a bird's nest built in a hole of the trunk, had just inserted his hand to reach it, when the branch on which he stood broke, and, being unable to withdraw his hand, he remained suspended by it. In this predicament, seeing no help near, he drew a pruning-knife from his pocket, and cut off his hand at the wrist. Having fallen at the foot of the tree without further injury, he walked home, whence, after a first dressing had been applied, he was conveyed to the hospital at Grenoble."

Given a very sharp boy, and an equally sharp knife, the feat which a boy of twelve is above stated to have performed on his own hand is possible enough. After having managed to cut off his own hand, severing the bones of the arm with a pruning knife, the little fellow may not have had much difficulty in falling to the bottom of the tree, from any height, without further injury. The story above related is not so wonderful as that of the Apparition of La Salette, which occurred not far from Grenoble. No reasonable person will be surprised to hear that, the boy's stump having been bathed in Salette water, he has got a new hand on it.

The Vulgar Tongue.

A FELLOW, charged with ill-treating his wife, wrote to the parish officers that for some time the poor woman—

"Had been in an uncongenial state, and of a reprehensible character."

We rejoice to say that the Magistrate gave him three months and hard labour, and we wish that it had been made six, as a reward for such villainous language.

L'AFRICAIN.



SHORT time ago your admirable Dramatic Critic, or one of your many admirable Dramatic Critics, gave us a lucid description of the plot of *L'Africaine*. The opera having been produced in nearly all its glory (it left some in Paris) it becomes my duty, in the place of your regular musical young man, who is out of town, at Felixstowe, I believe, or yachting in the offing, (where the sun never sets, or something poetical of that sort) to say a few words on the music, and a great deal can be written on that score.

The overture is beautiful. Unfortunately I got into a wrong stall, and being occupied in several altercations with the official, and in making visits to

other seats, from which I was ejected by the lawful owners, I lost the earlier part of this delicious composition, but it struck me that the delicate movement on the whatahisname, where they run up and down in the bass, is something to be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure.

There are some fine bits of recitative here and there. When I say here and there, I mean all through the Opera, which seems to me to consist chiefly of recitative and the old Irish melody *The Minstrel Boy*. The latter is disappointingly introduced, as no one ever sings the entire tune, but goes off into quite another air. The name of *VASCO DE GAMA*, it ought to have been *VASCO DE GAMUT*, goes capitolally to the first notes of the Minstrel Boy.

VASCO DE GAMUT to the Wars has gone,
Tiddy um, &c., into something else.

The chorus of the Council, who emphatically repeat the two last lines of any speech that *Don Pedro* or the *Grand Inquisitor* may happen to make, is magnificent. The part that I should like to play is that of the *Grand Inquisitor*, if he might dance. *HERR SCHMID* should put just a little more life into his performance. The *adagio* movement for the violins, which serves as the accompaniment to something or other, whose name I couldn't note down, as I hadn't a pencil, is ravishing. *HERR WACHTEL* gave out his chest treble X, in a manner that seemed to surprise even *SIGNOR COSTA*, who looked round at his band, and said something, but what it was I was unable to catch. The sweet touching love song commencing

Al ribelli scagliami l'anatemà!

Was enchantingly rendered, and brought the curtain down with well-merited applause.

Between the Acts I went to look for my hat, which I had left under the first stall that I sat in on my entrance. It was some time before I could find the stall in consequence of people purposely concealing the numbers of the seats by leaning against the backs. Everybody grumbled at my looking for my own property, and I do believe that one or two cowardly fellows slyly kicked my shins as I pushed my way along. If I could have been certain of this, I would have soon let them know who I was, and have told them that if they did it again I should give them in custody. However, I couldn't find my hat, and the search made me very warm. This necessitated lemonade iced. This necessitated a glass of brandy neat. This further necessitated sixpence to the waiter. This necessitated my borrowing that amount from a friend.

The Second Act had unfortunately commenced before I returned to my stall. I made another mistake in my row, and sat myself down by a lady, whose husband subsequently appeared, and wasn't pleased.

On the whole, the Second Act, from a musical point of view, scarcely

pleased me so much as the first. The *finale*, with its massive instrumentation and overpowering chorus is a monument of enduring art.*

Thinking that the Opera was over, I was about to leave the house, when somebody asked me if I was coming back, and informed me that there were three more Acts. So I returned and stood in the stall entrance, as, for the life of me, I could not make out where my seat had gone to.

The Mariner's Chorus that opens Act III. is beautifully conceived. The horns and brass instruments coming in with an effect that is astonishing. *SIGNOR GRAZIANI's* wild song and wilder laugh, struck me as being set to an accompaniment that was in itself a mastery over the greatest of all difficulties to a musician, the *arpeggio percolato*,† to speak technically.

In the Fourth Act the trombones and drums, with the occasional triangle, are produced with immense effect. The celebrated duet was charmingly rendered by *Vasco* and *Selika*, while I was having a Neapolitan ice in the saloon. Of course the great point in *L'Africaine* is that all the instruments play in unison from beginning to end of the piece, a striking novelty introduced by the composer, which seemed to me to make no sort of difference between this and any other Opera. Perhaps I am wrong.

I couldn't stay for Act V., as the ice I had taken brought on such an intense thirst as could only be allayed by a visit to the Club. Taking the thing as a whole, I think we may congratulate, whoever it is, on his success.

* A musical man said this to me, to my mind it was about as much like a monument as you are.

† This isn't the name.

SPAIN RECOGNISES ITALY.

(And the Pope sings.)

Non possumus, we can't—we can't believe it. Bosh *et* humbug *merum!* *Est omne noster oculus*, a hoax; *non potest esse verum*.

What! the Most Catholic QUEEN OF SPAIN the Realm of Italy acknowledge?

It, tell that to the Marines—don't tell us and the Sacred College.

In oculo nostro aliquid viride, tu, mi fili, vides?

Eh? What? A fact, and no mistake! *Hec pietas, heu prisca fides!* *Nefandum!* Spain herself to grant the Italian kingdom recognition! Apostate Spain! degenerate land! once country of the Inquisition!

O'DONNELL, oh, that vagabond! *anathema esto* that base fellow!

Sad blow, this, from the sceptre borne by FERDINAND and ISABELLA!

QUEEN ISABELLA, number Two, that rulest now the Spanish nation, Oh, how on my paternal heart couldst thou inflict this laceration?

I deemed I might depend on her, my own devoted child I thought her. My Eldest Son has played me false; more false has proved my Eldest Daughter.

Alas! I fondly did believe and trust that she at least would rather Resign her Crown than recognise the spoiler of her HOLY FATHER.

Undutiful to their Papa, and reckless of paternal fury,

My Eldest Son and Daughter too, are they *de facto* or *de jure*?

The Holy See did recognise both French and Spanish revolution, And now, the heretics affirm, is only reaping retribution.

But *surpilate carnifices*, arise priest, bishop, and confessor,

Deny the sacred rites, try on the excommunication lesser:

The greater shall be my last shot. *Vae pravis animis eorum!*

Eant ad Orcum et Erebum in omnia sacula seculorum!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WONDERS will never cease. See this scrap of naval news from the Times the other morning:—

"The following naval officers studying at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, have taken steam-certificates at the quarterly examinations of the present month." [Here follow the officers.]

Steam-certificates! Well, we have heard of a steam-arm, and we have seen steam-hammers and steam-rammers and steam-guns, but we never before heard of there being steam-certificates. What sort of things are they, we wonder, and in what way are they used? And we wonder if the men who are successful in obtaining them will quarrel with us much, if we speak of their success as a mere *succès de steam!*

Seaside Amusements in Town.

THE *Serf* at the Olympic and the *Shingle* at the Adelphi. Unfortunately just now there is no *Strand*, it having gone, coastwards, as far as Liverpool.



SARAH THE HOUSEMAID,

WHO IS VERY FOND OF PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON JEAMES, HAS MADE A MISTAKE ON THIS OCCASION !

NEPTUNE TO THE MERMAIDS.

(*Apropos of the Atlantic Telegraph.*)

Avast, there, nor swing on that cable,
You mischievous maidens, avast !
And I'll tell you as well as I'm able,
Why that rope in the sea hath been cast.

'Tis a link of electric connection
Between the New World and the Old ;
'Twill strengthen each tie of affection,
Give each nation on each firmer hold.

Small fear of their fuming or fighting,
While they join hands thus under the sea ;
While an instant will serve for the righting
Of any wrong heads that may be.

All the close ties of commerce 'twill tighten,
To enterprise lend a sure aid ;
Many burdens on industry lighten,
And help to make freer Free Trade.

Every spark that is flashed thro' that cable
Of friendship will light a new flame,
Nor a day pass but each land be able
Of union fresh proof to proclaim.

Doubt, distrust, envy, hatred, and malice,
All will vanish ; peace, goodwill, appear ;
So avast, there, you POLLY and ALICE,
And mind that 'ere cable's kept clear !

OPERATIC.

ILMA DE MURSKA's singing in *Linda di Chamounis* has well earned for her the title of a second *Jenny Linda di Chamounis*.

A GEM.

We are not in the habit of quoting verse, as we keep our own poets. But sometimes we see a gem that deserves re-setting. We submit, without note or comment, something of the kind which we have just noticed in a West of England journal. We reproduce the composition, because we imagine that it must be the very worst poetry ever written by anybody upon any subject, and the Extreme, either way, deserves notice :—

" LINES,

" Written on reading the Account of the melancholy fate of the Four Tourists who ascended the Matterhorn, otherwise named Mont Cervin, on the 14th instant.

" Eager they climb'd Mont Cervin's virgin height,
Gazed o'er the boundless prospect with delight,
And proudly thought they stood where ne'er before
Had pilgrim gaz'd that wondrous prospect o'er.
Happy, they dream'd not of impending woe !
Roll'd headlong, soon, four thousand feet below !
Patrician youth, slain in their glory's morn !
Fated to leave their memory forlorn,
Twin'd with thy far-seen crest, O fatal Matterhorn !"

" Bedford House, Weston-super-Mare."

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

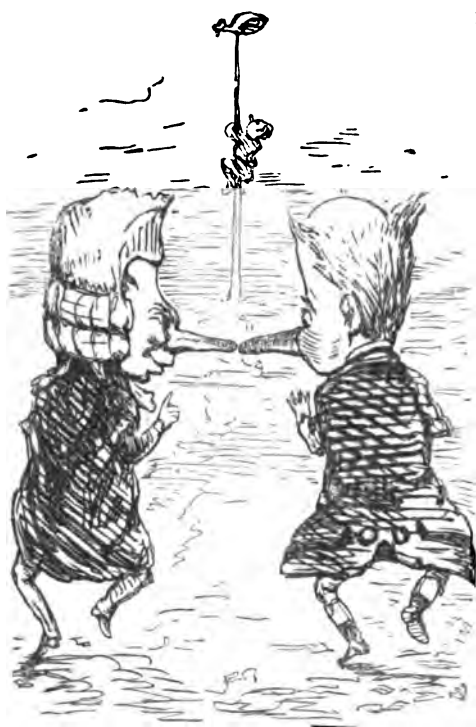
THREE grammes of hydrocyanic acid, added to twelve hectares of infusion of old boots, and mingled with twenty times that quantity of liquid manure, will, if applied to a field of onions, transform them into mangold wurzel. The salicylate of potash, dissolved in distilled water, and distributed with a hydropult, will produce a general exhilaration of spirits, similar to that which results from the inhalation of nitrous oxide. Broken bones may be united with Roman cement which has been mixed up with a solution of perchloride of iron. The caterpillar of the Death's Head Moth is converted into a chrysalis in a few hours by exposure to a highly ozonised atmosphere. The Robin Red-Breast (*Sylvia Rubecula*) and most other small birds may readily be captured by placing a small portion of chloride of sodium (common salt) on the tip of the tail.



A WORD TO THE MERMAIDS.

NEPTUNE. "AHO-O-O-OY, THERE! GET OFF O' THAT 'ERE CABLE, CAN'T YER—THAT'S THE WAY T'OTHER ONE WAS WRECKED!!!"

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.



HERE is a Report of two recent remarkable cases, in which the occasional advantages of Trial by Jury are exemplified.—(Vide *Daily Papers of the last fortnight*.)

CROWN COURT.

The first case on the lists taken to-day was that of one MUGGINS, charged with feloniously setting fire to a house.

In the course of the trial, the learned Judge pointed out to the Jury, that there was scarcely any evidence to connect the prisoner with the act.

MR. DOORY, for the prosecution, said that he had no more witnesses to examine.

MR. STRONG, for the prisoner, showed in a triumphant manner

the great improbability of the crime having been committed by the man upon whom it had been most unwarrantably and hastily charged.

The learned Judge summed up most favourably to the prisoner, and concluded by hinting that there would be scarcely any necessity for the Jury to quit the box in order to consider their verdict.

The Jury, after a short consultation, *Convicted* him.

He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

JOHN DORY was charged with burglary and feloniously cutting and wounding with intent, &c.

The learned Judge, from time to time, drew the attention of the Jury to the glaring discrepancies in the Prosecutor's evidence.

The chief witness, MARY SMITH, was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, in which she contradicted herself so grossly as to evoke a sharp warning from the Court.

JOSEPH DAWKINS was then examined. He knew the last witness well, and she could not be believed on oath. This statement was subsequently corroborated by several witnesses.

The Jury said their minds were made up.

The learned Judge said that of course they could but come to one conclusion, and he was glad that they had saved the time of the Court by their decision. Had they done so a little earlier, it would have been as well, for a charge brought against a fellow-creature on more frivolous unsubstantial grounds he had never heard. The foreman would formally give the verdict of acquittal and—

The Foreman of the Jury here stated that his Lordship was under a mistake. They were not agreed on an acquittal.

The Learned Judge then informed them that they must hear the Counsel for the Defence.

MR. SLX in a most powerful speech, insisted upon the prisoner's absolute innocence, and pointed to the utter failure of the prosecution to bring home the deed in any manner to his unfortunate client.

The learned Judge summed up at great length, dwelling upon the most minute portions of the evidence in detail, and explaining most lucidly whatever legal point might be supposed to affect the case. If, his Lordship said, in conclusion, it is the unquestionable duty of a Jury to give a prisoner the benefit of even the slightest shadow of a doubt as to the truth of the evidence brought against him, the obligation becomes imperative, when instead of a shadow, we have to deal with a substantial reality, with such a body of untrustworthy, suspicious testimony, as would not be individually or collectively sufficient to convict even a man whose reputation might be notoriously of the worst description, much less, as appears to me to be the case here, where the prisoner, until an accusation of this kind is brought against him, seems to have borne a character singularly irreproachable.

The Jury, however, found the prisoner *Guilty*.

The Learned Judge said he would take time to consider his sentence.

GENERAL WADE REDIVIVUS.

"Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You would hold up your hands, and bless GENERAL WADE."

As no sane person ever goes out now (and as MR. PLANT says that the heat is going to increase, nobody is likely to go out), the condition of our thoroughfares is not one of immediate interest. But we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, which indeed is set forth in the almanacks, that after August, September, and October, will come November, December, and January. During these latter months it is not impossible that rain may fall, and in that case London will once more become what Parochial wisdom leaves it—a sea of foul mud, which a handful of scavengers helplessly attempt, sometimes, to remove. For this fact, we hail with satisfaction the announcement that an Inverness gentleman, of the engineering persuasion, has got something to say to our Parochials.

MR. MITCHELL has had large experience, having to a great extent civilised the northern counties of Scotland by making roads therein. He has had to discover the means of road-making economically and rapidly. Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, takes pity upon London, the capital of Middlesex, and proposes to send MR. MITCHELL to deliver us from our slough of Parochial despond. We are truly and sincerely grateful. We read in the *Inverness Courier*, an oracle that never speaks in vain (your health in a dram at the Hotel, Drumna-drochit, respected Editor!) that the

"Wretched state to which the streets and thoroughfares of London are reduced in a wet day by mud and slush, suggested the possibility of adopting a material which, while it should be impervious to heat or wet, would retain sufficient resistance for the traffic brought upon it. MR. MITCHELL, therefore, contemplates constructing a road of a composition of broken stones, Roman and Portland cement, and sand, which will effect the required object, and form a complete road fit for traffic in twenty-four hours."

We can only say that if he effects his object, and gives London good thoroughfares, we will throw down, as by the earthquake of old was thrown, the old Colossus of Roads, MACADAM, and we will erect a statue to MR. MITCHELL, in Highland, or any other garb, or none, as he and his friends may desire. We will fight for him, in the meantime, against the Parochials, who, as SIR WILLIAM FRASER has shown, do their best to hinder all improvement. As we hope to see Vestries swept away, and responsibility vested in gentlemen, who shall be elected for their merits, and not for the sake of the jobbery they can do or sanction, we do not despair of seeing London elevated from a filthy marsh to the condition of a civilised town. We welcome the onset of this beneficent Highlander, whose cry is not "Claymore," but "No more clay."

GREEN AND GRAY.

HE's not what Fancy painted him, right reverend divine,
But of colour quite another, may that tint be never mine!
He threw, as prelate never threw, no end of cash away;
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop must be Cape Town's BISHOP GRAY.

He strove to squelch COLEMAN, and he fought a losing fight,
Which Narrow Church did much dismay and Broad Church much delight.

Now Government he begs in vain his legal costs to pay;
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop is unlucky BISHOP GRAY!

Ah, what a sum of money to the dogs of law he cast!
The lawyers' bills have been sent in, and must be paid at last.
And while the shovel-hat goes round, the worldly wise will say,
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop was too zealous BISHOP GRAY!

The Prince of Wales in Cornwall.

WHEN the PRINCE OF WALES visited the Museum at Penzance, his Royal Highness had shown to him various specimens of the ore which constitutes the principal mineral produce of Cornwall. Winking at the Heir Apparent, a facetious bystander remarked that the Duchy of Cornwall was the richest in the world because it yielded no end of tin. "And here is some of it," said the generous Prince, presenting the utterer of a remark whose truth atoned for its antiquity with a thousand-pound note.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the last month of hot weather, a stout bachelor received, by a grace of the Senate, the highest honour that can be paid to a man here at this time of year: the degree of *eighty in the shade* was conferred upon him.

THE ITALIAN-SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

WHAT did Italy say when Spain recognised her? *Ulla!*



THE FAREWELL SERMON.

Verger (in alarm, having been trying within to appear deeply affected but without success). "I SAY, DANIEL, GET US A HOMION, THERE'S A GOOD YELLER, THEY'RE A TAKIN' ON HAWFUL INSIDE!!"

THE NAGGLETONS ON THE AFRICAINE.

SCENE—The Breakfast Table.

DATE (important)—Monday, 24th July, 1865.

Mr. Naggleton (who is reading the Times). I see that the *Africaire* went very well on Saturday night.

Mrs. Naggleton. I suppose that after thirty or forty performances the singers ought to know the music.

Mr. N. I dare say they will. Only as the season will be over this week, I don't see how they are to have all that practice.

Mrs. N. What are you talking about? It is more than two months since the Opera was produced.

Mr. N. In Paris, yes.

Mrs. N. (looking up with a terrible glance, and repeating, slowly). In Paris—yes. Be good enough to give me the paper for a moment. *(She takes it from his unresisting hand, and reads a few lines).* I see. I did not understand you. I could not for the moment believe it. I see. I might have expected it.

Mr. N. Expected what? That the Opera would come out? Well, you might; MR. GYE is in the habit of keeping his promises.

Mrs. N. (intensely). Yes, MR. GYE is.

Mr. N. What a tone! Is that meant as a crusher for the other house?

Mrs. N. You understand me, I have no doubt. Let us drop the subject.

Mr. N. The Irishman protested against being picked up before he had fallen down. I protest against dropping a subject before it has been picked up. I don't know what you are driving at.

Mrs. N. Your evasion is too contemptible. But you are the master of the house, and have a right to deny your family any amusement. We can only submit in silence.

Mr. N. I must quote the Irishman again, and say that pigs may fly, but they are very unlikely birds to do it. Submission in silence is one of your favourite habits, isn't it?

Mrs. N. Do you wish it? I have read somewhere that the slave's silence is the tyrant's danger.

Mr. N. You great idiot, don't talk such trash. I am a frightful tyrant (*furiously*), I know, and you are a trampled slave. If you can't be rational, hold your tongue, and let me read the newspaper.

Mrs. N. It is a man's privilege to escape in a fit of violence, as I have read that some fish get away by making a cloud of mud.

Mr. N. (recovering). I compliment you on your zoology. The Gardens have set you studying. But now that the storm is over, will you be good enough to tell me what it was all about?

Mrs. N. (with a melancholy smile). If I could ever respect hypocrisy, it would be from its association with such perseverance. I am making no complaint, HENRY.

Mr. N. You always say that after giving me five-and-twenty minutes' jobation. Well, you have no complaint, but only a grievance. What is it?

Mrs. N. Nor have I a grievance. But I think, as a mother—

Mr. N. (aside). Now for something pleasant. "Mother's" always the cue for malice.

Mrs. N. As a mother, I may be allowed to say that you should keep your word with the children, and not teach them to look upon your most sacred promises as idle words.

Mr. N. (aside). Said so. *(Aloud.)* Putting this and that together, MARIA, I gather that you accuse me of having made some promise about the new Opera.

Mrs. N. And of having broken it. That is all. But as I said, you are the master of the house, you have the purse, and our enjoyments are dependent on your will and pleasure. We have no right to murmur at your caprices.

Mr. N. (restraining himself). You are a sweet creature, and you have the gift of saying sweet things. But I begin to recollect something of the sort.

Mrs. N. I am glad of that.

Mr. N. Why should you be glad? If anybody has been disappointed I am sorry, but the whole business went out of my head. You should have reminded me.

Mrs. N. (with a laugh). O, thank you, no. I have had too much experience of the sort of reception any little hint of that kind meets. I am not always in a state to be scowled and stormed at.

Mr. N. (angrily). Tell me what I promised, and when.

Mrs. N. (submissively). It is really of no consequence, HENRY. What signifies the addition of one dull evening to so many?

Mr. N. May I ask you to answer me?

Mrs. N. It does seem so strange that you should have forgotten, but if you say that you have, of course I cannot disprove it.

Mr. N. (dangerously). I promised—what?

Mrs. N. You do not remember that wonderfully clever and sparkling thing in *Punch*—the plot of the *Africaire*, with the most extraordinary illustrations by that gifted artist MR. DU MAURIER? How odd! The children were enchanted with it, learned it by heart, and played it before MR. SNOTCHLEY and the BALTIMORES. It was a perfect success.

Mr. N. I was not present.

Mrs. N. Well then, perfect with that drawback. But I mentioned it to you, and you immediately said that they should see the real Opera when it should come out. I admit that I was rather surprised at such a liberal promise, but once made, should it not have been kept?

Mr. N. It went out of my head, I tell you, and you ought to have reminded me.

Mrs. N. (only smiles deprecatingly).

Mr. N. Certainly you should all have gone. At least I would have tried to get a box, though on a first night of a new work by MEYER-BEER, boxes were no doubt at a premium. But the truth is that I forgot all about it.

Mrs. N. Quite natural that you should.

Mr. N. I understand you, MARIA. Perhaps, however, you may some day discover that on that very Saturday I remembered my children to a better end than taking them to a theatre. But I have long since ceased to make confidences where they are received without sympathy and gratitude.

Mrs. N. (humbly). I am very sorry, dear HENRY, that you should think us ungrateful. I am sure that we are much obliged to you for food and raiment, and all that you are so good as to give us.

Mr. N. (white). I believe that I am too severe in wishing the punishment of flogging inflicted on husbands of the lower class who are nagged into striking their wives. I myself, with all the advantages of education, habit, and self-command, find it difficult to abstain from using a very strong expression. However, that is over.

Mrs. N. I will take care to remember what I have escaped, HENRY, and avoid such risks. I would not have mentioned the Opera, if I had thought that reminding you of a promise to the little ones would have put you into such a rage. But (*smiling*), if you are hot, your coffee is cold. Send your cup across. I see that the season is nearly over. I will keep the papers from the children, and they will perhaps forget all about it.

Mr. N. They shall do nothing of the kind, for the *Africaire* is played again to-morrow, and I will get a box.

Mrs. N. A single stall would be cheaper, dear, and you will hear as well, and see better.

Mr. N. A stall?

Mrs. N. For yourself. We are all going to MR. SNOTCHLEY's, who has promised, after tea, to read *Basselas* to us, and he reads so beauti-

fully (not theatrically, as you do), that I want the children to have the treat.

Mr. N. SNOTCHLEY and Russelas, and they are to be kept from real enjoyment for that! I shall take them myself.

Mrs. N. Not, I trust, against their own consent as well as their mother's.

Mr. N. Do you want to make me believe that they would sooner go and sit in a stucco room, hearing an old frump drone over the dullest book in the world, than go to the theatre and see a fine show?

Mrs. N. If my superintendence of their education has been efficient, they would prefer foregoing an amusement to committing a rudeness. But I will ask them presently, and I will tell you their answer.

Mr. N. No, don't. I am aware of what it will be. Don't teach them hypocrisy. It's early days for that. What night are they not liable to be bored by SNOTCHLEY? The Opera is played on Thursday, and again on Saturday, which is the last night of the season.

Mrs. N. You refused to let me accept *Mrs. BALTIMORE's* invitation for Thursday, because you said you were engaged at a business dinner.

Mr. N. I forget what I said in my desperation, when I was driven into a corner to avoid a man who gives South African wine.

Mrs. N. That seems fastidious in a man who likes Hungarian and Greek wines.

Mr. N. Just a woman's nonsensical talk. Because I don't like one novelty I mustn't like another. I wish I may never drink worse liquid than my Hymet, or my Erlauer. SNOTCHLEY himself praised them.

Mrs. N. He is a gentleman, and would not dispraise your wine at your own table.

Mr. N. But he would behind my back, you mean. I believe that.

Mrs. N. HENRY, a gentleman puts the best construction on language, until he is quite certain that a worse was intended. I mean that *Mrs. SNOTCHLEY* could not help speaking well of what you were giving him, and, I must say, were yourself praising, which was not in the best taste.

Mr. N. I beg your pardon. I shouldn't praise my own house, or my own furniture, or my own wife, or my own children.

Mrs. N. You never did the last two things. I acquit you there.

Mr. N. If I don't talk, I'm a beggar to think, like the Welshman's owl. But as I was going to say, wine is a sacred thing, and not subject to conventionalities. If a man gives me bad, I'll tell him it's bad, and *vice versa*, and if he is offended, he is not a man whom I desire to know in this world or any other. And I will speak about my own wine as frankly.

Mrs. N. As you scarcely ever give a party, it does not much matter.

Mr. N. We've had six or seven since Easter. And you always ask the same people, who sit in the same places, and tell the same stories. And after hearing SNOTCHLEY relate for the seventh time how his grandfather picked up *GEORGE THE THIRD's* walking-stick on Windsor Terrace, the fierce excitement of that narrative somewhat abates.

Mrs. N. I like old friends, and I do not expect you to like the tone of good society.

Mr. N. Your good society's tone is rather a monotone—which reminds me that we were talking of an opera. I will get the box for Thursday.

Mrs. N. Believing you truthful in saying that you were engaged, I arranged to take the children to the St. Winkle and St. Welk Schools, to hear a lecture by a missionary from the South Sea Islands.

Mr. N. Have they been so very naughty?

Mrs. N. Who, the islanders?

Mr. N. No, the children.

Mrs. N. What do you mean?

Mr. N. Two severe punishments in one week, *Russelas*, and a missionary! I am sorry they are growing up so demoralised.

Mrs. N. I can joke on any subject but the moral characters of my children. I do not mind being sneered at for my attempts to improve them.

Mr. N. *Russelas* was dull enough, but the author was honest and the English is highly superior, but a fat missionary with a pack of cant about savages whom he perhaps never saw, or perhaps sold rum to, is really not a party to come between the children and the Opera.

Mrs. N. They heard you say you were engaged.

Mr. N. Then I shall say that my engagement is off.

Mrs. N. Two falsehoods—the first to your friend, the second to your children.

Mr. N. I like that from you, who told *Mrs. SILVERDALE* that we were going out of town on Monday.

Mrs. N. That is just what I expected. A wife struggles to save her husband's credit, and her excuses are dashed in her face.

Mr. N. My credit! What next?

Mrs. N. Every person will have left town next week, except those who are detained by pecuniary difficulties. I dare not ask whether this is your case, because any reference to such things draws on me a storm of insult, but I did not desire that the *SILVERDALES* should suspect it.

Mr. N. (*conscious of a good balance*). Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! You should have lived in the days of the *CHEVALIER D'EON*, my dear. I am sure you would have beaten him when he was a fencing-mistress.

Mrs. N. (*mollified*). There is what my late uncle used to call a metallic ring in that laugh, *HENRY*, which does not speak badly for the children's future.

Mr. N. (*pretending not to be pleased*). That is neither here nor there. But that phrase was rather neat in the late lamented acc—

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. Accelerator of existence. By the way, did you notice that the excellent *Locock* is not elected for the Isle of Wight? That eminent *accoucheur* yields to a believer in the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. N. If you can introduce an insult to my family, I am sure of hearing it.

Mr. N. Where's the insult? I can't say I respect your uncle's memory, because it was so bad that he forgot to leave you anything—

Mrs. N. Club jokes are very flat by daylight.

Mr. N. Yes, daylight has its disadvantages for old jokes and old—(*sees the chastening eye*)—old clothes. Talking whereof, we'll go and hear the grand old Jew on Thursday.

Mrs. N. I have already mentioned our engagement.

Mr. N. Then, for the last time, what do you say to Saturday?

Mrs. N. I object to going out on Saturday nights. It is usually impossible to reach this door before twelve o'clock, and then it is Sunday.

Mr. N. Riding in a carriage is not wrong on Sunday, is it? You did not say so when we were going to the Star and Garter yesterday.

Mrs. N. The Star and Garter is not a theatre, so your sophistical argument entirely falls to the ground.

Mr. N. Then we'll leave it there, and now that the subject has been discussed, we'll drop it. You will make the children understand that you and not I have prevented their seeing the *Africaine*, and that *Russelas*, Fat Missionary, and Cant stop the way. I will tell you on Wednesday what I think of the Opera.

Mrs. N. You don't mean to say that you would go by yourself?

Mr. N. You advised it just now, and your advice is good. I mean to take it.

Mrs. N. No, take a box for Thursday, you cross old thing.

Mr. N. And the Fat Missionary?

Mrs. N. Well, if you think there is any doubt about his having been to the South Seas, we might be encouraging humbug.

Mr. N. And that should never be encouraged, Madam.

[*Winks, and exit, and they all heard L'Africaine, and rave about LUCCA.*]

MEMORY AND MUSIC.

EVERYBODY having any music in his soul is now talking of the beauties of MEYERBEER'S *L'Africaine*, an opera which *Mr. Punch* so faithfully described on the Twentieth of May, that his readers are quite competent to chat about its charms.

What connection there can be between *MR. JOHN PARRY* and the opera of *L'Africaine*, we leave people who like puzzles to endeavour to find out. It may assist them in their effort to go and pay a visit to the Gallery of Illustration, where *MR. PARRY* has been brushing up his memory a bit, and, having found some funny things in it, is now making a note—indeed, a great many notes—of them. If only for the laughter they so pleasantly occasion, his "Recollections" certainly are well worth being treasured; and one envies him for having such a memory for drolleries, and still more for the skill wherewith he heightens their effect. The man who can help laughing when *JOHN PARRY* is singing, must have something amiss with his cackinnatory nerves. The bluest of blue devils are exorcised at the sight of him, and the lowest spirits raised to a comfortable pitch. To hear his wondrous overture, wherein he blends a hundred airs, so that you scarce know which is what, is enough to make a *THALBERG* split his gloves in clapping. And then to hear his recollection of the nervous tenor singer, who sang trippingly enough until a tin-tack tripped him up: or that of the young lady who flirted while she played; or of her who vainly practised singing with expression; or, better still, the recollection of a very little lady, performing her pet piece; or of the lachrymose young lady, without any ear for music, gravely playing *non più mesta* on a knocked-about piano, completely out of tune. To listen to such drolleries is enough to make a man laugh, even with the toothache, in addition to a tight boot pinching his pet corn.

The Power of the Pens.

BY A WESTMINSTER BOY.

HAIL! Potent staff of high thought-teeming Men,
A poll can be broken, or raised by a pen!
Shall not senators welcome a combatant calm,
Whose seat is secure 'neath the evergreen palm?
Who fought a fair fight, armed alone with a quill,
And won plaudits from all who love pluck in a MILL.

POST OFFICE—MINT PROSECUTION.

A JOCKEY has been recently charged with "forging a head."



BRILLIANT IDEA.

HOW WE HAD OURSELVES BLOWN UP THE RIVER, AS IT WAS A GREAT DEAL TOO HOT TO ROW.

HEROISM IN HIGH LIFE.

MY DEAR SNARLER,

WHEN we met last Monday you were grumbling and growling like a bear before his breakfast, because your wife had persuaded you to let her give a little party—just a score or so of people to play croquet for an hour or two, and finish with a dance. I endeavoured to console you by remarking that I thought you had been let off very easily, and that you should thank your lucky stars that you had not been asked to give a regular ball. And see here, my dear fellow, how much still further cause for consolation have you in the fact that you belong to Middle Class Society, and are not likely to be plagued with giving “small and early” parties of such magnitude as this, which was the other day reported in a fashionable paper:—

“VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday evening at Cambridge House, Piccadilly. LADY PALMERSTON had a small and early party after dinner, which was of a private character. Only about a hundred of the principal families remaining in town attended.”

“Only about a hundred families” attended! Pretty well for a “small” party, you and I perhaps may think. I wonder how many of the members of each family were present; and, as the party was a “small” one, did any of the babies come? Just fancy, what a nuisance it would be to “entertain” them! And imagine what a labour it must be to poor LORD PALMERSTON to have to sit up entertaining scores and scores of people, when, if his comfort were consulted, he would snugly be in bed! Where, excepting in high life, can we find an Ancient Briton—I mean an elderly Englishman, who, as the poet does not say:—

“Who will sit up at night, unperturbed in his mind,
And to parties give up what for sleep is designed?”

Not many men of eighty would have the pluck to sacrifice in this way their night’s rest. How would you like, once a month or so, to have to ask a hundred families to come and spend an evening with you? And yet you are barely fifty, SNARLER—a mere boy beside LORD PALMERSTON: and you grumble at your wife for inviting once in six months

a score or so of friends. Go home, you peevish wretch, and smooth the frowns out of your forehead, and be thankful that you have no handle to your name. If you were VISCOUNT SNARLER, instead of twenty people only, you might this very evening have to entertain a hundred, and perhaps another hundred before the week were out.

Hoping, then, to see you more resigned to fate than you might otherwise have been, believe me yours in Spartan sympathy,

EPAMINONDAS JONES.

P.S. The Tory papers tell us that our PREMIER is thoroughly worn out, and has sadly little strength left in him. But one would think a man must needs be pretty strong to keep on entertaining people by the hundred.

CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

Of a truth, the Tory party has small reason to rejoice at the result of the elections. Ere Parliament was dissolved, they everywhere kept bragging of the votes that they would gain by the Conservative reaction which, they prophesied, would everywhere be notably apparent. But somehow their predictions have by no means been fulfilled, for the prophesied reaction has resulted in their losing above a score of votes. MR. DISRAELI, as it were, has been “hoist with his own petard,” or floored by the recoil of the weapon he had aimed. Conservative reaction has fairly knocked him over, while the Liberals are the stronger for what should have been the death of them. LORD PALMERSTON gains strength by going to the country, like as the Classic hero, whose name is known to schoolboys, acquired strength by falling on his mother earth.

A Senile Sally.

“We hear,” said old MR. JOKELYN, “a great deal about paying out the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Hey? Now, in paying out the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, the Atlantic Telegraph Company will have paid out a great deal of money; and when all that money has been paid out, let us hope the speculation will begin to pay money in.”



NO HERO TO HIS FOOTMAN.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT CAMBRIDGE HOUSE. SKETCHED FROM THE TOP OF A 'BUS.

James (evidently saying to himself). "Well, I'm precious glad I ain't Prime Minister!"

A REALLY LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

ONE of the minor theatres is playing a nautical drama, and the play-bills announce that a Life-boat which is introduced, and certain signals and contrivances, have been "kindly lent by the Board of Trade." MR. MILNER GIBSON is one of the most amiable persons in the world, and no good-natured act that he could do would surprise us. But ought this sort of liberality to be confined to a single Department? If one Minister very properly regards it as his duty to aid in educating the people by the exhibition of something pertaining to his bureau, is another Minister to be less kind? MR. GIBSON assists this nautical drama. It is well. But suppose that MR. BUCKSTONE is in his desk, for next season, a high class comedy, to be called, *The Politician*. One scene is in a Government office. Ought not LORD RUSSELL to lend MR. BUCKSTONE a lot of swell clerks, with costumes and properties, charms, Skye terriers, French novels, and all complete, to give effect to that scene? MR. WEBSTER may have a screaming farce in rehearsal, founded on the late adroit robbery, and called *No Post Office Orders Admitted*. Should LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY be asked in vain to request MR. TILLEY to superintend the construction of a country post office for MR. TOOLE, and to supply leathern bags, sheets of stamps, and a mail cart? Or suppose that the Olympic should have a new and delightful character for that young and delightful actress, MISS TERRY, and should announce *The Ward in Chancery*. We can hardly expect LORD CRANWORTH, (exceedingly well though he looked, at the Academy Soirée,) to play the Chancellor, but he might certainly lend the Great Seal and mace, and his second best robes, and a civil usher, and perhaps HOGARTH's picture during the long vacation. And there is one pleasant task for somebody. The late MR. T. P. COOKE's prize for a sea-drama is to be competed for. The victorious piece will probably be produced, and possibly succeed. What a delightful duty it will be for the author to go down to the Admiralty, and ask the DUKE OF SOMERSET for the loan of a captain's gig.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Cabmen of London are to have their annual dinner during this month. The principal dish will be *Magg* turtle, and the curious part of the entertainment will be, that each driver will be Satisfied with his fare.

PATERFAMILIAS ON THE PRICE OF MEAT.

My wife and children, we must eat;
We can't reduce our diet.
But oh, the awful price of meat!
Who can afford to buy it?
Alas, the good old days gone by!
I say, to their decier,
Our venison then, indeed, was high,
But now our beef is higher.

You won't consent to try "charqui,"
Or any preparation,
Imported from beyond the sea,
Of flesh in preservation.
Have butcher's meat alone you will,
Heavy as he may weigh it,
The Bill, and nothing but the Bill
For you—and I must pay it!

The Bill, and nothing but the Bill,
My children, and their mother?
Ah yes!—if that your wants will fill;
The butcher's, and no other,
Except the grocer's bill, of course,
The milkman's, and the baker's;
But spare me, with a moral force,
The draper's and dressmaker's.

Away, at least, indulgence cast
Of Vanity's poor passion,
And try to make your raiment last,
Without regard to Fashion.
Bestow less care on the outside,
Spend much less money on it,
And don't expect me to provide,
Each quarter that new bonnet.

See me! Five years, and more, have flown
Since last this form was measured;
Yet still these garments hold their own,
Through storm and sunshine treasured.
A mortal man must daily dine,
Stale clothes may still grow staler,
The butcher gains—the loss is thine,
My tailor, O my tailor!

Then be, my love and dears, content
With finery in reason,
Or we must keep a constant Lent,
And fast in every season:
In something we must pinch and pare
To make both ends just button.
The tarlatan and glacés spare,
For love of beef and mutton.

A LADY ON FOREIGN WAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE always thought that foreigners have *no manners*, and though it may *suit* some persons to *live among them*, and fawn upon them, and praise them up, I stick to my belief, and it is strengthened *every day*.

In the papers it says that whenever the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has finished a sentence of his address to his nobility (*nice nobility!*) they all bawl out *Hock!*

What should we say if at every stop in a speech by the QUEEN or the PRINCE OF WALES, our Parliament folk were to cry out for *Beer*? Yet that is as much the national drink here as hock is of the Austrians.

Despising such *vulgarity*, of which none but *foreigners* could be guilty,

I am, Sir, your disgusted Servant,

Camden Town.

MARTHA GRUNDY.

Outbreak of Virtue.

THE Monthyon Prizes, for Virtue, have been adjudged. There are Twenty good women and Five good men in France. A farmer was told that he would be disappointed with Staffa, for there was not food for a dozen sheep on it. "I counted fourteen," he said, "and so I was agreeably disappointed." So is M. DUFIN.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).



SOME mystics, failing in every endeavour to apply BRADSHAW practically, would have it to be an allegory, a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*; a guide to a Wandering CHRISTIAN, to be printed at the Press of one FAITHFULL. To which opinion we make the famous monosyllabic reply, uttered by the Turkish Sultan MAHOMMED HAFEZ, to ZULEMA the faithless favourite, "Bosh!" On which an intelligent eunuch filled up the cup of her misery with genuine Sack, and pitched her into the Bosh-phorus.

Talking of Sultans, reminds us of *Blue Beard*, the mention of *Blue Beard* recalls *Fatima*, and the name of *Fatima* brings us, by all that's blue, including Stockings and Horse Guards, to the Key.

Of course we mean the Key to BRADSHAW. This Key consists of a number of separate notes, each having its own value, and in it you will also find reference made to a Scale of charges. You will notice too that all the observations therein are perfectly natural, none of the jokes flat, and most of the remarks sharp.

1. "The first thirty-two pages," he informs us, "are advertisements." This is his gratuitous fun; the information is scarcely needed. We shall have a word or two to say on this subject by-and-by.

2. "The Map shows all the Railways open." He probably means all the carriages open. By the way, if BRADSHAW's Key would only unlock the doors of the compartments, no Traveller ought to be without it. Note that.



THICK FIGURES REFERRING TO THE PAGE.

3. "The *Thick Figures* refer to the page on which the trains of the particular lines to which they are attached may be found." Don't bother yourself as to his precise meaning; you'll soon get accustomed to his quaint mode of expression.

Observe 'tis only the *Thick figures* who refer to the Page; so, whoever lays claim to ordinary sharpness will not trouble himself about this performance.

Note further, BRADSHAW's caution: whatever is the subject of the above direction "may be found," not will be found in such and such a place.

If the Oracle at Delphi was not an ancestor of BRADSHAW, we're Dutchmen, and you ladies, if English, are Duchesses.

Then follows a jest about the Index, which he pretends is contained in BRADSHAW. But everyone knows that the Index is published in Rome, and by the way, perhaps, BRADSHAW figures in the List of expurgated Books; in which case the Index contained in BRADSHAW would be a "skit" upon the Papal Compilation, and herein is an example of his satiric vein.

4. *Contents*.—Under this head comes everyone who is pleased with BRADSHAW, and all the shareholders who are receiving handsome dividends.

Non-Contents are not mentioned; but we've an idea that it would include the QUEEN, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and all travellers who are so perfectly satisfied with the tender care bestowed

upon their safety, and the admirable precautions taken against the dangers of locomotion, by the Directors of the different Companies.



BRADSHAW BEING PLACED ON THE INDEX BY RAILWAY BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

The Male-Contents are always quiet and respectful in the presence of the Female-Contents of the Train, and to the latter every attention will be paid by the Followers of BRADSHAW.

5. *Time Tables*.—Herein BRADSHAW revels. In treating, however, of the starting of Trains, he has omitted to propose any line of conduct to be adopted by passengers, whose Trains do not start for some time, or whose Trains have started without them, which comes to much the same thing. Of this, and divers other matters, we shall treat, by way, as we before said, of *Complement* to BRADSHAW. We shall have a word to say for Dinner-time Tables, Luncheon-time Tables, and what is most important *Refreshment-time* Tables. These will, it is most likely, have some connection with Mahogany, except on the Dover line, where we shall have to speak of Deal Time Tables.

6. *Fares*.—"In the occasional absence of these," says the wag, "an approximation may be obtained," &c. Here is all the fun of the Fares for you! But of course every one except the "Thick Figures" will see through the double meaning. The "occasional absence of Fares" (read thus) can only occur in a *Male Train*. The "approximation" spoken of, is probably when you get out for a spoonful of hot soup, and a few minutes' brilliant conversation with the attendant Fairies of Swindon, Cambridge, Rugby, or Peterborough.

7. The sum of this note is that *Thick Lines* are not *Thin Lines*; that the former mean one thing, the latter another thing, and both nothing in particular. "That's the humour of it." The true meaning underlies this current of words, and what is the use of our Key to the Key if it does not assist the otherwise superficial observer? This is it:—Tourists who are going on *fishing excursions*, will use "thick lines" or "thin lines" according as their destination is the sea or the river.

8. *Intentions*.—"Those Stations which have an intention on the left hand are branches showing that travellers in going from London to Dover, do not pass through any of those places having intentions *except at the point of junction*." That is, you never pass through a place having intentions *except when you do*.

"To indent," signifies "To cut in the shape of teeth," and therefore "intentions" mean "cuttings in the shape of teeth." "To indent" is also a law term, from which is derived "indentures." Commentators are of opinion that here the *d* is a misprint for *t*, and that the note should have followed No. 6 on Fares or Fairs, where the question as to Intentions would have come in most appropriately. Such a literal mistake is rendered all the more probable by the fact that *D* stands for *dinner*, and therefore might without much difficulty have been mistaken for the next thing to it—a *T*. There is confessedly some obscurity in the text.

9. *Dark Lines*.—Those in embryo; those about whose arrangements there is some confusion; projected lines; and lines, like the Metropolitan Underground, or the Great Northern over ground, which, for several miles, journey through tunnels.

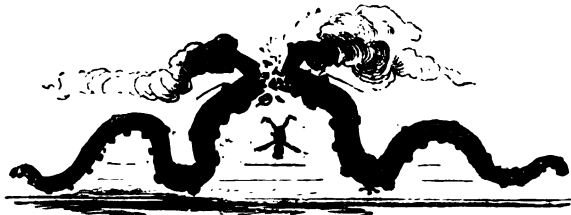
N.B. Travelling on an *over-ground* railway must be always very sharp work. Again, *under-ground* officials must be excused for their bluntness.

10. *Bold Figures* "opposite Stations refer to other lines," &c. Of course it does require some audacity to go to a Station that is in opposition to another Station, and refer the passengers to other lines. BRADSHAW would also include under the head of Bold Figures, that large body of men whose business it is to creep under the wheels with oil-cans, run about on the carriage tops, and so forth.

11. *Shunts*.—To shunt, is a verb derived from some Latin one, or rather from the Latin one, *sum*. When the Romans invaded Judaea, the ancient people gradually came to use the language of the conquerors, and, as is their custom, introduced the letter *s* after the initial medial.

or final *s*. Thus, *sum, es, est*, became *shum, esh, esht*, and the plural *shumus, eshtis, shunts*. This last, signifying a change, came gradually into modern use. Now, in this note we fall upon a grim jest, for which we cannot praise our otherwise estimable writer. He says:—"The Train leaving London at 6.50 A.M., runs only to Watford; but, by the train being shunted at this station *into the next train*, he (the traveller) is enabled to pursue his journey onward to Stafford or Liverpool." We have quoted *verbatim*. Gracious! here is a direction, taken perhaps from some manuscript work, some unpublished Chapter of Accidents. Here is "How to do it" with a vengeance! "*Shunt one train into the next train*," says BRADSHAW, quietly, "and the traveller is enabled to pursue his journey," &c. Aye! but how? On foot? And won't an action, or several actions, for due compensation lie against the Company? Of course. Let us sincerely hope that in all future editions the blot upon the well-known humanity of BRADSHAW may be erased.

12. *Wave Lines* ~~~~~—This is B.'s hieroglyphic, and here is our explanation.



Under this head should also come

No. 14. *Wave Rules* ~~~~~ See BRADSHAW, p. 21, by which hieroglyphic BRADSHAW signifies that he is a loyal Englishman, and that Britons never, never, ne-ver sha-a-all be slaves.

13. *Dotted Lines*.—The epithet alludes to their appearance from any elevated situation, as, for instance, from the top of St. Paul's, from a balloon, the Monument, Primrose Hill, or the Wellington Statue. From any of these positions the Railways appear mere dots, or, we may more correctly say, "mere specs"—and disastrous specs, too, sometimes.

15. *Branch Lines*.—To proceed from a Branch Line to a Station on the Main Line (this is the substance of BRADSHAW's note) *lying in an opposite direction* (italicised in Bradshaw), the following is all that is required:—

Example.—From Maidstone to Dover.



This is so simple that no explanation is needed.

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

SIR,

THE other day you allowed an idiot to state in your columns that reason and not faith ought to decide in questions of medical science. That is as much as to say, that medical science is founded on reason; whereas it is founded on experience.

Experience is the basis of homœopathy; as is plain from the fact, that homœopathy is rejected by all men of eminence in the medical profession, whilst it is supported by such men as the late ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, an eminent logician.

To demonstrate the efficiency of infinitesimal doses, I need only say that force is force whether in physic or physics. As an infinitesimal dose of physic will arrest acute inflammation, so an infinitesimal quantity of physical force, properly applied, will reduce a dislocation. I am ready to produce a hundred proofs of this assertion, on affidavit if necessary, and am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Hoaxham, August, 1865.

VERITAS.

TAXES MADE EASY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you publish the following correspondence? It really seems to me that I get the best of it, and at all events, that there was no excuse for MR. GLADSTONE's asperity.

Yours, very sincerely,

MILD MAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army).

Mr. Punch.

I.

MYSELF to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you upon your election for South Lancashire. It would have been a matter of much regret to me had a gentleman of your ability been excluded from the Senate.

I write, however, chiefly for another purpose. I have noticed for some years, and with great pleasure, that you are kind enough to receive Income-Tax, in the lump, at whatever time the payers like to send it, and that you politely acknowledge the same in the columns of the leading journal.

It is very disagreeable to me to be waited on, as at present, by a coarse-minded and conceited Collector, who is vulgarly peremptory. It is also inconvenient to me to pay the Income-Tax at all. Hereafter, when I shall have accumulated a fortune, I shall not object to contributing to the burdens of the State.

I have therefore to request your official concurrence in my present proposition. If you will kindly order the Collector for our district, (I enclose his card—I have a pack of them) to discontinue all applications to me, I will undertake, at my own time, to forward to yourself (or should you be Premier, as we all expect) to your successor, the entire sum which may then be due from me, under initials to be agreed upon between us. I assure you that my Conscience will prevent my neglecting my duty, or my tax, and that the State will be no loser.

In the hope of hearing from you, assentingly, and with the addition of congratulations on the election of your talented son at Chester,

I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

MILD MAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army).

Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone.

II.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to MYSELF.

SIR,—I do not know what business my election or my Son's is of yours; and as I am not Premier, but CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is my duty to say that I have more confidence in the immediate exertions of the Collector for your district than in your compliance, at some unassigned date, with the dictates of Conscience. He is instructed accordingly, and you have three courses before you—to pay, to abscond, or to be sold up. I respectfully recommend the first, and am

Sir, yours obediently,

Mr. M. Diddleton,
(Late of the Army).

W. E. GLADSTONE.

P.S. The House of Commons is not a Senate.

III.

MYSELF to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SIR,—It is my duty as an Englishman, to inform Her Majesty's Government that I have adopted the second alternative, and I consider your letter as absolving me from all liability in respect of the Income and all other Taxes, present or future. When will rulers be wise?

Your obedient Servant,

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

MILD MAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army).

Bad Taste in a Blaze.

CRINOLINE has been said to be going out, but it always was going out ever since its invention. It has kept going out till it attained those extreme dimensions which may be described as out-and-out. Doubtless it has gone out of fashion amongst real ladies, but it is still as much in vogue as ever with vulgar women. As far as they are concerned it has not gone out, except in those cases wherein it caught fire, and could not be put out. Then it has gone out leaving the wearer burnt more or less nearly to a cinder. Her remains, what quantity of them there was, have then been sat upon by a Coroner's Jury, that has commonly returned a verdict of Accidental Death by Fire; which is physically true, but morally incomplete. A better verdict in such a case would be, Accidental Death by Folly.

A QUESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Is there any reason why a Vestryman who apes the public Orator in speaking may not be regarded as a sort of Harangue-Outang?



A COMPLAINT.

WIGGLES THINKS HE'LL CHANGE HIS CLUB. HE JOINED THE "REYNOLDS" BECAUSE HE LIKED THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS; BUT, CONFOUNDED IT! IT'S RATHER HARD A FELLOW CAN'T TAKE A WINK OF SLEEP AFTER DINNER, WITHOUT BEING POTTED INTO A SCORE OF SKETCH-BOOKS.

MILLINERY AND MARRIAGE.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,

WE conversed the other evening, when we met at LADY CLAPPERTONGUE'S (it is as well to let folks know what genteel company one keeps), upon the sadly selfish lives which all unmarried men must lead, and the cruel heartless callousness wherewith they mostly view attempts to make them change their state. You told me of your efforts to unite a wretched bachelor to some fair young friend of yours, and how their only end had been to drive him frightened from your house: and I endeavoured to console you by remarking that such cases were by no means now infrequent, and afforded mournful proof of the depravity of man. I then proceeded to point out that the reluctance which so many young men feel to "getting spliced" (as they irreverently term it) arises mainly from a notion that a wife is a dear creature, in a sumptuary sense. And just as I was showing how extravagance in dress may foster this delusion, and how prone young girls are now-a-days to be costly in costume, my argument was cut short by a carving-knife which some fiend popped into my hand, with the request that I should sever a leg and liver wing. Conversation of course ceases when one has to cut up fowls, and, being silenced then by my study of anatomy, I must ask you now to read the following brief paragraph, which affords a proof of what I was proceeding to affirm:—

"A WARNING TO LADIES.—The *Publicist* of Marseilles announces a new kind of strike—that of bachelors. Not fewer than 6,000 young men, it states, of that place, between the age of 20 and 30, held a meeting in the open air a little way out of the town, and entered into an agreement not to ask any young woman in marriage until a complete change shall have been operated in the manner of living, and particularly in the dress, of the fairer sex. The young men insist on greater simplicity in every respect, and a return to the more modest habits of a century or two ago."

There now, my dear Madam. What do you say to that? Surely you will grant that there are fair grounds for my argument that the milliners are one cause of the rarity of marriages. A girl with an extensive wardrobe wants a house and furniture and company to match; and as young men mostly cannot afford these luxuries, they prefer remaining single to getting into debt. As to the "more modest habits

of a century or two ago," I doubt if reference be here intended to customs or costumes. It would be shocking to suppose that, even in Marseilles, young ladies are less modest in these enlightened days, than they were in the dark ages, before Crinoline came in. But if by "modesty" in raiment simplicity be meant, clearly modesty is not now the aim of the modistes.

Depend on it, dear Madam, if mothers would but make their daughters dress more simply, and would encourage them to be more homely in their habits, they would soon find young men willing to take them off their hands. Many ladies now seem to live only to be looked at, and to matters of the toilette give up more than half their time. Now, a pretty face and figure are both pleasant to inspect; but a man who wants a wife wants a helpmate and companion, and not merely an ornament to decorate his house. If girls thought as much of cookery as they do of their coiffure, and were more instructed in the dressing of a dinner, and devoted less attention to the dressing of themselves, the Registrar would soon record a marked increase of marriages, and hearts would supersede the suit of diamonds or clubs.

Believe me, my dear Madam, with a chivalrous devotion to all your charming sex, even those in Crinoline not being excepted,

PUNCH.

Colonial Carefulness.

PUNCH's eyes are at once on both hemispheres, although he need hardly remark that he does not squint. He reads a journal of the West called the *St. Christopher Gazette and Charribbean Courier*. In the last number he finds that St. Christopher had just received certain good news, and that it was thus promulgated:—

"Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES gave birth to an infant Prince (a boy) on the 3rd of June."

Quite right, St. Kitts. The Prince is a boy. Princes often are boys, until they grow up, and then they are men. Nothing like accuracy.



DIZZY'S ARITHMETIC.

P.M. "NOW, THEN, YOUNGSTER, YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE A CHALKING THAT WALL; AND IF YOU *MUST* DO A SUM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL DO IT RIGHT!"

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)



stick on board, as I might not have got back again. A reporter for the *Seven Dials Delineator* was found in a cask, with a bottle of gin, and a Dutch cheese, and I am told, for I could not witness the appalling sight, was keel-hauled, and the lines on the larboard side breaking, he never came up, and is supposed to have been eaten by one of our gigantic barnacles."

"It was not a kink, whatever that may be. A large piece of metal pipe ran into the cable, and immediately began letting off the electricity into the sea. The fizzing and turmoil could be distinctly witnessed, I am informed, from our masthead, and my friend the young officer says that the explosion was thought to be a water-spout. The pipe has been plugged, and we are again insulated. The most bitter reproaches are being sent us from Valentia, in the name of the British public, and the Captain says, that if it were not that he has a duty to do, he would put back to Valentia, and punch the public's head. I have advised him to be pacific, but he says that would be unseamanlike, as he is on the Atlantic. It is difficult to understand nautical etiquette."

"All goes well. My friend the young officer says that messages constantly arrive from Ireland. We are instructed to take great care not to let our line become entangled with the Equinoctial line, he says, and there is now a meeting in an Irish gentleman's cabin to consider this important subject. Several bottles have been sent for, I presume, glass being a non-conductor, to try experiments. I have just seen the servant come out with some scraps of tin-foil, which I know is used in an electrical machine. As the door opened I caught the word 'bird's eye,' which is the view, I presume, on some chart they are consulting."

"I am told by the chief mate to put my watch back an hour, as the day has decreased 63". Looking at the almanack, I see that it is so, but I do not remember that this correction was necessary on land. Although Sunday, the process of paying out goes on. A Scotchman on board grumbled that it was not right. Presently he remarked that he saw sharks, and that they evidently mistook our line for one with a bait. 'The stupid fish are sold,' he added. 'And it's lawful to sell fish on Sunday, you know,' said my Irish friend. The Scotchman was so shocked at the laugh that he retreated to his cabin and ordered whiskey. We had no sermon again to-day—the electricians say, and the Irish agree, that the monotony of a single voice, for a long period, has some disturbing effect on the electric current, which they cannot exactly explain."

"Accidentally saying to-day to my Irish friend that we seemed nothing in the vast ocean, and that a single wave might send us to the bottom, he told me to be comforted, for that there was no bottom."

"Thursday.

I reason of an accident, my messages have been stopped for a week. The details were kept a profound secret, but it was given out that a kink had occurred. I have endeavoured in vain to ascertain what a kink is. My Irish friend begs me not to ask him, but refers me to the Irish melody called 'Brien the Brave.' Happily I have the book, but can only see a statement that the hero in question 'Returns to Kinkora no more.' I wait explanation. We have quite got away, and are paying out merrily. The scene at the laying the Shore end was, I am told, very remarkable, but there is such a disposition to turn everybody out of the ship, that I thought it best to

"Friday.

We are now on an unfathomable abyss. No doubt this is a gigantic vessel, but what if that awful monster, the Kraken, should be enraged at beholding the largest ship that has ever sailed the sea, and should rise at her? I do not believe that he is a fabulous creature. Nor, secretly, does my friend, and he has confessed to me that he is more comfortable than he should have been, had our ship continued to be called *Leviathan*. Recommended me to read HOBBS's work of that name, as containing the very latest zoological information. I have nothing to report to-day, except that I am told that the pressure of so much electrical matter on board renders our compasses utterly worthless, and that we steer by the stars. As there are none, I do not know how this is managed. My friend, the officer says that he saw an azimuth, but did not like to shoot it, remembering COLERIDGE's albatross."

"Tuesday.

"Hearing that there was another kink in the cable, I made a formal application to see it, as I had a right to do. The Captain assured me that as soon as it was taken out, it should be brought into my cabin for me to see. I retired thither accordingly, and late in the afternoon my Irish friend came in, followed by some sailors, who brought the kink in a tub of salt water. It is a singular creature, and seemed to me to resemble a gridiron as much as anything, its head representing the handle, but I could not look closely, for the men kept it as much as possible under a blanket, stating that too much light would be fatal. I do not wonder at its stopping the current of electricity. My friends said that they had seen larger ones, one, I think, is preserved among the curiosities at a London Club called the Steaks, and another was obtained, years ago, by the landlord of a waterside inn somewhere in the East of the Metropolis, and called Dolly's. I asked what would be done with it, and they said that very likely the sailors would put it on the fire for the benefit of their supper. This seemed cruel, but we have no such scruples in the case of lobsters and crabs. I am glad to have seen a kink, but I wish I could have sketched it. I am informed, however, that a work called COBBETT's Register has several drawings of the creature."

"Wednesday.

"A Deputation from the Company, the Electricians, and the Captain and crew waited upon me, introduced by my Irish friend. It was respectfully represented to me that the Telegraph was really a private affair, and not the public's, and that reporters had no more right on board than they had in my apartments in Lyndhurst Square, Peckham. My presence was stated to be most welcome, but I was requested, in the event of my beholding something which might appear to me to be very dreadful, not to describe it until my return to England. I remembered the unfortunate case of the *Seven Dials Delineator*, and gave the promise, desiring to see no barnacles except those of my aged grandmother at Peckham. I afterwards endeavoured to ascertain from my friends what might be in contemplation. One looked (as always) exceedingly grave. The other said, 'You saw that kink?' 'Yes, partially.' 'Ah!' 'What do you mean?' 'The Company will not take your word.' He left the cabin, groaning deeply, and repeating, 'O, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!' I do not understand this, but if I never telegraph again, remember that I was doing my duty, and look after my respected grandmother."

VICTORY TO THE CLASSICS.

(A Holiday Hint.)

"SEE here, girls," said their brother TOM, home from school. "Twenty-nine pounds was given at a sale for a single hegg of the great Auk."

"You might say egg, TOM," said ETHEL.

"And you might say hawk, TOM," said ALICE.

"Eggs is eggs," said TOM, with an effort, "but it ain't a hawk."

"Eggs are eggs, TOM," said ETHEL.

"Ain't, vulgar for is not, TOM," said ALICE.

"Bother," said TOM. "You great stupids, I don't mean hawk, as in Horkney and Shetland Isles, North Sea, but auk as in awkward, like you."

"And that's what Papa pays five-and-twenty pounds a quarter for," said ETHEL.

"And just look at his nails, and his arms on the table," said ALICE.

"Shut up," said TOM. "Which of you can say fifty lines of HORACE?" (Begins at Humano capiti cervicem, and never stops until the girls have run out of the room.)

Fearful Sign.

"THERE are Thirty-Nine Dissenters in the New Parliament. There are Thirty-Nine Articles. This is clearly a conspiracy. Each schismatic is to destroy one article. While we have a NEWBEGATE, we will not utterly despair, but things never looked so bad for the Church."—Record.



SHAMELESS IMPUDENCE.

Fat Gent. "HALF PRICE HAS JUST COMMENCED, I BELIEVE!"

THE INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA.

AN ENTIRELY NEW INVENTION.

(REGISTERED.)

PROLOGUE (*which explains the novelty*).

COMPLAINTS are made, by men reputed wise,
That plays are only shows to please the eyes,
Or that, at best, they only offer folks
The shallowest sentiments and oldest jokes.
The charge is partly just. VICTORIA'S age
Shall see a novel drama on the stage:
The characters shall blend, in every act,
Passion and fiction with some valued fact,
And each spectator, newly taught, shall say,
"I have derived instruction from the play."
Kind friends, to a propitious fate conduct
Our 'umble aim to charm and to instruct. [*Exit, smirking.*]

THE YACHT.

An Instructive Drama, in Five Acts.

SCENE—*The Isle of Wight.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Will appear as wanted.

TIME—Greenwich.

ACT I.

The End of Ryde Pier.

Lord Charles Chobham (*discovered, in nautical attire, with telescope. He looks through it*). No sign of the Portsmouth steamer that should bring my beloved HARRIET. O glass, glass, whose invention is commonly but erroneously attributed to the starry GALILEO—

Henry (*his friend*). Erroneously, CHARLES. Indeed?

Lord Charles. You here! 'Tis well. Yes, HENRY, and as my loved one comes not, it may while away an idle hour to improve the mind of my friend.

THE SURGEON TO HIS SWEETHEART.

ORGANISATION'S loveliest flower,
My own that system let me call,
The heart of this is in thy power,
Chordæ tendinæ, valves, and all.
The cornæ of those globes of sight,
Diaphanous as morning dew,
Give passage to the rays of light
Reflected from each iris blue.

Above those orbits mind is there,
Anterior lobe, os frontis full,
Beneath that scalp of raven hair
Mine eyes discern a perfect skull.
With smiles those muscles wreath that face,
Matched with the lily where the rose,
Just planted in its proper place,
Right o'er the buccinator glows.

Within the white and slender hand
Which that fair female subject owns,
How lax each ligamentous band
That binds the metacarpal bones!
Those bones, compressed, that hand, in sport,
Will let her alip that bracelet through:
Just as the Humbug DAVENPORT
(Who've sloped) the rope-trick used to do.

Oh, may that hand's palmaris be
Stretched close as possible to mine!
And may our sentiments agree
Whilst our phalanges intertwine.
Let then, to bind me to my bride,
With union ne'er to be undone,
The nuptial ligature be tied,
And Hymen's suture make us one.

Pleasant News.

THERE has been a Maiden Assize at Kilkenny, the celebrated place where the two cats ate one another, and nothing was left but the two tails. Here is the pretty old fable again, only happily it is no fable. The Cats are metamorphosed into Gentle Maidens. Let us hope that they will hear no mice, Protestant or Catholic.

Henry. Ever the same disinterested CHARLES.

Lord Charles. Know, my HENRY, that the telescope is noticed by LEONARD DIGGES about 1571. ROGER BACON—

Henry. I have heard of him. He was LORD CHANCELLOR, and made bad statues in St. Paul's.

Lord Charles. Not so. But one thing at a time. Order is Heaven's first law. ROGER BACON described, yet never saw telescopes. They were made by METIUS, of Alkmaer, and JANSSEN of Middleburg, a quarter of a century before GALILEO.

Henry. How charming is divine philosophy! I should like to go further into the subject.

Lord Charles. You shall. But at present you must oblige me by going further from this spot, for here comes the steamer bearing her whom I love. [*Exit HENRY.*]

Enter the Portsmouth steamer.

The Honourable Harriet Heatherbell (*lands, and passes Lord Charles without apparent notice, but drops a shrimp at his feet, and says in a low voice*). Watched! [*Exit.*]

Lord Charles (*secures the shrimp*). Dear, playful token from her hand. The *Crangon vulgaris*. Come to my lips, and indeed a little further. (*Eats it.*) Fresh as the dew on the rosebud at morn, it must have been boiled this afternoon. Watched, are we? (*Sternly.*) He who sets a watch on a British nobleman has wound up his own for the last time. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

The Undercliff.

Enter a villain, who is also a terribly wealthy Greek merchant, and whose name is IPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS. He looks round.

Ipp. Prep. I struggle in vain with the mixed motives that agitate my Athenian bosom. I am like this scene. In the upper part there is chalk and chalk marl in nearly horizontal strata. The centre is green sandstone. Beneath this is dark marl. Then comes ferruginous sand. The landsprings set on the marl below, and all tumbles in picturesque ruin. So it is with my blighted heart. In alternate strata are virtue, vengeance, ossification, and sentimentality. The name of HARRIET—
Henry (*appearing from behind a boulder*). Name her not.

Ipp. Prep. Ha! The foolish friend of the arrogant aristocrat. (*Draws a pistol.*) Die! (*Pulls the trigger.*) No report! What juggle is this?

Henry. The next time that IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS meditates assassination, let him be sure that his bribed menial does not load the pistol with MR. GALA's safety powder, warranted not to go off. I am unaware of the chemical components of the mixture, but they evidently effect isolation between the granulated particles.

Ipp. Prep. You are a bold man.

Henry. This is a boulder. [*They fight, and both fall into the sea.*]

ACT III.

Sea-View.

THE READING ROOM. *Enter* LORD and LADY BURNIBOOZIE, the HON. HARRIET, their daughter, SIR STUCKUP MARTINET ALDERSHOTT, C.B., who aspires to her hand, DR. DIONYSIUS DILLWATER, the toady and family doctor, and BODLEY RADCLIFFE, a young Ozonian.

Lady Burniboozie. This place is ridiculously small. Let us come out of it. [*They all come out again to the shore.*]

Sir Stuckup. Delightful place, Miss HEATHERBELL. The great charm, haw, of an island, always appeared to me, haw, to be, that it is, haw, always surrounded by water.

Dr. Dillwater. A very profound remark, indicating close observation of geographical phenomena.

Bodley Radcliffe. I've seen isles with no water round 'em.

Dr. Dillwater. Indeed, my dear young friend. Which?

Bodley Radcliffe. The isles in church. Sold again, and bought a gallipot for twice the money. [*Hums an ode of Pindar.*]

Dr. Dillwater. Exuberant spirits!

Sir Stuckup (*in a lower voice*). May I hope, Miss HEATHERBELL, that my attentions have been neither unobserved nor unwelcome?

Harriet. SIR STUCKUP, please do not subject me to this inquisitorial persecution.

Lady Burniboozie. Who spoke of the Inquisition? When was it founded, DOCTOR?

Dr. Dillwater. My dear lady, PIETRO DA VERONA, the first Inquisitor who burned heretics, was assassinated by an accused gonfaloniere, April 6, 1252.

Bodley. Serve him right.

Dr. Dillwater. Noble instinct! The holy office was re-instituted in Spain in 1480. Next year 3000 persons were burned for heresy.

Lady Burniboozie. The Papists would do the same, I make no doubt were they in power to-morrow. I will certainly vote, next session, for a repeal of the Act for letting Catholic prisoners see their chaplains.

Sir Stuckup (*aside*). Chaplains! I have a thought.

[*They go in to lunch.*]

ACT IV.

Alm Bay.

Sunrise. *The face of the lofty and many-coloured cliffs, sparkling, and IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS in a variegated dressing-gown, yawning.*

Ipp. Prep. I hate getting up in the middle of the night. To be kept awake by one's conscience till five, and to be called by one's valet at half-past, is a hideous mixture of psychology and punctuality. Minerva knows why I am here. I am as stupid as one of her owls.

Enter SIR S. M. ALDERSHOTT.

Sir Stuckup. Can you speak English?

Ipp. Prep. Can a duck swim?

Sir Stuckup. LORD CHARLES CHOBHAM is your enemy?

Ipp. Prep. What am I to get for injuring him?

Sir Stuckup. That is the style I like—that is business.

Ipp. Prep. I don't care what you like. Do you understand GOETHE's affinities?

Sir Stuckup. I never heard of the article.

Ipp. Prep. JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born in 1749, and died in 1832. He produced various works. That to which I alluded is among his later creations, and is a novel, called *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*.

Sir Stuckup. The word is long.

Ipp. Prep. And time is short. If you desire to know any more of GOETHE—

Sir Stuckup. I don't.

Ipp. Prep. If any of your relations desire to know any more of GOETHE—

Sir Stuckup. They don't.

Ipp. Prep. If any of your acquaintances desire to know more of GOETHE, let them read his life by MR. G. H. LEWES, the accomplished editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Now, what do you want with me?

Sir Stuckup. You have a yacht at Ryde. She is called by a name that was not always hers—d'ye mark me, Greek pirate?

Ipp. Prep. Hm!

Sir Stuckup. Haw!

Ipp. Prep. Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Sir Stuckup. LORD CHARLES under her hatches—

Ipp. Prep. Or under her keel?

Sir Stuckup. As you will—you do not need gold, but you are a snob,

and want to enter good society. Next season you shall dine at the DUKE OF DILLYDALLYTON'S.

Ipp. Prep. Consider it done, and my compliments to HARRIET. [*Exit.*]
Sir Stuckup. Familiar beast!

ACT V.

Drak. The deck of the Yacht of IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS, moored off Ryde. The windows of the Club-house can be seen open, and servants bringing wine, being sworn at, &c. Pier on L., only lighted by a few wandering cigars. The sailors, in picturesque Albanian costumes, are reclining in groups, smoking balaikas, and one is playing on a tetrachordon, while the others sing.

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning SAPPHO loved and sung,
Where honest folks might live in peace
If half the brigands were but hung."

IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS comes on board with LORD CHARLES.

Ipp. Prep. Poor fellows, they cannot forget their own country.

Lord Charles. Why should they?

Ipp. Prep. That is a new view of the question. I must consider it. This yacht is Greece to them. Yet their beloved land is really bounded, under the agreement of the Allied Powers, by a somewhat tortuous line drawn across the Continent, chiefly along the summit of the range of Mount Othrys, from the mouth of the Surbioico, to the village of Menhidhi, in the Ambracian gulf.

Lord Charles. I will take a note of these interesting facts. I forgot to ask who you are, or to thank you for the hospitality you so frankly proffered when I knocked your cigar out.

Ipp. Prep. Are we not all brothers, even if we have different parents? Read DR. COLENSO. Now, if you will descend into my lower cabin—my, ha, ha, parlour, you shall try my Latakia. (*Aside to crew.*) Anchoriten upandexit. [*They descend.*]

Sailors. We must obey.

Henry (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The first man who obeys, I shoot.

Bodley Radcliffe (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The second man who obeys, I shoot.

Lady Burniboozie (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The third man who obeys, I shoot. [*The three gentlemen conceal themselves.*]

[*Plash of oars heard. Boat comes alongside. SIR STUCKUP scrambles on board.*]

Sir Stuckup. I want a word with your Skipper, haw.

As he descends, HENRY advances, and whispers.

Henry. He has sold you.

Sir Stuckup. Do you say that? By Jove! Haw!

[*Draws a pistol, and goes down.*]

Another boat, and LADY BURNIBOOZIE, HARRIET, and DR. DILLWATER come on board.

Lady Burniboozie. Where is that dear, dear CHOBHAM? They said he was here, and I should never forgive myself if I were not the first to congratulate him on his having succeeded to the chivalric title and enormous wealth of the late MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTE.

[*Two pistols heard below.*]

Everybody. Gracious! [*The MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTE ascends.*]

Harriet. CHARLES! } [*They embrace. The others come forward.*]

Marquis. HARRIET! }

Lady Burniboozie. You will ask what meant those shots, and many other questions. Let them be answered on shore during the splendid banquet which shall crown the eve of the marriage of the MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTE and our darling HARRIET.

[*IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS and SIR STUCKUP ascend.*]

Ipp. Prep. We have severely wounded each other.

Sir Stuckup. And are sincerely penitent.

Harriet. Nothing then is wanting to complete, &c., if you, our kyind, &c., will only, &c.

TAG.

Lord Ch. Yet still, to vindicate our drama's art,
Repeat the Instruction which we would impart.
Act One made clear to all, *judicio meo*,
That telescopes preceded GALILEO.

Ipp. Pr. Act Two revealed the Undercliff's formation
And geological stratification.

Dr. Dill. Act Three recalled to your historic vision
The picture of the Holy Inquisition.

Sir Stuc. Act Four to literature gave what its due is,
And told of GOETHE and of MR. LEWES.

Lady B. Act Five to your delighted ears confided
How modern Greece from Turkey is divided.

Harriet. To Educate, in every various way,
Is the proud office of the modern Play,
And while by means like these we seek success,
"Dread deans must laud us, and broad bishops bless."



UNBECOMING LEVITY.

Fair Young Lady. "I SEE SOMEBODY IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE, WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF! I SUPPOSE THE BRIDE IS APPROACHING!"
Light Young Man. "HANDKERCHIEF!—WHITE ONE!! BY JOVE, PERHAPS IT'S A REPRIEVE!"

THE DROP IN DANGER.

PUNCH,

BLOE my Whig! Ere's a go! Summer Assizes. Ome sirkit. Croydon Crown Court. Afore mr. BARON PIGGOTT. But hear, let me Cutt it hout o the times, and Stick it Inn for yure infamation and Them boom it may moar consurt:—

"The learned JUDGE.—JARVIS, I am about to sentence you for the charge upon which you have been convicted. You have been a convict for a long course of years. I mention this not as aggravating your case, or as a ground for heavier punishment, but merely as showing that you have for many years been an inmate of convict establishments. You made a long statement yesterday, which was calculated to produce the impression that you had been much ill-treated. It appears to me, however, that you labour under a notion that these convict establishments are places of retirement for persons who are tired with the vices of the world. That is a mistake. They are places of punishment, and those who go there must expect that the discipline must be severe, and must submit to it. That seems to be a matter you can hardly bring your mind to, and therefore you resist the discipline of these places."

Now sur i Apael to u as the advocat of the clames of the Phew agin the egression of the Menny. Sirr i Ave the Onner to Belong to a werry limited Perfession witch Lies hunder an Holy onmarritted Stigmy bein repewter'd hojus our line witch is that of the Altar bein consider'd the choyce of a Sanguary and savidge Disperashon. Wich the contrairy his the Case if yule beleeve me for My part at enny rate I chiz Mine and Study hitt atentivley With a Vue to purform A melincoly and paneful Horris in the Moast Dexterious maner so has to Giv the leest possibel sufferin to a Herring and unfortnight Felo creetur. Accordingly the gentelmen freeknowledgistes wot Takes the Castes of the Edds arter the boddys is Cutt down tels mee hives Gott a large Organ of binnevalence and a Smorl wun hof destructivness which they calls me a buteful Conformation of freeknowledgy. Wich i flater Myself I Ham.

Thank evans Bisnis is putty Brise these Larst fue yeers there wos a time wen it seamed a Dyin orf but lately Jobbs as Tumbld hin tollerale quick so i Aven't No grate Caws to cumplane, and no doubt but wot Work makes Work. But wot I Feers is the Coars things is takin

threatnin to Redooce hall Crimes to secundaary Punnishment. now ser i put it to yew weather the Abuv speach of barren Pigeur him't werry mutch calcolated to leade to that effect.

Wot will Guvment and parliment be likely to think wen they Cums to consider that jales as now becum places of Sewers punishment hand the criminal clarses Nose it? Wy in coarse they'll Beginn to dout if penial serwitute ain't moare likely to deter ofenders Than Angin Now they'll say there's the Mann as was ung the uther Day, and Where is E? Even suppose that Mann is now Nuthin. In wich Cace e's a preshus Site beter orf than the convict JARVIS hunder Sentens hof 5 yeers penial Sarvitute. Ennyow that Chapp is a suferin for is crymes stil, and continies to Bee and a Cawtion to hevil Doers.

It's a good dele owin to yu *mr. punch* the change that as Took place in Prisin disaplun you didnt consider the arm you mite be Doin the Interesses of hour Perfeshun. U used to kepe sayin that jales was nothin else than comfatabel ott ells, till you Gott hall thatt halter'd and Now them ells his a doosed deel to ott to be Agreabel. Now the best amens you can make is keap hon sayin the Same Thing now thear ain't no more acasion to no longer and that'll bee the Way to kepe hup the cry agen the ebullition of Cappital Punishmunt witch ood be a hingery ime sewer yude be sorey to be the meens of afflictin on yure hold Frend

Hempstead Villas, August, 1865.

JACK KETCH.

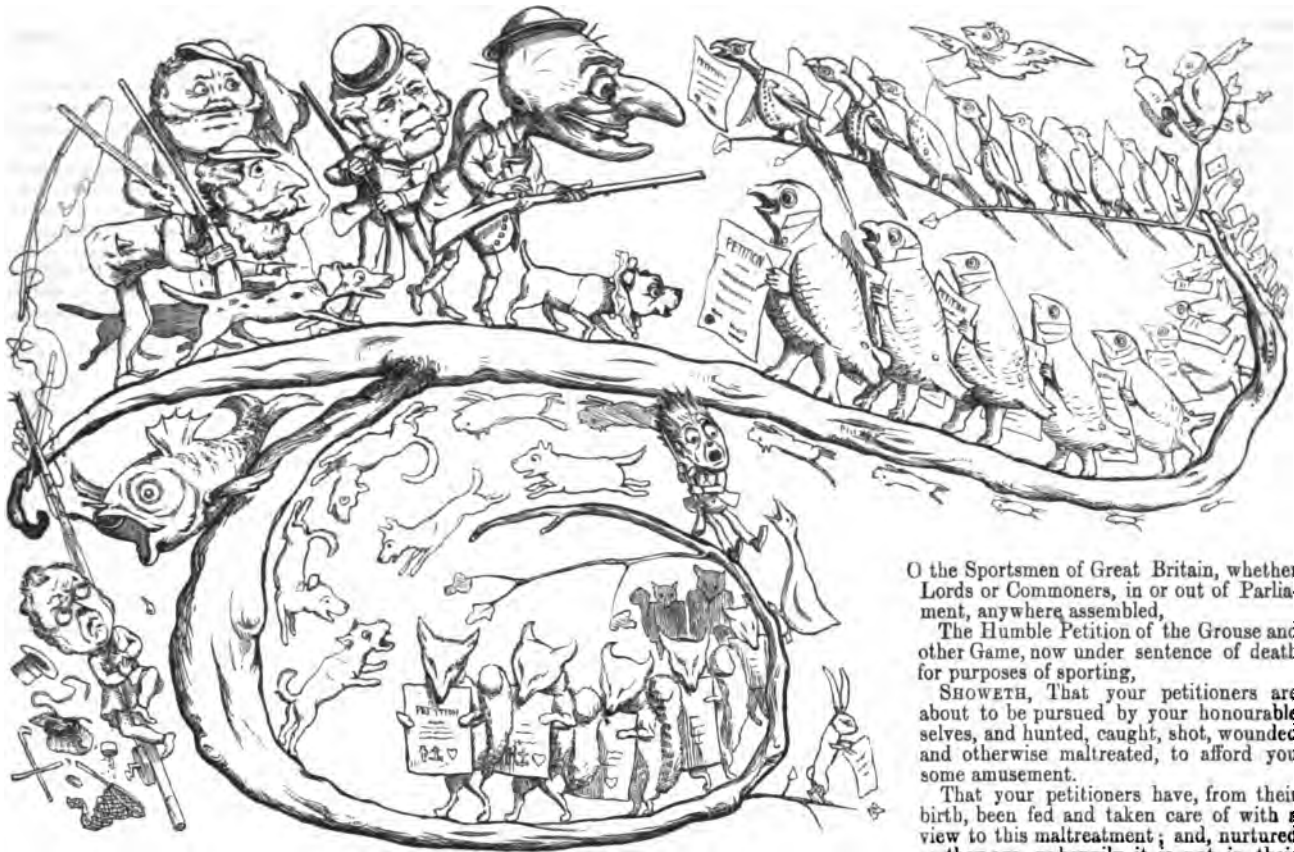
p.s. ime afeard the prisen is Now hallmost has Badd as the Workus.

A Word about Oysters.

WE rejoice to see that MR. FRANK BUCKLAND is devoting his serious attention to the cultivation of oysters in the mouth of the Thames. We trust that his benevolent exertions will be duly rewarded by a large transference of oysters from the mouth of the Thames to our own.

SEASONABLE.—What sort of bath would a resident of Cornhill probably prefer? A *Cif's* Bath.

A SEASONABLE PETITION.



O the Sportsmen of Great Britain, whether Lords or Commoners, in or out of Parliament, anywhere assembled,

The Humble Petition of the Grouse and other Game, now under sentence of death for purposes of sporting,

SHOWETH, That your petitioners are about to be pursued by your honourable selves, and hunted, caught, shot, wounded and otherwise maltreated, to afford you some amusement.

That your petitioners have, from their birth, been fed and taken care of with a view to this maltreatment; and, nurtured as they are, unhappily it is not in their power to escape it.

That your petitioners have heard from their grandfathers and grandmothers, who happen to have survived, or from their parents, aunts or uncles, with whom they now reside, what tortures these their relatives have received in former seasons, through being hunted by bad sportsmen, and fired at by bad shots.

That your petitioners have friends who have been mangled, maimed, and mutilated, instead of being bagged, and who have suffered frightful anguish and the loss of limb or eyesight, by the clumsy way in which they have aforetime been attacked.

That such agonies have specially been suffered in battues, where, in the fuss and fluster of what is called a "flush," guns have been let off without sufficient aim, and volleys have been fired at so many birds together, that some of them are certain to be wounded by stray shot.

Your petitioners would therefore humbly pray that battue-shooting be in future discontinued, as being barbarous and cruel beyond the common run of sport.

And your petitioners would further pray that, as far as may be possible, all bad shots be excluded from all future shooting parties, and that sportsmen be instructed how to judge their distance rightly, and to hold their weapons straight, before they be permitted to come into the field.

And your petitioners would further pray that loaders be appointed to load for all unskilful sportsmen, and, to prevent such mutilation and mangling as aforesaid, that these loaders be directed to put no shot in the guns.

And your petitioners would also pray that, inasmuch as what is sport to you is death to them in most cases, care should be humanely taken to make that death quite certain, and, where your petitioners are picked up before dying, they be put out of their misery ere being put into the bag.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

[Here follow the foot-marks.]

AN "ENGLISH BENEDICTINE" IN PARIS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, BROTHER IGNATIUS has written a letter from Manchester, dated on the "Feast of St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary," wherein having stated some remarkable particulars relative to certain of his make-believe monks:—

"With regard to ex-Brother STANISLAUS, Brother IGNATIUS adds, that that individual went with his (IGNATIUS') money to Paris. There he was to have spent his time in meditation and penance for his sins, while the hope was held out to him to return to Norwich."

Paris is just the very place of all others in the whole world to send a sham friar to with money, and a commission to spend his time in meditation and penance for his sins. Accordingly, none but persons of the snowiest innocence will be surprised at the following account of "STANISLAUS":—

"He, however," says Brother IGNATIUS, "entirely falsified his word, and yet at the same time writes to ask me for more money."

Very likely. STANISLAUS most probably assured IGNATIUS that he

meant to flog himself three times a-day, and to subsist on *soupe maigre*. Of course, what he did was to go and dine every day at the best restaurant that he knew, and drink as much champagne and Burgundy as ever he could. In the evening he may reasonably be supposed to have generally repaired in his monk's habit to a *bat maigre*. And then no wonder that he soon wrote back to his Superior to ask him for more money.

The Lost Pleiad.

THE following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:—

FOR SALE—SIX PRESSING VICES.

Are these the same as the Seven Deadly Sins; and if so, where is the missing one?

THE PRACTICAL VETERINARIAN.—Pen cows affected with cow-pox together with sheep that are threatened with small-pox.



THE DOUBLE JAMES GUARD, FOR CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

We will now devote a few moments to a consideration of the special wit and humour of BRADSHAW, as exemplified in the preceding extract, to which please refer:—

"Miles from 1½" (*Vide Notice lengthways at the side of Fares*).—This mode of stating the distance, leaves the commencement of the computation entirely at the option of the Passenger. Instead of beginning with the unit, he starts with a unit and a half. You will read on until you get mixed up with the fares, when stop, go to sleep, and begin again by-and-by.

"Fares from"—is a joke similar in kind to the above.

"A."—The first column is a specimen of BRADSHAW's peculiar vein of humour. The trains here belong to Class 5.

"Gov."—The second column is marked neither *morning* nor *evening*, and may start, therefore, just when it likes. This is a Government train, intended for members of the Government only. It partakes of the *Meteoric* character.

Here you go on until, as in a children's game, you come to a "Stop." The Passenger for Pigwaldsen will be all right. The Passenger for anywhere else must either make up his mind to walk, stop at Pigwaldsen, or, having paid forfeit, to return to Town.

The third column represents a train that doesn't start from London at all. You will see "*Felton Station*" written in the column. Recent discoveries lead us to suppose that either a place of that name once existed here, or is in the contemplation of the Directors. Some learned men consider it as a hint thrown out to the authorities by BRADSHAW.

"Little Withem."—Here the traveller is referred to several pages, in which he'll have great difficulty in finding anything about Withem. If he does discover any particulars, they will be given in the following simple fashion:—

NORTHAMPTON AND PEDDLINGTON.—(Sundays only.)

	mn.	1, 2, 3	1, 2		aft.	1, 2, 3	Gov.
Pickershill Junct. }	1:55	..	mn.	Wyntanton, p. 100, 89	8:4	...	10
p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }				Maltby.....	4:3		
Maltby.....	2:30	..		Pickershill Junct. }			
Wyntanton.....	3:0	..	5:0	p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }			

The point being that if you look at page 102, you will be informed that there is *no* train for Withem from Pickershill junction; and so you'll have to begin all your calculations over again.

Now, just take a simple case, and, having once mastered it, you'll never have any more trouble with BRADSHAW again. Say you want to go from London to Wagton. Take the first column: there's nothing to suit you there, as you don't want a local train, even if you knew what it means. Column 2, Government train. That sounds well, and arrives at Wagton at three. Just the thing. But it starts from Horbury! How do you get to Horbury? Well, say in a cab. Ah! but then this train runs on Saturdays only; and you *must* go on Wednesday. Give up Column No. 2. Column 3 is a puzzle. Where is Felton Station? Ah, no! Look back at Column 2. Observe the train that

leaves Horbury at 6:45, runs into (*absit omen*) the train that gets to Mottleboro' at 2:55. No, don't you see that it has previously arrived at Pigwaldsen, and stopped there? Of course. So give up Columns 2 and 3.



Now for Column 4. This is sufficiently plain sailing—starts at 9:45, goes regularly through all the Stations, and you see arrives at Wagton at two o'clock. Stop! here's something written, "Passengers for these Stations remain all night at Stopford." What Stations? Ah, a mysterious hand points back again to London. But *we* are *not* for these Stations (though if we were, *why* remain at Stopford? this is tyranny), and this regulation doesn't concern *us*. Howbeit, the train "*dep.*" (that is, *leaves*) Wagton at two. It never *has* arrived! Evidently it belongs to the 3rd Class of our *Visibilia*.

Such is the puzzle offered to the anxious voyager. He will simplify his trouble thus:—Go early to the Station, and ask the Guard. Do not leave his side; remunerate him with the price of two *Bradshaws*: it is well worth your while. Get into the train, and trust implicitly to this Guard. You may depend upon BRADSHAW for the names of the intervening Stations: here neither Guard nor Porter will be of any use to you.

(To be Continued.)

HANG THE INVENTOR!

(To the Right Honourable LORD STANLEY.)

MY LORD,

I AM glad to see your Lordship giving your adhesion to the proposal for the abolition of patents for the public good. It is true enough that if you appropriate a man's invention you, as MR. MILL says, steal it. But stealing is no crime when it is legalised. Railway companies are accustomed to take away a man's garden or house against his will. It is true they give him a certain compensation, which he is forced to be content with. The law allows him that compensation. That is the mistake. He ought to be entitled to no compensation at all. Even if the seizure of a man's possessions by a great mercantile company for public uses were a crime, the number of parties engaged in it would subdivide its criminality so as to share it in proportions which, for each person, would be infinitesimal. The Income-Tax is a confiscation of the property of the few for the benefit of the many. But the fact is, we are beginning to discover that morality is a mere term.

The only sound principle of legislation is that of the greatest happiness, which means the greatest profit, of the greatest number. Individual interests must be sacrificed to those of the majority. Individuals themselves must be sacrificed to majorities. It used to be thought a man's duty in some cases to die for his country. Duty is all stuff; but death for their country is a necessity which some men must submit to. I don't advocate capital punishment as punishment, because that implies justice, and I don't believe in justice. I simply maintain that it is for the interest of the community that some persons should be hanged, as it is that other persons should be shot. In a general sense of the phrase, I say, "Hang individuals!" Deprive them of their inventions, their property, their skin, if required for the public convenience. What are the odds so long as the community is happy? Individuals must grin and bear the privation and ruin which are demanded to gratify Society at large. Let them make up their minds and submit to be crushed quietly under the triumphant chariot-wheels of Prosperity, Progress, and

CAPITAL.

Juggernaut House, August, 1865.

A Remarkable Sea-Weed.

THE last new thing in Naval Architecture is a yacht, which an American gentleman is having constructed, called the *Cigar Ship*. The motive power, however, of this vessel is no such novelty as her name would seem to imply. She is worked by steam and not by smoke.



AGONISING ORDEAL.

POOR ROBINSON HAS BEEN REQUESTED TO REPEAT THAT LOVELY AIR IN *FAUST* FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD AUNT GRIGG, WHO IS AS DEAF AS A POST.—(Pity him, for he is not a Comic Man.)

WANTED, A LADIES' TEMPERANCE-IN-DRESS SOCIETY.

THE latitude of ladies has decreased of late a little, but a considerable extent has been added to their longitude. Their dresses have made up in length for what they may have lost in width; and though their hoops are cast away, their tails are nearly as protruding. Of course, the larger a dress is, the more material it requires, and the larger is the bill which, in due course, is sent in for it. Besides, they who wear extensive dresses must have extensive rooms wherein they may exhibit them, just as a peacock must have space enough in which to spread his tail-feathers. Moreover, costly habits beget other costly habits, which add to their expensiveness: for ladies cannot waste their finery on the desert air of home, but needs must gad about for the purpose of displaying it.

Heaven gave us *Lovely Woman*, and the devil gave her fashion books! This would many a man be tempted to exclaim, when pulling a long face at the long bill which his wife wants him to pay for her adornment. Perhaps in the new Parliament the question of Reform may take this social shape, and a bill be introduced to limit the expenditure of women on their wardrobe. It may seem to many minds that the extension of the franchise is not nearly of such consequence as the reduction of wives' finery. "Reform your milliners' bills" would, many men may think, be a far more needful cry than the cry for a Reform Bill.

In the French Senate the matter has been subject of debate, and a speech of MONSIEUR DUPIN has attracted such attention as to justify its being published as a pamphlet,—"*On Ladies' Unbridled Luxury in Dress*." Ladies bridalled or unbridalled would do well to read this treatise, and they would do still better if they carried out the notion MONSIEUR DUPIN thus propounds:—

"People have founded temperance societies. For my part, I should desire to see founded a society of mothers of families who, without ceasing to dress and to present themselves with the decency, and even the elegance, suitable to their fortune and their station, should set the example of pitilessly retrenching superfluities. By

so doing they would relieve the lower classes, who, through a love of imitation, are ever striving to climb to the height which it is not given them to attain."

Dear creatures as they are, in a sumptuary sense, ladies would be even dearer, in a right sense, to their husbands, if they would be a trifle cheaper in matters of costume. With beef at twenty pence a pound (which seems probable ere Christmas) extravagance in dress must lead in many houses to short commons in the larder; for the love of imitation, that M. DUPIN speaks of, tempts women with small means, to dress like wives of millionnaires, regardless of the ravage thereby made on the cuisine. To people with short purses, fine clothing means cold mutton; and now mutton is so dear, it may shortly mean *soup maigre*, and well nigh prison fare. Husbands, whose finances are somewhat at low water must all turn vegetarians, if the price of meat increases, unless their wives submit to some diminishment in dress.

When a woman is possessed with the mania for millinery, it is hopeless to attempt to reason with her on the point. She will turn a deafened ear to any words of wisdom, even though they be conveyed to her by Mr. Punch himself. Still, having the true interests of Womanity at heart, Mr. Punch will simply echo the desire of M. DUPIN, that ladies should establish a Temperance-in-Dress Society; and Mr. Punch will be most happy to reward with his best smiles every lady who has pluck enough to go and take the pledge.

What shall I do with it?

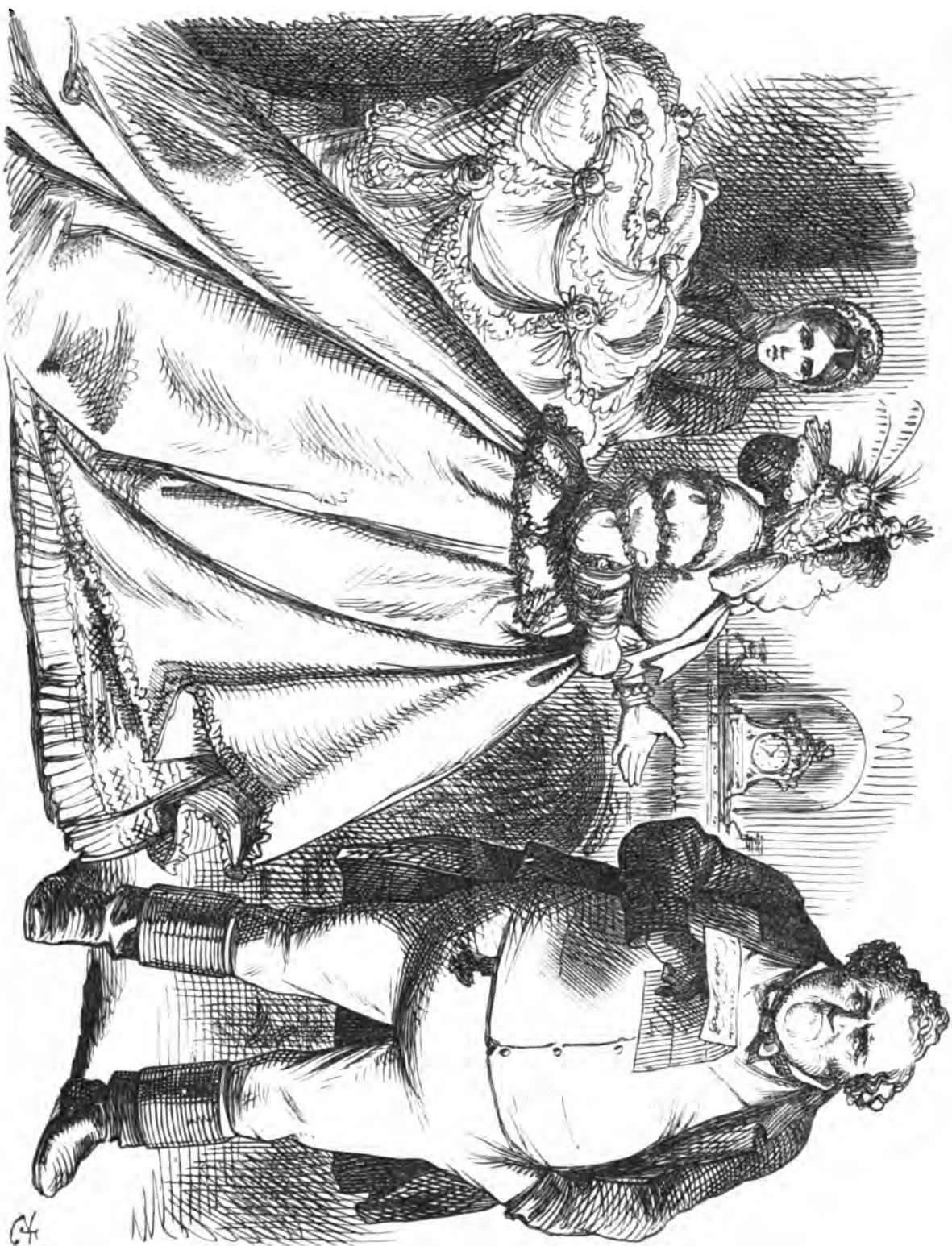
(Conundrum made on the Beach.)

WHAT is the difference between a couple of Mermaids and Summer and Autumn?

The former are two Sea-daughters, and the latter two Sea-sons.

ELECTION BULLETIN.

MR. DIBBARI is recovering from his indisposition—to believe in the Liberal majority, and is again able to leave the house, and take a Constitutional. The reaction that was expected did *not* take place.



HOUSEKEEPING À LA MODE, OR FOOD VERSUS FINERY.

Mrs. Bull. "NOW, MY DEAR B., DON'T BE CROSS. YOU SEE THE COMPLETE DRESS ONLY COMES TO—"
Mr. Bull (*reads Milliner's Bill*). "SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF BUTCHER'S MEAT, MY DEAR, THAT'S ALL!"



A BYE-LAW.

Guard. "SMOKING NOT ALLOWED, GENTS."

Swell. "O! AH! WHAT'S THE FINE?"

Guard. "A SHILLING, READY MONEY, TO THE GUARD, SIR. FORTY SHILLINGS TO THE COMPANY, PAYABLE BY INSTALMENTS AND AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE."

TOAD IN THE COAL.

OUR contemporary, the *Scotsman*, generally shows himself worthy of his name, that is to say, wide-awake. But *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*—and what more could be expected of any one, even the most distinguished of his modern countrymen? Everybody knows that the seven cities that contended for the honour of having been the birthplace of HOMER had equal claims to it: that is to say, just none at all. There was an eighth city to which that distinction must be ascribed; either Edinburgh or Glasgow: which of the two historians have not decided. However, as the *wassel* may sometimes be caught asleep, so also may the "wassel Scot," as he is called by SHAKESPEARE, with a patriot's appreciation of national vigilance, sometimes be caught nodding; and so the *Scotsman* publishes the following statement:—

"LIVE TOAD FOUND IN A COAL-FIELD.—A miner, while working in Lochtysside coal-pit, on the Balgonie estate, exhumed a live toad which was embedded in the coal at the depth of 60 fathoms from the surface. The animal lived a considerable time after being liberated."

Will the *Scotsman*, on consideration, believe that anybody worthy to bear the name of Scot, who had really found, and could prove that he had found, a live toad embedded in coal at the depth of 60 fathoms from the surface, would not have taken good care to preserve a curiosity so valuable? Of course, the toad, duly authenticated, is not forthcoming, and of course it would be if the story of its discovery were not one of those which incredulity rightly refers to WALKER.

MISSING THE GROUSE.—What a pity it is that ARD-EL-KADER left England before the 12th instant! The gallant Emir, who is doubtless a good shot, would have found himself very much at home among the Moors.

RETIREMENT.

"And, all impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea."

EUREKA! which is *Græca, subaudi Lingua*. This as a beginning, my dear *Mr. Punch*, looks classical, and may be, like the classical dresses on the Parisian stage, somewhat incorrect. What I mean to say is this, I have found the place where "quiet reigns all around," as the gentleman sings in the elegiac verses, addressed interrogatively to one *Benjamin Bolt* concerning a sweet *Alice*, with hair so brown, surname unknown. Yes, my dear Sir, I can now offer you and your friends all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages, of a Fashionable Watering Place.

I will not tell you the name. I have a house, which I will let out in apartments to the quietest people who enjoy the distinguished honour of your acquaintance.

My house is to be called the *Hôtel de Lullaby*. It will be conducted by a Company, *Limited*, so as to ensure quiet, to myself and Mrs. LULLABY, that is, my grandmother, aged eighty-three, who seldom leaves her room.

There will be a *table d'hôte*, if all agree to dine at the same hour. During dinner there will be no conversation, and the motto over the looking-glass in the *salle à manger* will be, "Speech is silver but silence is golden." No pianos allowed, in case any one should arrive who was given to "practising," or preferred performing with one finger only. No instruments, musical or unmusical, of any description permitted. The attendants will be dumb waiters. There are no Volunteers anywhere near. There must be no laughing among the visitors. They will please to notice the inscription over the front door, "All jokes abandon, ye who enter here."

A policeman from the nearest market town, six miles off, calls at Glumborough once a fortnight to see if anything's happened. With him comes a man to wind up the clocks. The latter, being a gossip, has been warned. All daily transactions with the butcher, the baker, the man with shrimps, the woman with fine fresh somethings just caught, will be conducted in whispers, until such time as they are able to converse fluently on their fingers, at which just now they are very poor hands.

There is a Reading-room in the Hotel, and we get the weekly papers second-hand from the market town.

Ladies of Sunday School tendencies may teach the digital alphabet to the scholars.

In the Classes at present we only number one, of whom we take good care. He is a nice quiet steady-going boy, and says he prefers his book to marbles, hoops, or any other game of noisy childhood.

There is a Smoking-room in the Hotel, but only quiet pipes and cigars are tolerated.

Families will not be permitted in Glumborough. Glumborough is *not* the name. There are no shops; residence at Glumborough is economical.

You can wear what you like: all fashions are the same to Glumborough. Quiet ties, quiet colours are mostly in vogue. Nothing loud allowed.

There are four houses besides my own at Glumborough, all "to let." I have never seen their owners, and there is nobody in charge of any one of them. My impression is, that a person coming down here with furniture sufficient for a Bed-room and Parlour, might walk in and occupy the ground floor, until undisturbed possession gave him a tenant's right.

My advertisement, which offers peculiar advantages, will shortly appear. I think this will do:—

SEASIDE.—GREAT ATTRACTION for the SUMMER MONTHS!

This is specially addressed to Gentlemen engaged in the City, in Literature, in the pursuit of Art, and to all sufferers from Organs, Brass Bands, Men with Monkeys, Street Singers, dwellers in the Quiet Streets of London, and so forth. *MR. LULLABY'S Hotel de Lullaby, Glumborough.* NO TELEGRAPHIC STATION WITHIN EIGHT MILES, and with this, the means of communication can only be obtained on certain days in the year, and even then their employment is attended with great expense, risk, and considerable difficulty. POST ONCE IN EVERY FIVE DAYS, and that uncertain. No Steamboats from anywhere to Glumborough and *vice versa*. No Rail within eight miles, where train will stop if signalled two days before the time required. There is a temporary Iron Church at Glumborough, full choral service without organ by the visitors (if they like) on the first Sunday in every other month. *MR. LULLABY* writes to ask the nearest Clergyman to attend when there are more than two people (not Dissenters) staying at Glumborough. Anybody wishing for rooms in the Hotel de Lullaby will at once communicate with the proprietor. Silence gives consent.

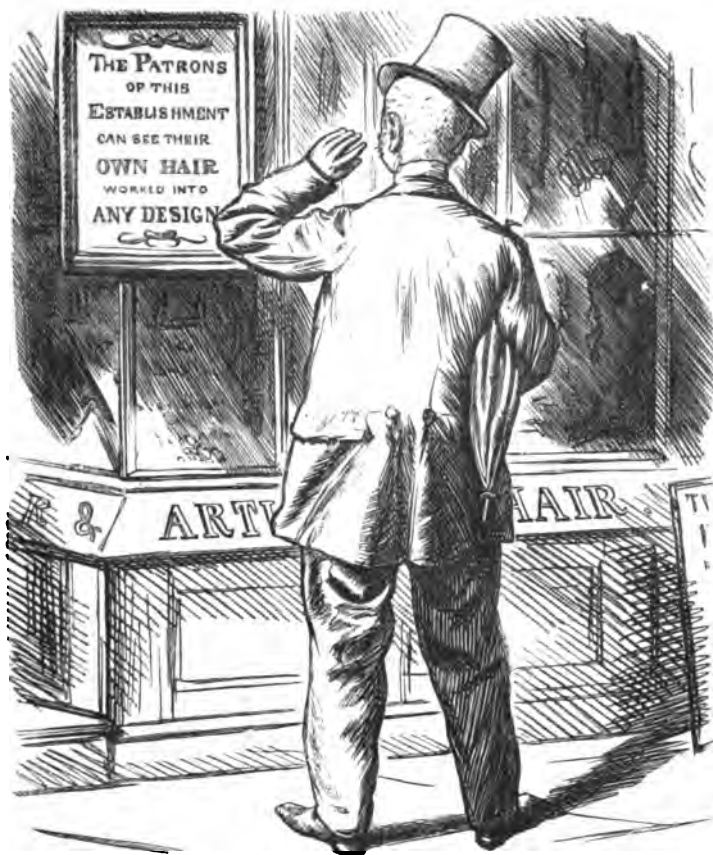
There, Sir, that will do, I flatter myself. I shall be delighted to see you, *Mr. Punch*, or any of your numerous friends, as soon as you like. Say when, and I'll send you word where Glumborough is situated.

The waves are not wild, and don't say anything down here. Glumborough looks out upon the silent deep. Come unto these yellow sands, do.

I remain, yours noiselessly,

Hotel de Lullaby, Glumborough.

SAMUEL LULLABY.



SELF-EVIDENT.

LINES TO AN OLD LADY.

(BY A YOUNG MAN ANXIOUS FOR THE CERTAINTY OF THREE MEALS A-DAY.)

THEY tell me of the price of meat;
I care not what its cost may be.
It matters little what I eat,
If I can feast mine eyes on thee.
The primeest joint man ever saw,
In festive trim at Christmas shown,
These longing eyes could never draw
Away from gazing on thine own.

Oh, Love! They talk of mutton-chops,
And praise the tints of white and red
Contrasted in the butchers' shops;
I'll contemplate thy cheeks instead.
They smack their lips when they survey
The tempting steak with eyes that shine:
But nought could make me so display
Emotion, save that mouth of thine.

Ah! what is veal, though matched with ham?
Thy whiter hand withdraws my mind.
Oh! can I, in a leg of lamb,
Aught like thy foot and ankle find?
Shoulder of mutton, what is that,
Although with onion sauce allied?
The fairest cut of lean and fat
To me is nothing by thy side.

The sirloin may be dear or not,
The ribs, the brisket, and the round,
I know not, and I ask not, what
Those joints are selling at per pound.
I do not sigh, I do not weep
Of meat's ascending price to hear.
I hold it altogether cheap;
Thyself, alone of all things, dear.

NO OFFENCE MEANT.

WHERE ought a hoary tippler to live? In Gray's Inn.

THE NAGGLETONS ON RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY.

MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON have been spending a few days at the House of a Friend in a Southern County. They have returned to-day, and converse after a late dinner.

Mr. Naggleton (holding up his wine-glass). I drink your health, Mrs. NAGGLETON, and congratulate you upon your safe return to your household gods.

Mrs. Naggleton. Don't talk nonsense, and above all, heathenish nonsense.

Mr. N. Well, we will say your household goods. There's no harm in that, especially as furniture is one of your idols.

Mrs. N. I have no idols, and I do not see why a woman is to be sneered at for wishing her house—her husband's house—to be properly furnished. You certainly lose no time in throwing off the mask which you have been wearing for three days.

Mr. N. I only wish I had worn one, for I am scorched worse than the sole we have been trying to eat.

Mrs. N. It was not the cook's fault. She had not known that we were coming, and then she was ordered to get dinner in a hurry.

Mr. N. And why did she not know?

Mrs. N. Because she was not written to.

Mr. N. And why was she not written to?

Mrs. N. Because you, with your usual ridiculous indecision, could not say which day you would leave MR. APPLEDRAM'S.

Mr. N. I like that. I do like that. When you yourself were watching and dodging to find out whether the APPLEDRAMS were going to give a dinner-party while we stayed. You only agreed to go when you found that it was a hopeless date—next week, or you would have stopped till now.

Mrs. N. Of course I misconducted myself. I always do. Of course I scorched the sole.

Mr. N. Never mind about misconduct. The sole, yes, because when you had actually succeeded in making up your mind, you would not let me telegraph.

Mrs. N. Telegraph to a cook!

Mr. N. Why not. Ha! ha! She has a battery de quizeen of her own. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. We are at home, HENRY, and there is no further excuse for the childish nonsense which you have been drivelling for three days.

Mr. N. Well, we must all laugh sometimes. I thought that we had been tolerably jolly.

Mrs. N. To be laughed with is one thing, but it is another for a wife to sit and hear her husband laughed at.

Mr. N. (getting angry and rude). He deserved to be laughed at for taking such a wet blanket into the country with him. No, I retract. I did not mean that—I take it back. But you are a refrigerator, you know, or what it is now the fashion to call a thermanitodote.

Mrs. N. Don't resume the mask; be as insulting as you please.

Mr. N. What nonsense you talk about masks. What do you mean?

Mrs. N. Hypocriasy, HENRY, has been described as the tribute which Vice pays to Virtue. But the tribute is too often paid in bad money.

Mr. N. My wig! but that's an epigram of the first water. I saw that you were reading a good deal in the country.

Mrs. N. I can smile at such a taunt, HENRY. I don't affect smartness. It would not do for both of us to be pretenders to wit.

Mr. N. (floored). Very good, I'm sure, very good, and very affectionate and wife-like.

Mrs. N. How you fly out at the slightest attempt at retort upon your eternal attacks. But I am told that such is the way with joke-makers of a certain order; they are the most thin-skinned creatures going.

Mr. N. I am not flying out, though I was never much more inclined to go out.

Mrs. N. Pray do not let me detain you. I hope I can make allowance for what you must have undergone in being obliged to be civil to your wife from Saturday to Wednesday.

Mr. N. I should always be civil to you, and a good deal more, if you would let me, but your temper is so extraordinary that you construe a kind speech into a wrong, and turn it off with a pleasant mixture of sarcasm and ice—not delightful even in weather like this.

Mrs. N. Remember that you are drinking your own wine, which is fiery, and not like MR. APPLEDRAM'S.

Mr. N. Do you mean that I am excited?

Mrs. N. I simply mean to give you a caution, as you are speaking fast, and with needless violence.

Mr. N. (self-conqueror). APPLEDRAM's wine is very good, but it is neither better nor even dearer than mine. Shall I fill your glass?

Mrs. N. No, I thank you. If your taste does not detect the difference, mine does; and after taking his for some days, I would rather keep to water for a time.

Mr. N. (smiling). No, no, MARIA, second MRS. NAGGLETON, M^{rs}—you shall not stir me up again on the wine question. You are a first-rate authority, of course; your esteemed aunt, from whose house I had the honour of marrying you, keeping such a splendid cellar at the bottom of her wardrobe.

Mrs. N. The remark is manly. And you are perfectly well aware that my aunt has ample means, and that it was upon conscientious motives that she would not lay away money in a cellar.

Mr. N. I respect her motives, but curse her Marzala.

Mrs. N. You are not asked to drink it.

Mr. N. No, I have that luck, certainly.

Mrs. N. Though a father might have been unselfish enough to put up with the harmless whim of an old lady who could do much for his children, and he might have paid her an occasional visit.

Mr. N. I have heard and read a good many odd things, but I know no nation that makes it incumbent on a father to poison himself for the sake of his offspring. But I have frequently told you that you could visit the old creature whenever you pleased.

Mrs. N. I trust that I need no permission to visit my relations?

Mr. N. But you don't go.

Mrs. N. That is my business.

Mr. N. What's the good of talking stuff? You know, as well as I do, that her idiotic will is made.

Mrs. N. Wills may be done away, I believe.

Mr. N. Good gracious, partner of my bosom and expenses! Do you suggest to me a terrible crime? Are you a *Lady Macbeth*? Would you have me go down to your devotional but disagreeable old aunt, make her Marzala worse than it is by an infusion of laudanum worse than her conversation, discover her will in a disused nightcap, and destroy aunt, will, and cup at one fell swoop? No, it is tempting, but tempt me not.

Mrs. N. If you have finished that ranting, which is not in the least like MR. BUCKSTON—

Mr. N. It is an excellent imitation, now.

Mrs. N. You think so, and are told so, I dare say, at the Club, when you have provided drink for the members, but you really have no power of imitation.

Mr. N. It is a great story, for I imitate one person to perfection.

Mrs. N. Who may that be?

Mr. N. JOB.

Mrs. N. I request that you will not be wicked.

Mr. N. My dear, it was not JOB who was that, but another member of the household, according to SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. N. SHAKESPEARE had better have avoided such topics, and many others; but you will fly out again if I venture to say that *he* was anything short of perfection. MR. SNOTCHLEY says that is an article of faith with people who get sentimental in taverns.

Mr. N. MR. SNOTCHLEY is an ass and a prig. SNOTCHLEY on SHAKESPEARE is a treat. Don't quote his folly to me.

Mrs. N. (smiling). I said so.

Mr. N. Said what?

Mrs. N. That you would grow violent if a word was said against your superstition. Never mind, I will be more considerate of your feelings than you are of mine, and not make fun of your idols.

Mr. N. (seriously). The woman who speaks lightly of SHAKESPEARE is—

Mrs. N. Your wife, and not in the habit of being shouted at, nor will she bear it.

Mr. N. I wasn't shouting.

Mrs. N. You don't know what you are doing, I think. Do put the stopper into that bottle.

Mr. N. We have had three pleasant days, MARIA, and I think you need not have finished the out with a row.

Mrs. N. The Out with a Row. I don't know whether it is true that we always return to our first loves—

Mr. N. I wish some of us did!

Mrs. N. Gentlemen! But I am sure that we return to our first language. You must fancy yourself in the time of my predecessor in the dignity of your wife.

Mr. N. No, my imagination is not so strong as that, in the presence of evidence to the contrary.

Mrs. N. Yes, surely, you must, and that you have just returned by a twopenny boat from Greenwich, after an elegant repast on tea and periwinkles. Don't weep at the sweet recollection. The Out with a Row.

Mr. N. (condensing his rage). My first wife had her faults, I dare say—

Mrs. N. I really have no desire to enter into the biography of that person.

Mr. N. But you shall hear, Madam, once for all. She was considerate, affectionate, and playful—

Mrs. N. Playful darling.

Mr. N. And as unlike you in manner and talk as possible.

Mrs. N. I trust so. I hope so. I am delighted to hear it.

Mr. N. She was a very good wife, Madam, mind that. You are—

Mrs. N. I am—what, Sir?

Mr. N. (with a vast effort). The wife of a very good husband, Madam, who will be d—d if he will stand this sort of thing. I do not know what time I shall be home to-night, but I have the key, and if *anybody* is up when I return, I will discharge *every servant* before ten to-morrow.

[Leaves the house.]

OUR YACHT.

I AM in Wales. This is an answer to your most unreasonable telegraphic message. Do not think, for one moment, that I am here for my own selfish gratification. Perish the thought. I am here for *your* good. I am taking exercise in the fresh air for *your* benefit, and am about to embark in a perilous enterprise in order that *you*, not I, may reap the profit of a hazardous experiment. By this I give you to understand that I am going out Yachting. At the present moment I am thinking what costume I shall adopt. Before I left I saw MEXXAN dressed as *William*, though, somehow or other, I quite forgot to send you that admirable nautical drama *Menkenised*, an omission that shall be rectified next week, when my more intimate acquaintance with a mariner's life will enable me to enter into details upon which I could not otherwise venture. MEXXAN, as *William*, shall be my model.

Never having had any Yachting experience, I look forward to my trip with much pleasure. Steamboats for short distances disagree with me, I mean by sea, for I have never suffered much by the river, except from a sort of nervous uncertainty as to what might happen on nearing Gravesend, where the river begins to get mixed up with the sea, and there's a bit of a disturbance.

One of my friends has just asked me to come and see the Yacht.

If I don't return from the inspection in time for post, you'll have a full, true, and particular account next week.

I re-open this to say, that I *have* returned in time for post.

We've been over the Yacht, and approve of her. That is, my two nautical friends approve of her, and I agree with them, having promised to go. I will describe her to you. "Her" is the Yacht.

She is a large boat, at least I should say *ship*, only when I *do* say ship, understand me that she's not like the *Traveller*, or *Victory*, or, for instance, the Floating Police Barracks on the Thames. She's much bigger than anything you've got on the Serpentine, or at a shilling an hour at Brighton, but not so large as a vessel carrying coals, or stones, or cattle.

She's two storeys high, one being a deck and the other down-stairs, where you eat and sleep. She weighs about twenty-five tons. I didn't see her weighed myself, but my authority was a sailor on board, whom we are going to take as one of the crew. The crew will consist of this man and another, the other being the Captain. I saw the Captain. He was not in uniform, and except in name there didn't appear to be much to distinguish him from the above-mentioned crew.

She draws a good deal of water, several feet, in fact, but is, notwithstanding, quite safe.

The owner will warrant her a good sea-going boat. The owner is a grocer, on shore, and anyone less nautical I never saw. He has offered to have her painted, and something else'd, which I won't attempt to describe, lest my sea-faring phrases should be misunderstood.

The Captain requested me to inspect the tackle. I did so. The Captain asked me if that wasn't all right? I said, yes, that was all right.

He took me down-stairs and showed me the rooms. I asked where we were to sleep. He showed me two recesses, in the ship's side, opposite one another. They struck me as capital places for storing coals, or odds and ends. He explained that this was where "us three Gents was to sleep." He showed me a small room, I mean cabin, in the front part, about two foot by three, with a stove in it. This was where the crew would cook. I asked where *he*, the Captain, was going to sleep. He pointed to a recess on one side of the stove, and said, "here." As he didn't appear discontented with his lot, I made no further observation.

My friends, one is a very nautical fellow, a regular sailor, said, "They supposed they could go almost anywhere in this Yacht?"

The Captain said, "Ay, a'most anywhere."

That was all right, then. We settled terms, and I am looking forward to something like a voyage.

I have never seen America, nor New Zealand, nor Norway for the matter of that, and I can imagine nothing more pleasant or independent than landing in America from your own Yacht. I don't know where you get out in America, but of course the sailors are acquainted with the chart.

Farewell for the present. We christen the Yacht to-morrow. I propose calling her the *Saucy Polly*. Fancy the *Saucy Polly* gaily anchoring off the American coast!

P.S. I re-open this to say that I hear we *can't* go to America in the Yacht. This is very disappointing. The Captain has not given any opinion as to Norway. What's the good of a yacht if you don't go some distance? One might as well be at Ramsgate.



THE SEASON OVER,

OUR ARTISTS GO TO NATURE, AND THIS IS THE CHEERFUL STATE OF THINGS AT THAT SECLUDED AND DELIGHTFUL PLACE
BETWYS-Y-COED, NORTH WALES.

THE QUACK IN THE STRAND.

O THE Quack in the Strand he has just come to grief!
Though 'tis less than the due of a scoundrel and thief.
He plundered one patient, who took him in hand,
And sued for malpractice the Quack in the Strand.

He two hundred pounds damages having to pay,
His intent was to sell off his goods, and away!
But the plaintiff did prompt execution demand;
It was granted at once 'gainst the Quack in the Strand.

The vile Quack in the Strand, who has met with mishap,
Kept an odious Museum, weak fools to entrap.
'Tis the last resource now, of the Quacks' obscene band;
May they all come to grief like the Quack in the Strand!

A DOUBLE KNOCK.

SIR,

To one versed, as I am, at once in the newspapers of the day and in the history of my country, it certainly does appear that electoral pugnacity, as displayed in front of the hustings, has on recent occasions attained a development until then unrivalled in the annals of British valour. The Parliaments of old times are known to chroniclers by a variety of nicknames. We have had the "Long Parliament," the "Short Parliament," the "Unlearned Parliament," the "Addle Parliament," and other Parliaments whose appellations I decline to mention. Why should not the Parliament inaugurated under these pugilistic auspices, have its own appropriate title also? In memory at once of the distinguished philosopher who represents the spot where it will meet, and of the striking scenes which attended the election of its House of Commons, I propose that it be known and described as the "MILL Parliament."

Yours, HISTORICUS JUNIOR.

INNOCENCE OF A PAPAL DOVE.

THE correspondent of the *Tablet* at Rome is a genius whose letters will occasionally repay perusal with diversion. The style of these effusions has a peculiar volubility of utterance which affects the mental ear of the reader with the impression of an audible brogue. Their author appears to be a rollicking religious Irishman, with a reverence equally profound and comical for the Pope and the Sacred College, and the Hierarchy, and all the rites and ceremonies and parade of Popery, and the Majesties, and High-and-Mightinesses, and Grandees thereof. A phrenological artist would depict him, from imagination, with an immense organ of language, prodigious organs of veneration and marvellousness, and not any of conscientiousness and causality at all. Subjoined is a specimen of this genial and ludicrous writer's *naïveté* :—

"The *Ratis* states that M. DE SARTIGES will not return to Rome to resume his functions as ambassador. He will be no particular loss, but we have had worse, merely to cite LAVALETTE. It is a singular fact that the principal qualification of all ambassadors of France to the Holy See, seems to be that the ambassadors should be a Protestant; MADAME DE SARTIGES being the third since 1865."

Surely the penning of the last sentence of the foregoing extract must have been accompanied with a most solemn wink of the writer's eye. There is humour in his affectation of not seeing that the French Government, in selecting an ambassador to deal with the Court of Rome, would naturally prefer one who would have no trouble to keep his wife out of the Confessional.

Slippery Cards.

THE subjoined item of information is derived by a contemporary from the Report of the National Revenue :—

"THE CARD DUTY.—The duty on Cards last year produced £8,937 3s."

We wonder how much duty on every pack of cards was paid by the knaves.



SNOBS AT THE SEASIDE.

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

From our Special Correspondent.

"Lyndhurst Square, Peckham.

"I HAVE again embraced my aged Grandmother. I committed her to your charge in the event of aught happening to me, and now, with thanks, I relieve you of that care. I am sure that *Punch* would have been more than a Grandson to her, but I rejoice that I am still able to fulfil the duties of that individual. Oh, Sir, I have gone through much for you.

"I need not tell you that we have put the cable at the bottom of the sea, or as near thereto as circumstances would permit, and that we have stuck an exceedingly elegant flag on a buoy over the place where we last couldn't fish it up. It is possible that those who go out on the next expedition (I respectfully, and by anticipation, decline the engagement you are meditating for me) may find that flag, and if the buoy remains fastened to the cable, and the cable can be pulled up and is not damaged, and a new end can be put to it, and the fresh piece be laid to Newfoundland, we shall have an Atlantic telegraph. But I shall be satisfied with perusing the story, and the telegrams, when they come. In poetic language—

"Down, venturous feelings! I have learned to check 'em,
And sit contented in my room at Peckham."

"I am not yet, Sir, in a state of mind to narrate the incidents of the voyage, from the time at which my despatches broke off. I believe that a person of more iron nerve has written the Diary of the Telegraph. I do not envy the unnatural self-possession which, while the seas are roaring, the breezes blowing, and the elements in confusion, can calmly note down each circumstance. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*, and I consider it only respectful to common humanity to be frightened, sick, sulky, irritated, and nervous, upon proper occasion. However, if the Pen of the Telegraph is a steel pen, so much the better for readers. Mine is a goose-quill, and avows that my flesh has been gooseflesh.

"I became once more excessively ill, just after my last despatch, and remained in that condition, and in my cabin, until we made Crookhaven, wherever that may be. I hear it was called so from the crooks of the shepherds who used to sit upon the rocks, and feed their flocks,

as mentioned in the pretty poem. But my friends the Irish gentlemen and the merry young officer brought me constant news of what was taking place. I heard with my own ears, at 4 in the morning of the 24th, the gun go off which was fired at the great sea serpent, who had several times risen in all his terrors and stared hideously at those who wandering near his secret bower molested his ancient solitary reign. I was duly informed of our successes, and heard the shouts when all was found right, and we had let go the equinoctial line which entangled us. The enormous oyster shells brought up by the cable from a depth of ninety miles were laid upon my bed, and I have sent them to be polished and inscribed. I will offer one to each of your intelligent young men. I have also two or three of the messages from shore, which had become crystallised and electrotyped, and looked like copper nails, and which were expressly picked off the cable for me by the kind young officer. I heard the Catholic sailors, in their loyal ardour to aid, performing the religious rite called Holy Stoning, and I honoured their zeal, if my own enlightenment forbade me to believe in its efficacy. I was duly informed of all else that went on: how carefully the cable was painted with white lead to poison the sharks; how the attendant *Sphinx*, that was ordered to sound, sounded so loud that clouds were brought on, as in a cannonade; how the log was found to have been made of wrong wood, and sank below the level of the horizon; how the Captain had to remonstrate with the officer who took some Observations ill, though not so intended; how some one had played on the bow-drum until the parchment had grown quite crinkled and limp; and how the bights would not bite, and it was thought that we should have to vary our course, and borrow the Bight of Benin. The same kind friend brought me the dynamometer to look at, and though it seemed to me to resemble only a sailor's huge watch, such as I have seen for sale in Houndditch for thirty shillings, it was gratifying to behold such a triumph of mechanism. I have, in short, done all that I could, under disadvantageous circumstances, to obtain the best information for you. I have my own conviction as to the cause of the failure. I may be wrong, but I believe that I am right. I deliberately consider that the disaster is entirely due to the wilful carelessness of those who had charge of the library of the *Great Eastern*. The most important duty of all was to be perfectly informed as to the sufficiency of the Tests, and yet you will hardly credit it, there was not on board one single copy of the Test and Corporation Act! Need I add more!"

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)



LD BRADSHAW's day is a puzzle. Column 2 is neither morning nor evening — perhaps twilight. Then we come to morning, then to afternoon, then, without any night (with the exception of the one during which all passengers must remain at Stopford), we get back to morning again. This is an express train, and only stops once until it reaches Nark at 2 10. How and when the third-class is suddenly joined on, and how it is dropped again at Snailsborough, where the train doesn't stop, is one of the deep things of BRADSHAW.

Here is one key. Observe Column 5. Compare "Goe." with the stoppage of "Goe." at Column 2. Note that

the times are similar. The trains are identical. And yet, on second thoughts, they're not, as we have omitted the intermediate Stations, extending over nearly a hundred miles, in our calculations. These trains are *Meteoric*, and become absorbed, as above mentioned.

After a time you'll observe BRADSHAW becomes tired of marking fares and distances, and so, beyond a certain point, these matters are left to the imagination of the traveller.

The sum of it all is, When in doubt, ask a Guard, or ask a Porter, and pay for your information.

In order to divert the mind from too protracted a study of the above curious and remarkable Time-table, we will ask our reader to consider one or two of BRADSHAW's isolated jokes, cast up by the volcanic power of his exuberant humour, and scattered, far and wide, over the broad fields of this book of Railways.

Take the Newcastle Line. He avoids all mere punning about Newcastle *under line*, and so forth: he despises *that*, and startles you, chucklingly, with a thoroughpaced, practical, knock-at-the-door-and-run-away kind of joke,

"On Saturdays this train stops at all stations, up to and including Walker."

You may be annoyed with him at first, but you can't choose but be infected by these high animal spirits. There is a poetical feature in the above line.

Place "On" as the termination of a line immediately preceding, and "Walker" as the commencement of the line following, and we have a neat Hexameter, viz.—

"On Saturdays this train stops at all stations up to and including Walker."

By a very natural transition from one line to another, we drop the meter and come to Hexham, on the North Eastern.

What says BRADSHAW? Passengers, (the direction with regard to some trains is to this effect) can book to *any* Station on the line, *but* the train only goes to Hexham. A new form of an old joke, of course, which we would advise our author to omit in a later edition, if indeed he has not already done so. To recur to the Time Tables.

The following is what BRADSHAW calls *Irish time* :—

(From Ireland)	A 1st & 2nd class only 1 45	B 1, 2, 3 aft. 1 50 morn. 3 45	C Runs to the North. See key, p. 21
Dublin			
Holyhead			
Leeds			
Huddersfield			
Rochdale			
Stockport			

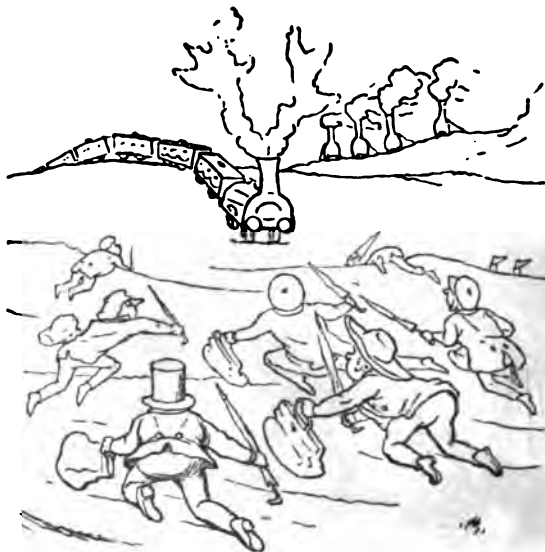
"A."—This train contains a first and second class, and comes under the head of No. 2, in our "Visible" division. It arrives, but never starts. Yet it is an exception even to this rule, for the *Third class*, which *did not belong to it*, is the only one that arrives. The fearful question must be asked, *What becomes of the other superior compartments?* Why do the Third class *only* arrive?

BRADSHAW is at all events open and above board in the announce-

ment, and first and second class passengers will, with their eyes open, book themselves at their own peril.

How many such have started years ago, and are wandering about England to this day?

The third class *only* have arrived! But the third class passenger must possess no ordinary acuteness, in order to know at what point he may get into the train; and when he *does* catch it, having waylaid it after a night's watching, he must be prepared to go to Stockport, or Nowhere; he must, moreover, be prepared to give up the entire day to this sport of "*Train-stalking*," as 1 45 may be A.M. or P.M.; BRADSHAW being evidently, in this case, not "up to the time of day."



WAYLAYING THE TRAIN FOR STOCKPORT. ("TRAIN-STALKING.")

"B."—Afternoon train from Holyhead at 1 50 gets to Huddersfield at 3 45 next morning, which is a rather tedious journey, considering that only one station, *Leeds*, has to be passed. But it may be that you pass the whole day and night as well at Leeds. Walking would perhaps be preferable, if fine. This is one of the trains for allowing time to passengers to see the country.

"C."—This train "runs" to the North, and belongs to the sixth class of the second division "*Invisibles*."—a sort of pauper, or orphan train.

Where it goes, or what are its fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The hand that should indicate North, is clearly pointing South, and the hand that points North, only attracts attention to the key, p. 21, where there is rather less about the Dublin, Holyhead, and Stockport train than in the above quoted page, which, however, is saying a great deal.

Anybody who did not *know* BRADSHAW would be angry. But it's all his fun.

His "show of hands" is an electioneering squib, which might have told pretty well this year.

If the reader remembers that this is *Irish time*, the whole joke is explained.

The Train (C) is eminently adapted for that large section of the British public, who, in the summer time, go *nowhere*; or to those who, having a partiality for travelling express, care about going *Nowhere* unless they can "go in no time."



ALLEGORICAL. NOBODY GOES NOWHERE IN NO TIME.

THE PLEA OF DRUNKENNESS.

From the Police Reports.

WILLIAM JONES was charged with having set fire to Westminster Abbey on the 5th ult., and thus caused the conflagration in which that famous edifice perished.

The prisoner said that he was drunk, and knew nothing about it.

The worthy Magistrate said, that though he could hardly call intoxication an excuse, he should be ashamed to deal with a drunken man as if he had been sober. He hoped that the having been locked up all night would be a caution to the prisoner not

to burn down any more public buildings, and discharged him.

JAMES BROWN was charged with having scuttled the Gravesend steamer *Periwinkle*, when full of passengers, on Sunday. The boat sank, but the majority of the passengers were saved.

The prisoner said that some friends had treated him, and he hardly knew what he was about.

The worthy Magistrate said that the fault was more that of the prisoner's friends than his own, and as not many persons had been drowned, he would only hold the prisoner to bail, in his own recognisances, not to do it again.

WILLIAM BUEGINS was charged with having laid a large log across the Great Eastern Railway, in order to overturn the express train. By some accident a look-out was kept, and the train was stopped.

The prisoner said that he might have done it, he could not say. It was his grandmother's birthday, and he had taken a drop too much.

The worthy Magistrate remonstrated with him, in the kindest manner, against letting his meritorious family feelings induce him to exceed the limits of moderation, and as no one had been hurt, of course could not think of detaining a man who had erred unconsciously.

JONATHAN JARVIS was charged with rushing into the street on Sunday last, just as people were coming out of church, and knocking down a congregation with a large stick.

The prisoner hoped he should be forgiven. He had only just returned from abroad, and the wine of this country soon intoxicated him. He hoped to get used to it in time.

The worthy Magistrate asked whether any complainants remained in attendance. Being informed that there were several, he said that it was not very creditable to their charity, after the explanation that had been given. However, he must enforce the law, and should fine the prisoner five shillings.

SILAS FLETCHER was charged with knocking for two hours at the house of a gentleman in Baker Street, pulling the bell, kicking, and declaring that he would murder the inmates. A medical man said that a lady who had recently become a mother had been made dangerously ill by the nuisance.

The prisoner said that his own wife had caused him to be turned out of doors because he was drunk, and this naturally infuriated him.

The worthy Magistrate said that it would infuriate anybody, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. As for the house in Baker Street, was the knocker properly tied up?

The gentleman said that the white glove had been removed.

The worthy Magistrate said that this was culpable negligence, and discharged the prisoner with an earnest caution.

BARNABAS BRIGGS was charged with rushing among the bathing machines at Sandpiper, frightening the ladies, dragging away the horse, beating some gentlemen who endeavoured to interfere, and drowning an aged bathing-woman.

The prisoner, a very athletic man, said that he had been a sailor, and having met some old messmates they had drunk together until he hardly knew what he did.

The worthy Magistrate said that he did not like to be hard upon a

man who had sailed the deep, and on his assurance that he had been drunk, would overlook the offence this time, but Briggs must keep away from the seaside, except when on duty.

[*Mr. Punch* has, as yet, named no names, but as certain of his friends the Beaks (and some higher judges) seem resolved to regard intoxication as an Extenuation instead of an Aggravation, those distinguished individuals must accept the above as a hint that he means, unless he sees reform, to take special note of magisterial offenders in this line.]

THE SURPLICED BEGGAR.

TALK of the Mendicant Monks! They may have known a few dodges in their day, but they would have been beaten hollow by the Clergy of the Church of England as by law established. No one can say that these gentlemen do their work negligently. There is, we firmly believe, no incident that can occur in human life, that will not give a Parson an excuse for suggesting the disbursement of money.

One might have thought that the frightful accident on the Matterhorn would have been regarded as too awful to be connected with a begging process. No, an Irish chaplain writes to the papers to suggest that it would be an elegant thing to Endow a Church at Zermatt, to the memory of the unfortunate adventurers who fell from the mountain.

But when a mountain accident does not help a Parson, he easily finds another peg to hang the begging box on. Here is an advertisement which has been sent to us. It is from a place in the east of England.

AN OPEN AIR SERVICE

Will be held in the RECTORY MEADOWS in this Village next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock (D.V.), and if the weather permits, to implore a blessing on the coming harvest. A collection will be made afterwards, towards a weather-cock on the church-tower.

Another and a very resolute attack on the purse is thus made. A Parson cuts out from the newspaper the announcement of the birth of a baby. He sticks the record upon a card, into the middle of a little painted wreath of rosebuds, violets, or lilies. He writes some sentimental lines comparing the baby to the flower, and he addresses the affair to the newly-made mother, accompanying it by another intimation that if the rosebuds have pleased her, she should show her gratitude to the Supreme Being who has given her a rosebud, and to the author of the poem, by enclosing a shilling to help to pay for—something or other of a clerical kind. *Mr. Punch* has no doubt that this bait, thrown out at a moment when a young mother believes that the greatest event in universal history has just occurred, catches much fish.

Yes, many of the Parsons are good men and also capital fellows, but some of them are the most pertinacious and accomplished of beggars. *Punch* admires their ingenuity too much not to hold it up to public notice, and has some more specimens in hand.

ODE TO GAMGER.

HEY, PROFESSOR GAMGER!

The great outcry, may be,

'Gainst diseased foreign cattle's all fiddle-de-dee.

If the truth's to be said,

Isn't murrain home-bred

In the pen of uncleanness, and close-crowded shed?

Meat is awfully dear,

'Twould be much more severe

If we had no more of it than all that we rear.

Look, with careful inspection,

Out for alien infection;

But don't stop importation with view to Protection.

An Impossibility Accomplished.

STUART MILL demolishes SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, and MR. SPENCER demolishes MR. MILL, and the *Saturday Review* demolishes MR. SPENCER, for aught we know; but we got no further, in a truly admirable and perfectly incomprehensible article, than to this illustration of what the reviewer thinks an impossibility:—

"Try and form an idea of motion without a moving body."

Well, here. Imagine the Conservative body, supporting a motion against progress.

Quite Contrariwise.

We are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homoeopaths would invent a much more valuable system to Society by which "dislikes should cure dislikes."

AN ACUTE ANGEL.—The Judicious Hooker.



ANOTHER BRILLIANT IDEA, ONLY BRILLIANTER!

(Fide "Punch," August 5th.)

CURIOUS QUESTION IN RAILWAY LAW.

DEAR SIR,

We all know the law of the Railway Carriage Window, and that it is under the undisputed control of the person who sits in the corner with his face to the wind.

But, Sir, the Great Western Carriages, as you may know, are divided in the middle by a door, which separates the two compartments.

Mrs. GRUNDY and I were on this line the other day, and I had reason to believe that the lady in question had some remarks to make to me of a somewhat incisive character. I may or may not have deserved them. I admit that it was three o'clock in the morning when I got home, at least I think so; but on the other hand I don't often do it, I had met friends, my watch had stopped, the cold punch was good, and the night was very hot. However, I was clearly going to catch it, for Mrs. GRUNDY desired me to close the door in the middle of the carriage, and then she herself pulled up its window in rather—I must say—a menacing manner. I do not usually read on railways, all doctors say that nothing is more ruinous to the eyesight, but on this occasion I plunged, head over ears, into the Cherbourg fêtes.

Before Mrs. GRUNDY's warning cough was over (she caught it, of course, not waiting in the wind for the cab after ALFRED MELLOW's Concert, but sitting up in a comfortable room for me) a gentleman in the other compartment put the window down again.

I was obliged, at Mrs. GRUNDY's instance, to commence a row, in the course of which I called him names, but I hereby privately signify to him that I was very much obliged to him, as the wrangle prevented the lecture, and took all the steam out of Mrs. GRUNDY.

But, Sir, as one may have pleasant things to say to a lady, as well as unpleasant ones to hear from one's wife, in a carriage, please inform me what is the law of the Middle Window on the Great Western, and oblige

Yours very faithfully,

DEMOCRITUS GRUNDY.

Pembroke Terrace.

THE SALUTATION AT CHERBOURG.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

Recitative.

O'er good Bordeaux, at moderate cost possessed,
BRITANNIA cracks her filberts with a zest;
May those light wines be hers no end of years,
And in exchange France take our ales and beers!

Air.

'Twas we, in Cherbourg gay,
That with the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was jolly then,
Amid the fire and smoke.
Our ships were iron and oak,
And ditto were our men.
Our DACRES marked them on the wave;
Three cheers their friends our seamen gave,
Nor thought of war and booty.
The Captains had an extra can
Of grog served out to every man,
And hollaing was a duty.

The harmless cannons roar
Along the crowded shore—

Our DACRES led the way:
His ship the *Edgar* named,
Long be that *Edgar* famed!

No man got drunk that day;
We drank no more than what we ought.
Our brave allies' good-will we sought,
And not their lives and booty.
From mouth to mouth the saying ran,
"This is the way for every man
To have to do his duty."

No death, nor any wound,
From guns that did but sound,
A single breast received;
No harm on either side.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" we cried,
"To see what fun we've lived!
Hate between French and English past,
And French and English friends at last;
Free trade for war and booty."
So GLADSTONE ends what PAUL began,
And England will confess that man
Has rather done his duty.

A Slight Confusion.

A PARAGRAPH in a contemporary, relating the bold attempt of a nurse to collar a burglar, is headed, "Burglary and Courageous Conduct of a Woman." Is not this rather putting the cart before the mare, to the mare's wrong? The woman distinguished herself by courageous conduct, but did not commit Burglary.



THE MORAL OF CHERBOURG.

“THEY'RE JOLLY LOVING, THEY ARE; IF THEY WAS ONLY IN JOLLY EARNEST, WHAT A JOLLY LOT OF JOLLY NAVY EXPENSES THEY'D SAVE—THE JOLLY BOTH OF 'EM!”

OUR YACHT.



BALLY, I own I was disappointed on hearing that in our Yacht we could not go to America.

The other evening we held a Council as to what sea course should be taken.

My two companions I will designate as DICK and TOM, these being in fact their real names, and the third in the party being HARRY. It is not a conundrum, but after the information already given, I leave you to guess who HARRY is.

DICK said at the meeting that there must be a Commander. We assented. I proposed DICK, and this was seconded by TOM.

DICK said he had the casting vote. We agreed that such a privilege was right and proper in a triumvirate.

DICK consequently voted for himself and was elected Commander *nem. con.*

The Commander then took the chair, and in due discharge of his authority made TOM his first Lieutenant. I proposed myself for Mate. After some deliberation between the Commander and the Lieutenant, as to whether I should be subjected to an examination in nautical matters, [against which they decided, owing to their inability to frame a sufficient number of questions,] I was elected a Mate.

The Commander asked for what point should we make first.

Somebody said (I forget whether it was TOM or HARRY) that we ought to have a compass. I remember I added "and a chart" as an amendment. Being asked, "a chart of what?" I said I didn't know. On second thoughts I suggested, "Of the sea." The Lieutenant inquired, "Which sea?" I was a little annoyed at this, and said "The sea," emphatically. The Commander interrupted the discussion. "The question before the house, he meant the Admiralty Board—"

The Lieutenant observed it wasn't exactly the Admiralty Board. With this, in my character as Mate, I coincided.

The Commander wished to know, rather sarcastically, "What it was, then?"

The Lieutenant said he didn't know; but it wasn't the Admiralty.

I voted with the Lieutenant. The question then arose, as to whether a mate had a vote, that is suppose we were on board a man-of-war. The Lieutenant said "Suppose we weren't." This remark threatened to lead to a rupture, as the Commander rose and said, that "if we couldn't agree, we had better give the whole thing up." The Lieutenant said he was only joking. I told him that if he'd sit down again it would be all right. My tone was conciliatory, though my meaning was, perhaps, not sufficiently clear.

The Commander impressed upon us the importance of settling the point of our first voyage. The Lieutenant thought that Puffin Island would not be bad fun. Having no very distinct notion as to the geographical position of Puffin Island, I expressed myself to the effect that it would *not* be bad fun. I had some idea that it was in Bantrey Bay: I was going to say as much, but a doubt crossing my mind as to the existence of Bantrey Bay, and as to whether, after all, I didn't mean the Bay of Biscay, induced me to hold my tongue on the subject altogether.

"Puffin Island would do to begin with," the Commander said.

So it was settled that we should start for the island the next morning. I have good reason for remembering the next morning, because my sailor's dress came down from town. Such a sailor's dress! Short blue jacket, with silver buttons marked with an anchor, and facings of white silk; striped white and blue shirt, with open collar, and light blue tie. White trousers, very loose over the shoe; striped stockings, patent leather shoes and buckles, and a belt with ornamental clasp. A straw hat with a ribbon, having the name *Saucy Polly* inscribed on it completed the costume.

I came down to breakfast in it, and reported myself to the Commander. He objected to the *Saucy Polly*, that not being the name of the Yacht. It was to be christened that morning, and called the *Nautilus*. He said that this wasn't the dress for a mate. I said I thought it was, and appealed to authority. The Commander asked what authority? I replied, *MARKEN* as *William*. The Commander said, if I was going to have any tomfoolery, we'd better give the whole thing up. (He was always giving the whole thing up on the slightest provocation.) The Lieutenant was sure that I was only joking. I said, yes, that was it, though it wasn't. It ended by the Commander lending me a P-jacket, which quite obliterated *MARKEN* as *William*. (I have since discovered that the Commander was right, at least practically.)

The two sailors, our Captain and the Crew, were both waiting for us on shore

with a small boat. The Crew said that he had taken necessary provisions aboard. It struck me that he had taken something more than necessary, as his voice was husky and his gait unsteady.

TOM the Lieutenant explained to me that all sailors rolled more or less in their gait. I asked if all sailors were more or less intoxicated, to which he replied, pooh! that intoxication was not allowed on board a man-of-war, and that a gentleman's Yacht was as strict as a man-of-war. I had to select one of two conclusions, either ours was not a gentleman's Yacht, or the Crew was sober.

It is due to the Crew to say, that adopting the latter alternative, his civility and politeness were perfectly oppressive. He would see every one into the boat before himself, although he had to pull the bow-oar, and ought to have been first, finally tumbling in head foremost at the stern, and having to be picked out by myself and the Lieutenant. I believe he wanted us to understand that that was his usual method of getting into a boat.

With the exception of a slight delay caused by the Crew's oar missing the water, whereupon he fell back with his heels in the air, we reached the Yacht without any mishap.

Once on board, the Crew disappeared into the "hold." I think it was the hold, and we saw nothing of him for the next half-hour.

The Boots, in another boat, brought our luggage and a bottle of wine.

The Commander here called us on one side, and said that he thought it would be advisable in the presence of the Captain and the Crew to call him Commodore. What did we think? The Lieutenant said he'd call him a Barn-door if he liked, to which the Commander replied that, "If he was going to play the fool, why there was an end of it all, and we'd better give the whole thing up at once."

The Lieutenant explained that it was his fun, and observed he "Never knew a fellow" (meaning the Commander) "take things so seriously." The Commander said pointedly, that it was just as well to be serious *sometimes*; to which we agreed. I was the first to call him Commodore, and he then said, "It was all right."

Our provisions, which we forthwith inspected, consisted of a leg of mutton, potatoes, a chicken, eggs, several loaves, butter, a corkserew, four bottles of brandy, two of rum, two of gin, knives and forks and plates. We would go on shore and take in fresh things as we wanted them, the Commodore said. I asked if we should be able to get anything at Puffin Island? He replied that there was only one house on Puffin Island. I thought of ROBINSON CRUSOE, and was going to question him concerning the religion of the natives, when the Lieutenant said that we shouldn't land at Puffin, and proposed that we had better get on our way, or "under way," as he expressed it (which is a nautical term, meaning starting), at once.

The Commodore here said, that an idea had struck him; we must keep a log. A log is a nautical term meaning a log-book, or a book in which you keep the log. The book is about the size of a moderate-sized account book, and in it you note down what happens during the voyage. I shall introduce these explanations from time to time, as though BRITANNIA rules the waves, Britons in general are quite at sea, practically, as regards nautical manners and customs.—N.B. "Quite at Sea," and all about BRITANNIA was entered on the first page of the log when I got it, but scratched out by the Commodore, who said, "if foolery was to be introduced, we'd better drop the whole thing." I promised not to introduce foolery, and the log was confided to my care. I have, clandestinely, restored the text.

Boots, being still on board, was sent on shore to buy a log-book. He returned in an hour's time with it, and we then thought of getting "under way." (See previous note.)

Lieutenant asked if we were going to christen the ship. Commodore said he'd quite forgotten it. The name decided upon was the *Nautilus*; I still stood out for the *Saucy Polly*. We subsequently fixed upon the *Saucy Nautilus* as a compromise.

The Commodore was then referred to for instruction as to the method of christening a vessel. He said you broke a bottle over her bows, (this is a nautical phrase meaning the front part of the vessel, I think, called *bow*, because she *bends* to the waves,) and named her whatever it was.

The Lieutenant thought that the Commodore meant a launch. The Commodore said it was all the same thing. The word was passed aft, (this is a nautical phrase, used when you send for somebody who's in the after part of the vessel,) for the Captain and the Crew to come forward.

The Crew came up, looking as if he'd just pulled his head out of a bucket of cold water, as indeed was the case. When we were all assembled, the Commodore addressed us in a neat speech, and saying that the vessel was to be called the *Saucy Nautilus*, he broke the bottle of sherry (brought by the Boots) on the capstern (this is a nautical phrase; its meaning is evident, though practically it's not much used for this purpose).

He then asked us to give three cheers for the *Saucy Nautilus*. This we all did with the exception of the Crew, who became melancholy at seeing this waste of good liquor.

After the ceremony, which was not quite so impressive as I could have wished, the Captain, who had been cheering lustily, came forward and informed the Commodore that his master (the Grocer) would be very much annoyed if we changed her name, as it was only yesterday he had had a new one painted on her stern. Getting into the small boat to look at it from behind, we found that the name of our Yacht, painted in large white capitals, was THE GREEN GROCER. Owner, D. EVANS, Bangor.



AN UNKIND CUT.

Amateur. "IT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO OUR PERFORMANCE THE OTHER NIGHT; BUT WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MY *HAMLET*? PRETTY GOOD!"

Professional (feigning ecstasy). "OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, 'FON MY WORD YOU KNOW, —REALLY I ASSURE YOU, GOOD'S NOT THE WORD!"

"LIGHTLY TREAD."

MR. PUNCH,

You have been present at a variety of entertainments during the past season, balls, dinners, drums, *fetes*, garden-parties, private views, *soirées*, and *conversations*; you will, therefore, anticipate the train of thought into which I am about to fall, and be prepared to hear and sympathise with a complaint touching the lengths to which ladies go in their dress, and to issue a grand remonstrance, on behalf of yourself and your long-suffering fellow countrymen, addressed to the whole female population of these happy isles.

I am, by nature, a meek, modest, bashful, retiring, nervous man, but when I do overcome my constitutional timidity, and go out to struggle with Society, I would rather not be obliged to keep my eyes fixed on the carpet four-fifths of the time I am in the saloons of fashion, lest I should put my foot in it by tearing some beautiful

brunette's dress "out of the gathers." I do like now and then to look at a picture on the walls, or a Wedgwood vase on the table, or the tall blonde with blue velvet in her amber hair, who has just been singing SCHUBERT'S "*Adieu*."

I hasten to make the most comprehensive apologies when I know I am really in the wrong; but to ask for a free pardon twenty times in an evening, when you feel that the plea for mercy should come from those who persist in a clumsy fashion; and to be looked at as though you deserved the treadmill; and to see sweet creatures whom you have fancied it would be impossible to ruffle, flounce about with vexation, because with all your care and contemplation of the floor you have failed to pilot yourself safely between the Tulle shoal and the Tarlatane sand-bank, and have made a hole in your manners, and another in a well-fed matron's gause, is a great discount off settled enjoyment and a heavy drawback to cheerful amusement.

Crinoline is bad enough, particularly in an omnibus on a wet day, when there is the full number, with a young child and a small wheel-barrow over; but these hostile encounters which we poor men are now constantly having with female train-bands, drag down our spirits, and cause us to gnash our hair and tear our teeth *nocte dique* (translation by the LORD MAYOR'S Chaplain)—night and day.

Is it to go on? Is it to become an institution like roast beef and the *Latin Grammar*? Then some domestic BRADSHAW ought to publish a *Guide* and foot-book to the trains, or the culprits should be compelled to uphold the fashion by retaining train-bearers, like the LORD CHANCELLOR, the SPEAKER, and other great functionaries. (Happily for them, many already possess purse-bearers in the person of their husbands.) Is the growing generation to be a trailing one? Are our daughters to be trained up in their mothers' steps? Not, *Mr. Punch*, if you pass a sweeping censure on this dirty fashion; not, though it may pain your gallant heart, if you give its followers a good trimming—I might say a good dressing—and delicately hint (for this is the long and the short of it), that it is a bad sign when skirts lengthen and bodies diminish, and that too much of the human back may grow monotonous.

I have now tried to put the matter in train—you know how to explode it.

Yours obediently,

A DWELLER ON THE OUTSKIRTS.

P.S. Can you tell me whether it is an old fashion revived? I have heard it was first introduced, in France, by the celebrated NINON DE L'ONGLOTHES.

P.S. (2.) My note must have another "tuck" to it. Not a moment is to be lost. I have just read the following from *Le Follet* (Is there not an English word very like this in sound?)—

"Shirts are made very full and very long, and the Crinolines as large as ever!"

UNCOMMON VERDICT OF A BRITISH JURY.

AN almost unprecedented case occurred the other day at the Leeds Assizes. It was that of LORD v. HUMPHREY, an action of Breach of Promise of Marriage. The plaintiff is a widow only forty-eight years of age, the defendant a widower of full thirty-six, and a boiler-maker, earning as much as £3 a week. They had been betrothed for two years, and their wedding was put off from time to time on account of an inflammation of the eyes, which the interesting plaintiff was afflicted with. The defendant had indeed more than once proved himself ready to lead the plaintiff to the altar, but she thought proper to postpone the marriage ceremony from time to time, until he, at last, unreasonably got tired, and went and married somebody else. In this clear case of faithless desertion and trifling with the feelings of a confiding woman, a British Jury, for once in the way, actually found a verdict for the defendant!

A Deceptive Likeness.

THE zealous French student is warned against translating literally "*au pied de la lettre*" into "foot-note." In the spirit he might be right, perhaps, but he would certainly be wrong in the letter.

THE BLACK ELECTOR.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS.

The newly-constituted Elector, SAMBO, is sitting on a stump, and playing a small banjo. Enter an American gentleman, MR. RUFUS X. SMART.

Mr. Smart. Well, MR. SAMBO, how do you do?

Black Elector (with dignity). Massa SAMBO am berry well, tank you, Sar.

Mr. Smart. Glad to hear it, MR. SAMBO, rejoiced to hear it. Hope your crop 's coming on well.

Black Elector. Pretty well, Sar. Dis white trash ain't no good much at work, but we'll soon kick 'em into a better knowledge ob things, and ob deir privileges in serving a kind coloured genelam.

Mr. Smart. They ought to be glad to take your money, and do your work, MR. SAMBO. By the way, you must mind and exercise your rights as a citizen.

Black Elector. Hate exercise like the debbil, Massa. What's your name, Sar? What for you obtrude on a coloured genelam taking his music lesson?

Mr. Smart. No intrusion, Sir, I trust. My name is RUFUS X. SMART, and I am a friend of the Honourable HOMINY BUSTER, who hopes to have your distinguished support at the coming election.

Black Elector. Sar, if you cheek dis nig—dis coloured genelam, you'll make 'quaintance wid him boot on your dam skin. What you mean, Sar?

Mr. Smart. No anger, MR. SAMBO. The Government of this almighty and everlasting country has thought proper, in its extraordinary enlightenment, to invest you with the franchise. You understand, I am sure. It has given you a vote.

Black Elector. Dat a lie, Sar. It hab given me nuffin of de kind. Where is it? Dere's my house. I give you leave to go into a coloured genelam's house and look. If you find de vote, bring it here directly minit.

Mr. Smart. I have not made myself quite clear.

Black Elector. You seems a stupid hoss, dat's clar—yup, yup, yup, yup, yup.

Mr. Smart (aside). I'd give five dollars for five minutes leave to canvass him with this strip of hippopotamus. I'd obtain a genuine expression of his sentiments. My dear MR. SAMBO, you are a gentleman of America.

Black Elector. Ah! Now you talk sensitive, Sar, quite sensitive, and me proud to know you. Sit down, Sar, and don't be bashful, we are all alike and equal—all cakes out of the same oven, only de coloured genelam a cake which am better done. Like cake and molasses, Sar?

Mr. Smart. Delight in it, I assure you, Sir.

Black Elector. Den steal some, come to me, and I'll lend you a stool to eat him on. Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup.

(Sings) Massa's name MANASSES,

Hugly little Jew,

Steal him prime molasses,

Put him in a stew.

Jiggle joggle jumpacross,

Dat am berry fine,

Den dis nigger steal a hoss,

An off to Caroline.

Jiggle, joggle, &c. *(for ten minutes, with banjo accompaniment.)*

Mr. Smart. Admirably clever, MR. SAMBO. I have heard nothing so good at the theatre. You would realise fifty dollars a night on the stage.

Black Elector. Dam low dem actors, Sar. And they am tied to de clock, obligated to go and sing whether in the humour or not, and whether 'em drunk or sober. Dat a slavery which no coloured genelam could smit to, Sar.

Mr. Smart. You are right, MR. SAMBO, and I am truly glad to hear you proclaim such unhesitating enmity to tyranny of every kind. I am sure, therefore, that you will give your vote to my friend, the Honourable HOMINY BUSTER, whose maxim is that freedom should roll over the Universe like the boisterous air, and be bounded only by the firmament and by the ecliptic.

Black Elector. You talk jolly well, Massa. You make dam good pious preacher, Sar. 'Tand up on dat stump and preach, and dis coloured genelam give you half a dollar.

Mr. Smart. I'll come to-morrow, and do it for nothing; to-day I have an engagement, and I must go; for I am not like you, Sir, a free and unfettered gentleman who can do as he pleases and who has no master but himself.

Black Elector. Dat berry elegant compellent, Sar, MASSA TART, and dis here coloured genelam am equal in politeness. You shall hab his vote when you can find it about de house, or anywhere. Suppose some of dem young monkeys hab took it, and dropped it in de drain, may be, but I'll give em a crack over and make 'em find it.

Mr. Smart. Thank you, MR. SAMBO; I'll call to-morrow and drive

you to the place of voting, and show you all about it. I rely on the promise of an independent American gentleman.

Black Elector (loftily). You may do so, Sar *(Exit MR. SMART)*. Civil beast, dat am, for a white, but not know polite manners. But am now time for some rum, and some sleep. Coloured genelam too precious to danger him health over working.

POEM BY EARL RUSSELL.

WHEN a universe is busy in paying tributes to his merit, *Mr. Punch* need care little for individual praises. Still *laudari laudato* is pleasant, and the quiet "hear, hear," of one judicious friend in the boxes is more gratifying than the shouts of a theatre full of groundlings. *Mr. Punch* recently lighted upon the following verses, contributed by EARL RUSSELL (LORD JOHN, when they were written) to a Lady's album, and the poetry is so charming that *Mr. Punch*, albeit blushing at the praise of his own loveliness, cannot help inserting them in his pages. The FOREIGN SECRETARY will be as pleased to see them again as *Mr. Punch* was.

"ON PUNCH."

"To distant worlds a guide amid the night,
To nearer orbs the source of life and light,
Each star, resplendent on its radiant throne,
Gilds other systems and supports its own.
Thus we see *Punch*, upon his fame reclined,
Enlighten all the universe of mind;
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,
Admired when distant, and beloved when near,
'Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,
Taught Virtue's laws, and practised what he taught."

Woburn.

JOHN RUSSELL.

"KINGS BEGGED OF A BEGGAR."

O WORLD, in other days Old England raged,
Tore off your royal purples, seized your flags:
Now to one Mill alone she stands engaged,
The Paper-Mill, and humbly begs your Rags.

Yet think not that one feather quits her cap,
Or that she bates a jot of power or will:
For what those Rags, transmuted, shall enwrap
Are Truths. Take those, and own her Mistress still.

Ingenious Ichthyological Discovery.

WE are more than pleased to have it in our exclusive power to state—and the statement will probably allay the fears of many an over-excited, fervid member of the Church—that the much-talked-of and much-dreaded "*Seal of Confession*" turns out, after all, to be no other than that harmless creature known to all showmen, such as BARNUM and the like, as "*THE TALKING FISH*."

Gammon, if True.

By accounts from Hampshire we learn that fitches of bacon in that poriferous county now fetch, wholesale, 1s. per pound, and that a breeder in the New Forest last week refused a guinea each for a litter of pigs seven weeks old. It may well be feared, as it is, that bacon in the South of England will soon be 2s. a pound; for what can you expect but precious bacon when Forest pigs of seven weeks old are guinea-pigs?

THE WORST CON. OF THE SEASON.

When you dine with your friend, and you both have HARVEY'S Sauce, why is it equivalent to your riding Pillion with him? Because he'd HARVEY'S Sauce (*halve his horse*) with you.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

THE Child's mind is like a virgin sheet of letter-paper; and its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

"O'EST ÉMIRABLE!"

ABD-EL-KADER is very fond of the English and their institutions, but still he confesses that he has found many countries much more inviting than England.

CLAP-TRAP MOTTO FOR A FRENCH CLAPQUEUR.—"*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

A BATH CHAIR.—A Sits-Bath.

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"ROOM FOR A SMALL ONE."

Testy Passenger (only just in time for the Train). "IF I HEAR ANY MORE REMARKS ABOUT 'ROOM FOR A SMALL ONE,' OR SUCH-LIKE, I'LL—I OBJECT TO YOUR SMOKING!"

[Has him there, and the Funny Passenger makes an abject apology.]

A DROP FOR THE DRAMA.

THE plan of sinking the stage into a vehicle for puffery is one that all good judges must assuredly condemn; and we are, therefore, not surprised to find that MR. BARON BRAMWELL has lately thus denounced it:—

"This was an action for not exhibiting an advertisement of the plaintiff's for fifteen minutes each night in the drop scene in the pantomime of *Mother Goose*. The verdict was for the defendant, his Lordship saying that most people would avoid dealing with a tradesman whose advertisement appeared for fifteen minutes each night on a pantomime drop."

Not merely "most people," but all people who are endowed with common sense assuredly are not to be attracted by shop puffery, and doubtless would be found to act as MR. BARON BRAMWELL hints. Unluckily, however, "more geese than swans do live, more fools than wise," and tradesmen, knowing this, try to catch the silly birds by all the traps that can be set for them.

Where their pockets are concerned, it is of little use appealing to the good taste of the advertisers, and attempting to persuade them to abstain from this defacement of the stage. Men, who do not even scruple to spoil a lovely landscape by sticking up shop placards there, will never hesitate to plaster mere stage scenery with puffs. Still, it may be worth the while of managers to speculate a little as to how many of their audience these stage puffs may disgust. Sensible folks, certainly, are not very likely to be tempted to a theatre by the knowledge that a play is used for purposes of puffery; and a theatre must surely sink in public estimation by an advertising "drop."

A Question of no Value Whatever.

THE Roman Catholics are very wrong and extremely stupid to be seriously annoyed at anything the M.P. for Peterborough may choose to say. On the contrary, they should judiciously take every allegation he makes for "*Quantum Whalley-et.*"

EXTRAORDINARY ASSUMPTION.

THE *Western Daily Press* announces the following intelligence respecting "The Benedictines in Bristol":—

"Monday being known in the Calendar as the Feast of the Assumption, the Bristol Branch of the O. S. B. [sic] resolved to usher it in with all that theatrical display which is so prominent a feature in their proceedings."

The Feast of the Assumption is a festival of the Roman Church. It was not included by the Reformers in the English Calendar. The Assumption of the Church of Rome is one thing; the Assumption of the "English Benedictines" is another. The latter Assumption is the Assumption of the character of monks, an Assumption which is wholly unwarrantable, and would be equally gratuitous only that it earns something, namely the derision of the multitude. The Feast of this Assumption is one very fit to be celebrated by mummers who assume the name and habiliments of friars. Only they should hold it, not on the Fourteenth of August, but on the First of April, identifying the Feast of their Assumption with that of All Fools. Indeed, it may be said, that in this Assumption of theirs there is no less of the ass than of the sumption. In addition to the foregoing remarks, we may mention, on the authority above quoted, that the "Benedictines" of Bristol, under the leadership of a buffoon whom they call "Prior CYPRIAN," proceeded to march through the streets in their masquerade attire, and got up a demonstration which occasioned a row, put an end to by a policeman, who obliged the mock-monastic mountebanks to move on.

A Broken Saw.

THE Proverb declares that when rogues fall out honest men come by their own. Yet, although Austria and Prussia have quarrelled about Schleswig-Holstein, those Duchies have not been restored to the KING OF DENMARK.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—Westminster Hall.



TOO TRUE!

Gentleman incog., reading Local History. "OUR COASTS HAVE QUICK SANDS, ON WHICH MANY STRANGERS HAVE INCAUTIOUSLY WANDERED—AND BEEN LOST FOR EVER."

HIS NEXT HOLINESS.

THE *Nazione*, of Florence, has prepared Europe for an event which, coming unexpectedly, would create a little astonishment. According to our Italian contemporary, there are those who declare that *Pro Nono*, reduced to extremities by the fast approaching term of the convention, whereby the French will quit Rome, "has taken a heroic resolution;" *videlicet*—

"Following the example of PAPA CLEMENTE, he is said to have the intention of abdicating the Papal power, in order that the successor nominated during his life, and under his own eyes, shall not be bound, as he is, by any oath in matters affecting the property of the Church. Finally—and here the wonder increases—the choice of the new Pontiff is said to be already determined, and *Pius the Ninth* is only to abdicate after having obtained a secret promise, signed by all the members of the Sacred College, to the effect that their votes shall be unanimously given to an illustrious layman, who at the same sitting shall be created priest, bishop, and cardinal."

The correspondent of the *Post* at the Italian capital (*pro tem.*), with reference to the foregoing statement, observes that the readers of the *Nazione* "must rack their brains in conjecture whether GARIBALDI, or CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT, or SIR GEORGE BOWYER is the individual referred to," and reasonably enough, asks:—

"May he not be, after all, the successful electioneering tactician who recently went to the country on the watch-word which ought surely to recommend him to the highest post in the Romish hierarchy—that he and his always sided with the angels."

In order to become Pope it would, of course, be necessary that the distinguished politician referred to in the foregoing query, should go over to Rome. It is probable that he would hesitate to take that step until he felt quite certain of his election to the Papedom, and if, having gone over to Rome, he were not made Pope after all, perhaps he would come back again. The triple hat would no doubt very well fit the head of the enthusiastic champion of that ancient race, of whose members so many were once accustomed to wear something of the kind about the streets. If the leader of her MAJESTY'S Opposition were elevated to the Papacy, he might

feel sufficiently comfortable at that altitude; but there are wretches who would call it a *Dizzy* height. Should *Il mio Ben*, as his present Holiness may playfully call the "illustrious layman," for whose feet he is said to intend vacating his white satin slippers, succeed the Holy Father in the chair of Peter, what name is it likely that he would adopt? That of Innocent would suit him very nicely. Semitic predilections, however, might induce him to prefer Shadrach, or Sidrach, as it is rendered *à la Romaine*. On the same grounds, our illustrious author, made Pope, might gracefully choose for himself the name of Sidonia. Or Michael, Gabriel, or Raphael, might be that which would be chosen by one who sides with the angels.

But what is the use of pursuing speculations such as the preceding? Of course there is only one illustrious layman in existence that could possibly be created priest, bishop, cardinal, and Pope all in a day. And he would rather not be. If he were offered the Tiara he would decline it, because he prefers his own cap-and-bells. He would scorn to say *Non possumus* under any circumstances; but, if requested to accept the situation of the potentate who says that, he would answer *Non volumus*, or *Nolumus*. There is no truth in the suggestion that the individual engaged to be the next Pope, *viz* PIUS THE NINTH, abdicated, is *Mr. Punch*.

Seaside Literature.

A New Political pamphlet has been published at Nancy, called *Décentralisation*, which has created a great sensation at Paris and elsewhere. Might not the Ramsgate authorities take a dip profitably into its contents, with the view of seeing whether they could not bring their bathing regulations a little more within the limits of "Decentralisation?"

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.

We hear that his Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his Bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER IV.

Treats of the Art of Mural Decoration—its Origin—Pictorial Examples.

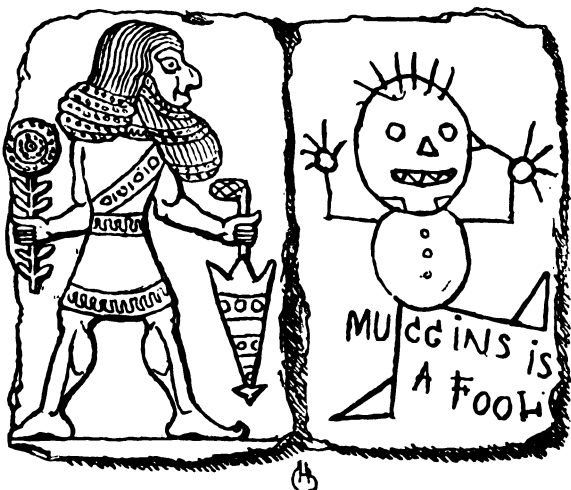


BRADSHAW tells you at what time to be at the London Terminus, but he does not show you how to pass away an hour or so, should you happen to be too early, or, what comes to much the same thing, too late for your train.

These supplementary suggestions it is ours to offer.

The art of mural decoration has made great progress of late years in England, and more especially, as is natural, in London. This art in its crudest form was originated by some idle genius, who, being pos-

sessed of a piece of chalk or charcoal, was led to inscribe his opinions of men and things, pictorially or in writing, on the walls of our public buildings or aristocratic mansions. This juvenile genius was doubtless a descendant of the Ninevite, Egyptian, and Assyrian little boys, whose works have caused so much trouble to modern antiquarians.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1 may be seen in the British Museum and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. No. 2 may yet be found on some of the London walls.

The juvenile genius above mentioned grew up, and found himself, by a stroke of bad fortune, penniless—an outcast from society. His only property, with the exception of the rags on his back, was a small piece of chalk. With this it struck him he would write on a flagstone his melancholy epitaph. It was to have been, "Walked his Chalks, ann. et." &c., but scarcely had he begun to write the second letter, when a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would sell his chalk, and himself into the bargain. To whom? To the tradesman who owned the shop opposite to where he was lying down. What put this into his head? The complaint of the Shopkeeper himself, whom our genius overheard informing a friend, that, if he could only get himself and his wares talked about, he would be a made Tailor.

Our Genius jumped up. Advertising, except in a small way, and this only confined to wealthy establishments, was as yet comparatively unknown.

"You shall be talked about!" cried the Genius.
"Who are you?" asked the Shopkeeper, superciliously.
"Never mind who I am, Mr. MUGGINS," returned the Young Man, as if inspired: "I'm going to make your fortune, and my own too."
"Better begin with the latter," sneered MUGGINS, turning on his heel.
"I cannot, or I would," replied the Genius, proudly, yet sorrowfully. MUGGINS paused. He liked honesty, and this had the ring of the true metal.

"We are necessary for one another," continued the Genius.

MR. MUGGINS eyed him with pity.

"I am no lunatic," said the Young Man.

"Umph!" said MUGGINS, doubtfully, "I've only your word for that."

"This," cried the Genius, "is the Talisman."

He held up a piece of chalk.

MUGGINS looked at the chalk, then at the Young Man, then at the chalk again. He could evidently make nothing of it.

"Well?" said MUGGINS, beginning to think he was wasting his valuable time. "What next?"

"Look!" was the reply of the Genius, as he began to draw upon the wall a hieroglyphic.

"What's that?" asked the Genius.

"That?" said MUGGINS, adjusting his spectacles. "Why—eh—bless my soul! *them's trousers!*"

"And what's that?" continued the Genius, writing something underneath the strange picture.

"My name and address!" exclaimed the astonished MUGGINS, "and the price of the article!"

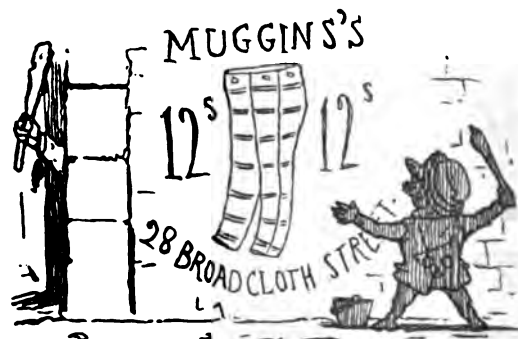
"There are so many walls in London," whispered the Young Man in his ear—"so many walls in the country, and—"

"Hush!" said MUGGINS, "walls have ears."

"And mouths," quoth the Genius, closing one eye.

"Come you within," said MUGGINS, cautiously, and they entered the shop.

In less than a month all London was chalked over with



And MUGGINS's "twelve shillings" became necessary to the existence of all the fashionable young City Clerks, Government Clerks, and go-ahead Shopboys in the Metropolis.

This was the history of the rise of Mural Advertisement Decoration all over England.

Need we say that the hand that carried MUGGINS through the length and breadth of the land, was that of the Genius upon whom we first stumbled, chalking his farewell address to an unsympathetic world.

Now, on the walls of nearly all Stations are works of art, not to be merely glanced at as advertisements, but calling for criticism based upon those canons that govern our connoisseurs in their remarks upon the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

HARLEQUIN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

A PANTOMIME at the present time of year is about as seasonable a phenomenon as snow would be in harvest. Yet Europe is now being entertained by the outrageous absurdities of *Harlequin's Schleswig-Holstein*. The peculiarity of this piece is that, contrary to the usage which uniformly prevails on the boards of a British theatre, the two principal personages concerned in its comic business are an aged Clown, and a youthful Pantaloon. It is very funny to see how, in dividing the plunder of the Duchies, the old rogue takes the lion's share, pretending to buy Lauenburg, and cribbing out of his accomplice's portion the harbour of Kiel, exactly as the zany on our own stage at Christmas apportioned fish or sausages to himself and the other thief on the principle of "one for you too, and two for me too."

MUSICAL BENEVOLENCE.



THE Season being over, there is nobody in town now, as everybody knows, at least nobody excepting some three millions of poor wretches who cannot get away from it. How we who are thus prisoned here contrive to pass our time, and manage to amuse ourselves, must doubtless be a puzzle to more fashionable people. Both the Operas are closed, and few theatres are open, and nobody can give a party when there is nobody to come to it. It is true there are the Music-halls; but it is not every person who is gifted with a relish for vulgar comic songs *plus* bad beer and tobacco. How therefore can *les misérables*, who are kept in town at Autumntide, contrive to kill their time without committing suicide?

Happily, however, to prevent this sad necessity, MR. MELLON has the charity to give his pleasant

Concerts, where, for the small sum of a shilling, the connoisseur may hear MOZART and MENDELSSOHN performed well nigh as well as they are played at the guinea Philharmonic. He may hear, too, sweet-tongued LIEBHARDT, and clear-throated CARLOTTA PATTI, and he may hear such lively dance-tunes as will set his toes a-tinkling. Moreover, just at this dull season, when people kept in town so sadly need amusement, MR. GERMAN REED invites them to his Operas di Camera, and any one who wants to pass a pleasant evening cannot well do better than accept his invitation. Light lively little works are they, and tastefully produced: the wonder being, how a stage so small can show us so much scenery. If the singers have small voices to match the stage they sing upon, they at least have no big band over which to bawl and bellow; and their notes can reach the audience without the latter, so to speak, having to put their ears on tiptoe.

THE YOUNG LADY'S HOPE.

SOME Gentlemen and Ladies of the Archaeological Institute that met in Dorset the other day visited the Norman Chapel of St. Catherine, at Milton Abbey. The REV. C. W. BINGHAM told them of a legend, according to which the young women of Abbotsbury used, on a certain day, to go there and pray to St. Catherine for husbands. Whereupon, says the *Building News*:—

"MR. BRESFORD HOPK, who at these gatherings is always equal to any emergency, modestly proposed that all gentlemen and married ladies should retire from the Church, so as to afford the young ladies present the opportunity of using so desirable a prayer."

If this very hopeful suggestion of MR. BRESFORD HOPK's was adopted by those to whom he proposed it, the proposer himself, however, did probably not retire along with them. He perhaps considered that HOPK should remain behind, in Pandora's box, as it were, with the young ladies. It is to be hoped that hope, on this occasion, told many of those fair archaeologists a flattering tale, which will be shortly realised.

Temperance in Liquor.

THERE is perhaps more than one remark which may have occurred to most of those who read, one day last week, the following announcement:—

"The Teetotallers are to have a grand *féte* at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next. Excursion trains will run from upwards of 500 stations."

Many doubtless remarked, that of course the fountains would be all set playing for the accommodation of the multitude of water-drinkers. Some, possibly, expressed a hope that plenty of stretchers would be provided to take them home.

LENIENCY.

BETTING men and their betters are squabbling over a rule which says that the Bet should go with the Stake. An awfully tough one was brought us up by ELIZABETH, the ugly cook, at a Margate boarding-house, the other day. But, as the rule seems in doubt, we gave her the benefit thereof, and only threw the stake out of window.

AN IRISHMAN'S JUST REMONSTRANCE.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

TOUCHING us Irish and your Cattle. (If I may take the liberty of naming us in the same line with them.) I have been expecting the usual insult, Sir, and the Saxon taunt that Irishmen might be supposed to know the right way with Bulls. Taunt away, Sir, we are accustomed to be trampled on. Meantime, Sir, read this, if you can, and if you can't, when you come to this passage, tell somebody to read it to you. It is an extract from the *Narrative of the Great Fire of London*, your own overgrown and demoralised miserable metropolis. It is in the works of your famous DR FOM, but was not really written by the Unabashed One. But it is authentic, Sir. *Vide* BOHR's edition, Sir, page 221.

The Great Fire reduced your howling citizens to want and dismay, and what was the course of poor old trampled Oireland?

"At the news of the fire, all the good subjects (O, we are good enough when you want to come over us) in Ireland were seized with the utmost consternation (that's a lie, anyhow) upon that deplorable accident. The Lord-Lieutenant, the DUKE OF ORMOND (he was an Irish Juke, mind ye) set on foot a subscription for the relief of the sufferers. It rose to a higher value than could have been expected in so distressed a country (Ah!) where there was not money to circulate for the common necessities of the country (listen to that now, and then abuse our posterity because they did not always pay their dirty debts), or to pay the public taxes. (Do ye see that? Wise English statesmen, lay on taxes, and make us no money to pay 'em—yah!) Therefore the subscription was made in *Beeves*, thirty thousand of which were sent to London."

Beeves, Sir, means Oxen, and is the plural of beef, and quadrupeds of the bovine species. That's the way poor old Oireland, in all her distress, treated your hungry Cockneys. And now your Cockney newspapers abuse us because we won't have your unsalutiferous old cows. Blush, Sir, if you can, and anyhow believe me

Your indignant well-wisher,

THE O'BLUNDERBUSS.

A SONG FOR THE SMALL GERMANS.

GERMAN Students and professors, smoke-beclouded, steeped in beer, Sing, as we request our WHALLEY; sing a song good fun to hear. Poor deceived, bamboozled, petty kings and dukes of Germany, Sing your song of Schleswig-Holstein, sing it in a minor key.

On ye, diddled done and dished ones, for your favourite song we call Schleswig-Holstein sing, new version, sing it, ye small Germans, small Schleswig-Holstein, sea-embraced, a Oneness ever vowed by you, Prussia's King and Austria's Kaiser in your teeth have split in two.

Ye tobacco-cloud-compelling drainers of the beery pot, Sing by "Federal Execution" all the good that you have got; All the dirt that can confederates with a pair of robbers soil, All the infamy of plunder, with no portion of the spoil!

Sing AUGUSTENBURG thrown over, OLDENBURG kicked far aside; Sing the future Prussian navy that shall in Kiel harbour ride. Sing your aspirations, so accomplished, for a German fleet; Sing "Hurrah for HOHENZOLLERN; here we are at BISMARCK's feet!"

A PRELATE IN PLAY.

THE possibility of being at the same time serious and lively was illustrated the other day, at Salisbury, on the occasion of the meeting, in the Guildhall, of two great missionary societies, by a distinguished Prelate, whose brother of Sarum occupied the Chair. According to *John Bull*:—

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, who, it is needless to say, was loudly applauded, said that the Christian grace of obedience had been eminently practised that evening. He did not hear the commencement of ARCHDEACON HARRIS's speech, but he had no doubt, he said, he would not have risen had it not been in obedience to his diocesan. MR. WALPOLE precluded that noble oration of Christian statesmanship (Cheers) with a protestation against speaking at all. MR. HUXTABLE made a spasmodic effort of obedience; while the startled guest, MR. HUBBARD, fresh from palatial hospitality, was also loth to speak."

Hey? What? "Fresh from palatial hospitality" and "loth to speak." Well; so a man naturally might be in the state ascribed to MR. HUBBARD by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Was DRAM CLOAN present in the assembly to which BISHOP WILBERFORCE addressed the foregoing observations, and if so, what did he say? Of course we know that the Right Reverend SAMUEL was only joking, and we cite his words merely to show how the grave can be combined with the gay in episcopal eloquence, as oil and alkali are in soap.



ACCOMMODATING.

Lodger. "AND THEN, THERE'S THAT COLD PHEASANT, MRS. BILKES"—

Landlady. "YES 'M, AND IF YOU SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH WITHOUT IT, LOR', MR. BILKES WOULDN'T MIND A EATER' OF IT FOR HIS SUPPER, IF THAT'S ALL."

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN'S DINNER PARTIES.

THE Hospital for Sick Children is a most excellent institution, and kindly care is taken of small invalids admitted there. Very many are the ills which, especially in London, infant flesh is heir to, and the hospital has always all the patients it can hold, while there are even children waiting to obtain an entrance. Scores of little ones now die for want of such assistance as this charity provides, but its funds are insufficient to permit of its enlargement. Need another word be said to stir the organs of benevolence, and extract a tenpound note from the pocket of the charitable?

Meanwhile, until the hospital be doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, as speedily it ought to be, surely something may be done towards diminishing the numbers of those waiting to be inmates. Prevention of an illness is still better than a cure, and many ailments of poor children come from causes which, by proper care, are easily preventable. For instance, want of nutriment, of course, occasions weakness, and becomes a sadly fruitful source of suffering. Many a young life might be saved by a timely change from cottage fare to more substantial diet. A good meal twice a week, even, may keep a child in health, who would otherwise be sickly; and surely this is no great gift to grant, Oh, ye philanthropists! Surely, most of us can spare a few shillings a-week to help some such a scheme as this, announced in the *Spectator*:—

"There is a Mr. G. M. Hicks somewhere in Bloomsbury, who, we take it, is about as sensible, kindly, and practical a philanthropist as exists in England. This gentleman and his wife have organised in Woburn Buildings, Clare Market, a daily dinner for sick children, who are provided in a pleasant room with a full and healthy meal. About twenty-five children, all rickety, or cripples, or more or less ill, are here fed at twelve o'clock on good food, under the careful supervision of a matron, and amid pleasant sights and sounds. The effect on the children, half of whom are perishing for want of nourishment, is said to be extraordinary, and the entire cost of the place is under £227 a year. One poor lad had at first to be carried in a cripple, then hobbled in on crutches, and now walks in, sickly but independent, the cure being mainly due to the food."

Bravo, Hicks! we must exclaim, however vulgar it be thought in us to make that exclamation. Bravo, Hicks of Bloomsbury! May your

good example be followed out wherever it is anyhow found possible, and surely there are few places, indeed, where it is not. Let children's dinner parties be given in all poor neighbourhoods, and let all little weakly ones have standing invitations to come and sit together twice or thrice a week. A doctors' bill may be prevented by a timely bit of beef; and pills and powders may be saved through a slice of batter pudding. The rich, who are more troubled to get appetites than dinners, can hardly put a proper value on the hunger of the poor, or rightly estimate the consequence of insufficient nutriment. Were an alderman to give up turtle, venison, and champagne, and for a month or so live on mutton broth and toast-and-water, he might form some faint conception of what hunger really is, and might entertain some sympathy for those who are half starving. Men who eat too much commit a wicked waste of food, and, indeed, a worse than waste, for over-eating brings on illness. Let them only spare the food they would be healthier without, and how many a poor child would be the healthier for having it? If old Drives would but make a rule to lunch on bread-and-butter, he would relieve his digestion from a needless mutton chop, which might better serve to strengthen and to keep in health young LAZARUS.

A Generous Offer.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT says he would not in the least mind accepting MR. DISRAELI's proposition of "lateral reform" upon one condition—which is, that he would make it "equilateral" instead; and that simply means, as propounded for us by the Member for Birmingham, "equality on all sides." However, he is going to America where he will find it to his heart's content! Example teaches a great deal more than theory, and we should not be at all surprised if JOHN BRIGHT returned to England completely dis-Americanised.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE FOR LADIES.—The Chignon is placed at the poll of the head.



THE GREEN-BACKED MONSTER.

IAGO. "O, YOU ARE WELL TUNED NOW!

BUT I'LL SET DOWN THE PEGS THAT MAKE THIS MUSIC."

Othello, Act II., Scene 1.

A NEIGHBOURLY NUISANCE.

If we were Emperor of England, and could do just what we pleased to do with property and people, we would issue a decree that the horrid street of Holywell be instantly pulled down, and that prompt measures be taken to purify the Haymarket. Next, we would give orders that bill-sticking be prohibited, and heavy penalties imposed on people who deface the public streets with their big posters. Then, after issuing our commands to have the Van Demons exorcised and all street music suppressed, and the pavement cleared of betting brutes and small brats selling pipe-lights, we would increase still further the comfort of our subjects by prohibiting, on pain of death, all playing on pianos in all houses where a door or window is left open, or where, through scanty bricks and mortar, the sound is found to penetrate into the next house.

If one lives within thin walls, such as most houses have now-a-days, one is certain to be tortured by the noises made next door, and the music there is often more tormenting than a barrel-organ, for you cannot order it away or tell policemen to get rid of it. What is one man's treat becomes another's torture; and when JONES at Number One gives what his friends are pleased to call a "charming *soirée musicale*," poor BROWN, at Number Two, is driven half distracted by it. Or say that SMITH, at Number Twenty plays the fiddle like an angel, and that his wife, when she accompanies him, plays most angelically too. But these two angels in the house of SMITH are esteemed two perfect demons by poor ROBINSON next door, who has haply a bad headache, or is writing a prize essay on the Uses of Retirement or the Benefits of Peace.

Then, besides the playing, there is what is worse, the practising. Where the family is a large one, and the girls are taught at home, the practising is pretty certain to commence at seven o'clock, P.M., and to continue with but little intermission until night. Oh, the torture of residing next door to such a family, and of hearing those eternal scales and everlasting exercises, and that never-ending 'air, with variations, which is the elder girls' stock piece, indeed their joint-stock piece! Every day you hear the same notes played out of tune, the same flounders and full stops; and every day you wish you never had been born, or else that, at any rate, you had been born stone deaf. The *peine forte et dure* was a bad torture enough, but worse still is the pain of the *piano forte et dure*, when strummed upon next door, and, thanks to your thin walls, you cannot avoid hearing it.

FOOLS' PARADISE.

It may not be generally known that the greatest fools in the Metropolitan Police Force are made to do penance in Covent Garden Market, and contribute greatly to the confusion and impassability of that thoroughfare. We have been favoured with Portraits of three of the incapables on active duty.



A Question of Popular Science.

In a paragraph headed "Iron in Blood," the *Mechanic's Magazine* states that M. PALOUZ, who has been engaged in making investigations respecting the quantity of iron contained in the blood of animals, finds that, whereas the blood of man, and that of mammiferous animals generally, contains from five to six parts per 10,000 of iron, that of birds contains from three to four. Has M. PALOUZ analysed the blood of the ostrich? It might interest some minds, especially amongst our rural population, to know whether or not an exception, as regards the comparative quantity of iron in the blood of birds and mammals, is presented by that alleged ferri vorous individual of the feathered race.

VERY LIKELY.—A skeleton, the remains of a man who had been buried many years, was discovered the other day at that once celebrated resort of TURPIN and other highwaymen, Shooter's Hill. It was perhaps that of somebody who was shot there.

MRS. ST. STEPHENS' IDEAS OF HOW TO MANAGE A HOUSE.

(From her Correspondence.)

WHEN parties get into a new House on their return from the country, they often declare they have so many things to do, they don't know which to do first. It is so natural for novices to make this excuse, in order that no one may be surprised at finding them in a muddle.

On first entering the House, be particular to notice that the seats are free from dust. I have myself seen many seats (I shan't mention names, that wouldn't be polite) where you could write B-r-i-b-e-r-y with your finger. They were literally covered with what looked like gold dust. Everything that harbours corruption should be at once removed from the House.

You will find MR. GLADSTONE, whom I recommended to you, a very excellent Butler. He had a situation at Oxford, but left in consequence of his employers, who are very close and fidgety, wanting him to wear a cast-off livery; you may safely trust him with the keys of the cellar. He is an excellent judge of Wines, and will economise in every way consistent with the respectability of the family he has the honour to serve.

By the bye MR. G. has a son whom he wants to apprentice—perhaps you could do something for him—he might, I think, be of assistance to his father in drawing the corks.

MR. WHALLEY, or some other inquisitive gentleman, will be sure to want to peep into the Laundry where the young ladies with Italian-irons are getting up their veils. It's no use trying to laugh them out of it. Irons have great attractions for some minds, especially the flats.

Schoolmasters, looking at your large family, will not be backward in sending in their prospectuses. Before JULIUS CÆSAR came here we were spared this infliction, Parents then used to sit down quietly and teach their offspring—chiefly I suppose by kissing—under the Mistletoe bough. Goodness knows what a worry we have now with our little Britons.

One word as to your beer. I always have mine in, in nine gallon casks. Some parties wouldn't allow a drop of beer to come into the House on any consideration, for fear of the Servants making too free. If you don't chime in with their views they will make very unneighbourly remarks, but these are parties who have only one idea, and are never happy but when they are throwing cold Water at the Brewery.

As to the House you had better have the gutters looked to in time; and act liberally towards the workmen when they bring in their Bill. I don't wish you to settle any Bill without proper examination, but it's a great thing to have a House wind and water tight. Yours is well insured in the "Monarch"—the foundation is good and so are the fastenings. Have you any idea what is the value of the fixtures?

The tax-gatherers knock will now and then disturb your peaceful dreams, but you have this consolation, they might be more frequently interrupted if your House was on the other side of the water.

In all matters of difficulty you cannot do better than consult MR. PALMERSTON the family Solicitor, and be guided by his advice. At present he has got all your Deeds, and knows better than anybody the title to the House, having held a Lease of it for many years, and on one occasion I believe (if my memory don't fail me) he entered an action of Ejectment against a party that came from Derby.

CALL A SPADE, A SPADE.

TORIES often now-a-days attempt to win support by going to the poll as "Liberal Conservatives," and protesting that their principles are almost identical with those of the old Whigs. Say they, "There really is no difference between us and the Liberals. We are quite as eager as they are for Reform, and we of course go in for Progress and all that sort of thing. In point of liberality, there is not a pin to choose between the Government of LORD DERBY and the Government of LORD PALMERSTON. In fact, to use the phrase of Shopkeepers, it is 'the same concern.'"

Now, Mr. *Punch* is not so green as to be gulled by talk like this. It is true that, by time-serving coalescence with the Radicals, the Conservatives have passed a liberal Act or two, of insignificant account. But whenever a test question has been brought before the House, the Tories all have voted on the side of their traditions, and have done their very utmost to oppose Reform. However "liberal" at the hustings Conservatives have called themselves, they have proved Tory to the backbone when called upon to vote. To talk of liberal Conservatives is much the same absurdity as the mention of "hot ice and wondrously strange snow," and people who make use of so ridiculous a term, thereby, to Mr. *Punch's* thinking, simply make themselves ridiculous.

THE LOVE OF A WHEED.—Ladies, when being courted, ought not to object to the moderate use of tobacco. They should recollect, that where there is a flame, there must be smoke.



SUCH A CLEVER DOG!

MOP HAVING BEEN TAUGHT TO RING THE BELL BY THE YOUNG LADIES, SOMETIMES PRACTISES THE ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR HIS PRIVATE AMUSEMENT. THE "HINDIGNATION" OF THE "HUFFER" SERVANTS MAY BE IMAGINED!

BY THE SHRIMPSEIDE WAVES.

AIR—"By the Sad Sea Waves."

By the Shrimpaide waves,
I hear the organs play;
Down for fourteen days,
Half of which has passed away.
I am tall, I am fair,
I have not one grey hair,
From the parting down behind
To the beard so *négligée*:
Yet I stamp and rave,
By the Shrimpaide wave,
Go away, little boys,
To Lambgate or Urn Bay:
Go away, ragged boys,
With papers, go away!

Into dreams last night,
By something warm beguiled;
In the calm gas-light,
By organs driven wild.
Oh! that vile Mountain Dew—
Every tailor that I knew,
Grinn'd a ghastly welcome back,
With my bills around him piled:
I awake in my chair,
To a well-known air,
Go away, foreign fiends,
With *Faust* and *Africaine*,
Go away, dark fiends,
Away, away again!

A New way to Get a Fresh Appetite.

(A Real bit from Life at a City Company's Dinner.)

Young Visitor. Really, Sir, you must excuse me. I am compelled to refuse.

Old Alderman (with profound astonishment). What, refuse these beautiful grouse? It's impossible!

Young Visitor. It is impossible, I can assure you, Sir. I cannot eat any more.

Old Alderman (sensibly). Come, come. I tell you what now. Just take my advice, and try a cold chair.

THE NAGGLETONS ON GREENWICH.

The SCENE is the Coffee-Room at the Ship, Greenwich. The London Season is over, nevertheless nearly all the tables are occupied. The Distinguished Couple have the little table near the large one in the bow window.

Mr. Naggleton. Is the flounder zoodje to your taste?

Mrs. Naggleton. O, of course, I like everything. I come to such places far too seldom to presume to be critical.

Mr. N. That is the true secret of enjoyment.

Mrs. N. I hate secrets.

Mr. N. You keep one very well.

Mrs. N. What may that be?

Mr. N. *Il segreto per esser infelice.*

Mrs. N. What a torture it is to hear you try to speak Italian, HENRY.

Mr. N. I beg pardon, I'm sure. I forgot that I was talking to the translator of CARY'S DANTE—of DANTE, I mean. Now, some of the salmon zoodje? I assure you it's a very good.

Mrs. N. Good enough for me, I suppose, but not for you, as you turn up your nose at it.

Mr. N. I'm not very hungry, and I am reserving myself for the whitebait.

Mrs. N. I should wonder if you *were* hungry.

Mr. N. True, for I made an excellent breakfast.

Mrs. N. I don't mean that, and you know it.

Mr. N. I am sure you mean something pleasant—in return take some lobster cutlet. Your health, my dear.

Mrs. N. Pray do not take wine without eating. You are not in your own house now, and you ought to be careful.

Mr. N. No fear, the wine here is very good—your health, again, in the driest of Sherry. Don't send away that fish pudding, it looks insipid, but it's very delicate.

Mrs. N. (in a fierce whisper). I shall take nothing else, unless you behave like any other husband. What do you mean by sticking me in

my chair like a child, and telling me to take this, that, and the other, while you only look on amused?

Mr. N. Well, we came out for amusement, didn't us? However, here is something that suits *this* child,—the salmon cutlet and pickles. What a noble thing is pickles! Even as a retort, the word has great classic power.

Mrs. N. How strange it is that if there is one vulgar thing in a whole dinner, you are sure to pounce upon it. I think I have heard Mr. SWOTCHLEY liken that kind of mind to a leech, which instinctively fastens on the unhealthy part.

Mr. N. If old SWOTCHLEY had introduced such a delightful illustration at dinner time, I should have suggested his walking into the garden; but as the speech is yours, I will only drink your health once more, and advise you to take some eel—the sauce is curious. I'll have some of this Spey boy, with the Tartar—an article to which I am accustomed.

Mrs. N. That is vulgarity, if you like. A piece of rudeness may sometimes be redeemed by its novelty, but there is nothing so intolerable as worn-out impertinence, particularly when one cannot escape.

Mr. N. You don't want to escape, I hope, my dear. An Admiral's great grandchild talk of deserting a Ship!

Mrs. N. (mollified a little). That, now, is one of the best things I ever heard you say, HENRY. You see that I can be just.

Mr. N. You shall hear me say something much better this moment. LOUIS! (*That prompt and intelligent foreigner is instantly at hand, smiling, and listening.*) Some of that Champagne. (*LOUIS is already deep in those cool halls where PAILAS shuns the day.*)

Mrs. N. Champagne already!

Mr. N. It can never come too early, or too late—never mind genteel conventions, which are kept up by screws to save their liquor.

Mrs. N. Liquor. Can't you say wine?

Mr. N. Easily, but it seldom is wine in screws' houses. SILVERDALE, for instance, always makes a charade of action of my conundrum, "How to make gooseberry fool—Hand your friend what you call Champagne."

Mrs. N. I don't know—CAPTAIN SILVERDALE moves in good society—

Mr. N. So does a footman.

Mrs. N. And I should think, therefore, that he would make no mistake.

Mr. N. I don't say that he does—nobody wants to be helped twice, and he earns the right to his return dinner, cheap.

Mrs. N. Your ideas are fearfully coarse, HENRY.

Mr. N. Coarse things wear well, my dear, and my ideas about SIR VERDALE and some other folks have lasted me a good many years. Now, LOUIS VALET, fill those glasses up to the top, and let us see the beaded bubbles winking at the brim. Your health again, MRS. NAGGLETON. Is not that good lining for human nature?

Mrs. N. I am not partial to Champagne, especially at the wrong time. This is much better than our own, of course, but not better than we taste at other houses.

Mr. N. That's all you know about it—it's out and out.

Mrs. N. (with a steady look). The thing for an "Out," then.

Mr. N. (The fact is that he was a little ashamed of a certain scene, and this dinner is a kind of peace-offering). Let bye-gones be bye-gones, as the last horse said to the jockey at the Derby.

Mrs. N. The Derby! I wonder you recall that, then.

Mr. N. You will survive me, MARIA, of course, but if I had to write your epitaph, I don't think I could be respectful to your Memory. Some more whitebait?

Mrs. N. Why do you give me disagreeable things to remember?

Mr. N. This is one, I suppose?

Mrs. N. Do you expect me to be grateful for being brought to Greenwich when everyone else is out of town?

Mr. N. Is it my fault that we remain in town? Are you going to throw your aunt at my head? I have told you that there's nothing serious the matter with that respectable Miss FLAGGERTY, but you insist on remaining.

Mrs. N. I know my duty to a relative whom I respect.

Mr. N. I have no objection, but do your duty without grumbling. And, as for the season, I am sure that there are several women in the room at this moment who are dressed better than yourself.

Mrs. N. That is a happy thought to console a woman with.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! More Champagne? Yes, it would have been a clumsy speech, certainly, only you can say with the vain Irish girl in the story, that this is not the dress you've got at home.

Mrs. N. (in a low voice). These persons are mostly provincials.

Mr. N. You talk of them as if they were criminals—as CORNELIUS O'DOWN describes the Cook excursionists, who, he tells foreigners, are taken to be gradually dropped all over the Continent.

Mrs. N. They are quite unlike the class one would have met here a month ago.

Mr. N. Yes, they look healthy and happy, and are thoroughly enjoying themselves, poor unhappy creatures. Let us hope that some day they may know better things, sit down without appetite, eat without pleasure, drink without laughing, and go away worse bored than when they came.

Mrs. N. Those are your radical prejudices against the manners of the upper classes.

Mr. N. Let me give you some devilled bait. The fish are not what they were, but as the hymn says, Satan finds some whitebait still for QUARTERMAINS to do. Hush! it is not wrong to joke about it. DR. WATTS was a Dissenter.

Mrs. N. You may sneer at my attachment to the Church of England.

Mr. N. I never did anything of the kind.

Mrs. N. But you cannot shake it.

Mr. N. Shake the church, my dear? I should be very sorry. But I wish the cook had given another shake of the pepper-pot.

Mrs. N. Your palate is vitiated, and requires unnatural stimulants. These fish are very hot.

Mr. N. LOUIS! Pwcever! (LOUIS instantly brings pepper.)

Mrs. N. It was lucky that you gesticulated as well as spoke, as he would never have known what you meant. Why not have spoken English?

Mr. N. I preferred French.

Mrs. N. Then why not have spoken French?

Mr. N. So I did.

Mrs. N. Your pronunciation is something awful.

Mr. N. I am glad that there is something awful about me, a ray of the Olympian Jove, as it were. How jolly good this Champagne is. I could drink it in oceans.

Mrs. N. How foolish you are! I can see, now, how it is that you are led away by WYNDHAM WARING and the Club lot, until you take much more than you ought, and come home as you did last night.

Mr. N. I was home before you, any how.

Mrs. N. What a subterfuge! I was with the BALTIMORES at ALFRED MELLON's Concert. You have no taste for good music. I suppose that you would go if you were allowed to smoke in the private boxes.

Mr. N. A Spanish gentleman showed me some cigars the other day, called *entractos*, so even the horror you invent is not unprecedented—I mean.

Mrs. N. I told you that you were taking too much wine.

Mr. N. You told me wrong then, for I was taking too little, and a sip

went the wrong way and gave me the hiccup, or hiocough, as the purists spell it. Will you have some more ducking?

Mrs. N. I want nothing more.

Mr. N. No more do I, of course; but we don't come to Greenwich to eat what we want, but what we don't want. I have given you a quiet dinner, as you said you'd dine in the coffee-room, or we'd have had a private room and all the glories of Art.

Mrs. N. As when your sister and her husband were in town; but anything is good enough for a wife.

Mr. N. As if you did not insist on my rather going a-head that day.

Mrs. N. Your sister's tongue is venomous, and I did not wish her to go back and proclaim all over Derbyshire that we had taken her to dine in a public room.

Mr. N. Her betters do so—as at this present speaking.

Mrs. N. That is an artful way of turning it off; but I am not a fool.

Mr. N. On the contrary, my dear. The woman who, having no particularly large show of what the world—mind, I only say the world—calls attractions or advantages, secured HENRY NAGGLETON, and keeps him faithful and devoted—is a woman of extraordinary talent, and I drink her health. Now we'll have ices. LOUIS! Glaziers, sill vous play (LOUIS considers for the eleventh part of a second, and in eleven seconds brings the article). And, LOUIS, mention to MR. LAWRENCE that I shall now be glad of a bottle of claret.

Mrs. N. You will not take more wine?

Mr. N. Won't I? We don't kill a pig every day.

Mrs. N. HENRY, if you must say such things, say them under your breath. Several persons must have heard you, and fancied that you were in earnest.

Mr. N. Shall I rise and address them, my dear; explain that the words are the burden of an old song, that we do not keep swine, but are highly genteel people residing near Hyde Park, and in town at this unfashionable time only because a relative is supposed to be unwell.

Mrs. N. Oh, I am sure you have had wine enough.

Mr. N. So am I, which is why I am going to have a little more.

Mrs. N. I am very glad that there is no one here who knows us.

Mr. N. Just now you were regretting it.

Mrs. N. Just now you were sober.

Mr. N. I am as sober as could be expected in the melancholy circumstances of the case; the Ship's good wine, and your temper, which I will respectfully describe as corked.

Mrs. N. I shall remember being brought here to be scolded.

Mr. N. The kettle began it.

Mrs. N. Civil, to call your wife a kettle.

Mr. N. I only quoted. Besides, if we come to consider it, the kettle's the brightest ornament of the fireside, and the guardian angel of our tea and our grog. Sweet idea, that.

Mrs. N. HENRY, do pay the bill, leave that wine, and come home.

Mr. N. (as Mrs. N. leaves). He that leaveth wine like this,

Is a fool whom men should hiss."

Do you know that I'm not certain whether that is a line from some great German poet, or my own original inspiration. But it's truly happy; so am I.

Mrs. N. I will ask for the bill.

Mr. N. If you do, you shall pay it. I'm certain that bit of poetry is either mine or MARTIN LUTHER'S.

Mrs. N. What a condition you must be in to talk of MARTIN LUTHER making poetry in praise of drink!

Mr. N. What a condition you must be in to forget his famous hymn: "Who loves not wine, woman, and song, He is a fool his whole life long."

Mrs. N. I don't believe LUTHER ever made such stuff.

Mr. N. Tell you he did—MARTIN had a good Swallow.

Mrs. N. (justly disgusted). I am going to put my bonnet on, and trust that you will be ready on my return. (As she goes.) The bill to that gentleman, LOUIS. [Exit.

Mr. N. (heavily musing). I suppose it's her nature. We've no right to quarrel with nature, because she is the mother of us all. Somebody says that if you expel nature with a fork, she will come back. Very rude way to treat the mother of us all—as if she was an old cow trespassing into a field. What a lovely colour claret is! It's half in the eye, is wine, I believe. But it's a curious problem, and I have never been able to dissolve it—solve it—why wine always tastes better anywhere but in your own house. Man seems to be doing a foolish, undomestic thing in emptying his own cellar. Human nature? again—go where you will, nature comes in like the black horseman sitting behind Care. And care killed a cat. I wish he'd come and live in the mews behind our house, where the cats flirt to that extent that there's no sleeping. I am sleepy enough now, that's certain.

Re-enter MRS. NAGGLETON.

Mrs. N. You have paid the bill, of course, and ordered the fly.

Mr. N. (arousing). All in good time. LOUIS! Bill and fly. Or stop. Fly and no bill. Send up bill to my office—they know me.

[MRS. N. observes that this direction is perfectly satisfactory, and immediately founds diverse theories as to visits here of which she has known nothing. But the business of the moment is to get away to the most detestable railway station in the world, and so [Exit.



PLEASURES OF THE SEASIDE.

Mermaid. "I AM TOLD YOU KEEP A CIRCULATING LIBRARY!"

Librarian. "YES, MISS. THERE IT IS! SUBSCRIPTION, TWO SHILLINGS A-WEEK; ONE VOLUME AT A TIME; CHANGE AS OFTEN AS YOU PLEASE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A CATALOGUE?"

KISSING AND BEING FRIENDS.

THE Italians delight in calling their Sovereign *Il Re galantuomo*. Why shouldn't we style the KING OF PRUSSIA King Honestman, and confer the same addition on the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? They have equal claims to it, those two models of morality, those examples of rectitude to all Europe; and although they were the other day like to become foes, they are now brothers. They were reconciled on Saturday last week at Salzburg, whither WILLIAM went to meet FRANCIS-JOSEPH; and, in the following extract from a report of the scene that occurred between the KING OF DENMARK's despoilers, see how prettily they behaved:—

"The EMPEROR was at the door when the carriages drove up, and received the KING in his arms. The two monarchs kissed and embraced each other twice in the heartiest manner, and went up-stairs arm-in-arm."

Fancy the two male Eagles billing and cooing like a pair of doves. Sweet birds! When HEROD and PILATE were made friends, perhaps they kissed one another too; and let us hope that the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA kissing each other were not JUDAS kissing JUDAS.

FROM OUR JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT,

(And Dedicated to MR. MELTON, the Literary Hatter.)

A GENTLEMAN, who is fond of going to extremes, and of making them meet, says paradoxically, "he wants a new hat like old boots." What will he do with it when he gets it? Perhaps he is going to wear it on his head?

His brother, whose French is indifferent, and whose English is very different to that of anybody else's, says he wants "a new tile, because his old one is quite *insalite*."

[We only print the above abortive attempt, because it is the first, and as solemnly promised to us, the last effort of a rising young man, aged 40.—ED.]

ADMIRAL ROUS'S BUSINESS.

THIS—from a letter written to the *Times* by ADMIRAL ROUS on the law of horse-racing with regard to bets—is good:—

"If the owners of the horses engaged at York, Newmarket, Huntingdon, are too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*, and to attend to their business, they have nobody to blame but themselves for not receiving the bets."

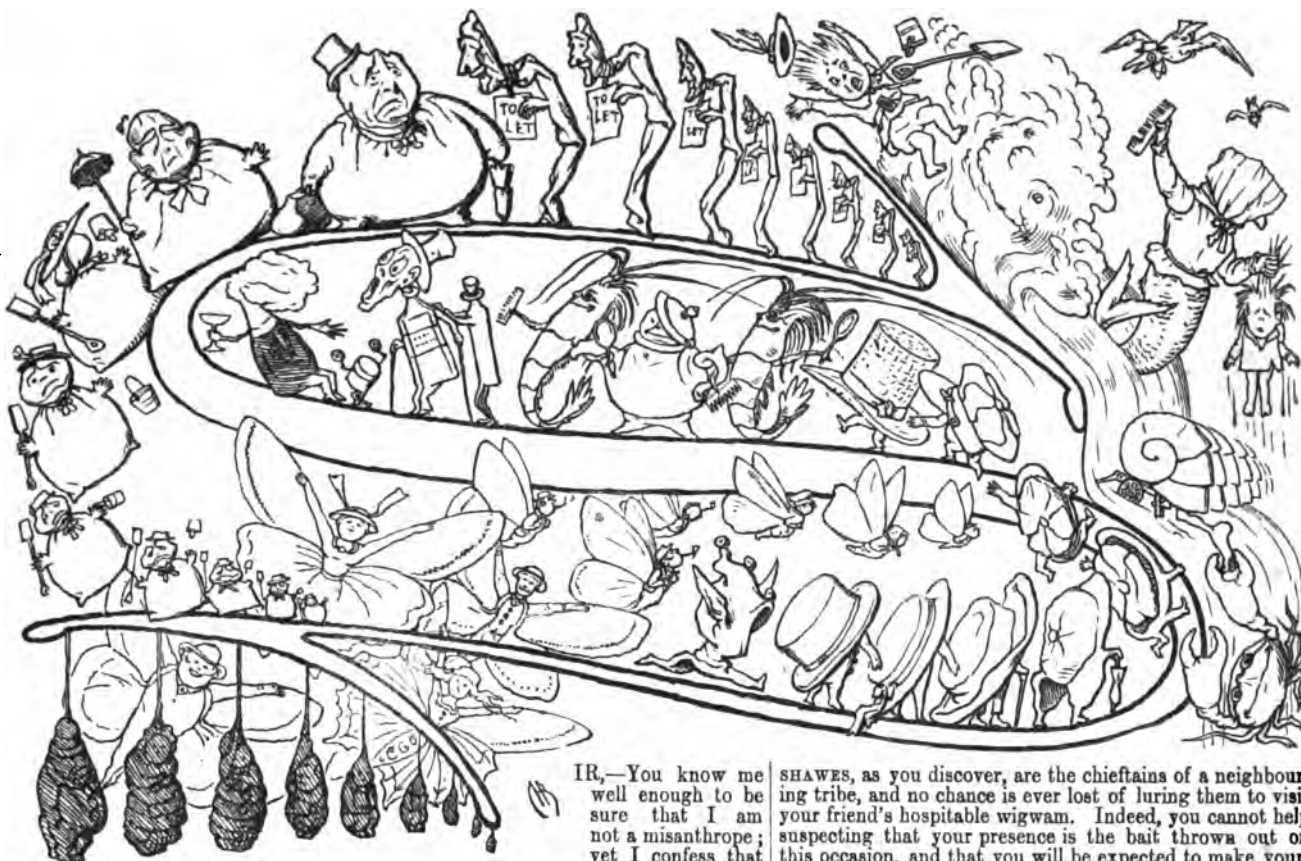
If people are too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*, one would think they must be idle indeed. "Too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*" would do pretty well for a definition of the height of idleness. Off the turf, and out of the stable, and the sporting newspaper-office, the general opinion will probably be, that the employment of time in reading the *Racing Calendar* is, in itself, idle enough. Yet ADMIRAL ROUS describes this sort of idleness as some persons' business. Industrious and useful members of Society!

For having ventured to make the foregoing observations, *Mr. Punch* hopes that he may not be warned off the Course at Newmarket.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

PUNCH, when writing an article, which appeared last week, upon the subject of Clerical Importunity, had, and could have, before him no information which should have induced him to exclude mention of the Clergyman who suggested the endowment of a church at Zermatt. He has now no reason to change his opinion that there is a better way of honouring the memory of the brave men who perished on the Matterhorn. But circumstances have come to his knowledge (and he sincerely thanks a Correspondent both for the matter and the manner of his communication) which do induce him to regret that he used, in reference to the Chaplain at Zermatt, language which certainly would not have been employed, had the writer of the article been at all acquainted with that Clergyman's admirable character, and honourable antecedents.

A SEASONABLE REMONSTRANCE.



IR.—You know me well enough to be sure that I am not a misanthrope; yet I confess that there are times

when I hate the very sight of people. For instance, after some ten months or so of London whirl and bustle, I feel an utter detestation of the "human face divine," as some poet has expressed it. After working all that while "in populous city pent," as some other poet phrases it, I have a wish to spend my holiday upon some desert island, where I may live in utter solitude, as *Mr. Crusoe* had the luck to do, before he met his black friend *Friday*. Fagged, flurried, and fatigued as one feels after the season, one wants to rest, and would be thankful to get away from everybody. My hospitable friend *SMITH* is a good fellow enough, but to my mind, in September, a cock grouse is a better. To quote *SHAKESPEARE*, slightly altered—

"Oh, happy month that gives me to the Moor."

How I revel in the ease of my flannel shirt, my shooting coat and pair of loose old knickerbockers! How I exult in my escape from my tyrannous tight hat, and glory in the freedom of my weather-beaten wide-awake! For me, until November, no more the wretched martyrdom of walking in a chimney-pot; no more the social misery of making morning calls, or attending evening parties. Until then, I can breakfast in my shirt-sleeves, if I please; and can sit down to my dinner without having to put on a dress coat and white choker. Only they who live in town can tell the joy one feels in leaving it, and living for a while a life of utter loneliness.

You will pity, then, the sorrows of a poor young man, when I tell you I have weakly yielded to my wife, and have agreed to waste this autumn in paying country visits. Women are, by nature, more gregarious than men, and a month or so of solitude is not much to their liking. Somehow, wives don't value as they ought to do the luxury of sitting in the cottage of a gamekeeper, or the hovel of a gillie, and waiting for their husbands while the grouse are being slaughtered. Solitude *plus* fleas is little to their taste; and, after a day's shooting, the best of men assuredly are not the best of company. So, as married life is a series of compromises, I agreed, in expiation of my absence on the Derby Day—I agreed, I say, most nobly to give up the grouse this autumn, and do penance for a month or more by visiting a number of my wife's rural relations.

Now, living in a country house is pleasant life enough, even when one has a wife and one's flirting days are over, if one is only suffered to do just what one likes, and serenely to enjoy the quiet of the country. But, unluckily, when town folk star about the provinces, a most unfair advantage is taken of their advent. Dull and dismal dinners are given in their honour, and dreary evening parties are attempted for the purpose, it is said, of entertaining them. If you venture a remonstrance, "Oh!" exclaims your charming hostess, "I *must* ask a few friends, or you'd be bored to death with us. You gay Londoners could never live our humdrum country life. Besides, I really wanted an excuse to give a party. It is such an age since the *HAWKSHAWES* came to see us." The *HAWK-*

SHAWES, as you discover, are the chieftains of a neighbouring tribe, and no chance is ever lost of luring them to visit your friend's hospitable wigwam. Indeed, you cannot help suspecting that your presence is the bait thrown out on this occasion, and that you will be expected to make yourself agreeable, and to trot out your best talk to entertain the *HAWKSHAWES*. *Avida novitatis est gens rustica*, you find; and although they have no interest in it, the country folk are greedy for the latest London gossip. So out must come all your old stories which you know so well by heart, and have so often told at table during the past season; and forth must come those brilliant epigrams and impromptu sparks of wit, which so repeatedly have served to light up a dull dinner party. In fact, instead of finding you can wear your oldest clothes and let your intellect lie fallow, you have to brush up your dress-coat and to brush your wits up also.

Now really this is taking a most mean advantage of a man, and clearly something should be done to put a stop to such iniquity. If I can't go to the grouse, I don't mind going to see *SMITH*, if his wife will only suffer me to live in peace and quiet. But wearied as I am with London work and worry, I don't want to be trotted out to entertain *SMITH*'s neighbours, and be expected to amuse them, and to twist my wits about as though I were a mental acrobat. One does such work in London, in the season, it is true; but there one is accustomed to it, moreover there are other acrobats to bear one company. But in the country this is not so, and, besides, one's wits want rest, and forcing them to work then is sheer cruelty to intellect. Moreover, in the country one is gifted with an appetite, and it is absolute barbarity to make men talk when they are hungry. In the country, moreover, one is out shooting all day, and one comes home more disposed to take a nap after one's dinner than to make oneself agreeable.

So let us keep one's wits for London, and one's withers for the country; and don't let us outrage Nature by working both together. My jokes will be the better, when I return to town, for the rest my brains have had; while my lungs will have had quite sufficient work to do, in whistling to my dogs and taking "breathers" through the bean-fields.

In the hope that you will help to save me from my friends by publishing this letter, I sign myself,

Yours gratefully, JOSEPH MILLER JONES.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

WE will begin with THE CHARING CROSS GALLERY, Admission, *gratis*. Admission to Waiting Rooms and Refreshment Rooms, *gratis*. No charge is made for persons entering the New Hotel and not ordering anything. Of the amusements in this Station we will speak in due course, at present we will deal with pictures only, a very profitable business, by the way, in these days of enormous prices and energetic speculations.

The South Western Side.

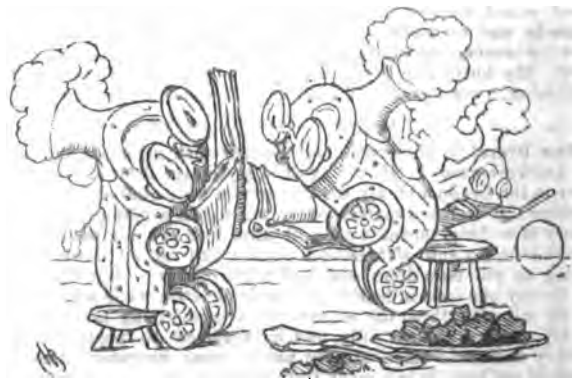
No. 1. *The Travellers' Bag*.—We cannot congratulate MR. BUSSY this year upon his treatment of an admirably chosen subject. The Tourist has evidently only just laid aside his bag, and the straps are falling into a quaint yet graceful shape. This is the best part of the picture. The curves formed by the straps are most natural and life-like. There is, however, a want of depth in the colouring that is eminently unsatisfactory. The artist evidently intends us to understand that the warm light of a beautiful sunset, is resting upon the Tourist's Bag. The idea so far is excellent, and highly suggestive, but the colouring is dry and harsh; and instead of a sunset effect, it has all the appearance of having been rubbed against a red brick wall. The lower portion of the picture reminds us of the worst faults of TURNER, whilst in no part of it can we detect any approach to the master-touches of that great artist. Let MR. BUSSY spend more time over his productions; it is a sad thing to see a young man of his promise wasting the paint-box oil in this frittering work.

No. 2. *The Corsican Brothers*.—This is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the well-known figures in the younger KEAN's picture, exhibited at the Princess's. The story is familiar to all, and great mastery in drawing or power in painting could alone reconcile us to its supernatural horror. The imaginative quality of his work cannot be too highly praised, and the unity of effect at which MR. SAMPSON has aimed, is not the least merit of this extraordinary picture. The moment selected by the painter is when *Fabian* feels the presence of the mysterious twin *Louis* in the looking-glass at his back. The bluish-white toning of the twin linen is so marvellously rendered, as to faithfully represent the spectral character of the subject, without affrighting the spectator by any unnecessary prominence of its more repellent features. A choking faint atmosphere seems to pervade the picture, which belongs neither to night nor morning. In the lower portion of *Fabian's* dress, the painter's dominant yellow is perhaps not altogether irreproachable. We sincerely hope that the artist will not be satisfied with the production, excellent though it is, but aim at something higher and better in his next attempt.

No. 6. *Families Removing*.—A Touching picture of modern patriarchal

families. In the distance are the cliffs of Sussex and the palm-tree overshadowing the family mansion, whence Paternal and Maternal care takes the children during the autumnal months. They are evidently going somewhere else. On a single line of rails on the still sea-shore, within hearing of the murmuring old ocean of the ancient poets, modern invention takes its way. The allegory is complete. The unchanging sea side by side with the variable steam-spirit of the age. The crescent moon is smiling in the sky, while the last rays of the summer's sun illumine the horizon. The shadows cast by every one of the wheels, separately, is most life-like, and are evidences of the great care and attention paid by this rising painter, to the smallest and apparently most trifling details. We can almost feel the breeze coming across the bright blue sea, that calls to mind STANFIELD's happiest performances. There is no want of refinement here, although the intensity of truth displayed in this picture, proves that the artist is determined to represent nature, as she represents herself to him. Another instance of his great faithfulness, is the dress of the cheerful stoker, and his honest companion the driver. Who would not, without catalogue or other information, at once recognise in the white frocked, neatly capped, light trousered, cleanly figures, the forms so familiar to all travellers by rail? There is throughout this work a vital character which speaks volumes, for painters endeavouring to master the difficulties of their art.

No. 10. *The Blind Maid*.—In treating this domestic subject, which is merely a girl pulling down the iron blinds in a three windowed room, if the painter's object is only to give sensuous pleasure, perfection of workmanship is absolutely essential. But MR. WOOD prides himself upon moral teaching by means of his art; and the merit of blind obedience to superiors, is here beautifully shown in the conduct of the maid, who is evidently executing her mistress's, or master's, commands. The good confiding girl does not reason with herself that it is broad daylight, and therefore to totally exclude the light and air is unreasonable and unhealthy; no, her vocation is to be a servant, and to yield her services to the requirements of her employers. "Blind obedience to an Iron Will" is the moral, and should be the title, of MR. WOOD's picture. In regarding the pattern of the carpet, the stick in the hands of the maid, and the colour of the wall, we cannot but notice too great an insistence upon accessories and detail. All the other part is in subordination, and there is, we fancy, no danger of MR. WOOD becoming hard and wooden. The girl's head is in admirable drawing, and reminds us somewhat of MR. SAM. LAWRENCE's style, that is, if, without any disparagement to our present painter, MR. LAWRENCE's heads were not simply inimitable.



A Year and a Day.

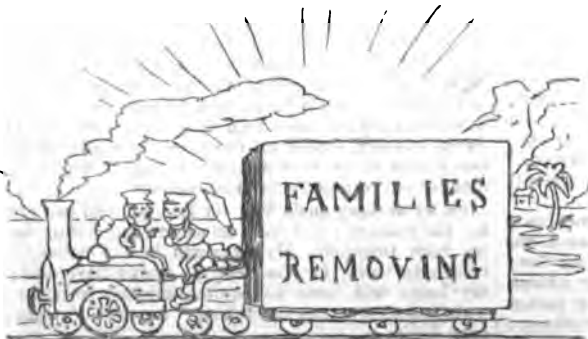
A NEWSPAPER Correspondent, writing from Woolwich, says:—

"The sentence of A. M'CLUSKEY, private Royal Marines, has been carried out to-day. He received fifty lashes and one year's imprisonment, with hard labour, for striking DR. CONNOLLY at Melville Hospital."

A sentence of fifty lashes might be carried out in considerably less than a day; but surely more time than that must be required to carry out a sentence of one year's imprisonment.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

WITH a view to timely preparation against the threatened epidemic, the authorities of Hogs Norton have instituted a system of sty to sty visitation.



life. Here MR. TAYLOR has presented us with one of his gayest bits of colouring in the exterior of the van, wherein are stowed away the

CHARMING PROPOSAL

FOR REDUCING THE PRICE OF BUTCHER'S MEAT.

YESTERDAY morning a Deputation, consisting of MADMOISELLES GWENDOLINE, GERTRUDE, MINNIE, and MAUD, waited on Paterfamilias in his library, as Head of the Home Department. The Deputation emanated from a number of very young ladies assembled at LADY FELICIA GAY's *thé dansante*, where the present extravagant charges for veal-cutlets formed the topic of animated and earnest discussion.

The Deputation was received by the Head of the Home Department with some surprise but much cordiality, and MADMOISELLE GWENDOLINE having been prompted to speak, commenced reading a beautifully-written address, on gilt-edged paper, in these words:—"Dear Papa,—I dare say you are rather astonished at this intrusion on your privacy, but for myself and sisters I can sincerely say that we would not have invaded this seat of learning, save under peculiar and pressing circumstances. (*Hear!*) For some time past we have seen with sympathetic sorrow the distressing effect which the butcher's bill has had upon our dear Papa, when submitted for his examination and approval. Often have we been tempted to give expression to our emotions, as our dear Papa with knitted brow bent over that vexatious and intricate account. But we hesitated, and were lost, having no knowledge of figures beyond that which we had acquired in learning a quadrille. (*Hear, hear!*) So things went on—went on—[*manuscript illegible*]. (*Oh! I see.*) To resume. Woman in all ages, and of all ages, has delighted in self-sacrifice—witness, suttees in India, crinoline in England, *et cetera, et cetera*. We said to one another, 'It is in our power to reduce the price of sweet-breads by a little—a very little—reduction in one important particular. Need I say, Papa, that what artillery is to you, millinery is to us? No conquest can be secured without it. We have, nevertheless, resolved to sacrifice many, many yards of tulle, with a view of shaming into moderation those who are responsible for such extravagant prices; and if they have one spark of chivalry in them, that halcyon time will soon arrive, for who could see our forlorn condition, and not revise his stern tariff, unless, indeed, he should have in addition to a knife a heart of steel?'"

The Head of the Home Department acknowledged that he was highly gratified by this mark of filial devotion, and hoped that a similar spirit would spread and deepen in every direction. The Deputation were deserving of much praise. Their readiness to put the lamb before the lawn, and to forego the flounce to save the fillet, did them infinite credit. Without wishing to say one word in disparagement, he thought however, in a matter of this domestic nature they had better study ADAM SMITH than *Don Quixote*, for he humbly confessed that he could not very clearly see any close connection between chivalry and cutlets.

MADMOISELLE GWENDOLINE, having consulted with her companions, observed that if Papa dear was of that opinion, they would at once withdraw their proposition. They were bent, however, on self-denial in some shape, "and so long as veal continues at its present price," she added, "we will touch nothing but chicken and venison."

The Home Department suggested that it would be better for the Petitioners to revert to their original scheme of retrenchment, although, he smilingly observed, by confining their diet to chicken, they would always have something pleasant, a merry thought, to brighten their repast.

After some further remarks, of no public interest, the Deputation, having volunteered to serve at any time on a Committee of Ways and Means, returned cheerfully to their croquet.

TRULY RURAL.

IN A COTTAGE NEAR A WASPS' NEST.

NOTES BY A DISGUSTED VISITOR FROM LONDON.

Morning.—The early bee on my dressing table. Suicide of earwig in my bath. Have to shake all my clothes to see that nothing has crawled in during the night. Feel in the toes of my slippers with the tongue. Once knew a man who found a wasp in the toe of his slipper. Repeat process with boots.

Breakfast time.—First appearance of wasps. Desultory feeding in consequence. Everything on the table, including napkins, becomes a defensive weapon against the wasps. Some are knocked down. Uncertainty as to their being killed. They crawl and sting. Once knew a man who was stung through his stockings by a crawling wasp. Everyone sits like a tailor or Turk on his chair. Ladies nervous. Pocket handkerchiefs used for hitting at wasps. Knew a man once who got a wasp in his pocket handkerchief, and it crept up his nose. Forget what became of him.

Between Breakfast and Lunch.—Wasps on the grass. Under the trees. In the sun, in the shade. Any place on the grass free from wasps is occupied by ants, or bumble bees. They say bumble bees don't sting. I tried one. Didn't it. Sit by side of murmuring brook. Dragon-flies, fearful looking creatures that come at you with a whirring noise. They say they don't sting. Never tried. Don't intend to.

Lunch.—More wasps. Desultory feeding as before. Helping each other by fits and starts. Hornets join the merry throng. After a time a queen wasp and a king hornet, to judge by their size. The king hornet suddenly disappears, it is supposed that he is insidiously on the carpet. Luncheon finished.

Afternoon.—In the shade flies, small but imitating wasps. In the sun, wasps and hornets. Horse-flies from three till four. Dogs try to catch wasps, and shake their heads for some time afterwards.

Dinner.—A few wasps. King hornet still unaccounted for.

Evening.—Cockchafer on the lawn; also Gnats who bite viciously. Daddy longlegs. Moths of all sizes, in-doors. Bats outside. Toads on gravel walk. All, except toads, in bed-room. See with tongue if king hornet is in my slippers. Spider on bed curtains. Daddies whirring about. Hate country. Shall at once return to my rooms and my Club in St. James's Street.



LAY OF THE BELL.

WHEN gay, people think me a flirt;
When solemn, they call me a fright;
Some say that brass makes a bell pert,
And when touched my noise deafens them quite.
I care not for merry-go-rounds,
But dearly delight in a swing;
And my happiness goes beyond bounds
When a handsome hand gives me a ring.

To me charming fellows have bowed,
Their silver tone sweet as a coo;
Big Ben of his notes was so proud!
And a stir made in Parliament too.
But when Ben had got up in the world,
There was one thing—sound sense, which he lacked
And I found while his lofty lip curled,
Poor Ben was a little bit cracked.

Tom of Oxford once showed me a chain,
And assumed such a serious air,
Though he knew he must single remain,
As must all other odd fellows there.
So spell-bound I foolishly flung
My love to a learned divine;
Who's too fond of each horrid dead tongue,
To like one that's so lively as mine.

A Valuable Member of American Society.

RECENT advice from America informs us that "the importers, bankers, and traders of New York, have offered \$5,000 reward for the apprehension of EDWARD KETCHUM." A defaulter, whose capture is considered to be worth so much as that, must be a precious rogue. Not a few, perhaps, of MR. KETCHUM's countrymen have been heard to express the hope that KETCHUM will be ketched.



YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.

Frank. "I SAY, ARTHUR, I WISH YOU'D GO AND KISS MY SISTER! THERE SHE IS."

Arthur. "ALL RIGHT—WHAT FOR?"

Frank. "WEY, BECAUSE THEN, I COULD KISS YOURS."

THE GREAT WESTERN VANDALS AND OXFORD.

SCENE—Inside a First-Class Carriage on the Great Western Railway. Passengers 1st and 2nd. The former looks like a gentleman, the latter is a stout elderly gent.

1st Pass. Is it possible that the Great Western Company have determined to establish their factory at Oxford?

2nd Pass. Possible! It's a fact.

1st Pass. Notwithstanding that they have been offered an infinitely better site in every way at Abingdon gratis?

2nd Pass. Certainly.

1st Pass. Why, they must be mad.

2nd Pass. (grunting). Humph!

1st Pass. What can have made the brutes so perverse and insane?

2nd Pass. (angrily). Brutes!

1st Pass. I beg your pardon if I have abused your friends.

2nd Pass. My colleagues, Sir.

1st Pass. Oh, indeed! (Mentally.) A soft answer pacifies an old pig. (Aloud) Surely, Sir, there must be some very peculiar reason for what I may venture to call your inexorable determination to taint the air, disfigure the buildings, and destroy the repose of Oxford—that noble and venerable seat of learning; the pride of England.

2nd Pass. That's it, Sir; their pride—their cussed pride. We'll take their pride down a peg.

1st Pass. Whose pride do you mean?

2nd Pass. Those proud parsons—those what you call Dons—those naughty scholars. We'll beard 'em in their hown mediæval alle.

1st Pass. And colleges?

2nd Pass. We'll let 'em see. We'll let 'em know.

1st Pass. Let them know what?

2nd Pass. That the Railway Hinderer is supreme in this hage of progress. The time as come for a hend of logic and Greek and Latin, and all that sort of thing—your M.A.'s and L.L.D.'s.

1st Pass. You have less respect, perhaps, for L.L.D. than for L. S. D.

2nd Pass. Ha, ha! not bad that.

1st Pass. Well; but as Abingdon is a better bargain than Oxford, one would think that in your selection of Oxford profit was a minor consideration. I don't wonder that this sort of policy produces dividends of five shillings per cent.

2nd Pass. Cost what it may, we'll set up our factory at Hoxford in the University's teeth. It's a question of Railways against Colleges. This sort of thing is going to squash that sort of thing.

1st Pass. "Ceci tuera cela."

2nd Pass. I talk plain English. No classics for me; no poetry, and no nonsense. I ate your hold buildings. Give me a viaduct like the London, Chatham, and Dover's hover Ludgate ill. It's a principle we go for. Material utility above beverything.

1st Pass. So you actually sacrifice dividends to the mere assertion of the money-making principle!

2nd Pass. Never mind. We mean to do it. I should like to cut a branch line right through the Colleges, and turn the biggest of 'em into a terminus. The more we're abused for going to desecrate that Hoxford monkey, the more we're determined to carry it hout.

1st Pass. Why, you're an absolutely enthusiastic Vandal.

2nd Pass. Vandal or no Vandal, we plant our factory at Hoxford.

1st Pass. At the request of the Mayor and Corporation; who, as the representatives of the Town, naturally want to spite the University. Have not some of them private reasons for wishing to do that, besides mere innate hatred of learning, and all that is beautiful and hallowed?

2nd Pass. Of course they look for hincrase of business.

1st Pass. Well, what I believe, and am firmly convinced of in my own mind, between ourselves, is, that the invitation you received from the Oxford tradesmen, to set up your abominable factory there, was dictated by a desire on the part of more than one influential member of their body, to be revenged on the University authorities for having interdicted them from dealing with the undergraduates for fraudulent practices.

2nd Pass. Well, there; the thing's to be done, let who will like it or lump it. It will be a igh triumph for a commercial body, the ighest



OXFORD IN THE FUTURE, OR THE NEW FRESHMAN.

NAVY. "GALLON O' AUDIT ALE, GUV'NOR, PLEASE. I'S GOT T' BLUNT TO PAY VOR'N."

triumph the 'commercial principle could achieve, to triumph over the University of Hoxford.

1st Pass. And that is the object to which you are going to sacrifice the interests of your shareholders! If they let you, I can only say that they are as great fools as you are—

2nd Pass. What, Sir? (*Train stops.*)

1st Pass. (*shouting in his face.*) Snobs!

[*Opens door and exit, leaving Great Western Railway Director livid and speechless with rage.*]

THE BISHOP AND THE ELEPHANT.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF O—D, AND THE NEW ELEPHANT FROM PARIS.

The Zoological Gardens. Sunday Afternoon.



LEPHANT. I salute you, my Lord. (*He trumpets.*)

Bishop (*surprised, but with admirable self-possession*). I am sure you are very kind. I hope you are very well. Quite Siamese weather.

Elephant. Your Lordship's ready recollection and general information are proverbial, and though I don't come from Siam, I am equally flattered.

Bishop. Don't say flattered, my dear—(*was going to say beast, but improves his phrase*) my dear fellow creature, because Bishops never flatter. I remember now, you are the new elephant from the Jardin des

Plantes, in Paris, come to ornament our beautiful gardens, and to offer another illustration of the wisdom of creation.

Elephant. *Rem acu tetigisti*, my Lord.

Bishop. Which, bearing in mind the fate of a certain tailor in the natural history books, I will certainly not do to your trunk.

Elephant. You are celebrated as one of the best conversationists in England, my dear Lord, and I am sure that you deserve your reputation. But confess, now—

Bishop. Confession—though I don't exactly condemn—you understand—is not exactly what I should—eh?

Elephant. Nobody better understands what the Poet Laureate so admirably calls the Falsehood of Extremes than your Lordship. Whether there is never a falsehood in the middle, too, is not now the question. I was only going to say, confess that you were astonished at hearing me speak.

Bishop. Respectable elephant, I am astonished at nothing. I have never been astonished once, since the late LORD CHANCELLOR (whose talents, however, I am the first to applaud) became the head of the Christian Young Men's Society.

Elephant. Why, you know what *Bethel* means in Hebrew?

Bishop. Please don't talk Hebrew. DR. COLENSO (a most ingenious, and I am sure well-meaning man, however) has given me a distaste for that tongue.

Elephant. He has left in the *Verulam* for Natal, and I am sure that your Lordship's best wishes fan his sails—or heat his boiler if the vessel is a steamer.

Bishop. It must be a steamer, my dear fellow-creature; he would be unhappy without hot water. But to revert: I really should have been surprised at your flow of language, had I not read in the *Charivari* that you have been holding a levée on your departure from Paris, and have been very witty upon the poor Parisians.

Elephant. "Poor victory, to conquer them" if I might cite an oratorio.

Bishop. To me, oh, yes. I am not the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, who thinks it wicked to sing HANDEL in a cathedral.

Elephant. What would WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, have said to such twaddle?

Bishop. Well, he wrote about Mosès, but did not precisely imitate his meekness; and I fear might have used even stronger language than yours. And you have come to reside permanently with us?

Elephant. I am in residence, my dear Lord; and I assure you that I am very happy to return to my allegiance to the QUEEN.

Bishop. To return? I imagined that you were French.

Elephant. As times go, I ought to reply that you do me honour. But I am a native of Her Majesty's Asiatic dominions, where several exemplary wives mourn my European captivity.

Bishop. Let us hope that they are comforted.

Elephant. It is not impossible. But the subject is unpleasant. As you see the *Charivari* you will have observed that I am depicted as arriving in England, and indignantly pitching Albion and the British Lion—types of a proffered naturalisation—to the winds. Another instance of Gallic contempt for facts, as I need no such ceremony.

Bishop. Our French friends have much *esprit*, but they are, it must be owned, horribly ignorant. They believe that the Lords, in England, speak from a tribune, and that MR. GLADSTONE, whose name they spell "GLALDSTANES," is the Lord Chancellor. However, we are close allies now, and we must avoid *facere ex elephanto muscam*, if you will forgive the allusion.

Elephant. Nothing said in Latin can be rude, my Lord. I believe that is a dogma in the freemasonry of the educated.

Bishop. Charming put; I am delighted to have conversed with you. May I ask whether you are any descendant from the elephant mentioned in GAY's *Fables*, to whom an enterprising publisher of the day offered a handsome sum to write something against orthodoxy?

Elephant. I regret to say that I am.

Bishop. Why regret that you boast so accomplished an ancestor?

Elephant. The fact is, that the golden age of authorship had not come, nor was a publisher, as now, *Asiatic* incarnate. My relative was tempted by the bookseller, was cheated, and was—I blush to say it,—reduced in old age to carry a monkey about at fairs.

Bishop. Be comforted, for I will quote PALBY to you.

Elephant. An odd quarter to go for comfort.

Bishop. Nay, for even the frigid Archdeacon holds nothing to be contemptible that ministers to the harmless gratification of many.

Elephant. An elephant, my Lord, is a gentleman, and not a mountebank. Had my ancestor resisted temptation and returned to India, he might have become executioner at the court of one of the native princes, and have trampled criminals to death on state holidays.

Bishop. In two senses a *truncator*.

Elephant. Admirable, my Lord.

Bishop. I do not approve the ambition you manifest, but I sincerely sympathise with you in any humiliation you feel.

Elephant. It is delightful, but not surprising, that a WILBERFORCE should sympathise with his black fellow-creatures. Talking of that, my Lord, can it be that the Yankees talk of giving votes to the niggers? Surely that must be what we call in Paris a *canard*.

Bishop. I fear that the news does not come from America by the *Canard* line.

Elephant. But is America mad?

Bishop. Everybody is mad who does anything wrong, and has money to hire medical witnesses.

Elephant. But this is inconceivable.

Bishop. Well—I don't know. The negroes are to have their freedom, and as you know better than I do, the French for freedom is *franchise*.

Elephant. My dear Lord, give me a better argument than a jest.

Bishop. I would if I could, but in this case I don't know one.

Elephant. A black elector neutralising a white one!

Bishop. You have white balls and black ones at elections—let us be symmetrical whatever we are.

Elephant. I tell you what, my Lord—you must get me—me—put on the register for this borough.

Bishop. Nothing would give me greater joy and delight, but Peers are forbidden to meddle with elections. And then really—you are the descendant of a long line of forest kings—and to elect MR. TOM CHAMBERS and MR. HARVEY LEWIS is a glorious thing, no doubt, and they are excellent representatives—but I think—

Elephant. But I go upon principle.

Bishop. Usually a mistake in this world.

Elephant. What SAMBO may become, in three generations, with training, I don't say, but at present my education is in advance of his. A woolly-haired—

Bishop. Pardon me, the allusion is beneath you. To fasten on his hair reminds me that DR. JOHNSON, in *Rejected Addresses*, calls you the half-reasoning parent of combs.

Elephant. Your reproof is gentle and just, as a Bishop's should be, and you have learned mildness in practising your rebukes of WESTBURY. I retract the wool, my own hair is not strictly hyacinthine, but I insist upon it that at present the nigger is not better qualified for legislation than I am.

Bishop. Say negro, my son, sarcasm loses nothing by polish. I answer you that we are English subjects, and the business is none of ours.

Elephant. Diable!

Bishop (*gravely*). Elephants are famed for memory—you forget even yourself.

Elephant. What did I say?

Bishop (smiling). Never mind. I forgot that in India, whence you come, there are worshippers of the—individual you named. As there are none in Christendom, as you must be sure from reading the journals, don't make the mistake again.

Elephant. I am schooled. But, my dear Lord, what do you mean by saying that the question of negro suffrage does not concern England?

Bishop. Well, I know nothing about the next Reform Bill, except that I shall vote against it, but what have the blacks to do with it?

Elephant. And Bishops are statesmen, and are allowed to interfere in a nation's concerns!

Bishop. Elephant, I hope you are not a Radical. Not that the intelligent party so named has not

Elephant. Never mind politeness, stick to politics. Do you mean that if the utterly ignorant blacks, conspiring to elect men like themselves, should obtain an influence in American politics, it would be no concern of foreign nations?

Bishop. Let us hope that nothing of the kind will occur.

Elephant. Those who live on hope die fasting, says the proverb. Besides, statesmen have no right to hope. Pandora's box is no despatch box.

Bishop. My dear fellow-creature, *culpa mea!* In the pleasure of your conversation I had quite forgotten that this is Sunday afternoon, and that we are discussing matters of a purely secular character. And really (*looks at watch*) it is half-past five—I must get back to Pall Mall, as I wish my servants, or at least some of them, to attend church. Can I say or do anything for you here?

Elephant. Thanks, nothing. DR. SCLATER'S supervision leaves me nothing to desire, except freedom.

Bishop. And if that had been good for you, believe me, my dear friend, it would have been accorded. Good bye, good bye, and *au revoir*.

Elephant. Sans adieu. Emancipate the Elephant.



OUT OF SEASON.

FACT IS, FITZROBBINS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE MOORS, AND BRAGGLES HAS GIVEN OUT HE WAS OFF ON A CRUISE IN STUNSKELL'S YACHT. UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT WAS AWARD TO MEET SUDDENLY, AT THE CORNER OF A STREET NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, ABOUT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF AUGUST.

OUR YACHT.

We are on board, but not started, as yet. I have not regularly commenced Log-keeping, which is, I believe, much the same as Book-keeping, involving a knowledge of double entry; that is, as regards latitude and longitude. The Commodore was very much annoyed at discovering the name that the Owner had given to the vessel. A Board was held on deck, aft (a nautical phrase explained in my previous letter), and the opinion of the First Lieutenant and Mate (myself) taken by the Commodore.

The Lieutenant said, it was just like his (the Grocer's) something'd impudence. The Commodore agreed, and so did I; though not being acquainted with the usual impudent ways of the Owner, I was, of course, obliged to take the Lieutenant's word for the resemblance in this particular instance. The Commodore suggested that the name should be painted out. The vessel was, he demonstrated, in point of law, ours for the time being. We had hired her by the week, had we not? We answered, yes, certainly. The Grocer said, he didn't care what we called it, on condition that we painted the new name at our own expense.

This was at once done, and yesterday evening the *Saucy Nauticus* beamed from the stern, or stern.

We shall get under way (nautical phrase already explained) to-morrow, certainly. To-day we have been obliged to discharge the Crew as totally incapacitated for duty, by his inordinate affection for liquor. He nearly fell over the ship's bullocks ("sides of the vessel," nautical phrase) in attempting to vindicate his reputation for sobriety. (N.B. "Bullocks" is spelt by the Commodore "Bulwarks," but the meaning is the same.) The Captain informed us that he had heard of a most respectable man on shore who would suit. From all accounts he was a perfect treasure, thoroughly honest, steady, sober, and a most excellent cook. Several people connected with the shipping interest corroborated this. He had served on board many yachts, but all his employers were away at the time (having been, in fact, like ourselves, merely temporary yacht-owners) so that a written character was next to impossible. It could, doubtless, be obtained, if we'd wait. We had better see the man and judge for ourselves.

The Commodore sent for him this afternoon. The Treasure appeared before us; a red-haired, red-whiskered, middle-aged man, with a thin prominent nose, a crab-apple sort of cheek, and light grey eyes. He was dressed in a blue Jersey, a P-jacket, dark nautical trousers, and looked (we all said) every inch a sailor. He was not given to garrulity, answering our questions briefly, but with civility. In the luxury of tobacco he was a ruminating animal. He wore his tarpaulin hat on the back of his head, touched his forelock when addressing any of us in command, had a blue anchor tattoo'd on his right hand, never used a pocket-handkerchief, and, as we all observed for the second time, was every inch a sailor. His name was WILLIAM.

We engaged him at eighteen shillings a week, giving the Captain a guinea to keep up the dignity of his station. WILLIAM said that would do, if the Crew was allowed rations. The Captain took upon himself the responsibility of answering in the affirmative, and the Commodore, to whom I believe the question was quite a novelty, said that the Crew should have rations, quite as a matter of course.

The Captain then took the Crew below ("below" means "down-stairs") to stow him away in the hold, and show him the stove and cooking apparatus. In the evening a lot of coals were brought on board. (N.B. I think this is what they call "scuttling" a ship. If you do it often, you can be had up at the Old Bailey for it.) We only had one small bag.

With the early dawn we had a cigar and made for Puffin Island. After dinner, we returned. A lovely night. Commodore said that I had better commence my Log. The Treasure, WILLIAM, brought a lantern into our cabin. Before I commenced, the Commodore proposed that we should arrange our berths. I asked where were the hassocks? So romantic to sleep in swinging hassocks, like midshipmen. (N.B. It's "hammocks," not "hassocks." They're beds slung up in the air by ropes.) They said that there was no room for hammocks, and showed me the two dark recesses, like boot-holes, that the Captain had shown me before, only I thought he was joking. These sailors are such dogs for fun.

I own that I was a little disappointed, and observed that even of these recesses there were only two; what was the third person to do? Keep watch, was the Commodore's answer, as readily as if he'd been in command all his life. The Lieutenant and Mate always take it in turn to keep watch, he explained to us. The Lieutenant positively objected: turn, and turn about, he said, was

fair play. I expressed myself to the same effect, but did not foresee much turning about in the berth.

The Lieutenant immediately took possession of the starboard-side berth (nautical phrase for the left or right hand side, according as you may happen to be standing) and commenced spreading railway rugs, and coats, by way of bed-clothes. The Commodore said that he would take the first watch, and that I could jump into my berth. At Two Bells the Lieutenant and Mate should toss who was to relieve him. (Two bells means, in nautical phraseology, some hour or another, 1 o'clock, I think, which is sounded by bells. We hadn't any on board. I asked the Commodore when "two bells" was. He only said, with an air of surprise, what didn't I know that? and went up-stairs.) I was to keep my Log of the first watch.

I don't know how he managed it so quickly, but by the time the Commodore had gone aloft (i. e. on deck) the Lieutenant, who had only taken off his boots and P-jacket, and wrapped himself up in a couple of railway rugs, was fast asleep, with his head on a carpet-bag by way of pillow, and snoring deliberately.

So in the gloomy cabin, by the light of a dirty tallow candle, with a long wick, stuck in an old watchman's lantern, I sat down on a sort of a bench, jutting out between my berth and the floor, to commence my Log.

The first thing was to find pens and ink. They were in my small portmanteau. By groping about, I discovered my portmanteau in the recess called "my berth," which went much farther back than I had

imagined, and suggested, more than ever, boot-holes, where rats and black-beetles walk about. If there is a thing I abhor it is a black-beetle; if a vermin I detest, it is a rat, so I boldly poked my lantern into every corner of the berth. My scrutiny only showed me cracks where the obnoxious creatures might crawl up, and I found myself humming that line in "*The Admiral*," where the Tar sings, as if he was proud of it—

"Strange things come up to look at us,
The monsters of the deep."

Here the Lieutenant snored loudly and moved. I would have given anything for a little conversation, even if he had only talked in his sleep; but he only murmured, or rather grunted, and slept as soundly as ever.

I now noticed our deficiency in the way of tables. I would step up and mention this to the Commodore. On second thoughts as such conduct might show an ignorance of nautical usages, I would place my Log-book, ink, and lantern on my berth and commence. Here is my first entry.

"Log of the *Saucy Nautilus*. Time, getting on for two bells, say one bell and a half, i. e. about 11:30. All calm. Very depressing. Cabin stuffy. Commodore on deck. Hear them talking and moving on deck. Lieutenant snoring. Feel hot over the eyes, not sleepy, envy Lieutenant. Don't know what to put down. Fancy I heard a rat. Shall try to go to bed, I mean go to berth."

This was my first entry.

FLOWERS FROM "LE FOLLET."



ALL does *Le Follet* continue to merit its name. There is intelligence, however, in the following observation on certain cloaks described among Fashions for September:—

"A few of these cloaks are worn with a band and buckle, or sash outside, but this is a fashion only adopted by ladies who have not a just appreciation of the difference between eccentric and distinguished."

The readers of *Le Follet* might have been told, for the information of some of them, what the difference between eccentric and distinguished is. To be eccentric is necessarily to be distinguished; but we suppose that distinguished, in the dialect of fashion, means distinguished by superior elegance, and eccentric distinguished by singularity alone. We are not sure, however, that distinguished, in milliners' French, is not synonymous with aristocratic milliners' English.

The subjoined paragraph raises a question of interest:—

"A particular description of some toilettes we have seen, worn by or prepared for some of the reigning *élégantes*, will give a better idea of the styles in vogue than any general ideas on the subject."

Who are the reigning *élégantes*? Is LOUIS NAPOLEON a Mormonite? What other reigning *élégantes* are there than his EMPRESS? Is the QUEEN OF SPAIN a reigning *élégante*, for example? Or do the reigning *élégantes* reign only over the fashions? In that case, perhaps, the less said about them the better.

We now come to a passage relative to a sort of bonnet called the "chapeau empire," which will please Paterfamilias:—

"Some few milliners have attempted an imitation by means of a straight ribbon fulled on the bonnet; but this has a very ugly and home-made appearance, and is never likely to be adopted by any one with pretensions to taste."

Paterfamilias, with an eye to the notions which *Le Follet* might put into the heads of his daughters, will particularly admire the contemptuous view of home-made things which it inculcates in conjoining home-made, as a term of disparagement, with ugly. Paterfamilias will like to have suggested to his girls the opinion, that economy in dress is mean and beggarly. He will also rejoice greatly in *Le Follet's* announcement that:—

"Dresses are made as long and as full as ever."

Yes; and Paterfamilias, although on a superficial view he may deem some evening dresses a great deal too low, will find, when he comes to pay for them, that they are quite high enough.

THE WORSE FOR LIQUOR LAW.

POOR LAWSON, from Carlisle,
Alas! Thou art discarded.
And yet the wise may smile
To see thee thus rewarded
For that Permissive Bill
John Barleycorn to slaughter.
There go, thy tumbler fill,
And drown thy grief in water.

Thou, SOMES, dismissed from Hull,
About thy business wander.
For making Sunday dull,
On schemes, in private, ponder.
Down in oblivion sink,
Thou, who wouldst by coercion,
Have barred, from needful drink,
The people on excursion.

POPE too, of Maine Law fame,
Thee Bolton has rejected;
Defeated is thine aim,
As was to be expected.
Retire, resume the stump;
The House is not thy station.
Betake thee to the Pump,
Thence draw thy consolation.

OVERLOOKERS OF LINCOLN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* states that "an energetic appeal is about to be made to the Crown" to allow the erection of "a new episcopal see, to be formed mainly out of the present extensive diocese of Lincoln." Our well posted-up contemporary adds, that "Convocation has more than once recommended the establishment of the new diocese, and it is known that the whole of the episcopal bench are in favour of it;" moreover, that the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has declared himself willing "to give up part of his diocese, with the patronage belonging to it, to the new BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL"—as the see and prelate in contemplation are to be named—"if the arrangement can be speedily effected." The diocese of Lincoln is certainly a very extensive one. So extensive is it that a single Bishop, episcopus or overlooker, cannot very well look over the whole of it. There is indeed a certain personage, who, according to a popular saying, "looks over Lincoln," and, at present, appears to be the only overlooker capable of looking over all Lincoln alone. But that personage looks over Lincoln from an opposite standpoint to that of an ecclesiastical overlooker. As it is, he has perhaps the advantage of a single Bishop; but no doubt two Bishops would be more than a match for him.

Scene—A Railway Station.

Railway Official (very kindly). Nice Child that, Mam. What age may it be?

Delighted Mama. Only three years and two months.

Railway Official (sternly). Two months over three. Then I shall require a ticket for it, please.



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Tom Lothbury (to Jack Billiter, who has "come in" to a nice little estate in Surrey, wherunto he intends retiring and rustivating.) "YOU'LL KEEP COWS, I S'POSE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING!"

Jack. "OH, NO, CAN'T BEAR MILK!"

Tom (who has a taste for the rural). "COCKS AND HENS, THEN?"

Jack. "NO, HATE EGGS AND PUDDINGS AND ALL THAT!"

Tom. "NOR YET SHEEP!"

Jack. "EH, AH! OH, YES; I'LL HAVE A SHEEP, I'M VEWY FOND OF KIDNEYS FOR BWEAKFAST!!"

QUESTIONABLE CRITICISM.

OUR attention has been attracted by the advertisement of "A New Work on the

"PURE DENTISTRY AND WHAT IT DOES FOR US. By BLANK DASH, Blank Street, W.—"From the great success of the previous work on dental surgery, by the same author, we anticipate the above will be read with avidity by all classes who are interested in discriminating between pure and meretricious dentistry."—Sold by, &c."

This announcement was published in the advertising columns of one of the principal morning papers. That portion of it printed between inverted commas has all the appearance of being an extract from a review, except the name of the review, which does not appear. Now, in the first place, we wonder whether the apparent quotation from some review of a "New Work on the Pure Dentistry," &c., was derived simply from the preface to that treatise. We wonder, in the next, whether the foregoing advertisement will appear elsewhere with the name of a respectable morning paper appended to the quotation which it contains. For then that quotation will, to the eye wherein there is green, seem to have been made from a review of the book in that respectable paper.

The anonymous critic, in the advertisement above copied, speaks of "classes who are interested in discriminating between pure and meretricious dentistry." We belong to one of those classes; we belong to that class which likes to know the meaning of words. What is meant by pure dentistry we understand. Pure dentistry we conceive to mean the art of drawing, scaling, filing, and stopping teeth, and supplying the place of lost natural teeth with artificial teeth on reasonable terms, and at charges that are not extortionate. But we cannot make out what meretricious dentistry means. There are ladies who have taken physicians' degrees and are practising medicine; but who has ever heard that any persons of the *demi-monde* are engaged in the practice of dental surgery? Meretricious, in its secondary sense, is "alluring by false show;" but although the show of factitious palates, gums, and so

forth, outside of certain dentists' doors, may be false, there is a great mistake in the supposition that many people are allured by it, though some may be; a few, who must be very great fools.

SUBSTITUTE FOR NEWS.

THE enormous gooseberry just now is out of season, but in its place we are presented by a contemporary with a very peculiar species of

"RARA AVIS.—A few days since Mr. WHITE, a gentleman residing at Erith, shot a heron in the marshes near the sewage outfall at Crossness Point, and wishing to have the scarce bird preserved and stuffed, took it for that purpose to a naturalist at Woolwich, who found in its gizzard a full-grown rat, the tusks of which were nearly an inch in length."

The common heron is not a scarce bird. Rats, however, are rarely found in the stomachs of herons. Did the writer of the above paragraph mean to make out his "*Rara Avis*" a rat?

Authentic Intelligence.

It is rumoured that, on the occurrence of the next vacancy in the right reverend bench, a mitre will be conferred on DR. PUSSEY.

MR. BRIGHT, on his return from America, will be raised to the Peerage, and, on the resignation of VISCOUNT SIDNEY, appointed Lord Chamberlain.

The Swiss Fleet is hourly expected at Spithead.

We are sorry to say that Hooping Cough is prevalent among the Grenadier Guards.

BUOYANT INSCRIPTION FOR THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—"To be left till called for"



WE SHOULD THINK SO.

Aunt. "Now, CLARA, YOU SHOULD DO AS I DO. WHENEVER ANY MAN FOLLOWS ME, I TURN ROUND, AND GIVE HIM ONE OF MY LOOKS, AND HE IS OFF IMMEDIATELY."

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE AT SYDENHAM.

THE following petition to Parliament, representing the Sabbatarian principles and convictions of that most serious section of the serious public, the serious publicans, is designed to lie for signature at pot-houses and ginshops in and about the Metropolis:—

To the Honourable House of Commons, &c.

The Humble Petition of the Professing Christian Publicans, Hotel and Tavern Keepers and proprietors of Wine Vaults in London and the neighbourhood, Humbly Sheweth:—

That on Sunday last week about 15,000 persons, shareholders of the Crystal Palace, with their friends, and the members of the Crystal Palace share clubs, with their friends also, were admitted to the palace and grounds by free tickets, thus desecrating the Sabbath, just as it is desecrated in another quarter of the Metropolis by the Fellows of the Zoological Society, and those select but sinful persons whom they admit by order to the Zoological Gardens on Sundays.

That the majority of those present at the Crystal Palace on the said Sunday belonged to the great middle class, the special depository, hitherto, of the genuine enlightened British religion.

That notwithstanding the gross sinfulness in the commission whereof they were engaged, the weather was magnificent. And that all present seemed to enjoy what they called their privilege, with a truly painful want of a due sense of the meaning of that word.

That during the afternoon a selection of sacred music was performed by MR. COWARD on the Grand Organ, to disguise amusement with the pretence of a devotional celebration.

That after the performance of the sacred music, a secular address was delivered by MR. BAXTER LANGLEY in explanation of the principles of the National Sunday League. That the principles of the National Sunday League were practised by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, in admitting, at the suggestion of the said League, into the Crystal Palace, last Sunday week, a multitude of the wicked, to wit the Sabbath-breakers aforesaid.

That, on the part of the Crystal Palace Company, or the National Sunday League, or both, it was announced that a free Sunday admission to the said Palace would shortly be given to the Letter-carriers of the Metropolis.

That your petitioners, as faithful men, duly licensed to deal in spirituous liquors, are therefore much grieved in spirit at the desecration of the Sabbath which has been perpetrated, and at the intention shortly to perpetrate a similar desecration of that day at the Crystal Palace.

That in the opinion of your petitioners this desecration of the Crystal Palace is the thin end of the wedge.

That if crowds of people are allowed to be admitted to the Crystal Palace by free ticket on Sunday, your Honourable House will next be called upon, and will be unable, with any regard to consistency, to refuse to allow the National Gallery, the British Museum, and all other such institutions to be open on the Sunday likewise to the British Public.

That if those places of amusement and instruction were open on Sundays, great numbers of persons would pass some time in them, which they now, perhaps, spend in spiritual exercises. And that they would also keep a considerable amount of money in their pockets which they are at present certainly accustomed to spend in spirits, wine, and beer.

That your petitioners are wholly regardless of the consideration that popular abstinence on the people's holiday from alcoholic beverages would in any measure injure the business of your petitioners; but they are truly afraid it might seriously affect the revenue.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly entreat your Honourable House by legislative enactment to prohibit for the future those evasive arrangements through which admission to the Crystal Palace may be obtained on Sundays by free ticket, and, in the interest of the State, not at all in that of your petitioners, to enact that, whilst public-houses remain open on Sundays, public institutions devoted to art, science and natural history, shall remain closed.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, and daily accustomed to ever pray, &c.

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THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER V.

Art Notes continued—The Galleries—Rules—Hangers—The Lion—A Cup of Coffee—Portrait of a Lady—Portraits of two Gentlemen.



BEFORE introducing the Railway Art-student to the treasures of another West-End gallery, it will be as well to mention one or two circumstances in connection with these exhibitions of ancient Art modernised.

The West Galleries, exclusive of the Metropolitan underground stations, are those of Charing Cross, Paddington, Victoria and Waterloo.

The East are at Bishopsgate, London Bridge, Farringdon Street, and Fenchurch Street.

The Northern Galleries at Euston Square and King's Cross will also repay the trouble of a

visit. Admission to all is gratis.

BRADSHAW publishes, bound up with his Guide, a catalogue of these mural decorations, but it is by no means comprehensive or exhaustive; and by the utter absence in its pages of anything like order or perspicuous arrangement, it is almost worse than useless to the inquiring traveller who is at all pressed for time.

The Pictures are for the most part un-numbered, a defect to which we call the attention of the exhibitors. Only R.A.'s are privileged to hang their productions on the station walls. The distinction conferred upon an artist by the degree of R.A. is that of *Railway Advertiser*. An A.R.A. is an *Associate of Railway Advertisers*. The R.A.'s possess the right of exhibiting *on the Lines*, and *all along the Line*: there are no hangers below the Line.

The reader will now have the goodness to accompany us to the gallery at the Victoria Station. The first picture that strikes us is

No. 90. *Leo the Great*.—A majestic head of a grand old lion looks down disdainfully upon us from out of a thicket of patent taps, corkscrews, razors, and seven-bladed pocket knives. We have to blame MR. MOSELEY, inasmuch as he has presented so small a space for fault-finding, the lion's head being all that the artist has per-



mitted us to see. We are sorry that he has not gone the entire animal, but in what he has given us there is such a depth of colouring, so admirably managed a relation 'twixt light and shade, so careful a manipulation specially evident in his handling of the seven-bladed knife in the right-hand corner, as to evoke from the most severe critic an involuntary expression of the heartiest admiration. Had the gradation of the tawny tint between the right eye and the left

nostril been less gradual, the effect of the eye's ferocity would have been even more striking than it is. We cannot extend our praise to the instruments of torture, and the weapons of attack with which man has provided himself, that occupy the foreground of the picture. Apart from any objection that we might be inclined to make to their introduction, on the score of æsthetical propriety, we shall content ourselves with remarking, that all impress of local atmosphere about them is entirely wanting. We will not, however, be unnecessarily severe upon such an undoubtedly meritorious work as that before us, and shall watch with increasing interest the progress of a pupil who so worthily follows in the footsteps of his great master SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

No. 30. *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*.—A Turkish slave magnificently dressed carrying coffee to the Pasha's visitors. A picturesquely and originally designed work; but the details are elaborated to such a painful extent as to destroy the freedom requisite in a picture of this nature. There is Ultra-Pre-Raphaelitism and uncompromising bigotry in every fibre of the large patterned carpet, which the red Turkish shoes of the cup-bearer are indenting. Such insistence on minutiae as this is false to the true principles of Art, and is but a representation of nature as seen through a microscope of extraordinary power.

Some students of this school affirm that beneath even their apparently most trivial productions lies a moral. Minute manipulation is fatal to freedom. MR. DUNN will not only probably allow, but actually adopt the axiom, as a defence of his method of representing a slave.

Owing to the absence of any authoritative catalogue, we have assumed the title to be *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*, but re-consideration induces us to prefer *The Virtuous Slave* as being the person to whom the description "warranted to keep good in any climate" is meant to apply. The silver coffee-pot and cup are in keeping with the character of the tray which is well imagined, though coloured in too low a key. The slave himself is less forcibly conceived, being of the low Arab type. The dress is brilliant, and admirably harmonised; but in his treatment of drapery the painter shows a tendency to elaboration without due regard to strict and valuable accuracy. The picture on the whole is far above the average of this year's show. Let not the artist be satisfied with praise, but persevere and do good service in the cause of Art.

The *Portrait of a Lady* (MADAME BOOTH) and two portraits of gentlemen by SANGSTER, R.A., call for no very special notice from us. In



"WARRANTED TO KEEP GOOD IN ANY CLIMATE."



the former the head is well studied, but there is a hard handling, evident in the violet-strings of the bonnet, that neutralises the otherwise pleasing effect of the face above them.

MR. SANGSTER's portraits are too wooden. The modern dresses, however, are managed with singular mastery and fidelity.

Pedantry of the Press.

LEADER-WRITERS delight in calling the murrain "the Rinderpest." What affectation is this? Why resort to a German word, when there is a capital English term already at their fingers' ends? Like sensible fellows, if they wish to be understood, why don't they call it simply "the Cattleplague?"

ON THE SPA.

(From a *Scarletborough Correspondent*.)



HERE'S a chair, Sir—sit near us, mind my dress, and don't laugh at that old Guy before you; I assure you she thinks herself one of the attractions of the Spa. No, we were not at the ball last night, Papa was so cross, and wouldn't go. You did not bathe to-day—too much trouble—well, men are the laziest creatures! I had bathed before eight o'clock, and had my glass of water into the bargain. You don't believe in the springs? I wonder what you do believe in? O, nonsense. Isn't it dreadful, the Yorkshire dialect, or brogue, or

whatever you call it? The children are catching it, and Mamma scolds them all day long. Think you shall go back to town—stuff! No better than Ramsgate? Well, you are civil, Sir. O, of course you didn't mean that—do you ever mean anything? Nonsense, I tell you. Only wait until October, and you will see the real Yorkshire families—this is only Leeds, and Bradford, and Wakefield, taking excursions. Yes, we were at MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S Concert, but I don't believe that you were. She is delightful, and I was so glad they encored the air from *Naaman*, but you know nothing about that—do you know what an Oratorio is? Severe? No, I am not, but I know what men think about music—there! that's more in your way, "*Slop Bang! Here we are again!*" I tell you the springs are most beneficial. One is called North, and the other South, and there were some Federal families and some Confederates staying here, and neither would take the water with the hateful name, so each lot kept drinking the one that happened not to be good for them—wasn't it fun? That's considered one of the beauties, but I don't see much in her. You think her handsome? Some men are easily pleased. Keep your chair quiet, you are on my dress. *Scarletborough* is very full, I believe. No rooms are to be had at the hotels, and a gentleman told me that he was, as a great favour, put into a garret, with no lock, and he had to bolt his door with his toothbrush. Dreadfully hot? No, I like it. LORD PORTABLINGTOWN is a dear for predicting such weather. But I am told that it's owing to a Comet, which is soon going away. Look at those two. Older than he? I should say she was, five years at the very least. Not painted? Well, men have no eyes. That's a sweet giggle, isn't it, playful darling? O, she doesn't care for *L'Africaine*, she says. Sweet dear—she ought, for she's as yellow as one. Africans are not yellow? That's nonsense, and only said to contradict. Perhaps that lovely sea isn't blue? Will you be quiet, and let my eyes alone—it isn't easy to throw dust into them, I can tell you. Yes, that's a handsome man—don't you know him? That's BAKER WELBECK, the poet. Why, you read nothing. His poems are sweet. Here come the BALDERDASHES—turn your head away. I don't want her to come up and tell me how every one of her children is, and what he said at breakfast. She has caught VERNON SPRIGES—that's right, let him be the martyr. No, I have not been to see any pictures. Do you think I want to see a picture of a missionary being eaten? I dare say it served him right. Of course I go to Church—do you think we are heathens? Why, we have to go an hour before the bell rings, or we should not get seats, at least seats where we could see. One don't go to Church to see? Indeed! Perhaps one goes to be seen—now, Mr. Cynical. Many a true word spoken in jest? If you can't say anything better than that, you had better go and ask MRS. BALDERDASH to tell you about her youngest child cutting its finger, and never howling. Spa very pretty. Yes, it would be delightful if it wasn't for the people. You don't know what they're playing? And yet I heard you chattering for an hour about the Opera to Miss HACKNES yesterday. Not an hour—only five minutes. I'm glad the time seemed so short to you. I thought *she* looked bored, but you know best. A good talker, is she? Well, you didn't give her a chance. No, fishing indeed! I hate fishing. It's very cruel, and very stupid, and I hate to be splashed all over by a frantic whiting. They call them whitenings here? Don't I know it—does not that fiend of a man come bellowing round at six in the morning with his horrid fish—who can want fish at six o'clock? I ought to get up? Thank you, the days are quite long enough, with nobody to speak to, and nothing to do. O, you—well, and you have got stupid down here—the air does not agree with you. Go back to town—certainly, if you like, why should you not? Nobody wants to keep you, and CHARLEY WILKINSON is coming next week. Ah, here's Mamma—mind you say you've been looking everywhere for her. Mamma dear, I'm so glad you've found us, &c., &c., &c., &c.

RHYME AND REASON.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM led to address you to-day on a subject which puzzles me much, I must say; for what *are* we to do, in this difficult age, when our cooks are superior to onions and sage; and our housemaids to scrubbing, and dusting, and brushing, and won't soil their fingers with soda and washing? They wait at our tables with *retroussé* noses, as though we were something opposed to sweet posca. In their dress and behaviour they set us at naught, and prove that 'civility's not to be bought. Their upward, strong march is too much to be borne; shall we open our ranks, then, and let them pass on? They will find their own level, where'er that may be, and we a good remedy surely may see, if o'er the Atlantic's broad billows we look, for the type of a housemaid, a scullion, or cook. We shall there, too, see servants to work on our farms, with coachmen, and footmen, with calves and strong arms; who may dress as they please, for they'll ne'er be confounded, with their masters and mistresses, howe'er surrounded. Towers or strength are the Darkies to fill up this gap; and we'll pay them in wages, instead of the strap.

Use your influence, then, with our dear wise old PAM; and persuade him to send for some children of HAM, who've been "servants of servants," as we must all know, since the time that the Heavens first saw the rainbow. But if once they set foot on our free English land, they will rise with their freedom and take their own stand; supported by laws, on which they'd have a claim, dealing justice to all without station or name. America, too, would owe us a guerdon, for relieving her shoulders of such a sad burden. The ways and the means of this movement I'll leave to your wisdom, dear *Punch*, but I really believe, if we live long enough, we shall all of us see Europe covered with servants as black as can be. For great rivers begin from a very small spring—and this feeble idea, though it looks at first queer—may, through you, as through Fate, take a shape grand and great. For if you should find that PAM is not inclined to offer a lift to the negroes adrift, to the Quakers then turn, I'm sure they would burn with zeal for a people whom they've always thought equal; if they'd freight a few ships, with these men with thick lips, and provide them a home, when to England they come, they'd be welcome, I say, as the sweet flowers of May, to those who like me, perplexed Housekeepers be!!

JINGLE.

THE ARMSTRONG AND WHITWORTH GUNS.

We've dogs and cats for mice and rats,
We've guns, and traps, and bane.
Caught unawares by means of snares
Are stoats and weasels slain.
And so we may catch birds of prey,
And kill off nasty things
That fly or crawl, vile vermin all
That plague with teeth or stings.

At little price, from rats and mice,
The house and barn we free,
Rid field and wood of rapine's brood,
And beds of bug and flea.
But oh, what cost must needs be lost,
How many brave men too,
Would we keep down the Austrian lown,
Or Prussian thief subdue!

There's no cheap mean, that can be seen,
Which we, while risk we scape,
May so employ as to destroy
Ill beasts in human shape.
It is too true all we can do
To bate the foreign pest
Is, stick to drill, and arms that kill
Forge better than their best.

THE BRIGAND'S BANKER.

WE have it on the authority of MR. MOENS to state, that the only Banker the Brigands have is RANSOM.

"TANT MEUX," as the publican said when he watered the beer.



DE GUSTIBUS, ETC.

Philosophical Sea-faring Party (who manages our Friend's Yacht). "WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I S'POSE THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL PLEASURE, AND COMES ALL THE WAY FROM LONDON FOR!"

[Brown, the Funny Man, with the Eye-glass, thinks it an Idyachtic kind of pleasure, but is actually too far gone to say so.]

THE WEED ON THE RAIL.

MR. PUNCH,

ACCORDING to the newspapers, this country is threatened with an awful epidemic.

Tobacco-smoke is what the doctors call a disinfectant.

As you meet all sorts of people in railway carriages, amongst them you may chance to meet with infected people. Come now, old fellow, isn't that logic?

Very well then. I say let Railway Companies forthwith repeal their stupid bye-laws against smoking, and allow fellows to smoke in all the carriages, only in the first-class carriages to smoke none but first-class cigars, out of consideration for refined old buffers and sensitive females; passengers in the second and third-class carriages to smoke Pickwicks if they like, or common shag. By the way, first-class cigars are fearfully expensive. They are as dear, by Jove, as butcher's meat, and their expense is a much greater bore for a fellow than the price of that is to Paterfamilias. But I am aware that this is an irrelevant observation, and from the subject of butcher's meat return to my mutton, that is to say, tobacco, the medicinal use of which, by way of precaution against contagion, is what no reasonable Board of Directors can possibly object to. I assure you it is solely on account of anxiety about the public health and of sincere interest in sanitary science, that I contend, and want you to support my argument, that with very few exceptions, such as Church, the healthy practice of smoking ought not only to be permitted, but encouraged in all places wherever people most do congregate, especially in Railway Carriages. My years do not greatly exceed those of discretion, but I have really seen so much life already, that I feel quite justified in signing myself,

Yours truly, SENEX.

"ORNAMENTAL JET."—We have been to Whitby, and can safely take upon ourselves to say that the above term will not by any means apply to either of the fountains in Trafalgar Square.

A GANG OF THAMES DEFILERS.

At the Wandsworth Police Office the other day, the West Middlesex Waterworks Company was summoned by the Thames Board of Conservancy for discharging a large quantity of mud from a reservoir at Barnes into the river. The police report that records this gratifying fact, and the fact, still more gratifying, that the West Middlesex Waterworks Company (which deserves to be called the Dirty Water Company) was fined £30 for the nuisance, committed, as it was, after and notwithstanding notice, describes the mechanical agents in the commission of that nuisance as "a gang of men." Very good. They were simply a gang of men. It would be unjust to call them a gang of offenders. They were not morally guilty of the pollution of the river into which they served to let mud. But a little higher up that river there is a certain corporate body whose members, under the sanction of that legal sage VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD, are wilfully and deliberately polluting the Thames with the sewage of their town, by which nasty place it unfortunately flows. Would it be using unduly strong language to call them a gang of miscreants? This question is respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of the Mayor and Corporation of Kingston.

Idleness and Insolence.

DEAR PUNCH,—I read that MESSRS. CAMERON and MOERNS have been simultaneously set free. Surely there is room for some joke here about CAM-MOERNS (CAMOERNS, the poet, you know, eh?) But it is much too hot for me to invent it. Receive the assurance, &c.

A Bathing Machine, Sept. 8.

A PERSPIRING CONTRIBUTOR.

ANYTHING BUT A CHAMPION JOKE.—TOM KING is announced at Scarborough. FLACCUS, when he saw the placard, exclaimed with his usual readiness, "He's coming down to 'Spa' it, I suppose."



THE WATER BABIES.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD TO MADAME FRANK. "DELIGHTFUL TO SEE THE CHILDREN SUCH GOOD FRIENDS, DEAR, ISN'T IT?"

FLINCHING AT ST. MICHAEL'S, SHOREDITCH.

THE newly-built Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch, is situated in what is called a low neighbourhood. It does not therefore follow that the Clergy who officiate therein are low men, and in point of fact, they are High Churchmen. Nevertheless, it is possible for High Churchmen to be very low fellows, and, for example, to issue an advertisement of a character so low as the following:—

CURATE WANTED IMMEDIATELY for S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, SHOREDITCH. Daily Celebration, and Choral Services, and therefore knowledge of Music required. A Priest who will be AFRAID to flinch. Stipend at present £120.—Address, &c., &c.

Here you have ultra High Churchmanship stooping to puff itself in exactly the phraseology of the illiterate advertising tradesman and vile quack. You see the highest Churchmanship in combination with the lowest style.

The foregoing announcement appeared in the *Church Times* of August 12. On the 24th of the same month the BISHOP OF LONDON consecrated the Church named in it. The manager, or whatever he calls himself, of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, advertised for a Priest who was afraid to flinch. He got very much more than he bargained for—an unflinching Bishop. According to the *Daily News* of August 25, on arriving at the vestry, accompanied by DR. TRAVERS TWISS, and MR. SHEPHERD, registrar of the diocese of London, and being met by the Clergy of the district,—

"Almost the first words spoken by the Right Rev. Prelate were addressed to the Rev. C. LYFORD, the incumbent, and had reference to four handsome bouquets on the altar. The Right Rev. Prelate stated that before the consecration took place they must be removed."

There was the unflinching Bishop. Where was the Priest that was to be "afraid to flinch?" The REV. MR. LYFORD flinched:—

"MR. LYFORD accordingly sent for the churchwarden, and desired him to take the flowers away."

The BISHOP OF LONDON proceeded to do his episcopal duty without flinching:—

"The Bishop then surveyed the assembled Clergy, most of whom were habited in surplices, with richly embroidered stoles. His Lordship said quietly, but sternly, 'The Clergy here of my diocese must appear in the ceremonial of to-day in the simple dress of Clergymen of the Church of England.'"

Hereupon, indeed, the reverend gentlemen in the smart petticoats, showed some symptoms of being afraid to flinch. With a hesitation that was quite ladylike—

"At this the Clergy looked at each other very innocently, as though they were at a loss to comprehend his Lordship's meaning. A somewhat awkward pause ensued, during which no one stirred."

But the Bishop insisted, and the Clergy presently flinched:—

"Again turning to the Clergy, his Lordship said somewhat peremptorily, 'I must ask you to take off those ribbons, gentlemen.' MR. LYFORD bowed, and at once removed his stole (a white silk one with rich crimson and gold embroidery), and his example was followed by the other Clergymen present."

These gentlemen, dressed so remarkably like ladies, were not so much afraid to flinch from taking their ribbons off, and perhaps divesting themselves of Crinoline, as afraid to disobey their Bishop. Having "peeled" their pretty vestments—

"The Clergy then formed a procession, and walked to the west door, where they were met by the choir, and the service began."

All's well that ends well, to borrow the language of a distinguished dramatist; and all now seemed likely to end well in the quiet consecration of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. The Clergy, however, evinced just one more indication of being a little afraid to flinch:—

"So far the large congregation, which numbered pretty nearly one thousand persons, were in the dark as to any hitch having occurred, the same above detailed having taken place in the vestry; but now an open breach took place. On the stone reredos behind the communion table there was a rough sketch in charcoal of the Crucifixion, with the figures of St. Mary and St. John. This seemed to give great offence to the Bishop, and he asked for an explanation from the incumbent. That offered did not appear to be satisfactory to his Lordship, and he expressed a wish that the Cartoon should be at once effaced. It would seem that none of the officials relished the task, but the Bishop resolutely refused to proceed with the service until some understanding was come to."

But the unflinching firmness of the BISHOP OF LONDON ultimately prevailed over the fear of flinching on the part of the REV. MR. LYFORD and his coadjutors, or company:—

"At length his Lordship said, 'If you will give an undertaking to efface that Cartoon I will proceed.' MR. LYFORD consented to do this, and the Bishop thereupon instructed DR. T. TWISS to draw up a paper to that effect, saying that the registrar could read the petition whilst it was being done. DR. T. TWISS accordingly went to the vestry, and drew up the following memorandum: 'We hereby undertake to remove to-morrow the unfinished Cartoon on the east end of the chancel wall of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. August 24, 1865.' DR. TWISS then returned to the chancel, and the document was signed in presence of the congregation by MR. LYFORD, by MR. TRANTER, Churchwarden, and by MR. BROOKS, Architect."

Our unflinching Bishop gained his point, and the clerical masqueraders, whose Corypheus advertises for a Curate afraid to flinch from

making a fool of himself, proved to be not only courageous enough to be capable of flinching, but unconditionally "caved in." Having made himself obeyed—

"The Bishop then said, 'I have no objection to consecrate this Church in accordance with the prayer of that petition,' and proceeded with the service."

In reference to the unflinching determination of the BISHOP OF LONDON not to countenance a ridiculous display of simious ritualism, the following piece of impertinence appeared, on August 26, in the same paper as that in which an asinine incumbent, wanting a Curate, advertised for "a Priest who will be afraid to flinch:—"

"ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, SHOREDITCH.—This Church was consecrated by the BISHOP OF LONDON on Thursday last. We reserve our report until next week, merely mentioning that the Right Rev. Prelate displayed his iconoclastic propensities in reference to ornaments both of the Church and the Clergy, and altogether behaved both before and during the service with an amount of intolerance and irreverence which we were shocked to witness."

In saying that when the BISHOP OF LONDON ordered a set of clerical mimes to doff their motley, he "displayed his iconoclastic propensities," the *Church Times* displays considerable proficiency in penny-a-lining. Yet the act of destroying the Golden Calf was doubtless iconoclastic, and the BISHOP OF LONDON must certainly be admitted to have done much the same thing in dealing, as he did on the consecration of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, with the ecclesiastical calves attached to that sacred edifice.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

Scene in a Secluded Glen.

Henry. Good bye, dearest EMILY, we may never meet again. Give me some love-token, which shall recall your loved image to my memory,—some treasured trifle, which shall remind me always of the happy past. EMILY, my heart's idol, pray give me a lock of your beautiful hair?

Emily (*deeply affected, and beginning to sob*). My darling HENRY, I cannot—dare not give you a lock of my hair. Still, as I cannot refuse you anything, here take—take, my best-beloved, this Chignon instead.

[*Ridiculous confusion of HENRY at having the article in question put into his hands there and then.*]

AN ATTRACTION IN THESE DAYS!

At a fashionable watering-place in the North, not twenty miles from Fife, outside the doors of the miserable Town Hall, where offenders are tried by Magistrates in the morning, and audiences are still more severely tried by performers in the evening, we noticed the three following placards:—"MAD DOGS."—"CRUELTY TO ANIMALS."—"GAVAZZEL." What between the first and third announcements, we did not in the least wonder at the fact mentioned in the second. Considering the heat of the weather, and that the "CAUTION" about muzzling was confined only to the dogs, it was not surprising that the few visitors, who ventured near the place, hurried on as quickly as possible. It was quite a panic in the town.

"Faithful Alone among the Faithless found."

See Times, September 4.

HONOUR to ST. ALBAN Hall,
Though the recognition's tardy:
If its number is but small,
There's no fool among them all;
Not one member polled for HARDY.

AN OBLIGATION BOTH WAYS.

THE French are fond of saying "*Noblesse oblige*," and so it does occasionally; as, for instance, when an appreciative Nobleman sends us up a haunch of venison, or a basket of salmon, or a nice little hamper filled with every variety of game. In such a case, we must confess, Nobility does oblige in a way that is most truly acceptable.

Culinary Security.

Young Lady. Dear me! How stupid! The cook has been and put two skewers in this hare. I wonder what that can be for?

A Brute of a Brother. Probably, my dear, to make skewer doubly skewered?
[Exit, running.]

CURE FOR THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

It is possible that the disease which is now carrying off the cattle (as a Scotchman says like ROY ROY) might have been arrested if the bull had in the first instance been taken by the horns.



THE NEW VENTILATING HAT.

Small Boy (to perspiring Policeman). "PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FETCH THE INJIN? YOU 'AN AFIRE!"

THE NAGGLETONS ON THEIR EXTINCTION.

Lunch Time. At that unaccustomed hour, the master of the house (MR. NAGGLETON) has returned from the City. He has impatiently partaken of some Sardines and toast, and is even more impatiently disposing of a glass or two of Chablis.

Mr. Naggleton. Now, can't you say what you have to say?

Mrs. Naggleton. Have you finished lunch?

Mr. N. I never take any, as you know. What on earth is this mystery?

Mrs. N. You received my telegram?

Mr. N. Why, of course I did, or I shouldn't be here.

Mrs. N. O, I don't know. I sent it entirely on speculation, as I had no idea where you might be.

Mr. N. Where should I be at twelve in the day but at business. Did you suppose I was on the top of the Monument, or in the middle of next week?

Mrs. N. The message reached you, and that is enough. Now ring, please.

Mr. N. What for?

Mrs. N. To have the things taken away.

Mr. N. Let 'em stop. Will you tell me why you have sent for me?

Mrs. N. Do you wish the servant to come in, in the middle of our conversation?

Mr. N. O, is it going to have a middle? Well, have your way.

[Rings, and the table is cleared, to the accompaniment, performed by MR. NAGGLETON, of the tattoo popularly dedicated to the Ecorcé of LORD WESTBURY.

Mrs. N. (to the Servant). We are at home to nobody. [Exit Servant.

Mr. N. Who would call at such an hour?

Mrs. N. I cannot say. I have had one visitor already.

Mr. N. Now, MARIA, you have not been absurd enough to call me away from business because some tax-gatherer has left a paper, or any nonsense of that kind? I was particularly engaged.

Mrs. N. I am sorry that you leave the house exposed to any such scandal, but that is not the business now.

Mr. N. You do look serious, though—None of the children—pooh—you'd have told me on the instant.

Mrs. N. I am glad that you do me some justice.

Mr. N. Bother—what's the matter?

Mrs. N. Nothing. At least that is not the word.

Mr. N. Then I wish "sharp" was.

Mrs. N. Do not begin with levity. This is not a time for it.

Mr. N. You have something to tell me?

Mrs. N. I have.

[Fetches a writing-case, and takes out a paper, evidently of a legal character.

Mr. N. Are you going to make your will?

Mrs. N. (with a serious smile). It is curious that you should have used that expression. (Sits.) HENRY, the event which I expected has occurred.

Mr. N. (dazed). But you expect so many events—some of them must occur occasionally.

Mrs. N. You have frequently—I may say habitually—taunted me with the remark that my family have estranged themselves from us.

Mr. N. I have never complained of it, at all events. I rather like it.

Mrs. N. A wife understands many things, said by her husband, of which she feels it best to take no notice.

Mr. N. Agreed—especially when he hints at any little domestic reforms.

Mrs. N. You will regret introducing this tone into our conversation.

Mr. N. (growing angry). I may regret introducing another tone if you don't make haste and tell me what you are driving at.

Mrs. N. READ THAT! [Places the paper in his hands.

Mr. N. A lawyer's hand-writing! Am I cited before SIR JAMES WILDS? Eh! (reads). I—I beg your pardon, MARIA, I'm sure (reads on). Then you were right in remaining in town.

Mrs. N. Yes.

Mr. N. Well, she was a good old soul, in spite of her eccentricities. I always rather liked her, poor HENRIETTA FLAGGERT, though she hated me.

Mrs. N. Forbear to judge until you have read that extract from her will.

Mr. N. Remembered the children, has she? Good old thing!

Mrs. N. She has remembered their parents.

Mr. N. Let us see.

[Reads to the end of the paper, then lays it down, and gazes in a singular manner at his wife. She returns the gaze for some moments, and then begins to cry. MR. NAGGLETON takes up the paper, and retires to a sequestered chair to re-peruse. He then comes back to his former seat.

Mr. N. Well, MARIA?

Mrs. N. Well, HENRY?

Mr. N. By Jove!

Mrs. N. (half smiling). How do you like it?

Mr. N. (in a low voice). She was all right, I suppose?

Mrs. N. (with the women's quick apprehension where worldly advantage is concerned, and bless 'em for it). Oh, yes! as sane as you are.

Mr. N. (Goes to door and opens it suddenly; then closes it again). As I said before—well?

Mrs. N. What made you do that?

Mr. N. Servants are curious.

Mr. N. Not such as mine, I trust. But never mind that, now. What do you say to AUNT FLAGGERT's will?

Mr. N. What am I to say?

Mrs. N. Nay, it is a case for your decision, HENRY.

Mr. N. Do you mean that?

Mrs. N. Do I ever say anything that I don't mean?

Mr. N. I hope so; I often do. But, seriously?

Mrs. N. (smiling). Seriously.

Mr. N. (snatching up paper). "Twenty thousand pounds, on two conditions, one of which shall be enforced by my executors, the other of which I must leave to the honour of HENRY NAGGLETON and MARIA, his wife."

Mrs. N. Now, is not that conceived in the spirit of a lady?

Mr. N. She was a lady, and I am sorry to have to speak of her in the past tense. The first condition is—

Mrs. N. Read the second, first, dear.

Mr. N. "That they entirely and for ever abandon their habit of scolding, snarling, and sneering, and study to converse politely, if not affectionately." I thought we always did.

Mrs. N. O, you story! And, now the other condition.

Mr. N. "That they immediately discard the name of NAGGLETON, and assume, and for ever hereafter bear the name of —." My dear MARIA!

Mrs. N. (laughing). Read it out, Sir.

Mr. N. "The name of LOVEY-DOVEY."

Mrs. N. (slowly). Lovey-Dovey.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, what a noise.

Mr. N. Noise! I should think so. My respected MARIA, when a man is suddenly called upon to abandon a proud name which has been borne by three generations of members of the Coalcutters' Company, and I do not know how many cavaliers, crusaders, and cannibals in the previous ages, it is time for him to make a noise.

Mrs. N. That means that the conditions are Accepted.

Mr. N. They are frightfully hard, of course, but then consider the children. Twenty thousand pounds, added to the eleven and fourpence, or whatever other trifle I may have managed to put into the Post-office Savings' Bank, is money.

Mrs. N. It is money, dear, and do not joke when we speak of the children's welfare.

Mr. N. I was never less inclined to joke in my life. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. N. Hush, dear; you will really have the servants up if you go on like that.

Mr. N. LOVEY-DOVEY! I tell you what, we'll travel on the Continent.

Mrs. N. I should like it of all things; but what for?

Mr. N. We should break ourselves gradually into the name. MONSIEUR ET MADAME L'AUVÉ D'AUVÉ would not be so bad.

Mrs. N. Would that be honourable?

Mr. N. The name condition is not the one upon honour.

Mrs. N. Ah! but would it be safe?

Mr. N. That's another pair of breech—of breech-loaders.

Mrs. N. Twenty thousand pounds! How much is that a-year, dear?

Mr. N. Why, not exactly a fortune in Consols, but something that if we place it properly, will double itself as fast as a woman doubles a scandal.

Mrs. N. Ah, there! You mustn't talk like that, HENRY, if we are to fulfil the terms.

Mr. N. What? That's a very liberal rendering of the will, MARIA. Penal statutes are construed literally. There's only one woman whom I am never to scold, and as I never did, the abstinence will be no privation. Come here.

Mrs. N. Oh, you great goose. (Coming, however.) But there!

Mr. N. It will be a severe trial to you, my poor MARIA; but I must aid you with my masculine resolution and forbearance.

Mrs. N. (boxes his ears). As if you did not always begin. Well, then, that is settled, and you had better write to the executors telling them that we accept the legacy. How do people take new names?

Mr. N. Anyhow. If you like, you can pay your Sovereign eighty-two pounds fifteen shillings for a Royal Licence, and if you prefer keeping the money, you can adopt your new name, and pay nothing at all.

Mrs. N. I suppose that it would be most respectable to have the Royal Licence.

Mr. N. Why don't you go and ask the genteel SNOTCHLEY?

Mrs. N. Now, HENRY, is that right?

Mr. N. No, it isn't. I withdraw the SNOTCHLEY. But we haven't begun the new régime yet. I think we may go on as before until the money is forked over.

Mrs. N. The sooner we begin the easier it will be.

Mr. N. And we are both in very good tempers, so there is a platform for a good start. And so, my dear MRS. LOVEY-DOVEY, I salute you by your new name. [Salutes exchanged.]

Mrs. N. And are you serious about travelling?

Mr. N. Have you not often wished to see Rome?

Mrs. N. Ah, my wishes have been too often (recovers herself) granted by a kind husband for me to insist on anything he dislikes.

Mr. N. But I don't dislike it, and we'll go, and look after that shawl which you thought proper to sell (recovers himself), and very properly too, for to tell you the truth, I never much liked it, though I fancied you did.

Mrs. N. Rome! That will be delightful. And long before we come back, all the talk about this affair will be over.

Mr. N. Yes, our dear five hundred friends will have swallowed their envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

Mrs. N. Don't make fun of such words, HENRY—though you do make me laugh, and you ought not, dear.

Mr. N. Quite right, though I mean nothing wrong.

Mrs. N. I am sure of that. Well, will you write the letter. And then, will you order some cards with the new name. It's very absurd, but I shan't feel that I have secured the legacy until I have sent cards to everybody I know.

Mr. N. We'll put Twenty Thousand Pounds in a corner, and call the whole business OUR GOLDEN WEDDING. May we live to keep a real one.

Mrs. N. Amen, with all my heart.

[And so ends the History of the Naggletons, but you shall have one peep at the Lovey-Doveys.]

MEMS FROM MANXLAND.



ARE you anxious, dear Punch, to find a retreat where there are no nigger bands, and not one harrel-organ? Yes, of course, I know you are, for everybody must be so whose fate it is to live in London, and have any brains to work, and any need to work them. Well, then,

come to Douglas in the Isle of Man, and see the tailless cats and the monstrous three-legged Manxmen. I have actually been staying a whole week at this sea-town, and I have not once heard a banjo or a harrel-organ.

Do not dream, however, that if you come to Manxland you will find no other aural nuisances to plague you. If this were happily the case, do you think I should be fool enough to advertise the Paradise?

From the organ-grinding plague, Douglas happily is free; at least it was so when I visited it. Nor, although the fish there is capital

and cheap, were there any bellowing Stentors bawling, "Fine fresh So-holes!" or "Mackreel, four a shillun!" as they do at Brighton, Hastings, Ramsgate, Lowestoft, Deal, and Yarmouth. One evening, however, just as I sat down to dinner, a street-band did its utmost to take away my appetite; and every morning, just at breakfast-time, my relish for my herring was sadly spoilt by a duet between a small boy with a horn, upon a shaky, open, wheeled thing that was called the "Crescent Buss" [sic], and a dog that lived next door to me, and tried to howl in unison. Then the little natives have just learned the song of "Slap Bang! Here we are again!" and you hear them squalling it at every cottage door and every street corner. How is it that such songs become so popular, I wonder? Once let a tune be whistled through the streets of London, and every country town in England within six months will ring with it.

I believe that this annoying song was first imported into Manxland by the people who swarm thither from the cotton-spinning country. The natives call them "cotton balls," and seem to hold them in contempt, although many a Manx pocket is the richer for their coming. Where they get the money which they fling about so freely is more than I can tell; nor have I any notion why they fix on coming to the Isle of Man to spend it. If the scenery attracts them, they have rather an odd way of showing their attachment to it. All they seem to do all day is to ride about in cars, smoking bad tobacco, and playing at All Fours, and you see them at their ride's end, with the prettiest views accessible, sitting in inn-yards and playing All Fours still: and this is, I presume, how they enjoy seeing the scenery. Nearly every man JACK of them is attended by his JILL, and the girls all play at cards as everlastingly as the men, and join them in singing "Slap Bang!" with great relish and rejoicing.

I may add that these Slap-Bangers return from their trips often in the middle of the night; and with their hollownings and howlings they make the night as hideous as the Foresters did lately, when returning nocte medea from their Crystal Palace trip, bellowing songs and blowing horns, and blazing off magnesium wire, to frighten passing horses. A Disafforesting Commission sat the while I was in Manxland. What a blessing it would be, thought I, remembering that night, if a Commission were to sit for disafforesting the Foresters!

Besides flirting, playing All Fours, swigging beer and smoking "spankers" (a sort of big cigar I saw thus labelled in the shops), these rollicking Slap-Bangers have the still further excitement every evening of a ball, which is given well-nigh gratis to all who choose to go to it. The ball is an *ad fresco* one, and is held at the pier's end; and although the floor is stone, and the band a stray accordion, the dancing is kept up with splendid energy and spirit. I think it a great pity such hard-working honest dancers have not a better ball-room than this rough stone pier. Casinos and Cremornes such as London is polluted with I view with loathing and disgust; but the dancing in Manxland was mere honest crural exercise, and had not a whit of the foul Casino flavour in it.

VAGABUNDUS.



"FIE! CABBY!"

Cabby (in withering Accents on receiving Sixpence). "FAIR SEX! HUNFAIR SEX, I CALLS YER! 'OORDIN' TO MY 'XPER'ENCE OF YER!"

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

DEAR PUNCH,

September 5, 6, 7, 8.

I PROMISED you several meteo-&c. (too long a word) letters. Couldn't do it before; can't now. Heat on Thursday and Friday tremendous. Sun nothing in the shade. There is no shade. I have purchased a refrigerator, and shall sit in it all day. This letter's taken me such a time on account of a fly. I am now, without rising, going to kill him. He has flown. Let me return to my subject: the Parks. The weather is the same in the Parks, I suppose, as here: go and see. I don't know what position is best; chairs and sofas "all hot." Good bye, I retire to my refrigerator.

Yours languidly,

AN O! THE-HEAT'UN!

P.S. *O' the Heat 'un.* Can't do anything funnier this weather. I laughed at it. Once. Really.

P.S. I send a fly for dissection. Inquest and p.m. exam. 3 P.M.

A Trifle from the Humber.

"Down with Dutch yeast," Hull, frantic, cries,
"The rascal Dutchmen put clay to it;
The only CLAY we wish to Rise
Is one whom we elect to do it."

Land of Green Ginger.

NOTICE TO GEOGRAPHERS.

"OWHYHEE, where CAPTAIN COOK was killed" has been for years inscribed on our globes, to mark a place inhabited by Savages. Our globe-makers henceforth will be good enough, with the self-same object, to mark "Prussia, where ALFRED's Cook was killed."

CAUTION-MONEY.—The best is that which a man has earned for himself.—*Banker's Magazine, and Punch.*

CONJURORS IN FEATHERS.

THE *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES are puzzling enough, as many a school-boy knows, but twenty times more puzzling are the birds of MA'AMSELLE VAN DER MEERSCH.

These birds, if they were taught to play at cards as well as peck at them, would soon be brought before a Beak, and charged with being card-sharpers. There is a certain Java sparrow that, because of his red poll, we presume, has been named "Cardinal;" and this Cardinal is really so clever with the cards, that we should hardly be surprised to see him playing double dummy, and clawing his three tricks for a revoke made by his adversary. Just ask him for the ace of spades, or any club or diamond which you have set your heart upon, and he is off like a bird, and never rests till he has picked it out, and, so to speak, has played it. His teacher only knows how much time and patience she has spent upon his training: but the result is that her Cardinal seems cleverer than RICHBLIEU, and more cunning than DR RETZ.

P/NTAGRUELISM.

MR. DAVID SALOMONA, in the *Star*, recommends that all cows, under medical treatment, should have given to them, several times a day, certain "stimulants, such as strong ale with gruel, or brandy with gruel." Perhaps the "strong ale and brandy" would not be a bad thing for the poor creatures to revive their animal spirits. We fancy there are hundreds of poor agriculturists, who, whether ill or not, would not mind being subjected to the same "medical treatment;" only, if they were allowed a choice, they might probably prefer "the brandy, and the strong ale," without the gruel.

A WANT OF THE AGE.—Wanted, to enable agriculturists to contend with the present prevailing epidemic, a new *Farmacopoeia*.

THE ONLY SIDE A SENSIBLE MAN NOW TAKES.—The Seaside.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



AVE you seen all the Reports of this year's Congress? Yes. Then you've still got to see mine. It is special, and for you. All others are incomplete, and as the advertisements of patent mustards have it, none are genuine unless

signed thus:—PROFESSOR FLUFF, *i. e.* myself. The reports, above mentioned, composed under the influence of prejudiced and envious persons, whose names I have entered, as MAXIMILIAN, the Emperor of Germany, used to, in my private "book of insults," do not contain any of my papers, nor do they give what certainly appeared to me to be the of the scientific proceedings. I send in my which shall supply the deficiencies. First, I will own papers, which I carried in separate parts not be sufficiently unfortunate to lose them all.

most interesting portions of the scientific proceedings. I send in my little account to you which shall supply the deficiencies. First, I will give you the names of my own papers, which I carried in separate parts of my luggage; I could not be sufficiently unfortunate to lose them all.

Physiology. The art of Making Faces. (In my Bag, also false nose and whiskers.)

Geology. Illustrated by a performance on the Bones. (Great coat pocket; handy for practising in the Railway Carriage.)

Architecture. Use of the Air-pump in erecting castellated edifices. (Portmanean.)

Geography. The question, "Where are you going on Sunday?" satisfactorily answered. This included practical demonstrations in Street Gymnastics, or the Use of the Globes and Poles. (*In large globe cases marked "with care."*)

Mathematics. A few words on Squaring a Beadle who was arguing in a vicious circle. Illustrated pugilistically. (*A portmanteau to itself, including gloves and change of linen.*)

Physics. Thoughts on Negro Conscription and the Black Draughts: with remarks on Shaking before Taking. (Dressing-case filled with burnt corks for blacking my face: and medicine.)

Economic Science. How many Donkeys go to a Village Pound? Also the process of making a Shilling go as far as Half-a-Crown.

Illustrated by experimental conjuring. (A box of tricks packed up in a large clothes-basket for doing the STODARE trick. Swords separate.)

I arrived in Birmingham safely with all my scientific paraphernalia. Some idiotic friend who doesn't understand these things asked me if I was going to the Donkey Show? His joke meant, he explained, the British Aa-association; a low, coarse fellow, whom I only quote to show you the persecution that Science is exposed to even in these days. I was dressed in a scarlet gown, college cap, and carried side-arms, and a fishing-rod for Sundays.

After some difficulty I found one of the Association Rooms. Here is my report condensed.

COALS.

MR. BERT JUKES, F.R.S., at least I *think* it was MR. JUKES, said that he had got something to say on coals. He proceeded to make a statement.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL offered to haul MR. JUKES over the coals for that remark. (I didn't catch it, though JUKES *did*.)

The discussion was at its height when it suddenly occurred to me that I could sing "*Old King Cole*." I rose. Shortly afterwards I fired my pistols, loaded with grapes, in the air, and pretended to vanish. Finding another door open, I looked in and said "Bo!" They couldn't find out who did it, so I then went to the school of

GEOLGY.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON was saying something about bones.

A Gentleman expressed his opinion that grilled and devilled they were excellent for supper. I voted for him.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS said that as a beverage Beaune was not to be despised.

SIR RODERICK, without noticing these interruptions, proceeded. When he had finished, the President asked if there was any just cause or impediment, &c., &c.

I had, lots; but, unfortunately, when I stood up I found that I'd brought my paper on Architecture. I said I'd be back in a jiffey. When I returned from the hotel the room was empty.

EXCURSIONS.

The next day there were excursions, alarms, drums, trumpets, *vide* SHAKSPERE, *passim*, and I spent the morning in the station-

house. Science, Geology, and Geography stopped at home. I managed to join them. We didn't do much. The three gentlemen in the Scientific Room read papers, but they were only the *Times* and other daily papers. I began my composition on Mathematics out loud, but at the request of the members present deferred my lecture. I looked in at Geology, who had his coat off and was fast asleep with a fly on his nose. I awoke him, and offered to fight him for sixpence or read my paper on this subject; but while I was arranging the MS. he adjourned. I caught Geography at a cold luncheon; he said he should be delighted to hear me read. On coming back from my room with the volume, I found that he had been obliged to step out on business. The waiter hadn't time to listen, but showed some interest in the proceedings.

Next day there was a large gathering to hear something about

CANNIBALISM.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON gave us to understand that he shouldn't like to be a cannibal. He didn't know any cannibals personally. (I had a joke about being acquainted with an "Eton Boy," but couldn't get it ready in time.)

MR. CRAWFORD said that there had been Scotch cannibals and Irish cannibals. He insisted that cannibalism was merely a matter of taste. For his part—

MR. BLANKS asked why the subject hadn't been stuck to?

The President observed that it had been stuck to.

MR. DASH, F.R.S., said he hadn't heard anyone define cannibalism. (I hate DASH.)

DR. CAMPS replied, that if MR. DASH had only *listened*, instead of trying to make Professor KENNETH M'KENZIE laugh, by playing Punch and Judy dolls with his pocket handkerchief, he would have heard something very much to his advantage.

I rose and commenced my Mathematical Paper.

The President said it hadn't much to do with cannibalism.

I explained that *that* was the fun of it.

The President said I couldn't read it.

I said I could. In deference, however, to his wishes, I would begin my "Physics." Here I produced a bottle, labelled.

The President explained that the sitting was over, and that my papers would be "taken."

I protested against their being taken, and proposed that we should play at cannibals.

The Meeting hastily adjourned.

PHYSIOLOGY.

While listening to a few arguments in this department, I had stooped down and put on my false nose and whiskers. I then got up, and was proceeding with my Paper on Making Faces, and was going to give my celebrated imitation of "The Clown at Astley's," when a message was brought that I was wanted outside. Imagine my delight on seeing the Prince of all the Silurias sweetly playing on the boot-jack. I have been living with him ever since in his Palace at Colwell Hatchney. "I see him dancing in the Hall." Publish my Unread Papers, and pity, pity your unhappy but respectable MARIA.

CONVERTIBLE TERMS.

"I SUPPOSE, my dear, you have come here upon a voyage of conversion!" said an elderly lady to a young one, on the Spa. The only reply was a triumphant smile of assent.

At the earliest opportunity, we inquired of the elderly lady what was the meaning of the above mysterious term, "Conversion." "Why, to convert a young gentleman." "Yes, precisely; but to what?" we inquired in our simplicity. "Why, to matrimony, to be sure," was the half contemptuous reply. "Do you mean to say, my dear Sir," she continued, in a semi-sneering, semi-pitying tone, "that you have lived all this time, and never yet heard that when a young lady visits Scarborough, it is popularly said that she has gone on 'A voyage of Conversion'?" and it is pretty generally her own fault, I can assure you, if before the season is over, she does not manage to convert some one. And so, young gentleman, I should advise you to look out."

We acted upon the advice, and left the place instantly.—*Mr. Punch's Unmarried Contributor.*

Roo-ey-too-ey!

THE interview between QUEEN VICTORIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA at Darmstadt is stated to have lasted only half-an-hour. Nine-and-twenty minutes too long; for we cannot imagine what our QUEEN could have to say except, "You old Fool, why don't you mind what you are about?" However, that may take some time to translate into Court German. We are glad that our Sovereign, with her usual good taste, got out of bad company as quickly as was consistent with courtesy.

A NEW NAME FOR TOOTH-ACHE.—*Grinderpest.*

LIGHT WINE.

(*A Temperance Drinking Song.*)

FAREWELL to Port, farewell to Sherry;
Those drinks shall never more be mine.
Henceforth, when I would fain make merry,
I mean my liquor to be wine.
A little book by DR. DAVITT,
O all good people, read it through!
Shows what your Port is; how they brew it;
How they concoct your Sherry too.

The vines of Xeres and Oporto
Afford those compounds little fruit;
Their body owes its fulness more to
A common humble British root.
Those potent popular potatoes,
That, chiefly, with their strength inspires;
Those pseudo-vinous preparations
Potato spirit 'tis that fires.

The stuff of yore that thou didst guzzle,
I too propose to quaff, DR. MAPES;
The wine that to thy dying muzzle
Thou wouldst have put, was made of grapes.
Cheap French, Italian, Grecian vintage,
Thank GLADSTONE, I can now obtain.
No more alloy of Hamburg's mintage
Misnamed of Portugal or Spain!

DEAN CLOSE, and LAWSON, strict abstainers,
And thou, Maine Law Alliance POPP,
You too, in soberness youth's trainers,
Ye leaders of the Band of Hope:
No more in idle agitation,
Against the liquor-trade combine.
If temperate you would have the nation,
Exhort JOHN BULL to drink light wine.

LIGHT AND HAIR.

HERE is another brilliant bit of complex calculation, which we take from the *Mechanics' Magazine*. It is a pity that the calculator, in discoursing upon such a subject as Light, should have succeeded in making it so extremely dark:—

"A writer in *Cosmos* has calculated the mechanical equivalent of the total light of the sun. He finds it to amount to something like that of 1,230 septillions of 'bougies,' or to thirty-five billions of tons lifted a billion of kilomètres per second,—the lifting of thirty-five billions of tons (Frenob), a billion kilomètres being about equal to lifting the weight of the earth twenty feet."

There, is it not extremely lucid? We wonder how many billions, or "septillions" of "bougies" it would require to make clear the meaning of the above confused compilation of figures? The great safety of these arithmetical athletes, when they distort themselves by piling up these absurd heaps of millions and billions, is that no one cares about giving himself the trouble, either to verify, or disprove them. One is bound to take them for granted, or rather one does not care precisely whether it requires a billion, more or less, of tallow candles, or bougies, to give us anything like an equivalent of the light of the Sun, and so the calculation passes unchallenged. We think BABBAGE himself would sooner be ground to death by an Italian organ than undertake such an idiotic Herculean task. It was only the other day that we read about a German professor having discovered the difference of the number of hairs on the heads of four young ladies, viz., a blonde, a brunette, a young lady with red, and another with chesnut hair. We forget who was the winner of this hair-coursing match, but we should extremely like to know where were these young ladies' Mammæ all this time, to allow this inquisitive Professor to be quietly manipulating their daughters' heads, and not to stop him, and, also, how long he may have been engaged upon the delicate investigation? Where is the English Paterfamilias, we ask, who, upon finding a dirty German (Professors are not the cleanest race in the world) playing with his darling EMILY's ringlets, would take it as a satisfactory excuse to be told that "he was merely counting the hairs of her head, in order to solve a problem." It is our opinion that the solution of the problem would be the very rapid cutting off of *mein Herr*.

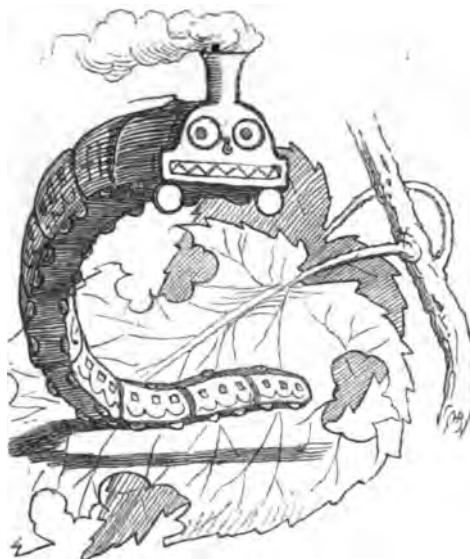
The Prussian Warm Bath.

A HORRID Cockney, with reference to the murder of poor OTT, said a very shocking thing; only there is some truth in the remark that he meant for a pun. The wretch observed that the affair of OTT was likely to get BISMARCK's master into 'ot water!

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER VI.

Bradshaw's Nationality—Romance of Bradshaw—High Level—More Fun—Puck—An Ordinary Train—Shutting Steam off—The Terminus.



COMMENTATORS are of opinion that the "Guide," is the work of a wild rollicking jovial son of Erin. For instance, in one of the Irish time-tables, we find that the first train is to arrive in time for the 8:50 for Dublin, and, at the end of this announcement, we come upon the words to which allusion has been made—"Punctuality not guaranteed."

With what enjoyment, a delight peculiarly Irish, must O'BRADSHAW have anticipated the difficulties of his students.

The question arises,—if punctuality is not guaranteed will the train be there at 8:50?

If the second train is there for 8:50, will the 8:50 train be there to meet it?

Supposing the 8:50 arrives at 8:50, shall I be in time if I go one hour before or an hour after?

If I go at once shall I be certain? No, Punctuality is not guaranteed!

If I start now and wait for both trains, will one train wait for the other subsequently?

Will it not be better to stop at home and think?

This is what the O'BRADSHAW would call "Botheration intirely!"

North countrymen have some right to a property in BRADSHAW. Their claim is founded upon the following ground. Note the North British line. Observe that it runs from Aberdeen to London. Mark closely that the traveller is not requested to spend any time at Dundee, nor Edinburgh, nor Abbotford, nor Kelso, historically interesting though they be; no, BRADSHAW has one note, secreted in the fourth column, charmingly hidden as is the place to which it so touchingly refers; "Stop," says the note, "Stop at Nook Pasture on Saturdays." Yes, far away from the turmoil of camps, from the busy mart, BRADSHAW will invite his friends, lovers of solitude and contemplation, to join him ruralising in Nook Pasture on Saturdays. He would stop us here, would hold us bound, would playfully catch us with a Nook.

Tenderest reminiscences, probably, draw him to NOOK PASTURE. *She* has gone, maybe the place has been sadly changed since first our then gay gallant with his blushing bride, halted on his return from Gretna, at the humble pasturage! Happy memories! Let the traveller by the evening train, to or from the North, stop on Saturday, and shed a tear of joy to Auld lang Syne and the happy past of Nook Pasture.

This year's August Edition of BRADSHAW is replete with genuine humour, and in the little pamphlet accompanying it, entitled "Alterations in the Main Line," our author far out-does all his previous efforts. The notion of publishing a BRADSHAW at all was an idea emanating from a master-spirit of the age; but the notion of issuing with it a short unstitched pamphlet of only one sheet, not easily intelligible and very easily misunderstood, or lost, was a crowning burst of wit that could have only originated from one person, and that Prince-Jester, King-Humourist, and Emperor of Satirists, is, it is needless to say, BRADSHAW. The opening of the High Level Station at the Crystal Palace, on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, was an opportunity not to be missed, and our author (*farceur*, that he is!) has made the most of it.

Page 78 commences with a practical joke, suggestive of boisterous animal spirits, rude health, and BRADSHAW out for a holiday. He takes you to Ludgate Hill with a view to the Crystal Palace, and Beckenham, if you will, and says he—

* Ludgate Hill to Beckenham at 5½ and 7:55 Aft. 1, 2, 3, cl. *Stopping.*

That is, he induces you to take your ticket and your seat in the train

at Ludgate Hill, sees you locked in your carriage, and then cries 1, 2, 3, *cl.* (*this indicates a chuckle*) and *stopping* where you are: then off he'll run like a merry elfish Puck of Railways as he is.

The intending visitor to the Crystal Palace will settle by what train he will go, according to the text of p. 78, &c. But the pamphlet above alluded to contains *errata*, which must also be consulted, or all the arrangements are null and void. Therein will be found that—

"The Train stated to leave Ludgate Hill per Becklev at '18, should be 5:15 A."

Should it? Aye, but is it? And suppose it isn't, why BRADSHAW catches you there, and if it does, and you have relied upon his first statement, why he has you again, and is more jocular over it than ever.

And what does the Gay Deceiver do? He calls these *errata* "The Companies' further Alterations after going to Press," as much as to say, "Well, my traveller, if you're taken in don't blame *me*. But if you follow my advice, I still say that trains *do* go at such and such times as I announced them at first."

The Company won't be bound by BRADSHAW, nor will he give up his liberty to the Company; and if, in another month, BRADSHAW chooses to publish a third Edition, with *his* private opinion as to when trains are likely, or ought to start, what's to prevent him?

In Page 78 you will find one or two trains in which the comfort of the traveller meets with every possible attention as concerns eating and drinking. Our kind-hearted, thoughtful author intends a hint to railway authorities when he writes—

"1 & 2 Ordinary to Chatham."

One and two, or from one to two, is a very good time for an ordinary, which might be elegantly set out in a saloon carriage. This meaning is delicately conveyed to the Company by BRADSHAW, when he thus furnishes his own railway table.

Some commentators would have it that our author joins in the cry for "More Bishops," and wishes to suggest to the railway directors the institution of so many trains in a day devoted to episcopal use, and carrying their Lordships' reverences hither and thither in discharge of their onerous functions.

And now let us stop: for even as we write these lines the glorious light of an autumnal sun has fallen upon last month's BRADSHAW, lying helplessly on our arm-chair, in his sere and yellow leaf. He is not exhausted, but we are. He will be bound by no Company, nor will any Company go to the expense of binding him, and we too will be free. A bumper at parting, my Guide, my familiar friend; let us quaff the interior cask, tap for tap, and so part fair. If we have been able to cheer the confused inquirer, to point the way to wanderers in the Bradshawian mazes, if we have been in time to prevent the travelling bachelor, or pale student, from despairingly jumping to a sudden and unwarrantable conclusion; if we have shown the impatient public that the difficulties are for the most part only apparent, and that throughout his work BRADSHAW has striven to combine amusement with instruction, romance with practicality,—then these few short Chapters have achieved their object. If they haven't done this, they haven't, and nothing that we can now say will alter the facts. And so, travelling public, commending you to the ever-laughing philosopher, BRADSHAW, we bid you heartily farewell.

Ring the bell. Any more going on? No thank you. That's the ticket. We stop here.



"MENTAL ABSTRACTION."—Stealing the ideas of others and fancying them your own.



EARLY PIETY.

Matilda Jane (catching the Pastor after Sunday School). "OH, SIR, PLEASE WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO CHRISTEN MY DOLL?"

A GROOM AND A GENTLEMAN.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

In England every man's house, however humble, is, as Mr. Cox has said, his castle. The damsel who escaped from her father's castle, in company with his Master of the Horse, has, you see, Sir, married that retainer. It is a truism to say that she could not have done better. Besides, the man of her choice is by no means unlikely to turn out a very good husband. Let her not be twitted with having married a groom; a Groom-in-Waiting is no bad match for a Maid-of-Honour. There is no material difference, Mr. Punch, between one groom and another but what it is quite possible, if not very easy, to remove. Provided that a groom is a gentleman by nature, it is only necessary to educate him, if he wants education, to make him a fit companion for a lady. Now, Sir, this particular groom is very much of a gentleman. He honourably tried to persuade his lady-love to stay at home, and he behaved disinterestedly as to her money. His concernment with that noble animal, the horse, seems to have inspired him with chivalry. His father-in-law should now provide him with a private tutor to teach him the languages and other things which the husband of a clergyman's daughter ought to know, and the manners and utterance requisite to enable him to converse with bishops, deans, yourself, and other persons of dignity and fashion. Who, however, knows that he cannot pronounce English? SHAKESPEARE once held horses; but, doubtless, he was accustomed to call a horse an oss; if he is, let him be instructed to aspirate his h's.

The Duke of Venice, in *Othello*, tries to reconcile Brabantio to Desdemona's marriage with the Moor by the observation that:—

"If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

Much the same consolation, Sir, may be suggested to Mr. SMITH's father-in-law. MR. SMITH is evidently a very fair and straightforward young fellow. There were like to be mulattoes among Brabantio's grandchildren. No fear of that sort exists in this instance. MR. SMITH

needs now no longer be a groom, except in as far as he is a bridegroom. Due culture will render him altogether worthy of the good fortunes which he had a right to accept; and he would only require polish to shine in Society, if, instead of Groom, he had been Boots. This remark may be laughed at, but ought to be attended to, like many observations made by your humble servant,

DULCAMARA.

A SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

It is curious what bad English is written by good schoolmasters. Here, for instance, is a specimen:—

EDUCATIONAL HOME (half terms), 30 guineas, inclusively, to fill two vacancies, combining maternal care with a good English and French education. Eminent masters and laundress.

Now, what are we to understand by this grammarless advertisement? Pray, is it the "home" which is "to fill two vacancies?" and in what way can these vacancies combine maternal care with a good education? Then, we wonder, is the laundress as "eminent" as the masters? and in what way is her eminence especially displayed? We are as particular as most people to choose good masters for our children; but we own we never thought of requiring that their stockings should be eminently scrubbed, or their flannel waistcoats eminently ironed.

A Cardinal's Notion of Industry.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI gave a passport to some brigands with the character of *industrianti*. This complimentary style of denomination, after all, is only borrowed from the French. Is it not the custom in France to call their thieves *Chevaliers d'Industrie*? Brigands seem to be the only *Industriels* who flourish in the Papal States.

WHAT RAILWAY ENGINES, if they could only speak, as well as whistle, would most probably say, in the event of a Collision.—"Now then, Stupid, where are you a-shoving to?"



QUEEN HERMIONE.

PAULINA (BRITANNIA) UNVEILS THE STATUE. "'TIS TIME! DESCEND; BE STONE NO MORE!"

Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 3.

OUR YACHT.



UT whether it was the lantern, or the Lieutenant's snoring that sent me off to sleep, I do not know, yet somehow or another I fell into a doze with my head on the log-book. I was awoke by the Commodore calling from the deck to me to get my companion up, so I shook him. He was very angry, and not unjustly, as it turned out that I had been requested to get up the Companion, not, as I had understood, to get my companion up. (N.B. The Companion is a ladder almost perpendicular, leading from the deck to the cabin.)

The Commodore said he would turn in now, and that I was to watch. I asked what I was to watch for? He replied, "Oh, just to get into the way of it." The Captain said he would also turn in until they got under way, which they would do at the very first dawn.

I was left all alone on deck to keep the watch. It was pitch dark, with the exception of a few lights in the town, and one or two in the Straits. I fancied myself the *Red Rover*, and sang a song about "The Rover is free!" which was stopped by a request from the Commodore, up the Companion, that I would greatly oblige them below if I would hold my confounded row, or go for'ard and sing. On going for'ard the Captain in the "forecassell" objected, so I kept the *Red Rover* to myself. Becoming tired of this, I hummed, "Oh, gaily goes the ship when the rum tum tum," which was a version of my own, in consequence of forgetting the original words. It was getting very cold, so I walked up and down. A voice from below begged me not to go on stamping about like that. It was the Lieutenant's. "No one," he said, "could get to sleep if I kicked up that row overhead; I might have some consideration."

I thought this a little hard of the Lieutenant, but I sat down with my back against the entrance to the Companion. I began to wonder if yachting was such good fun after all, and if this was the sort of way I was going to spend my nights. About this time hunger set in, I couldn't get anything without alarming the whole ship's company. I wished to goodness that I'd slept on shore until we had regularly started. As a clock at Bangor struck two, I became aware of the pins and needles in my left leg and foot. As I was compelled to stretch myself and walk about, I chose the side away from the Lieutenant. Somebody said, "Hollo!" I pretended not to hear. The "Hollo" being repeated, I said, "What?" The Commodore said that it would be better for one (meaning himself) to give up trying to go to sleep if I was going on like that?

"Like what?" I asked, down the Companion, for I was getting angry.

He explained to me that from the position in which he was placed in his berth, I was dancing about (as he chose to describe it) on his nose. How, he put it, would I like to have my nose danced on? I replied it was pins and needles. He said pins and needles be hanged. After this I walked about amidships (N.B. "amidships," nautical phrase meaning that portion of the vessel between the forecassell and the stern) until I was tired, when I sat down in the same position as before. I determined not to be domineered over any more, and while I was making up my mind to speak to the Commodore and Lieutenant seriously to-morrow, I fell fast asleep.

It was daylight when I was awoke by the Lieutenant, the Captain, and the Crew. I felt very uncomfortable and sticky. Sticky's the only word I've got for it. The Lieutenant said, "I was a nice fellow, I was, not to call him for his watch." Call him? Wouldn't I have called him, if I'd only known it. He said it was no use my turning in now. I thought I'd just take a snooze for half an hour, and be quite fresh. He replied very well, so I went down the Companion.

The change from day dress to night dress on board our yacht appeared to be of the most simple description. It consisted with the Commodore and Lieutenant, at least, of taking off your boots, coat, collar, and braces, and there you were. The Lieutenant had put his carpet-bag away, so I couldn't have that for a pillow. The Commodore had placed my portmanteau and a folded rug under his own head, so I was left to invent another novelty in bed furniture.

A small barrel lying in a corner was the very thing. It did not add much to my comfort to find that the barrel was labelled in white letters—GUNPOWDER. On second thoughts I put it outside the doorway, where the Commodore subsequently fell over it, and swore dreadfully on account of his shins. My ingenuity being exhausted, I rolled up my P-jacket, put it under my head, but it was no good; it never would accommodate itself to being a pillow, and kept its buttons in the most prominent position, whether inside or out. It seemed to be

all inequalities, on account of the obstinacy displayed by the alcoves. Rolled up tight, it was too small; folded loosely, it was too large: and in either case equally uncomfortable.

"What a fidget you are," growled the Commodore on my portmanteau. "Why don't you sleep?" Sleep? My P-jacket said what the voice did to *Macbeth*. I was commencing this apt quotation to the Commodore, when he said, "Oh, bother *Macbeth*," and wished that I could be quiet just for *one* moment. I'd been making a row all night, he complained, and trying to disturb people. I said nothing, but determined, for the second time, that I'd remonstrate with him and the Lieutenant quietly in the morning.

To sit upright, or to lift your head six inches above the pillow, was impossible without coming bump against the ceiling, I mean the boards of the deck, from which my nose was not more than three inches distant, so that I could now perfectly understand the Commodore's complaint, in fact, I was very soon obliged to make it myself, as there was somebody stamping just on the tip of my nose.

"You mustn't mind a little walking about, now," said the Lieutenant from the deck; "because, we're going to get under way. You ought to have slept before." That I ought to have slept before was evident, for there was no chance of it now. They were all walking up and down (for the Commodore had fallen up-stairs and gone on deck, while the Lieutenant was speaking), and then came a rolling sort of noise, accompanied by a thudding just above my face, then a drop or two of water trickled through the cracks above. I went up-stairs, I mean up the Companion. The Treasure was mopping the ship. The Captain was in the bows washing his face in a pail.

By the way, our arrangements for baths and washing, on or below deck, were not luxurious. As I really could not exist without my hip bath in the morning, I had brought it on board, and as it was too big for the cabin, I was obliged to take it on deck, and be as quick as possible about it, on account of our proximity to Bangor, and other boats. Bangor, however, collectively, does not rise early, and there was no one aboard the other boats. The knowledge that I was, as it were, bathing at my peril might have added a zest to some men's enjoyment; in my case it merely took away the greater part of my pleasure.

The Commodore said we must be prepared to rough it a little. I thought to myself "as little as possible;" but merely observed, yes, roughing it wasn't bad fun. After this, I scarcely liked to complain of being hungry; I was, though, very. The Commodore offered me a nip of some brandy which he was drinking out of a flask.

He said that it would do me good; all sailors took it as rations. It appeared that this information was given by the Treasure of a Crew, and further that he and the Captain had had their rations served out by the Commodore already. Seeing some smoke issuing from the chimney which was attached to the stove in the forecassell, I was told that the Treasure was cooking breakfast. I felt curious to know how cooking was managed on board a vessel, and went for'ard to learn. I had to look down the forecassell companion; there was a mixed smell of grease, coffee, and fried fish. All that I could see was the Crew's legs.

It appeared that the forecassell being too small to admit of the Cook and the utensils, such as pan, coffee-pots, &c. at the same time, the Treasure had to leave his legs outside, so to speak, while the rest of his body did the cooking in this cupboard sort of a cabin. Although the smoke had a chimney all to itself, it preferred coming out from different parts of the stove, and hanging about the cabin, so that the upper part of our Treasure was entirely lost to view, and all I could see was a pair of dirty-white trousers waiting outside for the return of the body with the breakfast.

I returned from this sight hungrier than before. The Commodore was examining my Log. Where, he asked, was our latitude and longitude? when did the Lieutenant take his turn on deck? how was the wind? and how about Greenwich time and probable weather?

I was obliged to confess that latitude and longitude had always puzzled me, and that Greenwich time was another difficulty. How people managed to be always right wherever they were by Greenwich time bothered me, and I owned it. As to the wind I could, I confidently said, always tell that by holding up my pocket-handkerchief, but there were some winds that were uncertain. That the Lieutenant's watch was not down was owing simply—

Here the Captain announced breakfast as ready in the cabin, and we went down the Companion.

Not a Doubt of it.

WE often hear people debating on the origin of Croquet, and wondering by whom and where the game was first introduced. As to the locality we have no means of forming an accurate idea, but we think the frogs were certainly among the first to croak—eh?

THE WORST DILEMMA FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Buffalo Horns. (Don't you understand, stoooid? The Buffalo Law Court has declared them jugglers, and liable to the Juggler-Tax!)



NOTHING NEW.

About Old Gentleman. "OH! HA! POSTMAN, EH? MY NAME IS—ER—IS—ER—"
Rural Postman. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! MR. ROBINSON. NO LETTER FOR YOU, THIS MORNING, SIR!"
About Old Gentleman. "DEARER ME! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ONE—THIS AFTERNOON?"

FROM A DEAR OLD CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Tuesday.

ORIGINAL composition is, of course, impossible to a man who has not got his books about him. You know what watering-place literature is—the *Guide*, seven odd volumes of bad novels, a resident doctor's puff of the locality and sneers at the next towns, *libretti* of the Christian Minstrels and SIGNOR SNEVELLICCI's Concert, *Bradshaw*, a tract, and the young ladies' Common Prayer-Books. Small help can an original writer get from these sources. And I ought to add, that the heartlessness that can call on a contributor taking his brief holiday, for any kind of work is, I would fain hope, rare. But as I do not bathe, because I am afraid to leave my valuable jewellery at home or in a machine (American burglars are conscientiously visiting all the houses, and, disguised in bathing-gowns, pop into your bathing-machine the moment you take your header), and remain at home while my family is in the sea, I may as well send you a few lines of the sort of writing which you may call Pre-Raphaelite, graphic, photographic, or what you please. Use the letter or not, as you like—all's one to me, while I can get a cigar and iced Seltzer.

I perceive that some other young man wrote last week a frivolous column, evidently intended to record the chatter of some young lady here. It has given great offence, and I am very glad that I was not the author. The folks on the Spa, Spaw, Spar, or Spay (Yorkshire pronunciation is charmingly unfettered) consider themselves the cream of fashion; and the manufacturing swells, with their honest big hands agonising in yellow gloves, will make short work with that other correspondent, should he be detected. But I dare say that he has sneaked away. I hope that he has paid his bill, extortionate though it probably is. For the Scarborough folk devote themselves with Apollo-like energy to the duty of skinning the metropolitan Marsyas. The washerwomen here are the worst in all the world, the dearest, and the most

EULENBURG AND OTT.

(A Song of Sans-Souci.)

ONLY for killing a mere cook,
 Forsooth, they'd have us bring to book
 A soldier and a noble lad.
 Oh pooh—those people must be mad!

Why punish EULENBURG? For what?
 Because, they say, he murdered OTT.
 Well; in a street row, at the town
 Of Bonn, he cut the fellow down.

My soldiers have a right divine
 To cleave such catiffs to the chine;
 A right to Prussia's army given,
 And through her King derived from Heaven.

No more that youth who slashed OTT's brains
 Did murder him than I the Danes,
 Seizing my neighbour's land—for why?
 A plea that was—ho ho!—a lie.

I, by my will, if not my hand,
 My thousands slew to gain said land,
 Then piously thanked Might Divine
 For my success in that design.

MÜLLER, poor fellow, did but slay
 One man, and took his goods away.
 I sought in vain to intercede:
 They hanged him for that single deed.

But EULENBURG—why, you might tell
 Myself to hang myself as well.
 I'll slip my own neck in a knot
 Ere he shall swing for killing OTT.

OTT was VICTORIA's servant, true;
 He was NAPOLEON's subject too.
 But Europe's peace to break they're loath:
 I laugh at France and England, both.

No Anachronism.

By far the majority of learned Commentators are now agreed that the words of HORACE—

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius—"

refer to his having contributed a column to *Punch*.

impudent. I advise ladies to bring, no matter at what cost, all the garments for which language has no name, in sufficient quantity to enable them, aided by the lady's-maid, to defy the coarse-handed old harpies. Rents are awful, but the manufacturers are rich and the metropolitans are foolish. You can get a very comfortable back bedroom, however, without a view of the sea, for four guineas and a half, though, if a handle comes off the rickety chest of drawers, you are charged fourteen-and-sixpence for glue to fasten it on, and abused into the bargain.

Still, Scarborough is a delightful place, or my own sweet temper makes all places delightful to me. The bay is pretty, and dear SIR JOSEPH PAXTON laid out the cliff and Spa to perfection. I never condescended to come here before, but I am not sorry to have seen the place. Having, as you are aware, resided in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Constantinople, Grand Cairo, and Gravesend, I am not likely to be enthusiastic about a third-rate watering-place, crammed with bumpkins. But it is a pleasing locality. SHAKESPEARE alludes to it in that exquisitely plaintive and touching song sung by *Desdemona* in her grief:—

"My mother had a maid called BARBARA,
 Who afterwards was cook at Scarborough."

Her history is a legend of the place, and she is buried in Cornelian Bay, near here, and so called after CORNELIUS the Centurion, who landed there with the Eleventh Light Praetorians Blue, in the reign of TIRUS, the Delight of Mankind, and Slayer of Jews. But there is nothing except the Bay and the Spay. There are no walks, and the roads are so precipitous that no person of ordinary humanity drives. I may mention Oliver's Mount, a promontory, on the top of which rather good ginger-beer is sold. There is a harbour, but he who has smelt it once smells it all day, and never again. There are boats, but the owners hate a gentleman for trying to hire one, and prefer to crowd their dirty vessels with parties called "Cheap Trippers," who go to sea in complete black and beaver hats, lark uproariously until just out of

the bay, and then are feloniously sick. I have said that I do not bathe, but some people do, and complain bitterly of the ramshackle machines. I cannot think how folks can be so discontented and uncharitable.

Your other and frivolous correspondent has described the Spa, and, I must admit, cleverly though sarcastically, and I shall not attempt to gild his refined gold. He scarcely mentioned the Music Hall. It is a good one. When there is good music given there, or an intellectual entertainment, a few people come, and the windows are left open, so that the ventilation is good. When mountebanks appear, or people with black faces, who jabber negro-jargon, and solemnly emit the oldest conundrums, the hall is crammed to suffocation by an audience that shrieks with delight, and the windows are hermetically sealed and curtained, lest an outsider should get a glimpse of the delicious show, and then you have a headache which lasts two days. I am an ultra-reformer, but my eagerness to extend the suffrage is rather rudely checked when I hear two thousand fools yelling with ecstasy at such things as amuse us here. I believe, however, that a majority of these fools have the suffrage, and, on second thoughts, I ask myself, how I could do wrong in giving it to *anybody* else? The answer I receive is, that one does not come to Scarborough to solve political problems.

I am a great lover of the Equestrian Drama, my dear Mr. Punch, except when it is vulgarised by indecent she-Jews, and I am happy to say that there is a very good Circus here, to which I greatly resort. I think that the excellent Clown, a gentleman named FRANKS, knows me by this time, and specially addresses his best epigrams to me. He looked at me yesterday when he said that he had never seen a man with a more expressive counting-house. I regret that he takes an unfavourable view of matrimony, which, with all its faults and tyrannies, is the keystone of civilised society, and I do not think that he should narrate, in public, his domestic grievances. But he and I have many feelings in common, as he may have seen by my eye. This Circus is meat and drink to me, *panem et Circenses*. You will correct the Latin, if wrong, as I have not my dictionary of quotations.

There is also a theatre here. I am not fond of the theatre, because MRS. EPICURUS will always take her children, or her sisters, or her lady friend (until quarrel) and I am excluded from a front seat. But I am informed that the Manager, Miss HICKSON, is full of talent, and the critic of the *Scarborough Gazette* further informs me that the performances are excellent. As this gentleman is evidently a writer of a high order, and as his notices sparkle with gems which ought to have long since attracted the notice of the London editors, I shall insert a few lines from his criticism on the *Hidden Hand*, a piece of much merit:—

"We will refrain from giving the plot as it frequently mars the pleasure of an intended observer—suffice it to say the realistic characteristics are in every way perfect. Miss Hickson's *Lady Penarvon*, though to our mind an ungracious character, was rendered with that propriety and artistic finish, that she carried the sympathies of the public entirely with her. Mr. Smith's impersonation of the Lord had all that decision of manner that so happily marks his style of performance and is at all times so agreeable. The next character we should advert to is Mr. Mark Moss Mellor's Thadcock—here is a creation in which the actor revels, for not restrained by conventional rules he is at liberty to give his own interpretation of the part. Mr. Mellor seemed perfectly to enter into the spirit of the scene, and his execution was equal to the conception, both of which partook of the true spirit, and the result left nothing further to be desired. Miss C. Burchell's Enid was one of those realizations that commands the respect and admiration of all. Miss Mandelbert as Muriel was certainly in one sense out of her way, but not as regards the public, for they were with her in every sense. The getting up of the piece is a *coup d'œil*; and whether the greatest praise is due to Mr. Small, artist; Mr. Sullivan, who so artistically manipulates the limelight by which such great results arise; Mr. Smith, the stage manager; or to Miss Hickson, whose presiding taste has given a vitality to what might have been barren, waste, and unproductive, we pause to determine. To conclude, were we not restrained by space from making further remark, we should record a most meritorious *début* made on Monday last by Miss Linda, as Gertrude, in *Loan of a Lover*. We hope to see her on some future occasion, when we will do full justice to her efforts, for she has a grace that many possessing the line of business she is now entering (namely, the Soubrettes) suffers from—vulgarity—which this lady, we are happy to say, is quite clear of."

I do not agree with him that the plot of a play mars the pleasure of an intended observer, nor, as the *Hidden Hand* was written by a friend of my own, can I allow (in public) that it could under any circumstances be barren, waste, or unproductive. But I will not cavil at specks when transcribing such a beautiful passage. It is not wonderful that dramatic art and artists are so eminent when so much discriminating and intellectual criticism comes to their assistance.

It is difficult to do justice, by means of photography, to my expressive features, and I had resolved never again to stare into a camera. I was told that there was a first-rate photographer here, and that I ought to sit to him. I refused. If he fail, I said, a worthy man will be mortified, and why should I mortify him? If he succeed, I said, I shall make his fortune, and why should I make the fortune of a stranger? My wife, innocent babes, and emphatic mother-in-law implored me in vain. I was CORIOLANUS. But when I heard that the artist in question had in the first place made his fortune, and erected a palatial studio, and in the second that he was a truly brave gentleman, who, on an awful day of storm, not to be forgotten here (when LORD CHARLES BRANCBURG and other noble fellows, who sought to save some wrecked sailors were themselves swept away to death) had dashed into the sea to give aid, and had been brought out insensible after his gallant effort, I said that I would go and see a brave man. And I went to shake hands with MR. SARONY. I beheld his well-earned medals, and I

scarcely escaped with life from the crowd of Yorkshire beauties who besieged the saloon, but I divided my large heart among them, and ran up into the sun-chamber. The likeness is proclaimed by all who know me to be a triumph. I seem, myself, to miss something of the noble expression, profound thoughtfulness, pensive yet playful smile, and phrenological perfection which I possess; but if those who love me are satisfied, I am debtor to the brave SARONY. Which fact reminds me that there are life-boats here, and much are they needed, and if the thousands who come here to amuse themselves by watching the Ocean had grace enough to pay for the sight by sending a trifle to the Boat Fund, they would sleep the better on a stormy night.

My family has returned, and clamour to me to come and lunch. I will grant their request, for the sun has come round to my window, and the glass is at 90°. I have thought of leaving this Scarborough, but what does it matter where one is baked? Still, do not rely on me for regular contributions, for we are not far from York, and York is on the road to the Caledonian Canal, which seems to suggest something of coolness. So, you will say, with questionable wit, does this intimation. I care not. Stocks have fallen, not so the respect and esteem with which I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Low Conduct Lane, Old Scarborough.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

DON'T BE MUFFS.



HE St. Leger has been won by *Gladiateur*; all right. But it was not all right to set up a howl against the owner of another horse for demanding evidence of the age, or rather the youth, of the French animal. This is sentimentalism *in excelsis*. We dare say that the victor is exactly as old as he is said to be, but horses' teeth have mystified horse-dentists ere now, by the aid of gold stopping. A French *maître* is, of course, infallible as to a French horse; but in England there is a wonderful phenomenon observed by the wise. No racing foals are ever born in December. We do not for a moment impugn the honour of the French stable, or the wisdom of the Doncaster stewards, but knowing what is known about English racing, we cannot join in a hoot against an English owner for hap-

pening to suppose that Paris is about as innocent and guileless as Yorkshire. If sentiment gets into the stable we shall soon be feeding *Gladiateur* with gilded Oats, like what's his name.

RACY RESEARCH.

WE beg to call the attention of Sporting gents to an advertisement in the *Church Times*. It contains the Contents of the *Englishman's Magazine* for September, 1865. Article, No. 4, is entitled "Mediæval Bookmaking."

Mediæval research is, no doubt, fascinating, and to some degree profitable; but we feel sure that the abovenamed article will present but few attractions to the readers of the *Church Times*, who in Book-making, as in other respects, are harmless as doves. We therefore beg to recommend the production to those who possess more of the wisdom of the serpent, the readers of *Bell's Life*. "Mediæval Bookmaking" will doubtless furnish useful hints in sharp practice and general imposition.

Notice to Ladies.

A BILL will be introduced into Parliament, early next Session, enacting that a promise of marriage, to be held binding, so that the breach of it shall constitute a ground of action, must be given in writing, and attested by two competent witnesses. This measure provides that, should it pass into an Act of Parliament, an abstract of the Act shall be posted at the doors of all Churches and Chapels in the United Kingdom, and also at the entrances of the principal linendrapers' shops.

THE MOST LOYAL OF CUP-BEARERS.—A Blind Man's Dog.



HOW THE SNOBS WERE SERVED AT THE SEASIDE.

THE HEIGHT OF INGENUITY.

THE subjoined paragraph, extracted from a contemporary, is at least as good a substitute for news as the description of the monstrous pippin or immense cabbage just now in season:—

"INGENIOUS DEVICE.—A gentleman near Wareham, in Dorset, who has a small field in which there are crops of carrots and mangold wurzel, with which hares and rabbits have been making free, has put a dog's house in the field for the accommodation of a small puppy. The puppy is loose by day, and he barks all night long. This effectually scares away the hares and rabbits."

Wonderful! A device hardly less ingenious than that above detailed is rather generally adopted by farmers for the purpose of driving away the sparrows that come to devour their crops. They provide a small clown, or an aged rustic, with an old gun and a little gunpowder, instructing him to charge the firearm with a small quantity of that explosive substance, and keep letting it off from time to time. Another expedient, almost equally clever, is one which some gardeners are used to practise during the summer to frighten the small birds off from eating the fruit. It is their wont to station in the cherry-trees, or among the raspberry canes, or the gooseberry and currant bushes, a figure resembling GUY FAWKES with a short pipe in his mouth; the arms of the effigy being sometimes jointed, so as, when the wind blows, to be moved about by it. The device of setting a puppy to run about a field by day, and chaining it up in a kennel there to bark at night, however, is certainly somewhat more ingenious than the establishment of a scarecrow; which is of no use whatever at night, and does not terrify hares and rabbits.

But, in truth, the interest of the intelligence, comprised in the foregoing statement, lies in another direction than the quarter in which it seems to point. The fact that a little dog, chained up in a field and barking all night, effectually scares away hares and rabbits, has no doubt an importance of its own, which is not to be underrated. But that fact is one capable of being regarded in quite a different light than that wherein it presents itself to the agricultural mind. The puppy which, chained up in a field, barks all night, and effectually scares hares and rabbits, does, when chained up all night in a yard, bark in like manner, and effectually deprive everybody in its neighbourhood of sleep. The proper place for such a little beast to be chained up in is the middle of a field, where, if it does no good by scaring away hares

and rabbits, it does no harm by destroying anybody's night's rest. It is much to be wished that all persons who keep noisy curs had the ingenuity, as well as the goodness, to prevent them from murdering their neighbour's sleep by the admirable device of chaining them up in the middle of a field.

YORKSHIRE CAUTION.

"WHY, my dear fellow, how is it you are not at the St. Leger? I thought you lived at Doncaster?" said a friend, unexpectedly meeting another on the promenade at Filey Bay.

"Yes, and so I do," was the reply, "but the fact is, I am at present a forlorn, melancholy exile. It's true I rent a drawing-room floor by the year in Doncaster; but there is a clause in the agreement that I am always to turn out during the racing week. During that week the people of the house make nearly as much as I pay them during the remainder of the year. That is why you see me here. This is the fourth day of my banishment, and if you have any charity in your soul, you will invite me home to dinner, and comfort me in the best way you can."

"HAVE YOU READ HIS SPEECH?"

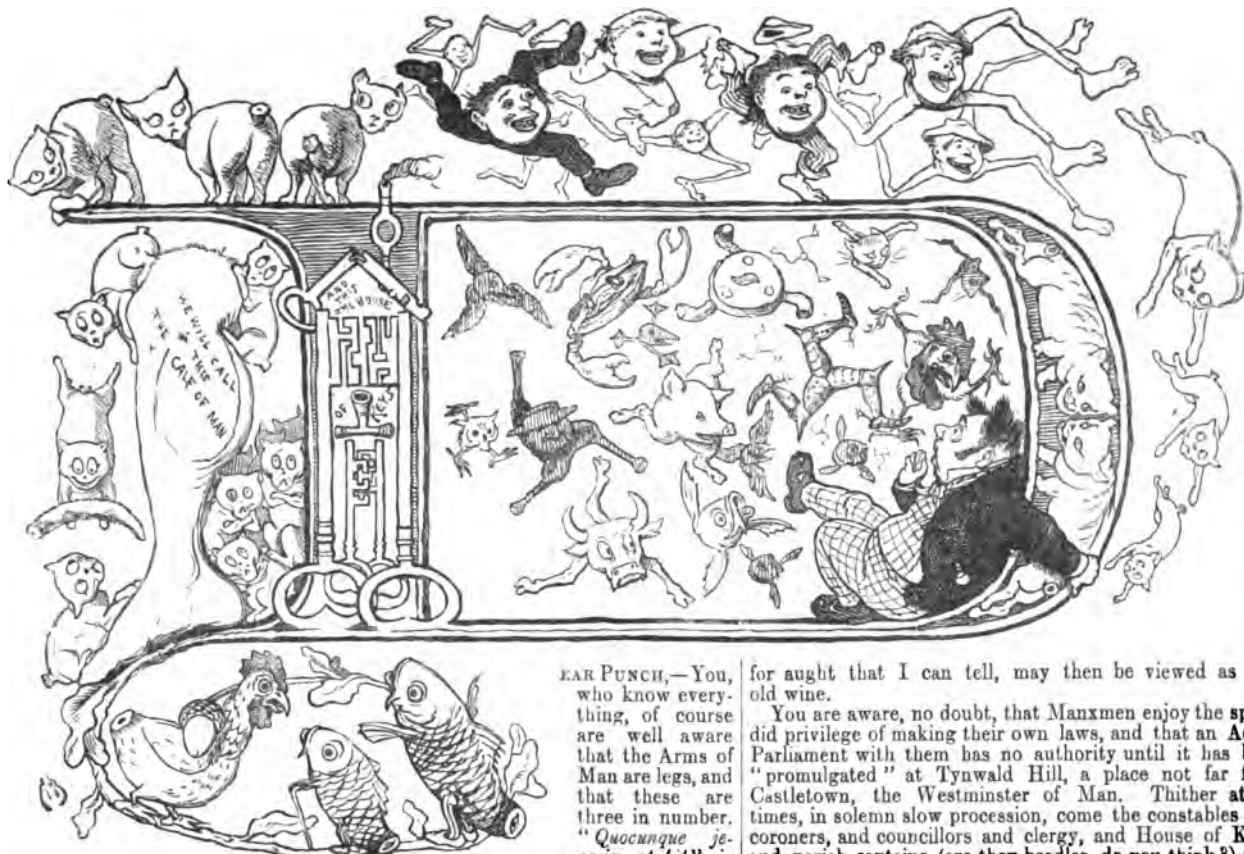
THE BISHOP OF OXFORD may, if he likes, allege the Cattle disease to be a punishment on the English because they have not subscribed sufficiently to the memorial to the late PRINCE CONSORT; but foreign cattle are also diseased, and even the unctuous SAMUEL will hardly say that Continental Europe was bound to aid in erecting that monument. We fear that he must discover another crime, if he is resolved to go beyond natural causes. Meantime it is clear that if oil-cake will do our beasts any good, we know where to go for any amount of oiliness.

From Boulogne to Folkestone.

AT Boulogne-sur-Mer a Statue to DR. JENNER has recently been erected. There was some question as to the inscription. What motto, said the Maire, shall we give to this Jenner-al benefactor?

An English nobleman, residing at Boulogne for the season, readily answered, "*Jenner sans pas.*"

MEMS FROM MANXLAND.



EAR PUNCH,—You, who know everything, of course are well aware that the Arms of Man are legs, and that these are three in number. "*Quocunque je-coris stabit*" is the motto of the

Manxman. Whether the natives of the island have a more than common aptitude for falling on their feet, wherever fate may throw them, is more than I can say. The possession of a third leg seems to favour the idea, and many of the Manx folk, as far as I could learn, are persons of good standing. I pictured to myself a Manx boy with three legs turning "Catherine-Wheels" by dozens, with the help of his ten fingers and his fifteen toes; and I thought how handy he would find his extra limb to be at football, though at cricket it would somewhat increase his chance of being put out "leg before wicket." By the way, is this third leg of theirs a left one or a right one? How a biped London bootmaker would stare at being asked to sell a pair and half of shoes! And what would STRUTZ, I wonder, charge to make a leash of trousers?

But these are idle fancies. However numerous they may have been in good KING ORRY's reign, the triped Manxmen nowadays are just as scarce as dodos. So far as I could learn, too, the tailless cats are dying out. I only saw a couple of them while I was in Manxland, and these possibly had suffered artificial decaudation. The cats I mostly saw there were like the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, and "could a tail unfold" as well as cats in general. So I fear the tailless tribe will soon become extinct, and naturalists will class them with "griffins and King's Arms," and the other "fabulous animals" that *Mr. Weller* talks of.

The mention of rare animals reminds me that I did not see a tipsy man in Manxland, though the facilities are great there for getting cheap strong drink. There is less duty upon alcohol than is imposed in England, and what would buy here half a quartern would there purchase half a quart. You get a pint of Dublin stout in bottle for five halfpence, and they charge you only threepence for a bottled pint of Bass. Wine is low-priced also, and every grocer sells it, and you see "fine fruity port" announced at one-and-six per bottle, and "rare old crusted ditto" as low as two-and-nine. About the age of this "old ditto" I confess I have my doubts, for I chanced one day to get a peep behind the scenes. At a certain Manx hotel, whose name wild zebras should not draw from me, I one day, while I was paying for refreshment at the bar, beheld a bottle of old port brought from the cellar in a jug, and thence poured into a bottle, and so served up with dessert. I have often drunk draught porter, but I never drank draught port: and how my head and health would stand it is more than I can tell. I once heard of a farmer who, being unused to port wine drinking, complained of a slight headache after his first bout of it, and owned to some surprise at this unusual result; for, being a careful man, he was sure he "didn't take much more nor half-a-gallon of it." Perhaps the wine which so upset him had likewise been brought up from the cellar in a jug, and this may have been the reason why his brains had been affected by it. When next I visit Manxland, I certainly shall hesitate in ordering old port, lest I get some which has been as long as ten minutes in bottle, and which,

for aught that I can tell, may then be viewed as rare old wine.

You are aware, no doubt, that Manxmen enjoy the splendid privilege of making their own laws, and that an Act of Parliament with them has no authority until it has been "promulgated" at Tynwald Hill, a place not far from Castletown, the Westminster of Man. Thither at set times, in solemn slow procession, come the constables and coroners, and councillors and clergy, and House of Keys, and parish captains (are they beadles, do you think?) with his Grace the LORD BISHOP and his Excellency the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, and there they promulgate the acts of Tynwald by reading out their titles and their marginal notes. Formerly, the Acts were all read through *in extenso*, and being composed with the usual verbosity of lawyers, they occupied a day or more in being thus read forth. The last Act thus "promulgated" was this summer spouted out by His Honour DREEMSTER DRINKWATER, who, by the time he ended it, must have found his mouth, I fancy, water for some drink. The Act which he then read was entitled in Manx phrase, "Slatys son caghlaa yn aght jey Fockley magh slattysyn Tynwald," which you will see, at half a glance, simply means, "An Act to alter the mode of promulgating Acts of Tynwald," by rendering needless the extended reading aforesaid. I wonder how many more years will pass before we find there has been promulgated "An Act to Render Needless the Tynwald Court and Acts of Tynwald," to be followed by "An Act to Do Without the Governor, Exterminate the Council, and Shut Up the House of Keys." What horrible Manx names I may be called for this suggestion I tremble to conceive; but I own I can't help fancying that, were the Manxlanders to condescend to rank as common Englishmen, their interests would be better served by sending Members to St. Stephen's, than by their excellent GOVERNOR LOCH, and, "not to speak profanely," all the whole bunch of the Keys. Could Manxland pardon the indignity of being spoken of as Manxshire, and put up with the affront of being treated and regarded as a simple English county, the Manxshiremen would soon find English capital flow in for them more freely than it now does, and supposing that they felt their hearts made heavy by the change, they would be consoled by feeling their pockets heavy too.

It may seem a trifle bold in me to venture this opinion, and prematurely contemplate the benefits of change. "Let well alone," is a good old-fashioned maxim, and with all the disadvantage of not being wholly English, the Manxlanders don't do so badly after all. Indeed, in many points they are a people to be envied even by ourselves. They have no Income-Tax, no turnpikes, no beggars, and no barrel-

organs—at least, in a week's stay there I never once was plagued with them. Add to these advantages the charms of pretty coast scenery, delicious kippered herrings, a clear blue sea to swim in, some really good cheap sherry, nice heath-clad hills to ramble on, tobacco at half duty, a capital game country,* warm baths a shilling each, and mutton sevenpence a pound,—add all these attractions, and own a trip to Manxland presents a tempting prospect, in spite of the five hours or so of sea that it requires.

Recommending you to pay a visit there next Autumn, or, if you wish to see a myriad of wild flowers, you should go there in the Spring, I remain, yours most contentedly in town,—say, for a day or two, but not much longer, at this season, I assure you,—

VAGABUNDUS.

* The country is indeed a capital one for game; and what with pheasants, black-cock, partridges, grouse, woodcock, snipe, quail, rabbits, ptarmigan and hares, the sportsman may depend on having plenty of good sport—if he only takes the trouble to bring all his game with him.

FURIOUS DRIVING.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you oblige me by fulminating a red-hot invective or two against the present practice of nurses furiously driving? I allude to the reckless way in which they push their perambulators along. I can assure you it is not safe to walk in the streets. I was nearly run over yesterday. A big, brawny, blundering Irish girl came galloping along, looking all the while of course behind her, and the consequence was that the heavy machine, with two fat babies inside, went with all its weight over first one boot, and then over the other, and nearly crushed all the toes I had inside them. It was a mercy I was not upset, and killed on the spot. The pace was so terrific, that I was forcibly reminded of one of those Pickford's vans, by which, we hear, so many accidents are caused every day.

Now, Sir, I am subject to the gout, and shouldn't in the least wonder if this accident brought on an incipient attack of that most terrible of all diseases. I suppose that when LORD DREBY, or LORD PALMERSTON, has his toes crushed in a similar manner, the Legislature will begin to lend an ear to our cries, and to devise some remedy for our sufferings.

In the meantime, I propose that every perambulator should be compelled to carry a badge and a number, precisely like a regular cab, so that when an accident occurs from furious driving, the owner may be summoned, and compensation recovered for the injury committed. Railways, omnibuses, carts are subject to such penalties, and I ask why should perambulators be allowed to escape with impunity? In my instance, my claim would not be short of £500 for the pain and imprisonment I shall infallibly have to undergo.

I am, Sir, yours, laid up in ordinary and flannel,

OLD HOBBLER.

P.S. Recollect, Sir, the danger is all the greater, because it is so little apprehended on the pavement, where one is accustomed to walk leisurely along, little expecting to be run over, or knocked down, or trampled upon. But some of these nurses are regular Van Demoneesses, in their way! Pray put a stop to their wild career.

NURSING EXTRAORDINARY.

WE witnessed a curious scene in a London Court. There were ten girls, each carrying a baby. The united ages of the ten babies might have been about fifteen. And what might have been the united ages of those who were carrying them? Certainly, not more than forty-five or fifty. In many poor families, it would seem that a girl is no sooner fit to carry herself, than she is sent out to carry some one younger than she is. In a household where the door can scarcely be shut (as the saying is) from the number of children that are inside, a girl is, from the above reason, much more serviceable than a boy. A boy cannot nurse his younger brothers and sisters, whereas a girl takes to it instinctively, and apparently takes a great pleasure in doing it. It is her plaything—about the only one that necessity allows her. In this way, girls in a court of St. Giles's have the advantage over girls of the Court of St. James's, inasmuch as they play at Mothers with real children. If we wished to be sentimental, we might say, that "*Babies are the live dolls of the daughters of Poverty.*"

TO ENGLISHMEN AND FRENCHMEN.

Remedy for Sea Sickness.—The *entente* "Cordial."

A GONE GOOSE.

THE most respectable Fenian hitherto arrested is a tailor. This smacks strongly of the celebrated Cabbage Garden.

HOW TO DISCOVER YOUR REAL WORTH.—Become suddenly poor.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

A Tragical Grand-Hotel Opera in Four Acts and a Lot of Tableaux.

BY A. U. FERRER, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Supernatural or Invisible.

The Manager (any Responsible Person). Grand Hotel Directors.

Persons in the Opening.

The Grand Cashier.

Assistant Grand Cashier (commanding four broken languages).

Mrs. GONAZOUS (High Priestess, Grand Manageress, or Great Grandmother of the Hotel).

Chorus of Grand Porters and Grand Bootsees.

Chorus of Grand Waiters.

The Great Grand Head Waiter.

Driver of the Grand Hotel Van.

Grand Guard to the same.

Persons in the Drama.

Mr. 1st Passenger (out for a holiday, with a song).

Mrs. 1st Passenger (of invalid tendencies).

2nd Passenger (a Nobleman in disguise).

3rd Passenger (a Cricketer, in flannels).

4th Passenger (a Rejected Candidate at the late Elections, airing himself).

Chorus of Passengers visiting the Grand Hotel.

Chorus of Visitors, stopping therein.

Chorus of Waiters, Chambermaids and Housemaids on the different floors.

Chorus of Ladies in the Ladies' Coffee Room.

Chorus of Gentlemen in the Gentlemen's Coffee Room.

Grand Pages.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Railway Station. The Curtain rising discovers the Interior of the Station and distant view of White Chalk Cliffs. Railway Porters, Policemen, Flymen with flies, Omnibus men, &c. &c. Near the arrival platform are seen the ornamental Prisoners' Van, driven and guarded by the Grand Officials of the Grand Hotel.

Chorus of Porters, &c.

See, see, the train is arriving.

Oh, happy day!

For fees we're striving,

Oh, happy day!



Chorus of Passengers (heard without).

To the Sea! To the Sea!

Oh, happy day!

Come away!

We are arriving.

Ticket Collectors. (Opening Chorus in "Les Huguenots.")

Tic-kets! Tic-kets!

You'll oblige us with your tickets!

[Repeat till Tickets and Passengers are sufficiently collected to enable them to leave their carriages and regain their luggage.]



Chorus, after "Masaniello."

1st Pass.

I've one portmanteau.

Porter.

Here it is.

2nd Pass.

A box.

3rd Pass.

A hat-box I possess.

Porter.

Your number.

4th Pass.

Here.

Anybody.

A carpet bag.

Anybody else.

A trunk.

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Gentleman (name unknown). A leather case.

Porter (to some one). That?

Some one (jogfully). Yes.

Grand Hotel Van Driver (from his private box singing seductively to Passengers below). Where are you going to, my noble blade?

Guard (to Lady). Where are you going to, my pretty maid?

Lady. To the Hotel Grand.

Passengers (to one another). Sir, she said.

Driver to Guard (authoritatively). Sir, she said.

All (jogfully). To the Hotel Grand, Sir, she said.

Ensemble.

The sea! The sea! The open, free!

What joy! What joy, to be

By the sparkling brine,

And the iodine,

Away to the Grand Hotel!

[*Grand Driver flourishes whip, Passengers wave their hats, Flymen say "tcht" to their horses, the Grand H. Van Guard, with fendish joy, indicates that the Visitors are in his clutches. Bustle as the drop falls.*

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Hall of the Grand Hotel. The Hall Porter has ushered several Visitors into the Hall. Attendant Porters and Bootes gloat over the luggage of the newly arrived. A few resident Visitors are seen compassionately looking on the new acquisitions.*



1st Pass. (in admiration of the Marble Hall, the elegant balustrades, the height, the magnificent proportions of the building and the beautiful carpets)—

(Recitative) How noble! How truly great!

Mrs. 1st Pass. We shall indeed be happy here.

[*Solemn music by a German band without. The shades of past Visitors glide gloomily from the Coffee-Room towards the Lavatories; they pause—*

"On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous passed, and awfully withdrew."

[*Passengers in pantomime charge them to speak, but the Shades slowly shake their heads and vanish.*

2nd Pass. (recitative). Ye marble halls! Vassals and serfs by my side I see ye. But where the person of whom to order rooms?

All Pass. (getting tired of standing). Where? Where?

Hall Porter (in uniform). They come!

[*Trumpets without by German band.*

Enter, from second door in bureau, a Grand Cashier in moustachios and Intelligent Grand Assistant. They regard the Passengers silently. At the same moment there descends, as from some ethereal region, the High Priestess, MADAME GORGEOUS, and advances in a stately measure towards the Passengers. All bow. Simultaneously appear on every landing up as far as the eye can reach, choruses of Grand Chambermaids, Grand Upper Housemaids, Grand Waiters, Grand Upper Waiters, all leaning over the balustrades.

Mrs. Gorgeous. Welcome, Signors! (*Chord.*) What would you?



All. Rooms! Rooms!

Mrs. Gorgeous (while Cashier and Assistant write numbers on paper and deliver cards to Visitors). You to thirty-two.

[*Visitor humbly receives card and appears puzzled.*

You to eighty-three.

[*2nd Visitor thinks it a conjuring trick, and won't tell his number to anyone.*

You to ninety-five. (Ditto.)

You to sixty-four. (Ditto.)

You to one hundred, &c. &c. (Ditto, they all compare cards feebly).

Invalid Lady (looking at the staircase with terror). I cannot! Alas! I cannot!

Mrs. G. (aside). What! Rebellious already (*aloud*)

Nay then—the Lift!

FINALE.

Chorus of Grand Officials.

The Lift! The Lift!

For the stairs make-shift!

At your floors you'll stop,

On your road to the top!

No prayers or cries

We will heed. Rise! Rise!

[*Visitors, clinging to their cards, are led towards the Lift.*

Away to the floors! to the doors!

Lift! Lift!

Away!



[*The Lift rises, containing as many of the Passengers as it can hold at once, the others remain in a state of uncertainty and anxiety below. The ascending Passengers are in the charge of a Grim Grand Hotel Guard. Another Lift rises with Visitors' luggage. The Grand Cashier waves counterpoises of tickets in exultation, and the Grand Assistant makes a triumphal entry into his own book. The Chambermaids, Housemaids, and Waiters on the different landings strike various attitudes indicative of cat-like expectancy for the issue of Visitors from the Lift, whose voices are heard getting fainter and fainter as they go "up, up, up"; the Waiters, Hall Porter, and Porters in the Hall, crouch before the High Priestess of the Grand Hotel, as with one hand she proudly points upwards, as if towards the booked Visitors, and with the other motions the remaining trembling Visitors to silence and obedience. The shades of Resident Visitors are heard wailing in the Lavatories as Curtain falls.*

Grand Tableau.

(*To be Continued.*)

"WE FLY BY NIGHT" AND DAY.

VISITORS at the Seaside have suffered from flies more than any one else. Not only were these myriads of insects a source of perpetual stinging annoyance, but they have constituted in themselves a new kind of "devouring element." We know in many lodging-houses it has been quite impossible to keep meat for longer than a few hours. Instances have been known of where a large joint has been had for dinner, and not a morsel of it has been left for supper; and this fact has been forcibly illustrated by the lodging-house-keeper producing the bones, as a proof of how extremely clean these entomological police have done their work. Not only has it been in the article of animal food that these devastations have been committed, but tea, sugar, butter, candles have all suffered to a corresponding degree. Where these Flies have once gained admission into a house, the distress they levy is of a most devastating nature; for, like active sheriff's-officers, they clear everything before them in a very short space of time. The moment you have ocular proof of their visitation, which is not very difficult, as they have an unpleasant trick of getting into your eyes, the only remedy is to give notice to quit immediately. So busy have been these Flies lately, that we have been informed of many respectable families having been driven up to Town expressly by them.



AMENITIES FROM ALDERSHOT.

First Soldier. "WELL, BOB, WHAT MANOEUVERS DID HE GIVE YOU TO-DAY!"

Second Ditto. "OH, JUST THE REG'LAR THING—RIGHT HALF-TURN, LEFT HALF-TURN, AND TAKE THE BEGGARS' NAMES DOWN!"

THE FENIAN COLLAPSE.

(The Lament of an Irish Bard.)

A GLORIOUS enterprise has come to grief,
Crushed and defeated by a dirty thief,
Two dirty thieves, I mean; a march they steal.
The base LORD WODEHOUSE, and SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The flower of insurrection, strife, and blood,
Is nipped entirely in the swelling bud;
The foul police, with preconcocted plan,
Trode out the flames before the fire began.

With noiseless war-cry, and with silent whoop,
The blackguards on the *People's* office swoop,
Surround the dwelling, and its inmates seize,
With quiet confidence and perfect ease.

In durance vile the noble heroes are
That were to be the leaders of the war;
The printers, writers, shopboys, basely sold,
Two labourers, tailor brave, and sailor bold.

The wily priests with interested view,
Cold holy water on the project throw,
The gentry all refused to join the scheme,
And so the milk is spilt, without the cream.

Arrested are the serjeants, and the drill
Behold the mighty movement standing still,
At Erin's Fenian Yankee banner torn,
Derisive malice points the thumb of scorn.

"THE TOOTH OF TIME"—DENT (THE WATCHMAKER.) *Look in the French Dictionary for "dent."*

THE POETRY OF GLENMARK.

HER MAJESTY last week went to Glenmark and took lunch by the side of a spring, over which, in remembrance of a former occasion whereon she visited it together with the PRINCE CONSORT, LORD DALHOUSIE has had built a structure of granite in the form of the ancient Scottish crown, surmounting a basin round which is inscribed the following legend:—

"Rest, traveller, in this lonely scene,
And drink and pray for Scotland's Queen—
VICTORIA!"

Perhaps some of our readers will imagine that, in the foregoing lines, they recognise the hand of our old friend POET CLOSS. Is there room under them for any more poetry? If so, we should like to record the subjoined couplet there, by way of response to them:—

"I'll pray for QUEEN VICTORIA here,
But go and drink her health in Beer."

FROM LORD DALHOUSIE'S spring we should be desirous of adjourning to his Lordship's cellar.

Natural Sympathy.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD having touched upon the subject of the Cattle disease with more pathos than wisdom, drew down upon himself some sharp comments from a leading journal. Now we need not suppose that the right reverend Prelate has any sympathy for the Pope's bulls, yet the sanitary condition of cattle must be a subject of perplexing anxiety to OZON.

A SOCIAL CONTRADICTION.

OUR "Juvenile Correspondent" says he cannot make it out, but he finds that, with most of his acquaintances, he has "fallen out," through having neglected to "drop in."



ERIN'S LITTLE DIFFICULTY.

BRITANNIA. "YES, MY DEAR! THAT'S THE SORT OF DRILLING TO DO HIM MOST GOOD!"

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-WOOLSACK.



DMIRABLE PUNCH.

THE following communications were received letter by letter, in the presence of a numerous assembly, at the Spiritual Lyceum, from a deceased lawyer and statesman of eminence, who, during his life in the form, was a steadfast anti-Reformer.

Is there any Spirit present? Yes.

When did you die? In 1838.

Are you personally known to any one here? No.

Are you affected with grief? Sorely.

With any other painful emotions? Indignation. Anger. Disgust.

At what? Act 28th and 29th of VICTORIA, cap. 92.

Will you please to explain? County Courts Equitable Jurisdiction Bill.

Why are you so extremely vexed with that measure? It transfers to a great extent, all the powers and authority of the High Court of Chancery in nearly all suits of

Equity to the County Courts. It gives the County Courts jurisdiction in nearly all suits of Equity wherein the estate or fund in question does not exceed the value of £500. It lowers Equity to a vulgar level.

What business is that of yours? Chancery business.

Was that your business in life? Yes.

What is there that annoys you in Chancery Reform? Innovation. Debasement.

Will you give your name? EL—

ELLENBOROUGH? Ass! He was Lord Chief Justice.

What were you? Lord High Chancellor.

When? From 1801 to 1806. Twenty years.

How do you mean? Afterwards, from 1807 to 1827.

Can you spell out your name now? Blockhead.

Is that your name? No, yours!

Will the dear spirit be so kind as to give his real name? JOHN SCOTT LORD.

Was your name Lord? ELDON.

That was your title. Had you any other?

They called me Old Bags.

Can we do anything for you? Support DERRY and DIZZY.

I have the assurance to subscribe myself, Mr. Punch,

Faithfully yours,

VERITAS.

How to Dress your Shop-Window.

HERE is pomp and vanity, worldly show, and ostentation for you!

"A cake of gold, weighing 1312 ounces, the produce of 800 tons of quartz, has been exhibited in the window of the Oriental Bank at Bendigo."

Mr. Punch is not obliged to resort to any such meretricious means. His art of attracting attention is simple, ingenious, and yet irresistible. He has only to put a number of his periodical in the window, and look at the tremendous crowds that are drawn there instantly! The truth is, a number of Punch is worth any amount of gold.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From an Esteemed Correspondent.)

September.

Down here, blazing hot; six o'clock, A.M. Everybody up with the lark; somebody shot it. Got our guns out, shot belt, powder flasks, and so forth. They wouldn't let me load before we started, or might have made mincemeat of many small birds as we went along. Went over COCKSHOTT'S land: very good shooting over COCKSHOTT'S property. Somebody said, when we were firing, that there was very bad shooting over COCKSHOTT'S. We made up a fairish bag of twenty brace of something or other, and about forty hares and rabbits. We counted what each one had shot, and they haven't put mine in the bag, or there would have been more. The Keeper said they fell awkwardly, or he'd ha' got at 'em. It seems that they flew over several fields after I'd killed them. The rabbits in this country too, such is their tenacity of life when I shoot at them, do the same; only they don't fly, they run. I owned, candidly, that I didn't shoot so well as usually to-day, and adduced the following convincing reasons:—

Reasons why I didn't kill successive partridges:—Because they got up so suddenly: because just when I was going to fire, the trigger caught in my cuff. *Thirdly*, the hammer caught in my shot-belt (N.B. very awkward thing, a shot-belt). *The fourth partridge*: I didn't see it till it was too late. *The fifth*. I thought it was a pheasant, and when you're uncertain, your aim is destroyed. There was also a pheasant, which looked to me exactly like a partridge, and was missed for a similar reason. At least when I say "missed," I mean, I really was not shooting at it. *The sixth*. It got up behind my back, and I was afraid of turning and firing, or I might have hit what's-his-name, who was just behind, or else I must have had him as safe as possible. I count this as a bird to me. *The seventh*. A covey of four suddenly rushed into the air; there were only five guns out, so I let the others have a bird a-piece. *The eighth* I killed, I know I killed him. He couldn't be found because he managed to fly away and drop into another field. But if ever a bird was killed he was. As a general reason the birds were really very shy; so should I be if I were a partridge.

Rabbits, Hares: why didn't I shoot that rabbit that came out of his hole close by me? Why? because the dog was just on him, and I might have hurt the dog. As to the hare, that came straight at me, I defy anyone to kill a hare that comes straight at you; you can't do it. Ask

any artist that knows anything about fore-shortening, and then tell me where you'll hit him.

But the other Hare that ran to your right? I forgot that I had a second barrel loaded. When I remembered it, he'd gone.

How about those two rabbits just outside the copse? The gun, somehow, just jerked itself up as I was firing. I think I was too long over my aim. I can't shoot with a cigar in my mouth, and the smoke got in my eye. I made one good shot coming home, though; I saw a rabbit sitting in a pathway, I crept up to a gate whereon I rested my gun and took a beautiful shot. There was no doubt about his being killed, and well killed too, as I could find nothing of him but his head, one leg, and a tail.

I shall soon get into practice, and will send you some partridges up to London. In the mean time get some in London and send 'em to me down here.

A Singular View of French Literature.

An English lady, who has read more French novels, perhaps, than any one else, says that she knows but of one moral writer in the whole range of the romantic literature of France, and that is ALPHONSE KARR. In this instance, then, it is the proper thing to exclaim "A. K.,"—in other words, "all correct."

INNOCENT CREATURE!

An old lady wonders that, when the thread of the Atlantic cable was broken, the Great Eastern didn't give a tack or twp, and so repair it. Her wonder is all the greater, as she was assured they had a very good needle on board.

Mr. Punch Acts as Godfather.

So many eminent American actors and actresses have recently appeared at the Adelphi—to say nothing of the names of WEBSTER and JEFFERSON, reminding us of two great presidential celebrities—that we think it would only be right, and complimentary to our Transatlantic cousins, to rechristen it, and to call it henceforth "The Philadelphia Theatre."

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

"A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS bound."—PROMETHEUS.



VERY CRUEL.

Street Boy. "PLEASE S' R'MEMBER THE GROTTO, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "WHAT! AND NATIVES HALF-A-CROWN A DOZEN! YOU LITTLE UNFEELING VAGABOND, GET ALONG WITH YOU!"

PHŒNIXISM IN IRELAND.

From our facetious friend who is studying Natural History on the Shores of the Shannon.

HEARING that a *rara avis* was about to make its appearance in this green—very green—isle, and that St. Patrick having exterminated the serpents, had promised to perform something still more startling, by revivifying the Phœnix, I came here, two or three days ago, like a model student, to look, listen, and learn. On my arrival I proceeded to the Laboratory of the "Patent Patriotic Incubator Company (unlimited)," for having revivified the Phœnix, the Company contemplate extending their recreations, among which the dodo and the megatherium will figure largely. The ashes of the Phœnix, I thought, looked exceedingly like small coal, but an earnest Editor, who had been blowing with all his strength until he appeared in danger of apoplexy, assured us that we should soon see the pyre burst into a flame, for which purpose having lit a lucifer match and applied it to the embers, he began to fan them with a newspaper made of straw. It was highly instructive to watch the scientific operator and his co-peers by aid of bellows, mouth, and paper, and with hands not over clean, labouring to kindle the contumacious cinders. Some prosaic people did not scruple to pronounce it a sham; some who were subscribers demanded their money to be returned, and a sudden cry of "Police!" alarming the incubators, transformed a questionable national into a really nervous agitation. At length, when public dissatisfaction had reached its climax, a slight flutter was heard, and lo! a *rara avis* indeed rose from the dust-heap where it had so long ingloriously slumbered. Will you believe me without a solemn statutory declaration? Instead of the classical bird which I had anticipated, I beheld one that is sacrificed to ERICURUS on Michaelmas Day, and which on spreading its wings, proclaimed its superiority to the Sassenach by something between a crow and a cackle. Briefly, Phœnixism in this green—very green—isle, though a pretty ornament for a cabbage garden, has the rich, but decidedly vulgar flavour of an Irish goose.

Ecclesiastical Billiards.

THE Celebrated Convocation Players flatter themselves that their little game is won because they've just made their 25th Canon.

OUR YACHT.

OUR breakfast, my first breakfast on board, was simple and unostentatious. There is a table in the cabin. Its legs are up in the air; that is, it is supported from above instead of below by thin ropes, which with some little ingenuity we have now reduced to equal lengths. It must be a very good arrangement this when the ship is in motion, as, through its swinging about, the centre of gravity (I believe I speak scientifically) is invariably preserved. Our Treasure of a Cook sent us in some excellent tea, some eggs excellently boiled, and some thin slices of bacon beautifully grilled. We all agreed that he was a Treasure. The Captain and Crew breakfasted together in the "forecassell," or hold; they've got no table, nothing but the top of the stove, and from what I saw I suppose they must lie in their berths while taking their meals, as on any other supposition the disposal of their legs is a mathematical impossibility.

The Captain came to our cabin for a second supply of "rations," which sailors, it appears, prefer to tea. The Commodore served out a tumbler of brandy between them, and told them that after breakfast we would get under way and sail down the straits. It was arranged that this was the time to make my daily entry in the Log. I now refer to it.

"Tuesday. Wind blowing down the straits;" that is, when I held out my pocket-handkerchief just now, it was blown out towards Beaumaris, and my hat went in that direction, while my hands were engaged with the log and handkerchief. The Captain said it was blowing freshish; the Commodore wouldn't let him go after my hat in the small boat, which was unkind.

Log again. "Freshish wind; hat overboard; no attempts at a rescue. Getting under way. The Captain says he must take the tiller (N.B., not a ploughman, but something to do with steering) and the Commodore tells me I must bear a hand (N.B., a nautical phrase, we are all talking nautically now, and I have given up wearing braces) and assist at the cab-stand, or cap-stand. (N.B., I think it *was* the cap-stand; I don't like to ask the Commodore what is the meaning of these phrases, because it makes him so angry, and his explanations are not as

clear as I should have expected from a person who knows so much about these sort of things; but I gather that cap-stand, which is a sort of post to which the anchor is fastened, is so called from the expression a 'capful of wind,' of which you can't take advantage unless the anchor is unfastened.)"

I regret to say that there was a little disturbance on board to-day. I further regret to say that it was, to a certain extent, my fault. I have apologised, and peace reigns again. It was, in reality, the Lieutenant's fault, not mine. He came down-stairs to talk to me soon after the order about bearing a hand at the cap-stand had been given, and we agreed that the Commodore was rather over-bearing. Why should he call himself a Commodore? Why should Tom only be a Lieutenant? Why, I added, should I only be a Mate? Tom said he wouldn't stand it if he was in my place. We agreed that something ought to be done about it at once. We ought to speak to the Commodore. Tom observed that as I was going on deck I might at once speak to him, and he would back me up. On consideration I thought it would be better if *he* spoke to the Commodore, and I would back him up. I liked the idea of backing him up, because, as I have said before, the Commodore *does* get so angry. We settled that we'd both go and speak together. We went up on deck, I first. The Commodore was at the head of the Companion. (N.B. The cabin ladder.) I told him I wanted to speak to him. The Lieutenant, instead of backing me up, went down the Companion to fetch his hat. I hate a fellow who sneaks away. I told the Commodore that I thought as our voyage was only for fun, that is putting it as pleasantly as possible, I ought to be something more than a Mate. The Commodore wanted to know what I meant by "fun?" I said that my meaning was it was all a lark. He replied that he understood me, and I'd better bear a hand for'ard. I refused unless I was something more than a Mate.

What would I be? he wanted to know.

Not having given this point sufficient consideration, I suggested that I should like to be a Cornet. He said if I was going to play the fool we'd better give the whole thing up. Did I know, he asked, that rank on board a gentleman's yacht was recognised in the Navy? I didn't

know this, but if it ~~was~~ so I certainly preferred being a Cornet to anything.

He said Cornets weren't nautical, being dragoons. The Lieutenant joined us here, and said (by way of backing me up) that I had better get a Commission in the Mounted Marine Force. I asked if these were recognised in the Navy? The Commodore answered decidedly, recognised everywhere. It struck me that this was a very good idea as a pacific compromise. It was agreed that I should apply for a Commission to the Admiralty by letter; they grant these to yachtsmen like commissions to Volunteers, and that I should write up to Town for a uniform. They told me that if I wanted to save expense, I'd better write to Mr. MAY, the costumier of Bow Street, who had plenty of these uniforms second-hand as good as new, and at a very moderate figure. We couldn't wait for it, but the parcel might be addressed to me on board the *Saucy Nautilus* in the Docks, Liverpool, where we should be in a few days. The Lieutenant wrote the letter while I was bearing a hand.

Log.—"The anchor is weighed, and precious heavy it was. It took three of us and a strong chain to get it on board. The mainsail is up; we all bore hands in hauling her up. The foresails are up; we cried, 'Tally-ho!' all the time, and shouted, 'Now together! Tally-ho! ho! ho!' We are moving as I write, so I ~~can't~~ write any more. Wind fresheer; latitude and longitude uncertain at present; compass on board to tell us all about that. We're fairly off. A Life on the Ocean Wave, Tally ho!"

P.S. I reopen this to say I've made a mistake. The Cap-stand isn't a Cap-stand; we haven't got such a thing on deck. I thought that the thing by which the anchor is weighed was the Cap-stand; it isn't, that's the windlass. I've often heard of a windlass. Directly they told me I said, "Oh, that's it, of course," as if I'd only *forgotten* the name. That's my artfulness. Tally-ho!

A PARAGRAPH TO PLEASE THE PIGS.



TUPID old *Dogberry* wished that somebody would write him down an ass; but here is somebody who, writing to the *Daily Express*, takes the liberty of writing himself down in it a pig:—



"DISEASE IN PIGS.

"Sir,—Having read in your paper of Saturday a paragraph under the above head, I write at once to inform your Correspondent, through you, that *assafoetida* is an effectual cure for the distemper amongst pigs, having experienced it myself about a month ago. The dose for a young pig is half an ounce (the cost of which is one penny), mixed up, and then well dissolved in a naggin of boiling water, to which a naggin of new milk should be added. To a full-grown pig, fully three-quarters of an ounce of *assafoetida* should be given."

For aught we know, this remedy may really be a good one; and if so, pig-keepers in general will be thankful to the writer for having made it known. But they will hardly, one would think, feel so

grateful for his mentioning a few of them as follows:—

"The remedy is a cheap, safe, and simple medicine, and cannot be too generally known amongst the small farmers and cottiers, who have chiefly suffered from this virulent and fatal disorder."

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"*Aphameer, Roscrea, Sept. 4, 1865.*"

"JOSEPH GRIFFITH."

The letter being headed "Disease in Pigs," the "small farmers and cottiers" are at liberty, of course, to regard themselves as being spoken of as such, when they are named as having suffered from the common porcine malady. Let us only hope that *assafoetida* will suit them, if they venture on a dose of it. Half an ounce of *assafoetida* in some boiling milk and water is scarcely such a drink as an epicure would pick; but if there be any "*Epicuri de grege porcus*" that unfortunately happens to be struck with the disease, it may be well for him to try the dose above prescribed, and also try to hold his nose while he is taking it.

Dissecting the Body of the Waters.

A MEDICAL student, who has just been to Boulogne and back, says that he is no longer surprised at the enormous strength of the waves, considering the quantity of mussels he has found in them.

A GREAT CONSOLATION.

Miss BURDETT COUTTS may have lost her cows, but she can never lose the milk of human kindness.

CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

Elegant Extracts from Letters of FAN-Y-FAY (Her Celestial Majesty's principal Maid of Honour) to LADY GRACE DASHAWAY.

YOUR dear Brother, whom I met during his recent visit to Peking, has so often mentioned your sweet name when conversing on love and beauty, that in penning these lines to one whose portrait only I have seen, I scarcely feel as if I were addressing a stranger. * * * Your manners and fashions differ sensibly, he says, from ours; but where dresses, like doctors, differ, who shall decide? Our modes are like our laws, unchangeable. Yours are repealed, if I mistake not, every session; there being no permanency either in your statutes or skirts at large. * * * Your people all take great interest in Bills. Even noble Lords are known to carry them as if they were infants and ill, and are greatly agitated when they are dropped. * * * When a Minister brings in a Bill, however, it never exceeds the weight of a Sovereign. When a Bill is brought into the house by a Milliner, it startles one to think how many sovereigns may be required to honour it.

I have no wish to flatter, but your ideas of personal loveliness are certainly more expansive than ours, owing to your—do not blush—superior intelligence. In a crowd we take as little space as possible, but that which in us would be selfish, is in you sublime, for you know, dear, we are so narrow-minded. * * * Your Brother amused me with a tale of a man-of-war, which, when completed, was so large that it could not be taken out of dock. Is there not a similar tale of an Admiral's Lady, when dressed for a drawing-room? Her tiring-woman, I believe, fainted away, as it was found impossible to get her off, and ultimately the weaker vessel, like the stronger, became a perfect wreck. * * *

I understand you have Asylums and Refuges—you are such a benevolent people—for all sorts and conditions of men. These charitable institutions, quaintly called Clubs, are open day and night, and no urgent case is ever denied admission. Here the weary bachelor finds that repose which fashionable coterie conspire to destroy, and from his monastic window serenely views those charms which once inspired him with such pleasing terror. * * *

We have been much quizzed by your *beau monde* for our small feet, but remember, we do not walk like a child of earth with golden hair. I have often been lost in astonishment when thinking what opportunities you lose of conquest. Why not abandon that painful exertion, and open new channels of employment for your young guardsmen? Let every lady have a palanquin of her own, with four fine cavaliers attached, whose delightful duty it should be to carry her when and where her inclination may dictate. You shudder, because it seems so much like slavery, but while reclining in your aerial couch you can always raise a deserving object from his abject state by a simple action—I mean, of course, by giving him your hand.

Speaking of action, reminds me of that connected with breach of promise. Your dear Brother tells me it is a popular pastime, combining, like many other innocent diversions, both chance and skill. I have heard of clever girls winning at it as much as a thousand pounds! Here we play a very different game. If a lover revokes, his adversary tattoos him with Indian ink, and he is set at liberty, bearing on his forehead the letter D (Deserter), but this rarely happens. Our military men are little prone to playing with promises; they generally leave things requiring much *finesse* to their Mammams. I asked your dear Brother why this system was not introduced into your charming circle, and he said in time no doubt you would borrow light from a Chinese lantern, and our tenderness be as highly commended as our tea.

The Patience of the Reader is Requested.

MONS. THIERS, in consequence of a small consideration of £20,000, is going to devote himself to the composition of a new literary work, and, as a natural result, will bid farewell, "a long farewell," to political life. A profane breaker of words in Paris (we could give his address if necessary) says this is not the first time by many that he has heard of the "*Vale* of THIERS."

EXTRACT FROM A SCARBOROUGH LETTER.

"COME here, my dear CHARLIE. It is the land of luxury and laziness, *par excellence*. I know of no place, where the *lazy faire* and the *lazy aller* are so admirably united and carried to such perfection. It is the English Naples for such confounded *Lazyrones* as you are."

AN IRISH PARADOX.

THE Irish Fenians have committed a gross absurdity in their illegal drilling. The Fenian "circles" have been endeavouring to form themselves into squares.

A SURE TEST OF MELTING WEATHER.—The number of dips at the Seaside.



DISTRESSING INFANT NIGHTMARE,
FOUNDED ON THE LEGEND OF "BANBURY CROSS."

THE CLERK.

I COME from haunts of COURTS and HOARE,
From counting-house and alley,
I hear the City monster roar,
I traverse Holborn Valley.

By Ludgate Hill I hurry down,
Or slip along the byeways,
By twenty pumps that slake the Town,
And fountains on the highways;

Till home I go, at half-past five,
The Surrey side the river,
For men may ride and men may drive,
But I walk on for ever.

I grumble over miry ways,
I heed the shoeblacks' trebles,
I enter doors of noiseless baize,
I wear a pair of pebbles.

With many a cheque to banks I go,
To clerks both fresh and fallow;
And many a forenoon I bestow
On linseed, hemp, and tallow.

I whistle, whistle, when I hail
The Surrey side the river,
For men may drive, and ride by rail,
But I walk on for ever.

I pass by boys with pewter pots,
And luncheons under covers,
I see the eggs with splotchy spots
That might be happy plovers.

I slip away at noon to dine
Where chops so many swallow,
I order one from off the loin,
And one all hot to follow.

And out again, till home I go,
The Surrey side the river,
For men may ride and men may row,
But I walk on for ever.

GREAT EVENTS IN OUR DAILY LIFE AT SHRIMP-SIDE.

Seeing the Children bathe.—One little shrimp so fond of the water that we named him the "sea-urchin."

Seeing the Children dig.—As much pleased with their spades as we are with our clubs; and filling their barrows with a satisfaction only equalled by that of grave archæologists opening tumuli.

Tapping the weather-glass.—As great a nuisance in the house as the baby in the drawing-room, which steadily refused to go to sleep under an hour and every known lullaby. The landlady had the calmest of tempers—set fair. It was never stormy in the kitchen.

Going to the Flagstaff to see in what quarter the wind was.—Not vain enough to think we could detect delicate shades of difference, such as N.N.E. and N.N.W., only revealed to pilots and coast guardsmen.

High Water.—The finest tides at two in the morning. Remarkable fact that the tides are always pitifully low when we are at the sea. A week before we come they are unusually high, and a fortnight after we are gone the waves wash over the pier, and throw their spray in at the Terrace windows. A similar fatality befalls us as to amusements. The Mammoth Circus bills are still on the walls; the great conjuror gave his last performance three nights before we arrived, the sisters SOPHONISBA and ESMERALDA will appear in their unrivalled entertainment the Friday after we leave. To ebb back to the tide, avoid all persons who ask troublesome questions about the influence of the moon on the tides, and the exact meaning of the terms "spring" and "neap." Woe betide us, if we are ever pressed for this information by the Civil Service Commissioners.

Taking an Observation of the Cambrian Hills.—Almost as great a nuisance as the weather-glass and baby, for when we had a fine bright day we were not suffered to enjoy it, being invariably told that the Cambrian mountains were so distinctly seen, that the next day was sure to be wet; and so it was from the milk in the morning till the milk at night.

Going to see the Shrimps caught, and ordering a supply for private consumption. Eating that supply. Who did get all the large ones?

To the News-room.—As the Times did not arrive until evening, and

there was then a brisk competition for its possession, we, who are averse to a paper-war, felt thankful to get a glimpse of the supplement the first day, and were placidly content with the local paper, which one of the subscribers to the room persisted in calling *The Daily Currier*. We heard afterwards that he was in the leather trade.

To the Circulating Library.—We left without obtaining the third volume of any one of the four novels we read consecutively.

To the Station to see the Train come in.—With much compassion for those arriving, and curious study of the meeting between husbands and wives who had been parted ever since 9.30 A.M. Certain little hampers brought by the gentlemen, objects of great interest to the ladies—almost as much looked after as the dear husbands themselves.

To the Crescent.—To see the moon rise (when not cloudy).

To the Terrace.—To see the sun set (when not rainy).

To the Green.—To hear the band play. The era in our marine chronology; but only occurring periodically, once a week. It was the Olympiad from which every event dated. We had roast ducks the day before the band played last week, and the day but one after the CHIRPSWINGS came over to tea from Gardenbright; and don't you remember those particularly fine shrimps we had the evening the band played, the first week we came, when PERCY VARE was conspicuously attentive to PENELOPE?

The Day of our Arrival, and oh! ruddiest of all Red-Letter Days, the Day of our Departure.—For though Shrimpside is strongly to be recommended as a retreat not infested with excursionists, nor donkey-ridden, but capital for children, reasonable in its tariff, and free from blind men playing the accordeon: it was a little too quiet.

Milk-Paley's Evidences.

SEVERAL Correspondents in the penny papers are complaining in the most sour spirit about the high price of milk. They do not like paying fivepence a quart for it. However, they have already their own remedy; they are not compelled to take it in. It is purely a question of milk can, or milk shan't.

TO FRIENDS.—Is GENERAL PRIM a Quaker?



A SHABBY RELATION.

Uncle, "GEORGE, HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH I'VE JUST BOUGHT. VERY CHEAP I GOT IT. NOW, I WANT YOUR ADVICE WHERE TO HANG IT. I WAS THINKING——"

George (*disgusted*). "A CHROMO! WELL, OF ALL THE BEASTLY——LOOK HERE, UNCLE! I SHOULD TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY WHEN THE COOK WAS IN A GOOD HUMOUR, AND ASK HER, AS A GREAT FAVOUR, TO FIND A PLACE FOR IT BEHIND THE BACK-KITCHEN DOOR!!"

[*Fact is, George thinks his rich relative had much better spend his Money in Original Pictures, and in those of one talented young Painter in particular.*]

CHIVALRY AND THE CUDGEL.

WE have to chronicle another instance of the new reading of *Blackstone*, so efficiently illustrated of late by both paid and unpaid Magistrates. That eminent Judge—sometimes HOMER nods—was so illogical as to write that the Law regarded personal safety before that of property. This mistake, excusable in a century when joint-stock banks, railway scrip, and electro-plate were not, is daily receiving correction at the hands of London and country Justices. The latest instance is the following. One WILLIAM FLETCHER, Somerset, farmer, lately made a furious attack on some girls, who, under the guard of their governess, strayed from a foot-path to this British farmer's hedge and picked blackberries. Whereon this creditable specimen of Zumperset flew at them, and beat two with his stick till he drove them, shrieking, over a stile, and so off his land. Their necks and shoulders were covered with bruises and weals. In due time the gallant FLETCHER appeared before the county Magistrates at Bath. The Chairman told him, "No man, with the feelings of an Englishman, would have behaved in the unmanly and brutal way he had," and fined him—forty shillings and costs, such costs to include a guinea to the young ladies' solicitor and a guinea to their doctor.

Considering that the 100th chapter of the 24 and 25 Vict., section 43, provides a maximum of *six months imprisonment or twenty pounds* fine for an aggravated assault on women, sentimental sticklers for personal comfort might consider the Magistrates ridiculously lenient; but if girls run at one's blackberry hedge where is the farmer who wouldn't run at *them* with a cudgel, and raise "weals and contusions?"

Purses and turnips are to be guarded by county Magistrates with great severity, but shins and bones must take risks. Whether we can make the other Zumperset farmers coincide with us in our sympathy for MR. FLETCHER we don't know—but *florae Baculum!*

IN VINO VERITAS.

"I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night."

Troilus and Cressida.

THE wines of Greece! the wines of Greece!
('Twas thus a Shambro' merchant sung)
It gives the tortured mind no peace,
To think that Britons, old and young,
Their port and sherry can forget,
For Santorin, or Mount Hymett.

The Scian and the Teian Grape,
An English palate seem to suit;
In vain the wine of Spain we ape,
With distillation from the root
Produced in regions of the West:
Folks will maintain the vine is best.

Say, where hath gone the jolly nose,
Compact of colours red and blue,
Which showed by spots like fruit of sloes,
The source to which its tints were due?
Acute and keen, not squat and broad,
Its sharpened nostrils sniff out fraud.

Fill high the vat with Shambro' wine!
We will not think on themes like these;
Let's call the mixture Sherry fine,
Or any other name they please.
Rebuke not, friends, the buyer's voice:
Who pays his cash should take his choice.

One writer, sure from northern climes,
Maintains that toddy drinks as well;
Another "Taster," in the *Times*,
Declares it hath a tallowy smell.
Rise, PORSON! from thy grave, and halloo,
'Tis *oððè rōðe oððè rāllø*.

Fill high the bowl with Shambro' wine!
On Brighton's beach, on Scarbro's shore;
Exists the gallant landlord line,
Who pile their charges as of yore.
Of their six shillings grant but one,
And Shambro's fount shall still flow on.

Trust not to vintage of the Franks,
Tho' pure from BACCHUS' grape it wells;
In northern roots, in northern tanks,
The only hope of profit dwells.
Not thus shall JOHN BULL be beguiled!
Cries DENMAN fierce and DEWITT mild.

Oh, place me on Elbe's muddy bank,
Where, free from each intruding eye,
Safe I may try each chemic prank,
And keen analysis defy.
Potatoes, wash, and drugs combine,
And smash th' accursed Grecian wine.

Just the Difference.

MR. PUNCH was walking the other day in the neighbourhood of Chatham, in company with a distinguished foreigner, when the latter inquired the meaning of a broad arrow, which was engraved upon a post. "The Broad Arrow," said Mr. Punch, ever ready to give information; "is the distinguishing mark of the Government." "And what, then," rejoined his friend, "is that of the Opposition?" "The *Long Bow*," instantly replied Mr. Punch, handing him a newspaper containing the Conservative speeches on the results of the recent elections.

CHESTERFIELD IN THE CITY.

THE gentlemen in the City are proverbial for their politeness. For instance, we have been informed, on most credible authority, that a Bank Director never meets the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in the Bank Parlour without instantly rushing up to her, and saying, in the most anxious manner, "I hope, my dear Madam, that your *rest* during the night has not been in the least disturbed?"

THE RIGHT SORT OF FENIANISM.—Its denunciation by BISHOP FERRY.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

A Tragic Grand-Hotel Opera in Four Acts and a Lot of Tableaux.

BY A. SUFFERER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 125.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A Private Room in the Grand Hotel.

MR. and MRS. 1ST PASSENGER discovered, sitting on sofa. The hands of the Clock point to Nine. Time: Morning.



Mr. 1st Pass. (recitative). Three quarters of an hour gone,
Yet cometh not the breakfast. (Rings.)

Mrs. 1st Pass. I faint! I gasp!

Mr. 1st Pass. Nay, despond not, dear one. (Rings.)
Why answer they not the summ—

Enter Grand Waiter, with nothing.

Grand Waiter. You rang, Sir?

Mr. 1st Pass. (indignantly). Rang!! Did I!

Romanza (Minor Key).

At half-past seven,
When in my bed-room, I
Ordered the morning meal;
So hungry did I feel,
That we, who are not late,
Said fifteen minutes past eight;
But still behold I wait.
It comes not!

Grand Waiter. Sir, to it will I see. (Quick Movement.)
(Remonstratively and explanatory.) You ordered it not of me.
(Promissory.) But here it will soon be:

Let's say in minutes three.

[Exit, capering.]

Mr. 1st Pass. Cheer up! A biscuit in my pocket I have got.

[Nibbles the remains of a cracknell.]

Mrs. 1st Pass. (refusing to nibble). Cheer up! Alas, no biscuit, not a lot
Of such confections would supply
The place of breakfast. No. I faint! I die!!

[Symphony. MR. 1ST PASSENGER comforts MRS. 1ST PASSENGER until Clock hand points to 20 minutes past nine.]

Mr. 1st Pass. This is too bad. I will no longer stay

My hand.

[Rings violently. Enter a New Waiter.]

Why, tell me, this delay?

New Waiter (indignantly). I know of this no more

Than you yourself; I served you not before.

Mr. 1st Pass. (furiously). The breakfast, slave!

(Plaintively.) One hour and five moments have I waited.

(Angrily.)

But I will complain,
And this, this again
I never, never, never, never
Will put up with.

New Waiter (agreeing). It is indeed too bad;
But see the distance dishes have to rise.

[Deprecatingly.]

Mrs. 1st Pass. (in a faint voice). But there's the Lift. (Closes her eyes.)

New Waiter (also complaining). Ah yes; but when we tries
To get the Cook to execute our wishes,
He says he cannot serve in time the dishes;
And add to this, believe I do not joke,
The Lift has ceased to act; in fact, 'tis broke.

[Chord. Exit, waving napkin.]

Mr. 1st Pass. Horror!

[Falls into an arm-chair, MRS. 1ST PASSENGER faints on sofa; after

five minutes of descriptive music, another Waiter enters with tea and two eggs. The Visitors revive.



Mr. 1st Pass. (rubbing his hands). The bread! the butter! and the fish, I pray.

Waiter. I prithee, be content.

[Exit, scornfully.]

Mrs. 1st Pass. Ah! luckless day!

Mr. 1st Pass. (rings more violently than ever. Enter an Entirely Fresh Waiter.) Where is my Waiter? The one of whom I ordered—

Entirely Fresh Waiter. Sir, I will send him. Anon, anon!

[Exit quickly, and is no more seen.]

[The eggs get cold, they drink the tea and wish for spoons, the hands of the Clock point to Ten.]

Mr. and Mrs. 1st Pass. Torture no more will we endure,

Our breakfast we can not secure,

Although the time we name;

We did for dinner last night wait,

'Twas more than half an hour late,

And lunch'on was the same.

[MR. 1ST PASSENGER gets his hat, and MRS. 1ST PASSENGER staggers towards her bonnet.]

Duet. (Coming forward.)

The Manager we'll seek,
To him we will speak.
Justice and right
For the Englishman!!!

[They embrace. He waves his umbrella and she her parasol; they rush to the door, and are going out, as a Grand New Waiter enters, bearing one fried sole and an egg-spoon. Tableau. Scene closes.]



SCENE 2.—The Gentlemen's Coffee-Room. 2ND, 3RD, and 4TH PASSENGERS discovered at various tables. Other Visitors, looking pale and hungry, are picking bits of crusts off the rolls, or playing feebly with the salt at tables in different parts of the room. Waiters conversing, lounging, and bustling about nothing.

2nd Pass. Waiter, when is my breakfast coming?

Waiter. Have you ordered it, Sir?

2nd Pass. Have I ordered it!!! (Chord.)

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Passengers (rising and coming forward).

Aria.

2nd Pass. 'Twas when Aurora's light
Succeeded darksome night,

3rd and 4th Pass. Rataplan.

2nd Pass. That each of us here rang his bell
In his own room of this Grand Hotel,

All. And ordered and ordered our morning repast.
(Solemnly.) Our breakfast!

Invisible Chorus from Ladies' Coffee-room (faintly).

Our breakfast!

Waiters (to one another, pianissimo). Their breakfast!

Bravura.

2nd Pass. At half-past eight we said it should be,
'Tis ten o'clock now,

And here I vow

We've neither fish, eggs, nor tea-e-e!

All. { We've } Neither fish, eggs, nor tea.
{ They've }

[All Visitors in Gentlemen's Coffee-Room rising and coming forward, threateningly shaking aloft their knives, forks, spoons, toothpicks, pencils, &c.]



ENCOURAGING PROSPECT!

Piscator Juvenis. "ANY SPORT, SIR!"

Piscator Senex. "OH, YES; V-ERY GOOD SPORT."

Piscator Juvenis. "BREAM!"

Piscator Senex. "NO!"

Piscator Juvenis. "PERCH!"

Piscator Senex. "NO!"

Piscator Juvenis. "WHAT SPORT, THEN?"

Piscator Senex. "WHY, KEEPING CLEAR OF THE WEEDS!"

THE FENIAN DRILL-BOOK.

Pathrmised by the Highest Arthurities of the Bould Brotherhood of The Warrlike Sons of Eria, panting to be free, and selected for practical parrposes by His Aminince and Riyal Hoighness KERNEL TIM DOLAN. Proivate Address of the Kernel is 24, Shear Street, Retail Clothier.

Rigulashun the Firrst.—See now, boys, 'tis this: in riverince to the clothes ye shud ware. To begin with, ye don't nade a lot of ridgimintels; ye don't, but ye must have a stock anyhow. And what is a stock, boys? Sure, then, 'tis an invintion of the Saxon (bad luck to 'em!) that used to put them in pairs round the two fate of any prisnars, and 'tis this they'd put round your nicks and thrample on yez, they would! Bot the day will come whin ye'll roise as the Poyet sez—

"Loike a Fanian from the foire!"

(Sure, 'tis the Faynix Parrk that I mane; "Loike the Faynix Parrk ather a foire," that's the way of it, bot the oidear's the same, any way); and now, boys, for—

Rigilashun the Sickened.—'Tis thus it is: on ordinary drill days ye'll come in yer ondress, but on a field day yez won't come in an ondress, bekase of the ladies as moight be prinsint as spicked tatura. Ye'll thin come in your full dries. And what do I mane by yer full dries, boys? Sure, 'tis the Shake oh! Over yer showlder blade (which shall be in a scabud as brougt as plate powther can make it, anyway) and on your showlders thimselves the glithering bagginets, accoording to yer rank; for, sure, 'taint av'ry one of yez can be a kernel or an admiral, though, maybe, ye'll all roise to that same aminince in toime.

The Mounted Cavalry shall ware boots, to distinguish them from the Infantry. Don't be jealous, boys, bot remimber 'tis for the Ould Country ye foight!

Rigulashun the Tharrd.—Av'ry one of yez shall carry a revolver, bot

yez had bettther not load thim, untill yez get accosthused to foiring thim arf, as dinger moight insue.

Rigulashun the Farruth.—No one of yez shall be heavily armed, bekase such things moight impade yer flicht.

Rigulashun the Foeftk.—The Army shall be deevoided into two pearts, The Standin' Army and the Sittin' Army, which, ye'll moind, is the Infantry an' the Cavilry. Bot, whin the inthoire faroes go to baylagur a town or a cithy, say, av ye plaze, the Cassel, thin they'll all sit down before it. This is taroticks—meeletary tarticks.

This Nash'nal Army shall be deevoided into sub-divisions, aiqually into two-thaards; one-thaard bein' the Arthillery, and the other tharrd the usual sojers. This arrangement comprouses the inthoire Faroe at our deesposal. Besoides thim above minshunned, thar will be the Rigilar Throops and the Irrigilar Throops, which manes, boys, thim as comes av'ry day to duty, an thim as comes any day as shoots thar convaynience, an' thim as doesn't come to duty any day, at all, at all. The ponishment for not comin' any day at all for six months is, that the offenders shall on av'ry day of such illusion of duty, be kept at thar drill one hour ather av'ry one else has gone. 'Tis sayvere I am on yez, boys, bot 'tis to kape arder amongst yez. If ye all dearted yer drill av'ry day what ud be the consekens? Sure, 'tis myself 'ud kape yez at it till ye came back.

ON THE WURRDS AV COMMAND AN' DRILLING IN GINRAL.

Whin the Faroes are assimbled the Arficer will say (widout uain' me book, or, at laste, usin' it under his coat tails, so as not to be observed by the min) to thim at onst—Attinshun! Whin yez hear this wurrd ye'll know that somethin's comin' next, so yez mustn't think av goin' away at all, at all. An' what does come nixt? Sure, 'tis the playtoon exercise. An' what should the playtoon axercise be fur? Fur the musishuns of the Band, no less; that's the Play toon axercise. And ye'll chorus, boys, will yez, to "*The Green over the Red*." Hooroo!

Asercise Number Two.—Farm a Square, will yez, boys? An' how may yez farm a Square? Sure, the Arficer in command will stand in the



THE RE-UNITED STATES.

COLONEL NORTH (TO COLONEL SOUTH.) "WAL, BROTHER; GUESS WE COULDN'T BOTH WIN: SO LET'S SHAKE HANDS, AND JUST LIQUOR UP."

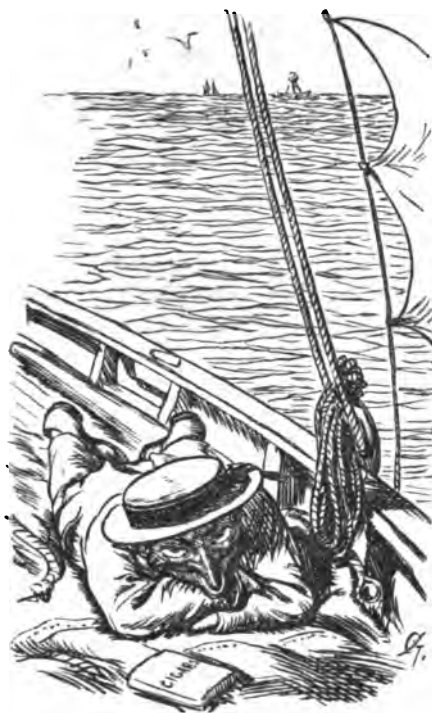
middle, and the boys will come all round him: that's a Square. Them that's to the fore in front will knale down, to let them behind 'em see what's goin' on. This is a purty soight intoirely.

Exercise Number Three.—Prepare to resave Cavilry. Whose Cavilry? Wait awhile till I tell yez. If 'tis yer own Cavilry that ye're goin' to resave, sure ye wadn't budge a fut; but if 'tis the Cavilry of the inimy, divil a bit would oi stay to be cut to paces by the loikes o' them, an' t'would be a waste of purliteness to stop to resave them at all, at all. Is it fair foightin', an' ye not mounted? Let 'em get arf the bastes, and whiles they wor coming down, what 'ud ye be doin' in the mane toime? Them's tarctics—meeletarry tarctics.

Gen'ral Advice for the Sojers.—Don't let yer swordrs be too long as they get betwixt yer legs whin yer runnin'; moighty awkward oi ashure yez.

Barracks.—Thar 'll be Barr'ks for yez in toime. Whisht, now; thar's an ould house jist outside the town that ye use now fur barr'ks; that's to be pulled down, an' the bricks of it, fur aiconomy's sake, to be used fur to build a new barr'ks. An' fur convaynience, all the whole the new Barr'ks is bein' built up, the Throops 'all still continue to reside in the ould house.

OUR YACHT.



Y Jingo! We've had another row. It was not my fault this time. I am disappointed. Puffin Island I knew wasn't anywhere near America, but I was not prepared to find it within a mile or so of Bangor—just, in fact, at the entrance of the Straits. I joined in the cruise under the impression we should go somewhere a long way off—Niagara, for instance, or at all events, the coast of France. My companions (I don't mean the ladders, but the Commodore and Lieutenant) say that they came to shoot Puffins. I am not naturally irascible, but when I heard this I said, "Blow Puffins!" They have, however, promised to go on a voyage, and we're to victual and take in stores at Liverpool.

A Puffin is a bird; the Lieutenant described it as a sort of

a C. J., and I said, "Oh, indeed!" By the way, "Tallyho" is *not* a nautical expression; it's "Yeo ho" I meant. I am getting no end of a hand at a Log. Here's an entry:—

"Tuesday. After breakfast.—Wind blowing Any way. [The Lieutenant put this in for a joke. it means N.E. way. When the Commodore saw it, he said if we were going to make idiots of ourselves, we'd better give the whole thing up. We promised not to be idiots. Order restored.] Piped all hands to belay. (I really must get a pipe, and learn how to belay.) Belayed from 8 till 9 A.M. (This means that we lay on deck and read, or talked and smoked. The Captain was not belaying—he was steering. The Treasure was in the forecassel, that is, his head and shoulders were in the forecassel, washing up.)

"9 A.M.—Passing Beaumaris. Guns brought out to shoot Puffins with. They've given me a gun. I am lying on deck, capping down in my Log. They've given me powder, shot, wads, and caps, and I've got to shoot Puffins. This is delightful. The boat has scarcely any motion, and, contrary to my wildest expectation, I feel quite well. I sing, for sheer joy, 'The Rover is free!' I don't know any more than that line, and haven't a notion of its tune. We sight the Island of Puffin, and the sea. How very rough the sea looks about Puffin!—quite different to the Straits. The Captain says it is roughish *there*. I begin to wonder whether—but no, 'The Rover is free! the Rover is free!' But it does look rough. Wind blowing. Guns going to be loaded. Puffins tremble. Log closed for the present."

I told the Commodore I wasn't much of a shot (no more I am, as I have subsequently discovered) when on board a yacht. What I may be on shore, I don't know, as I have never had the opportunity of trying. I knew something about it, though, having luckily practised, years ago, at a penny a shot, or so much a dozen, on a wooden black-bird tied to a pendulum in a gallery of Savile House. Then there was a dirty man, in shirt-sleeves, to load for me, so that I never, as it happened, observed that process. What puzzled me was the wads. I thought I'd copy the other fellows in loading, but couldn't, as they'd both got rifles that didn't require ramrods and wads, &c.

To load a gun by the light of nature, is not so easy as I had imagined from seeing the man at Leicester Square. All I ever noticed him to do was to put a cap on. So I laughed it off (I don't mean I laughed the gun off, but the awkwardness of the situation), by saying to the Lieutenant, "Ha! ha! ha! You don't know whether powder, or shot, or wads go in first, eh?" He was evidently annoyed at this charge of mine, though playfully made, and replied, "Wads, of course." (I recommend this method of gaining information in preference to any unnecessary display of ignorance.) He said "wads." So I used two to begin with. I must here remark what an ill-constructed affair is a powder-flask; I never seemed to be getting any out at all, and yet after eight or nine attempts I found the barrel full almost to the brim—I mean muzzle. This delayed me, and I had to begin again. We now got in full view of Puffin Island, and into the rough water. I went below to load, where I could be quiet. I found the Treasure in the cabin, aft. I don't know what associated him in my mind immediately with brandy and rations. He was very civil, and offered to load my gun. I told him that the wads were already in, and he took them out. I said, "Oh, you don't use them, eh?" So I gather there are more ways than one of loading a gun. The cabin was very stuffy and hot, and getting up the companion with a gun in my hand was very difficult. Standing on deck with it was more difficult. I now refer to an entry, evidently made in *short* hand, on account of the motion of the vessel:—

"10 A.M.—Rough. On deck. Difficult to write. Com^d says note Puf. Isle. Put gun down take log. Com^d says what long, and lat. Map. School Atlas. Puf. Isle not down. Long. and lat. 53 by 4. Map 2. Miles or feet? Rough. Waves. Treasure at bow. Waves hat. For help. To fright Pufs. Pufs fright^d. Flock flying. Comm^d shoots. Lieut. shoots. Not well to-day. Capⁿ says calm outside: wish it was inside."

I recollect when my turn came I made a shot. Not a bad one as a shot. It must have hit something. In loading rather hastily and jauntily, for I was pleased with my execution, which had quite taken away my qualmishness (N.B., nothing like firing off a gun as a remedy against sea-sickness), I jerked the ramrod sharply down the barrel, and it striking against the wads or something jerked itself sharply into the air, ever so high, and fell into the sea. I proposed going out in the little boat and recovering it. The Captain said better get a diver to do that. My shooting was over for the season.

"11 A.M.—Passing Puffin. Calmer. Pipe all hands to second breakfast or 1st dinner. Rations No. 3 for Captain and Treasure. Hungry. Latitude and longitude as before."

At this meal, the waves being still boisterous, we had to hold the swinging table with one hand and eat with the other. We then adopted the plan of two holding while the third ate. As this would have prolonged the dinner indefinitely and spoilt the third person's dinner, we let the table go and dined as we could. We sat against our berths. At the third helping of soup the Commodore's plate made a rush at his mouth, and I found myself sprawling over the Lieutenant. The Commodore said I might have helped it if I'd liked. I said I mightn't, angrily. He replied, that if I couldn't help playing the fool everywhere, we'd better give the whole thing up. After he'd said this, he and the Lieutenant, accompanied by two plates and the soup tureen and the table came right over me all in a lump. I caught hold of the Commodore's hair. The rest of the dinner may be described as the Treasure staggering in with hot tins holding hodge-podge and sea-pies, and we alternately sprawling over one another with soup plates until one of the ropes broke, and we were all on the floor together—tins, mugs, tureens, plates, hodge-podge, sea-pies, my gun, log book, and powder-flask.

Note.—If you've already put my Log into type, just correct two letters, I mean not of mine but of the alphabet. "Puffin like a C. J.," of course, should have been a See Jay. Call this Errata, or Erratum. I don't like rum, so, as we tell the children, "say TA."

An Old Friend on his Legs Again.

SOME time ago, a plan of peripatetic schoolmasters was proposed, and strongly advocated, amongst others, by Miss BURDETT COURTS. The gentleman best qualified for this laborious pursuit would be, we fancy, the old friend of our youth, WALKINGAME.

QUITE THE WORST THING OUT.

WHY is the Atlantic Cable like a Railroad across a Valley? Because it's a *wire-ducked*.



THOSE CONFOUNDED GLEANERS!

PLEASEING ASPECT ON ARRIVAL AT "THAT STUBBLE, WHERE WE'RE SURE TO FIND THE BIRDS; LEASTWAYS THERE'S THREE LOTS AS BELONGS THERE."

FROM A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR SIR,

Inverness.

I ADDRESS you with this formality because you took a liberty with me last week, and I neither attempt nor tolerate liberties, my old cock-a-lorum, you know that. You called me "a dear old Correspondent," whereby you remind me of CUVIER, and the dictionary people, and the crab. I am neither dear, old, nor a Correspondent. I am cheap (though I admit that my salary is noble), I am in the prime of life, and I am not a Correspondent, for you do not write to me. I request that you will preserve the becoming heading which I have affixed to this despatch.

Your Valued Contributor left Scarborough, having been boiled, stewed, fried, and baked by the meroiless sun, and having become that brown (as MR. SKETCHLEY would say), that a middle-aged young lady in the train took him for an Oriental heathen, and proceeded to labour for his conversion, but was undeceived by his interpolating an inquiry whether she did not think that MISS LOUISA PYNE would be delightful in *L'Africaine*, whereat the fair missionary "shut up," as SHAKESPEARE, (or LORD BACON) says in *Macbeth*, but not "in measureless content." I am told that my mild remarks on Scarborough washing and other matters have ruined the place. I am sorry, but it were better that all the Scarboroughs should run violently down their steep place into the sea than that a London Swell should present such a shirt-bosom as I was obliged to wear on Friday in presence of the aristocracy of the Highlands.

It is needless to say that I had to wait at York. Everybody always has to wait at York. It was, therefore, thoughtful in the inhabitants to build the Minster, and lay out the Gardens, for the comfort of delayed persons. I visited both places, but chiefly took up my rest in a quiet shady corner of the second, close to the tomb of the great painter of the Undraped. Here, like a Buddhist, I meditated on my own superiority to the rest of mankind, until it was time to embark in the Glasgow train. You will have been prepared for this revelation by a passage in the close of my last letter. My dear old *Punch*, it was too hot to stay in England. Even you who, like an author's wife, regard him as a mere

machine for the manufacture of profitable manuscript, would have melted to see me melt. I felt that the cool air of Scotland was necessary now, if your Valued were expected to enrich your columns during the coming winter. Anyhow, I have come to the capital of the Highlands, and from that capital I defy your columns. I think there may be a joke here, but I cannot work it up, for—

It is hotter here than it was in England.

Sir, Mr. *Punch*, the dim mist is upon Tomnahurich, and intense heat is signified. The Ness makes mournful music with half its volume. My dog, my GARRY (I call him mine, for I intend to steal him) lies elongated, and will only stir the remotest feather of his Skye tail in response to my languid call. I actually say "thank you" to the maiden who brings me soda-water; I am ashamed to increase her trouble. I cannot take off my coat, much less my waistcoat, because there are ladies in the library. I cannot decide whether smoking makes me hotter or not, but I will again try.

Hotter, I believe, my dear friend. And a lady has taken my chair, and looks piteously at me, as begging that I will not disturb her. Can I be cruel to Beauty? I cannot. You would not wish it. So I proceed at a little chess table, and the inlaid work is cool to my pulse. What the writing may be worth, I dare not think. It is not weather to write, and you are an unnatural old monster to demand MS. at my fevered hands.

I came from York to Glasgow. The train seemed to me to traverse the greater part of England and Scotland, but it did not much matter, and we arrived at last. I am habitually temperate, and after four or five bottles of Scotch ale, I retired to my couch. I suppose that I undressed. I suppose that I dressed again at six in the morning, for I was properly clothed when I fairly awoke about half-past seven, on board the *Iona*. But I know nothing about it, and merely state my impressions.

What awoke me was the most awful smell I ever tasted. I have lived in the Temple, when the Thames was at its worst, but that odour was all Arabia compared to the stench that woke me on the Clyde. Never again, Mr. *Punch*, never again. If ever I come northward more, by the waters, and I hope I often shall, I go by rail to Greenock, and

there embark. Greenock is a worse Woolwich, but I shall escape that infernal stream. DANTE must have smelt it, and remembered the smell when he described a certain portion of *L'Inferno*. I trust that I shall not, in middle age, feel the effects of this voyage. Yet, I need not tell you, nothing is ever wrong in Scotland. I think that the Scots are descended from the modern Americans. I did but hint that the Clyde was foul when one gentleman assured me that the odour was due only to some chemical works, and another rushed to the library of the *Iona*, and brought me statistics to show that the mortality by the river was not in excess of the proper decimal points, or something. I don't care.

All hours of suffering pass. What saith the glorious Prometheus of SHELLEY, when threatened with years of future anguish?—

"Perhaps no thought may count them—still, they Pass."

And, after a time, we escaped into the delights of the coast, the series of the loveliest watering-places in Christendom. Keep away, you Cockneys, and you, ye manufacturing swells, and your congeners. These sea-nooks are not for you. You cannot show your smart clothes here, there are no concert-rooms and raffle-bazaars, there are no screws to gallop on, no donkeys to screech on, no hotel balls, no flirtation gardens, no abominable bands of music. You would be bored to death in three days, for there is nothing here but the loveliest views of mountain and islet, and intense quiet, broken only by the everlasting wash of waves of green crystal. Keep off, for I hate you.

I have in other days spoken of my beautiful *Iona*, with her noiseless motion, luxurious deck saloon, and other magnificences. I am told that she is to be transferred to the upper waters, and that a sister of equal splendour is to take her place. My eyes, what good breakfasts she gives you! Specially, I would speak of comely trouts, of pleasing baps, of goldenly translucent marmalade. Here also you may write your letters, the company supplying the material *gratis*, and there are two post-offices on board. I might have written an article for you, *Mr. Punch*, only I didn't. Evening brought us to Oban's pretty bay. I wish I could conceal from the Cockneys that there is a new and first-rate hotel here now, but MR. CAMPBELL, the owner, has printed the fact in *Bradshaw*, and it is no secret. If, when refreshed and adorned, I made a sensation among the elegant lady-tourists in the drawing-room, I cannot help being handsome, as our friend MR. BERNETT, of the clocks, observed to our friend the LORD MAYOR. As I wandered, starlight on the waters, and a cigar on my lip, I could not refrain from thinking, my dear friend, how sweet it were to fly from the oller world and take up one's abode in some peaceful place like this, somebody else paying one's bills, and oneself being left free to elevate one's mind, and "refine it, gradual, for its final flight." If you feel inclined to promote such views, in my case, write to say what you will stand *per annum*, and how you would like to remit.

Once more upon the waters, and once more at seven o'clock. I was away to Glencoe. I am bound to remark that I think the Scotch have made the most of the little measure of police that was carried out here. The row they have made over it would induce a foreigner to believe that Highlanders had never been massacred before, and by one another. I have felt it my duty to controvert the popular view of the affair, wherever I went, and have several times nearly been put to death in consequence. To-day, however, I had no opportunity of giving battle, for the six or seven-and-twenty persons who were in the coach with me were mostly English, and as they kept on asking the guide for primary instruction, inquiring in whose reign the Glencoe business occurred, and whether MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS was concerned in it, and so on, I should have been fighting with children. But I had an opportunity of making a row about a much worse cruelty than the Glencoe affair, namely, the abominable cruelty to the poor horses who drag us tourists along the hideous roads, and are flogged the whole way there and back, about eighteen miles. The conductors assist the terrible lash of the coachman, by getting down and prodding the animals with sharp sticks, or scourging them with ropes' ends. If a party of mechanics behaved half as brutally to horses, on a journey to Hampton Court, we should all cry out about the ruffianism of the lower orders, and demand vengeance; but ladies and gentlemen are different—and indifferent—people. The boat-company has nothing to do with this system. But there it is, and a disgrace to English and Scotch humanity. I was glad to see a writer in the *Times* publish his indignation at it.

But it is too hot to dwell upon the recollection. I returned to my gallant vessel, then the *Pioneer*, and at last, and for the only time since you parted from me with tears in your fine eyes, did I behold rain. The hills vanished in mist, and the storm came down. What a relief it was to hear the fierce plash! My soul exulted and rejoiced, and my skin became soft and cool. And the rain came in no niggardly fashion, but handsomely, and as if glad to see you. Down, down, for three or four hours, and even when it might as well have stopped, for with all the gallantry of my nature, I refused to crowd the ladies by entering the omnibus which takes us from the boat to Banavie, and my Sunday hat is finally and fatally spoiled. But when I took off my hat to Benjamin Nevis, that royal personage took off his cap to me, and the Valued exchanged courtesies with the Mountain.

Ben Nevis is everlasting, and so, with the necessary deduction of disagreeable contingencies from possible conduct on your part, is, my dear Sir, the regard and esteem with which I subscribe myself

Your faithful Servant,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

CARELESS COURT CIRCULAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I wish to call your attention to the careless manner in which some of the Newspaper Court Correspondents dismiss the proceedings of Royalty. I *do* (as who does not?) like knowing all that my Prince does and my Princess. I should like to be informed as to his movements in shoving; his cuts, that I might sympathise with him; and how many times he is helped to pudding at dinner. Also, I should like to hear whether the Princess say tchicky, tchicky, or itty, itty, poosy sing, or what Her Royal Highness *does* say to the babies, and what the babies *do* say to her. Do they chuckle and crow Royally or not, or what? Is it not hard, then, to be cut short with—

"The PRINCE OF WALES with PRINCE LOUIS, &c., went out shooting."

"&c." What's etcetera, who's etcetera? Is it the PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS (that's not unlike etceteras, Prince of the Etceteras might be a grand title), or the Prince Holohoulu, I mean Holynoly, or Prince Nolensvolens (I never *can* get that name right), or, in short, as I said before, what does the writer mean by etcetera?

Sir, if this sort of thing is permitted, or passed over without notice, the Royal JENKINS' employment will be gone, and our Court Circular will be reduced to this sort of thing:—

Balmoral, September.

The QUEEN, accompanied by &c., &c., &c., drove to the &c., &c., &c., and returned by &c., &c., &c.

PRINCESS HELENA went out driving with &c., &c., &c., BARONESS THINGUMMY and HON. &c., &c., &c.

H.R.H. &c., &c., deer-stalking, &c., &c., &c., and killed, &c., &c.

On Sunday the Royal Family, &c., attended at, &c. DR. M'LEOD took for his, &c. The Equerries were, &c., &c., &c.

Now, wouldn't this be unsatisfactory? Of course.

Yours truly, THINGUMMYJIG.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

We wish the English authorities would copy the following good example:—

"The authorities of the town of Kremsmunster, in Austria, have rigorously interdicted servant-girls, ladies'-maids, &c., from wearing crinoline."

So far this is good, but it would have been much better if the Austrian authorities had begun at the other end. Servants imitate their mistresses; mistresses are not in the habit of copying their servants. Now, if the above interdict had been put on the *Herzogins*, the *Gräfinns*, and the *Fraus* and *Fräuleins*, moving in the higher circles, the "servant-girls and ladies'-maids" of Kremsmunster would not have been long before they followed the fashion as set them by their superiors. Thus, Crinoline would in time have become virtually interdicted in the lower as much as in the upper classes, and before long would have been as little known in Austria as freedom of the press, liberty of conscience, or any other subject which is not allowed to be expanded without due authority from the Police.

The Fenians.

Dix, si Fenius es, quæ fœnea fœdera flant.

Fœdera fœnisece fœnore, fac, faciant:

Factum in fœnili fœdus, fœrcæque, facetum est;

Fœrciferum a fœrcâ quis revocare velit?

FELIX MARTIALIS PUNCHIUS.

Note 1. *Ad doctissimos*.—The question of etymology is at once decided. Fenian, or rather Fœnean, meaning gentleman stuffed with hay (or straw), hence man-of-straw—score-crow.

Note 2. *Ad tirones*.—FELIX MARTIALIS PUNCHIUS does not mean Field-Marshal PUNCH. The words describe Mr. Punch in his epigrammatical capacity.

On Dit.

THE Governor of the Bank contemplates giving musical parties every Saturday afternoon to the wearied Clerks. His band will be supplied from the resources of the establishment under his control. He has, we believe, already engaged a *Fifer* and two *Tenors*. As a note of one of the latter was false, he has been advantageously changed. Among the first *morceaux* attempted will be "*I know a Bank*."

INSCRIPTION FOR STREET LETTER-BOXES.—"*From Pillar to Post*."



TRYING SITUATION

OF LIEUTENANT DOLLOP, OF THE BAMSHIRE V.A., AT THE RAILWAY-STATION, AFTER A GLORIOUS FIELD-DAY. HE IS GREETED AFFECTIONATELY BY THAT INTERESTING INDIVIDUAL, BOMBARDIER M'GUTTIE, OF HIS BATTERY, WHO HAS BEEN, AS USUAL, INDULGING, BUT TO USE HIS OWN WORDS, IS ONLY A "WEE THING SQUIFFY," AND WHO PROFFERS A MEDIUM OF RECONCILIATION. THE LIEUTENANT IS WELL AWARE THAT THE EYES OF THE MISSES FENCIBLE, THEIR BROTHER THE LINE CAPTAIN, AND HIS OWN COLONEL, ARE ON HIM.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

THE Fenians conspired, and the devil a reason
Them could revolutionists had for that same.
That's why they committed the crime of High Trason,
In as petty a way as 'tis any to name.

They practised their broom-handle exercise nightly,
In the heart of the bog, on the crest of the hill,
After dark, with the moon on the turf shinin' brightly,
They shouldered their mopsticks and went through their drill.

Their necks whilst they qualified thus for suspension,

On what fond design were the Fenian boys bent?

- THE QUEEN to reject 'twas their hopeful intention;
To set up an Irish Republic they meant.

An Irish Republic! I'd like ye to see one;
Though I'd be a traitor to mane such a thing.
(Oh, sure, a rale Irish Republic would be one
Entirely controlled by an absolute King!)

Domestic Economy.

"I DON'T so much care about the high price of meat now, as I am going to effect a tremendous saving in other respects; I am resolved that henceforth my children's washing shall not cost me more than Fourpence a-week." "Fourpence a-week! Why, do you know that you have got two boys and two girls?" "Precisely, but I have seen a very respectable place where they advertise, 'KIDS CLEANED AT TWOPENCE A PAIR,' and I intend sending them there for the future."

UPON WHAT "LINE" HAVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—On the C.R.I.N.O. line.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

A DUOLOGUE.

SCENE—A Dining-Room.

TIME: Interval between First and Second Course.

CHARACTERS.

A Gentleman, who, having been roaming about the hop country, has much to say about it. He sits next to

A Lady, who takes no interest in the above-mentioned subject, but having lately been "taken in" at a seaside lodging-house, is "twice shy" because "once bitten."

Gentleman (during a pause, turning to the Lady). I've been in Kent lately.

Lady (reserving her story). Indeed?

Gentleman (thinking she might have asked him something about the county, decides that he won't say anything further). Yea. (Changes his mind and proceeds.) You could hardly get about, out in the fields, because of the hoppers.

Lady (with a lively remembrance of her own sufferings in the lodging-house). Oh! how horrible!!!

(Goes on to explain that she had given notice in consequence, and that the Landlady had had the impudence to accuse her of having brought them in herself in the luggage. But she didn't know that out of doors, &c. &c. Gentleman tries to explain that he didn't mean it—Enter the Second Course.

POOR CONSOLATION.—It is but poor consolation to a Frenchman, who, on the Folkestone boat, is suffering agonies from sea-sickness, to attempt to assure him that it is only "une maladie passagère!"

WHAT TO EXPECT AT AN HOTEL.—Inn-attention.



CUB-HUNTING.

MONSIEUR FRAMBOISE MAKES HIS DEBUT IN THE ENGLISH "CHASSE." THE FIRST VIEW HALLOA GIVES HIM A LIVELY IDEA OF THE MUSIC HE HAS HEARD SO MUCH OF.

A NIGHT AT THE ADELPHI.

If you care for first-rate acting, visit the Adelphi while MR. JEFFERSON is personating the drunken, incorrigible *Rip*. He plays with the most perfect ease throughout, and produces his greatest effects without an effort. There is no straining for points, and it is not so much this or that particular touch, but the picture as a whole that evokes from the crowded audience the heartiest and warmest expressions of approval.

MR. WEBSTER, I see, advertises his seats as "re-stuffed;" from observation I should say they could be stuffed and re-stuffed to overflowing any night during the run of *Rip Van Winkle*. So MR. WEBSTER "Here is your good health, and your family's, and may they live long and prosper."

I am going again, because I like the piece, and because I went with a learned friend the other night. I call him "my learned friend" because he is a gentleman who always knows everything about anything. During the first act of "*Rip*," he asked me to tell him the story, and finding that I was uncertain in my details (for I wanted to listen to the dialogue), he told me the story; explained what a difficult subject it was to treat dramatically, mentioned the number of times it had been "done" before, how often MR. JEFFERSON had played it in America, with other interesting anecdotes concerning MR. JEFFERSON, and other members of the theatrical profession in private life. At the end of the act my friend went out, returning three minutes before the commencement of Act II. My Synopsis of the second and third acts is as follows:—

ACT II.

Rip, in *Sleepy Hollow*, fires his gun—my friend asks to see the bill, and informs me that the legend exists in Irish, in Spanish, in French as well as in German. MR. C. J. SMITH enters as a dwarf. My friend informs me that MR. SMITH is a very clever actor, that he saw him once as *Saxifex*, a Prompter in *Dinorah under difficulties*; that he recollects, do I? O. SMITH, who played the villains. Scene changes—shows *Hendrick Hudson* and his ghostly crew playing bowls. My friend wishes to know if I recollect that wonderful outline etching of

this situation; as I do not, shouldn't I say that GUSTAVE DORÉ would illustrate this subject admirably? He thinks the adapter has missed a point here, he should have made the old fellows, at least—he doesn't know if it isn't better just as it is. Here follows a brief account of the life and literary career of the author, with an inquiry into the merits of melo-dramatic pieces generally and the state of the Drama in England during the last twenty years.—*Rip* falls, curtain falls.

End of Act II. Exit Friend.

ACT. III.

Sleepy Hollow. JEFFERSON waking. Capitably made-up; super-naturally old of course—should like to see his dog—Village of Falling Waters—lapse of twenty years supposed. Friend returns—soda-water, not iced—mistake—don't think soda-water and brandy good as a quencher—wishes he hadn't taken it—MR. PHILLIPS appears as *Old Derrick*—Friend thinks PHILLIPS ought to be quieter—recollects seeing PHILLIPS very good in some things—thinks MRS. BILLINGTON excellent. Wasn't it fifty years that *Rip* was absent in the original?—don't I know?—think it wasn't, eh?—very likely. Charming writer WASHINGTON IRVING—no one like him—I've read the *Sketch Book* of course? How capitably JEFFERSON's made-up, isn't he? Where's his dog—dead of course—pity one didn't see the dog in the first scene. Recollects a dog performing in some play, *Dog of Montargis* thinks it was—WEBSTER might have got that dog—only it was years ago—forgot how long. Saw WEBSTER once in a beard like JEFFERSON's—only dirtier: after he'd been in the Bastille—dreadful thing the French Revolution and the *Dead Heart*, yes, that was the name of it. Miss SIMS plays the daughter very well, ROGERS isn't bad, saw ROGERS in *Misères* twice—thinks the piece will have a long run; very good really, hope he'll come on after the curtain's down—clever fellow JEFFERSON, very clever. Curtain falls—re-enter MR. JEFFERSON, in obedience to a unanimous call—my friend says good night to me, and hopes I've enjoyed it.

If ever again I—but no matter.

A GOOD GAME OF CRICKET.—Eleven Bachelors play eleven Spin-sters at Lady's Ground, and the result is a Tie.

FROM A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.



Drumna-drochil.

NEAR the foot of Ben Nevis, my dear Mr. Punch, my last despatch left me, or rather you. For my own part, I could have remained there—when I say “there” I mean, however, at a comfortable inn called after the Arms of him who was respectfully advised to beware of the day When the Lowlands should meet him in battle array—but *aliter visum*—and once more I had to rise at six in the morning. I like to sit in a chair when I eat my breakfast, and to-day I indulged this whim before embarking. While dispatching my modest meal (haddock, chop, ham and eggs, eggs plain, bramble jam, toast, marmalade, strong tea, and a dram), my eye fell—both, both my eyes went up to an engraving of Mr. FRITH’s celebrated picture—which depicts the ceremony of gratulating a young heir, of other days, on his coming of age. You tell me that large numbers of your readers desire to know “what your Valued Contributor is like to look at.” Let them procure that engraving, and in the face and figure of the graceful young Heir they will find a remarkable resemblance to myself. If I regret anything, it is that I was not also born to a mansion and estate, though your liberal appreciation of my genius makes this regret almost ungracious. I wish that Mr. FRITH would paint the touching scene that occurred when you, manly tears half choking your utterance, presented me with the delightful Villa and grounds, coach house and stables, and hot and cold water on the premises, to which I shall have returned in a few days.

But a steam-boat, commanded by CAPTAIN PETER TURNER, the most agreeable of all captains, and yet a strict disciplinarian, would scarcely wait even for me, certainly for no one else, were he a Duke. I strode on board the *Edinburgh* as the clock began to strike seven, and with the last stroke the order was given to unmoor. We glided along the smooth Canal of Caledonia, and all the mountains were bright in the morning sun. The mists rose from each hill, as the clouds of obscurity disappear and unveil genius (especially of the Valued kind) and the lady’s maids and flunkies were ordered to the fore-part of the vessel. Aristocracy of the most preternatural order came on board, and I counted one Prince, three Dukes, and half-a-dozen Marquises, besides many splendid Chiefs and Chieftains in full Highland costume. I counted nothing lower than Earls. We were a goodly company, and I felt irradiated by so much magnificent Pedigree. When I tell you that one nobleman offered me a fusée, another told me that we were fortunate in the weather, and a third lent me the *Saturday Review*, you may judge of the terms of easy affability upon which I placed myself with that illustrious assemblage. The great Highland Gathering at Inverness had—in addition to the report that I was to be on board—crowded the boat with that galaxy of the well-born. Our voyage was not marked by aught calculated to disturb our aristocratic composure, and we reached Inverness early in a roasting afternoon. Here, however, all composure vanished. The landing place is some distance from the hotels, and carriages are necessary. There was about a tenth part of the number that was required. The pile of luggage was not so large as the great Pyramid at Gizeh (which you are aware I have ascended*) but larger than any of the neighbouring pyramids, and this pile had to be subdivided, and heaped on the few vehicles. The owners of these carriages were true philosophers. They stood stolidly by while we fought for possession, and kindly permitted us to hoist our own luggage to the roofs. When we were closely packed, they forced in a few more passengers, and demanded our fares. Some paid. I would not pay. But I saved nothing. I had one companion, and two wunks. A London cabman, of the most savage character, would have deemed himself overpaid with two shillings, for the journey that was performed with me. I nobly tendered half-a-crown, expecting thanks. A second half-crown was demanded. You know my sweetness of nature, and may in some sort guess at the reception of this demand. But my gentle pleading did not avail, and being apprised by a friend that I could not drag the driver to a dungeon, I flung him down his second coin, with a *gratis* description of my views of the business, and in regard to his Future. He picked up the money. I hope he will spend it in drink, and insult an Inverness magnate. Then he will catch it hot and hot, for a Scottish magistrate is none of those who mewl over an offender, but is of those who recollect that—

“If he hath not gold to fine,
He hath shins to pine.”

* If we are not, it is not for want of our Contributor’s incessant allegation that he has done so.—ED.

Inverness is a favourite abode of your Valued Correspondent. It is one of the cheerfullest of cities. Even the Cemetery is delightfully laid out on the top of a great hill, or small mountain, called Tomnahurich, and I have never seen elsewhere so admirably chosen a resting-place. The Ness is always sparkling and singing among its islands. It must be a comfort and satisfaction to a criminal to be tried and sentenced in such a handsome place as the Castle. The Volunteers are very gallant, and send crack shots to Wimbledon. A new street has been built since I was last in the place, and it is a very handsome street indeed. It has been called Union Street, in honour of the union between Scotland and England, and to show that the capital of the Highlands is loyal to the House of GUINNESS. MR. SKOWIN, who had better, when he gets to the Happy Hunting Grounds, keep out of the way of the deer, for he not only furnishes the weapons that slay them but embalms their heads for the haughty slayers, has a grand gallery of horns, and discourses learnedly upon them. In fact, you may make out your time very agreeably in this capital, especially if one is living at the costs and charges of one’s friends, a practice of which I am rather fond, not for the sake of saving money, for which I care nothing (except as a means of doing good), but because it enables those friends to display the beauty and kindness of their nature. It is our duty to assist others in developing their best characteristics, and what is better than hospitality and generosity?

Of the Highland Games, which I attended, and for which a fine new field is provided, with a handsome gallery for the ladies, I shall say little. I did not, this year, engage in them myself, but a man from Carlisle, which is an English place, beat the Highlanders almost as completely as I should have done had I competed. There was much beauty in the gallery, but I think that a very fair share of that beauty was contributed by pretty visitors to the north. But if you insist on the truth, I did not remain long in the privileged enclosure, after I had made my appearance, and gracefully recognised the plaudits that were showered upon your Representative. I retired to the outer circle, and endeavoured to cool myself a little with smoke, in company of a literary and artistic kind. Who my friends were matters not to the world, proud as I am of such friendship, but I believe that from the stores of my universal knowledge, I afforded to one of them some new information as to the works of POPE, and to the other threw some new light upon the character of MURILLO. When such minds meet, it is a good thing for mankind.

If you ask me what made me revisit Calloden, I am utterly unable to tell you, and therefore I think your wisdom would show itself more richer, as SHAKESPEARE (or LORD BACON) says, in abstaining from the question. The day was broiling, the road was dusty, and I knew the ground perfectly well. Yet I went, and sat upon the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND’s big stone, or boulder, added my own stone to the cairn over the grave, and came back again to Inverness. I have not, as I remarked in another letter, my dictionary of quotations with me, but is there not some wonderful Latin saying about *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—no, DICK TURPIN’s non-repentance is nothing to the present purpose—the quotation I mean is *nemo omnibus horis sapit*. But the Pretender himself was not particularly wise in coming to Calloden. Suppose he had won that trick, and the others, and the Stuarts had reigned until now, what should I, your Valued Contributor, have been? An awful consideration! My talents would have fitted me for anything, of course, and perhaps I should have been a Cardinal. But I should certainly not have been a gay and playful Valued Contributor, remitting alternate diamonds of wisdom and spangles of wit to a Satirist of kingcraft, priestcraft, and mobcraft. I think that you, Mr. Punch, would have been hanged. It is not for me to speculate whether the result which that incident would have had upon the welfare of mankind would have been beneficial or the reverse.

But I had conversed with men and women too long, and I began to feel it was necessary for me to commence a conversation with Nature. I therefore filled my cigar-case, gave directions that the *Times* should be regularly sent on to me, put EDMOND ABOUT’s last volume into my pocket, and once more threw myself on board the vessel which CAPTAIN TURNER on this occasion commanded from the quay only. I caused myself to be set ashore at a small pier projecting into Loch Ness. Near that point I knew, of old, that there was a calm and sequestered scene, easily reached, yet far removed from the noise, turmoil, and strife of a city. There are hills as old as creation, and women who look a little older. There I determined to rest and be thankful. But I resolved to defer

the commencement of a natural life until I should arrive at my place of sojourn, so I got into a carriage, and was driven into the glen in which I write. I am at Drumnadrochit, which means, I am told, the place behind the bridge, so it must have been christened from over the way, as the village is before we come to the bridge. The scenery is lovely, but I have not yet been able to throw myself upon the bosom of Nature. The Highland breakfast is sadly in the way of a man who would live simply and abstemiously, and open his soul to the influences of the Spirit of the Earth. Instead of feeling humble, and pure, and trustful, and intellectual, you feel just jolly, and you stick yourself in an arm-chair, light your weed, and laugh. That is not, I suppose, the attitude of mind or body in which the Pantheist worships the Vast Snake. But what can I do? Nobody can resist those breakfasts, and what would the handsome Highland lass who spreads them for me say, if I bade her remove everything but toast and cold water, because I wished to be sublimated? Ought I to wound that black-haired maiden's feelings? Ought I to infuse doubts into her mind, and instruct her that there are other faiths than her own exceedingly hot Calvinism? How beset with difficulties, O my friend, is our path in this life! but surely we can never be wrong in doing what is pleasant to ourselves, for we thereby preserve ourselves from being tempted into the ill-humour usually attendant upon doing what is called our duty. Therefore, at present I will abide in this pleasant place. I will gaze upon the mountains, and listen to the sound of the stream, even the Ennerick, and I will wander to the blue lake, and climb to the cataract called Divach, or sit among the rocks at its foot. Likewise, I will visit a huge wild cat, which is detained behind iron bars, and tease it, and I will give a penny to any barefoot little Highland girl who is pretty and clean—the conditions prevent extravagance. But for the present, also, I will abstain from qualifying myself for other communings with the Spirit of Nature. Indeed, I am far from sure that Dr. TRIPLEX would approve of my tampering with my constitution. It may be that you shall hear from me again before I write for money to take me home.

Yours pensively,
EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

A BRIGHT, (BUT NOT) PARTICULAR, STAR.

THE most conspicuous of the gentlemen whose names appeared in the mendacious list of Confederate Loan holders, concocted in America, and republished and commented upon here by the *Star*, in its own peculiarly generous and candid style, having given the lie direct to the concoctors of the forgery, the *Star* turns from virtuous indignation to humble pie. But even its humble pie is served up with the peculiar Stellar sauce.

"Nobody," exclaims the voice of the *Star*, "can pretend to say that the comments of the *Star* upon MR. DELANE's appearance in the list would have been in the slightest degree unfair if the document had been authentic."

"If!" "Great virtue in an if,"—even for the unerring *Fox Stellarum*. People out of the starry region will run away with the notion that the unfairness consisted in making such comments before verifying the authenticity of the document.

Oh, that an enemy had done this! How the Judges of the *Star*-chamber would have been down upon him, pinched him in the Spanish boot of dilemma, flogged him with sarcasms, pressed him to death with heavy leaders! But sublimer still in its coolness, is the comfort which the *Star* extracts even from exposure:—"One or two of our contemporaries have made an elaborate boast of their determination not to publish the now famous list, until the document had gone through some private process of verification here."

The ridiculous purists—the silly scruple-mongers!

What! find a handful of mud, reeking and ready-made, to fling at an adversary, and talk of *analysing* it!

The *Star* knows better. "Nothing," it observes, "could be more foolish and *baleful* than such a notion of propriety. . . . Whipped about, this charge might have endured for ever: openly exhibited, it has been refuted within two days!"

And so the *Star* shuts up—radiant! In spite of the castigation they have brought on themselves, people "with baleful notions of propriety" will be apt to insist, that the *Star* is condemned, not for publishing the list, but for taking its truth for granted, and making it the text for a gross and personal attack on some—we were going to write *brother*, but we will say—contemporary journalists. The question of comment apart, they may probably maintain the opinion that even if disseminating lies be one way of inviting their refutation, the task is not a very dignified one. That, no doubt, is another baleful notion of propriety.

It is an old complaint—as old as the decay of Astrology—that the voice of the stars is a lying voice. But now we see that one star, at least, feels the utterance of lies to be one of its most useful functions, and loudly takes credit to itself for uttering them.

Happily, there is an appeal from this new *Star*-Chamber to Englishmen's sense of fairness, courtesy, and honour.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

HERE is an announcement, from a trustworthy contemporary, that must needs interest all those who are accustomed to drink any of the water which London is supplied with:—

"THE THAMES COMMISSIONERS AND THE SEWAGE OF WINDSOR.—MR. MENZIES, acting under MAJOR-GENERAL EYMOUR, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, attended at the Windsor Board of Health yesterday, and stated that he appeared on behalf of the Board of Works for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the Windsor Board to the surveyor in giving the necessary statistics and other information with a view to the disposing and utilising the sewage of Windsor, instead of permitting it, as at present, to be discharged into the River Thames."

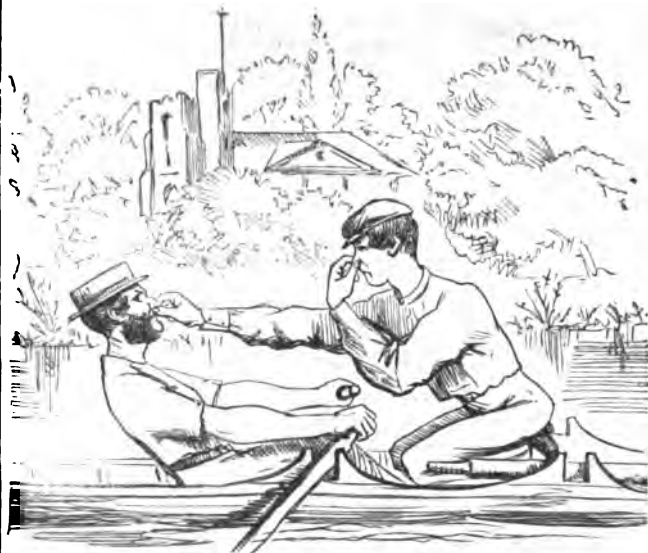
When our fellow citizens consider that the town of Windsor lies considerably above that part of the Thames whence the water which constitutes their beverage, or at least a part thereof, is derived, they will rejoice to see that some movement has been made towards obtaining the knowledge requisite to effect the intention of stopping, at some future time, the discharge of the sewage of Windsor into that river. The following continuation of the foregoing statement will give additional zest to the relish wherewith they will imagine themselves drinking hereafter a glass of water that shall have been taken from the purified Thames at Thames Ditton:—

"From MR. MENZIES' statement it appears that the Commissioners of the Thames Navigation have been making a general survey of the river from Oxford, with a view of ascertaining the general effect of the discharge of sewage into the Thames from the various towns and villages between Oxford and London."

So long as the sewers of those towns and villages are tributaries to the Thames, they will continue to pay tribute also to the cisterns of London. For:—

"You may cleanse, you may filter, the Thames as you will,
But the soluble filth will abide in it still."

Not only at Windsor, but at all the other towns on the banks of the Thames, MR. MENZIES, has found the discharge of sewage into the Thames a "great nuisance." When that nuisance shall have been abated, those who do not drink the fluid for which, nevertheless, they pay water-rate, will at least be enabled to wash their hands in it without shuddering.



IT WAS RATHER AWKWARD ROWING LIKE THIS; BUT THE FACT IS, YOU KNOW, WE WERE PASSING THAT LOVELY TWICKENHAM.

A CHARADE FOR A DULL EVENING.

PART I.—Enter Somebody in evening dress. He bows to the audience, and asks the following conundrum:—

What bird may be said to pour forth its notes?

[Music. Everyone gives it up.

Same Somebody in evening dress. A nightingale.

[Chord. Bows and retires.

(An interval of ten minutes for ices and wafers.)

PART II.—Enter another Somebody. He smiles and says:—

Why can a nightingale be said to pour forth her notes?

[Music. Interval of fifty years supposed to elapse. Everybody gives it up.

Somebody (same as before). Because she has a jug. [Exit sharply.

[Pause—Chord—Roars of laughter—Music—Supper—Enchant.



MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

Musketry Instructor (who wishes, by simple Practical Examples, to bring the fact of the Air's resistance and elasticity to the mind of Intelligent Pupil, No. 450, Private Jones), loc. "FOR INSTANCE, YOU HAVE SEEN AN AIR-CUSHION, AND FELT THAT IT CONTAINED SOMETHING YOU COULD NOT COMPRESS. WHAT WAS IT?"

Private Jones (readily). "ORSE 'AIR, SIR!"

[Enthusiastic Instructor tries again.]

THE REAL SWISS BOY.

A NEW VERSION OF THE WELL-KNOWN BALLAD.

(Respectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Alpine Tourist, on his return home.)

MR. PUNCH singeth to Swiss Landlord—

COME, carouse thee, carouse thee, my knowing Swiss boy,
Sack thy gains, and from labour away.
Stick the tongue in the cheek, and sing "*La République*
(Like *l'Empire*, as we know) *c'est la paye!*"
The season's done, with purses low,
The weary tourists homeward flow—
Then carouse thee, carouse thee, my knowing Swiss boy,
Sack thy gains, and from labour away!

Swiss Landlord respondeth—

Am not I, am not I, say a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie from the mountain away?
Les Milords they may climb, without reason or rhyme,
But, *beigott*, for their climb they shall pay.
My shutters up, no thieves to fear,
Till back the tourists come next year,
Then will I, then will I, as the merry Swiss boy,
Take purses upon the highway!

By the nose, by the nose, Sir, the knowing Swiss boy
The *Milords* and *Miladis* can lead;
Through the nose, through the nose, too, the knowing Swiss boy
The *Milords* and *Miladis* can bleed:
Hotels so high high charges grow;
Point d'argent, point de Suisse, you know.
So with *Vivent les Anglais!* locks the merry Swiss boy
The francs in his strong-box away!

THE PRUSSIAN ROBBERS ON THE STAGE OF EUROPE.

THE Tragicomical Melodrama of *The Plunder of Denmark* is not yet over. Another scene in that villainous piece was enacted the other day, when the KING OF PRUSSIA went to take possession of the stolen dukedom of Lauenburg. His Majesty was received by the beadle and corporal of the duchy, and by the assembled postmen. Two young ladies, dressed in "virgin white," welcomed him with the recitation of poetry. The station at which the train containing him arrived was hung about with garlands. This is the way to do business on the stage of Europe. If the performers are hissed, what then? "*Populus me sibilat*," says the First Villain of the piece, &c. "When I survey Schleswig and Lauenburg I applaud myself at Sans-Souci, and defy execration."

GENERAL MANTRUFFEL plays the part of Third Robber. When this fellow went to be invested with his new dignity, the Governorship of Schleswig, he said, that rather than restore any part of the Duchies to Denmark, he would be prepared to cover seven feet of land with his body. He doubtless meant seven square feet; but in order to be spread over all that space, he would require to be flattened out very considerably. What MANTRUFFEL intended to say, therefore, seems to have been that, before he would consent to surrender any of the territory that had been stolen from Denmark, he would be dashed.

No; *The Plunder of Denmark* is not yet ended! The catastrophe has yet to come. May we live to see the guilty personages of the drama overtaken by retribution as real as the blood which they have shed!

Notice to the Jockey Club.

SINCE the hubbub about *Gladiator* and his mouth, Mr. Punch has been overwhelmed by an avalanche of little notes in feminine handwriting, expressing the thankfulness of the writers that *their* age cannot be detected by an examination of the teeth.



THE "MERRY SWISS BOY." THE RETURN OF THE TOURIST.

OUR YACHT.

Log. "Out at sea. Between Puffin and Liverpool. Both places invisible. Wind, none. Long, and lat. uncertain. Been uncertain for two days. Wish we could get on."

In fact, it was a dead calm. For one whole day not a wave, not a ripple, to be seen anywhere. The sails wouldn't act, the rudder couldn't act, we couldn't act. We had nothing to read, and had, as the notices of weddings run, "no cards." When I say we had nothing to read, I do not mean that there was a scarcity of books; no, on the contrary, the Commodore had three shilling volumes—*The Gambler's something*, *The Forger's something else*, and *Revelations of a somebody*. These we had read, and hard work it was. The Lieutenant possessed an Almanack, an Index to an Atlas (Atlas wanting), and part of a Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum. I had two old letters unanswered, a collection of small bills unpaid, a metallic pocket-book without a pencil, and a book of *Black-Eyed Susan*, with the cover off, and defective in pages towards the climax. This last, and the Almanack, afforded us some amusement in the earlier part of the day, from, I should say, 7 A.M. till 10; after that hour commenced an uncertainty about time in general. The Lieutenant hadn't got a watch, the Commodore had lost his key, and I had forgotten to wind mine up. The Commodore said he never saw such a fellow as I was for forgetting a thing. Having nothing to do, we breakfasted for the third time, and the Lieutenant gave out double rations to the Crew. We then lay on our backs at the stern, and smoked. We began by saying that this was very jolly. In the course of an hour, I said I didn't think it *was* so very jolly, which provoked the Commodore into remarking that I knew nothing about yachting, and that if I was getting tired of it, I'd better give the whole thing up.

If ever I have a yacht of my own, I'll have a billiard table on board. That's what we wanted, a billiard table. The Commodore and Lieutenant smoked incessantly: I tried to, but never can manage more than two pipes and a half; and the half's a little uncertain. I endeavoured to get up a conversation on a sailor's resources when there's a calm. Billiards for instance. They observed, Billiards! contemptuously. I referred to *Black-Eyed Susan* as an authority. William, I recollected used to swear pretty considerably, call people on shore swabs, land-lubbers, his wife's relations grampusses, and a ploughman, from whom he wished to gain some information, "a dying dolphin;" while on board he'd reef in yards, pipe broadsides to quarters, stride like a lion with surf in his face, whispering "Susan," to frighten the bullets in an action, bring other people on their beam-ends, heave a head, charge an elderly gentleman of bad character with "cutting the painter of a pretty pinnace, and sending it (the pinnace) drifting without a compass," and so forth; but what he did when there was a calm doesn't appear; unless at the end, which was torn out in my book, and then, if I recollect right, the only time there was a calm, the Admiral took advantage of it to try William by court-martial, and have him hanged before it got rough again. I suggested to the Commodore that sailors generally had a fiddle on board, and used to dance. The Commodore said grumpily, that there wasn't a fiddle, and if there was he wouldn't dance. The Lieutenant called upon me (he was lying stretched out like a star-fish) for a song. Being unable to oblige, I offered to read William. Offer declined without thanks. I said I was sure I'd heard something about dancing round the caboose, or spinning yarns over the galley fire. I knew I'd seen a picture somewhere of "Saturday night at sea." The answer to this, on the part of the Commodore, was, that it wasn't Saturday night. As to sitting round the galley fire in the caboose, which was where the Treasure cooked, it was evident that, as there was only room for the Treasure's head and shoulders, three people attempting to dance there, or spin yarns, would find themselves inconveniently crowded. The subject dropped. The Captain here appeared and requested rations. Considering that it was calm, and that the Captain was an Old Salt, he seemed to keep his legs very badly. On his request not being immediately acceded to, he repeated the word several times with variations, as if he had not, in the first instance, succeeded in making himself sufficiently intelligible.

The course he chose to adopt (these sailors are the queerest people!) didn't improve matters, as he slipped from "Rations" down to "Rachel," and from that to "Rayshe," when he caught hold of a rope, and then began to laugh as if he'd done something clever. As he had evidently come up to amuse us, I laughed too, just to humour him, whereat he became suddenly grave, and frowned upon me rather rebukingly.

It struck me at the same time that it evidently did the Commodore, that this was the effect of a calm upon the Captain. The Lieutenant thought that rations had something to do with it. I should perhaps have been inclined to his opinion, but for the Captain himself saying it was the calm.

AN IRISH SUGGESTION.—The Fenians style their society of addle-headed Conspirators the Fenian Brotherhood. Its more appropriate title would be the Fenian Botherhood.

THE ALLOCUTION ON FREEMASONRY.

O VENERABLE Brothers of our sacrosanct Consistory, There is a confraternity wrapt up in darkest mystery, Themselves the men of Masonry and Freedom they denominate: All freedom, save our own, we do most utterly abominate.

This good-for-nothing, execrable, pestilent Society, United in the fellowship of error, and impiety, Extends itself, O shame! the whole world habitable wide over, Beside that universal realm which we as King preside over.

Of all law, human and divine, the enemies these wretches are. Tartarean brood, among the corn they burn them, vilest wretches are. They glory in the practice of all manner of atrocity, And specially addicted are to guzzling and gulosity.

There is in that proud Capital with River Thames irriguous, A temple nearly to the Fields of Lincoln's Inn contiguous. There are they wont to celebrate their orgies with audacity Unheard of, gormandising with incredible voracity.

What shall I say of gridirons when they neophytes initiate? And what of red-hot pokers in commencing a noviciate? And what of those most horrid oaths, with ceremonies sinister, Which they are to each candidate reported to administer?

But what we most detest in them excites our ire professional; It is that Secret which they keep in spite of the Confessional. O reticence most obstinate of stubborn indocility, That dares hold anything concealed from Our Infallibility!

It is an error to believe in what they call their charity, As though they with the Faithful were at all upon a parity, Condemned be the suggestion of such scandalous equality! Their ends are eating, drinking, conviviality, and jollity.

The ruin of the Church and Civil Government they're aiming at. No visionary phantom 'tis that we are now declaiming at; The Freemasons and Fenians are only two varieties Of secret sacrilegious and heretical societies.

Their aprons be anathema, their gems and decorations all; Their symbols, signs, and passwords we declare abominations all; And, if they do not penance and submit to Our authority, Adjudge them to the regions of profound inferiority.

TWO MISTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

We copy the following desirable investments from the *Leeds Mercury*. The first is described as:—

ON SALE, a 60-inch SCRIBBLER, quite new. For particulars apply to, &c. &c.

What a rush there will be on the part of the worn-out periodicals, to secure this, "SCRIBBLER," who is further recommended as being "quite new!" We hardly understand the distinction of "a 60-inch scribbler." Are the inches to be measured in length, or breadth, or depth? If it is the latter, we are afraid that the "60-inch scribbler" would be a bit of a bore. We like a writer to go to the heart of his subject, but one who displayed his powers of penetration to the extent of five feet, might carry his readers further than they would care about, as it would require the most breathless attention on their part to be able to follow him.

The second investment is one, considering its vast extent, that is not often seen in the market:—

TO be SOLD, Eleven Acres of good FOG, &c. &c.

We did not know that "Fog" was an article of commerce, excepting occasionally in articles of literary composition. In the latter case, the "60-inch Scribbler," above advertised, might beneficially employ his penetrating capacity in clearing a way right through those "Eleven Acres." We are glad to notice that the fog in question is particularised as "good Fog," though what a good fog is, we doubt if any one, unless he had lived in London all his life, would be able to tell. For what we know, the advertisement may be a roundabout way of announcing the sale of a series of old parliamentary debates, for any one who has attempted to travel through these foggy districts, could well testify what tremendous "acres" they are! Curious town that Leeds, where Scribblers and Fogs are kept on sale! It may be that the former may be partially the cause of creating the latter.



CANDID.

Gentleman. "I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE KEY OF THE WINE-CELLAR?"

Butler. "THAT ENTIRELY DEPENDS ON THE VINTAGE, SIR!"

GRINDING AND CRAMMING.

"A TEACHER" writes to the *Sheffield Telegraph* to contradict the popular notion that the youth of that town are such semi-savages as they are represented to be in the Commissioners' late report. According to his version, they are bright, knowing, intelligent lads, and up to all kinds of fun. With regard to the ignorant answers attributed to them, he says:—

"The fact is, the Commissioners have been utterly sold by the small boys of Sheffield."

With their uproarious sense of humour, these small boys could not help, with the quantity of dust flying about them, just throwing a little into the eyes of the "stately pris" (so denominated by this most benevolent "Teacher") who came to examine them. These young blades, who evidently do not belong to the section of "Charitable Grinders," are so delightfully cool, that it is no wonder they oppose the introduction of the "Fan" that is charitably proposed to ventilate their rooms. Though they do object to being blown upon themselves, they do not in the least mind blowing upon others. Their average of life may be extremely short, but what does that matter, so long as it is a merry one? At the late *Outlets' Feast*, EARL FITZWILLIAM stated that, in consequence of the dense smoke round Sheffield, all the big trees were fast disappearing from its neighbourhood. We should rather be inclined to doubt that fact in the presence of the above gigantic hoax. If there is any display of pictures in the town, these poor Commissioners might be exhibited, and appropriately labelled in the corner, "SOLD." Having found out to their cost how excessively sharp these young fliers are, they will be very cautious for the future how they handle them. With sparks of humour irradiating thus profusely from their wheels, instead of growing prematurely old, they should with every turn they give the wheel be ground young again. In the meantime, who ever would have suspected that that the Abode of Fun was to be found in a grim, smoky, dusty, snuffy, blinding, deafening, steel-fork grinding shop at Sheffield?

THE CANINE SPECIES.—A return has lately been published of the Dog-Tax. Does it include the "Jolly Dogs" we have heard rather too much of? If they are not taxed, our patience is.

MR. HOMEGREEN ON THE DROUGHT.

SITCH weather as we've had this two months past
I never know'd in all my life afoor.
I wonders how much longer ut ool last,
And when we be to haa some rain once moor.

As Scotchy sez in that are murderun play,
I gins to be aweary o' the zun,
As keeps a shinun on vrom day to day,
And wishes this here tajus drought was done.

The trees be powdered over all wi' dust,
As bad amost as livery-footmen's heads.
O' moonlight nights you'd fancy, like, at fust,
The white was frost upon the barns and sheda.

As for the turmuts, they be done for, some,
As 'tis; I s'pose there wun't be nare a crop.
The mangold, too, bids foul to turn out rum,
'Tis sitch a while since they've had are a drop.

The darth o' roots must tell upon the stock;
And then the hay was no great shakes this year.
'Twood be a tryun time for drove and flock,
And mate, no doubt, 'ool goo on gettun dear.

Well, there, if prices rises, to be sure,
'Tis broad as ut is long, or thereabout,
So fur, the cattle-plag is uts own cure;
And that 's our consolation for the drought.

Then there's the pigs a payun well in parts,
The young uns, hereabouts, they fetches, now,
At laste a pound each—bless their little hearts!
Happy the man as owns a good old sow.

But, howsomedever, if the sky 'ood change,
No doubt but what 'twould be the best for all;
This brightness out o' sazon do sim strange:
The clouds 'ool be relief when comes rainfall.

There han't a bin, this last September, what
I thinks you calls the Aquanocotial gales;
Instead o' which we've had it dry and hot
Just then when mostly storms and showers prevails.

Well, soon or late, and very soon, may be,
Afoor what I'm a writun can be read,
The heavens all blue, from clouds that's now so free,
May turn all black as this here ink instead.

And when the wet do come, 'tis ten to one
That cats and dogs will tumble down in showers;
Because a truer sayun there is none
Than that it never rains but what it powers.

THE HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

OUR own Private Officer (no less an officer because Private) deputed by our own Board of Health (need we say our carefully-provided dinner-table?), has furnished us with the following Report:—

"People residing in the neighbourhood of the Monument should in this hot weather be cautious. *The Monument is very high.* Let the authorities look to it. (We saw a policeman looking at it, but that's not the same thing.)

"The residents in the Temple complain that *the City is very close.* Now, if it is close to *them*, what must it be to the inhabitants of Cheapside and Cornhill? More air.

"Near Commercial Road East, in a populous locality, the inattention of the authorities is most reprehensible. *There is a dead wall* in this neighbourhood, in the open street, close by the pavement, and no steps have been taken for its removal. (We saw some one taking steps in this direction, but it was the Lamplighter.)"

"Similia Similibus!"

We read that "a new process of Photographing on Wood" has been patented. It is found to be specially adapted for all blockheads, and the members of different Boards. Persons who are plain, however, object to this new style of portraiture, for fear that they might, should the wood be in the least ill-grained, come out a deal plainer.

TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.



TELL me, EDWARD, dost re-
member
How at breakfast often we,
Put our bacon in the tea-pot
While we took and fried our
tea?

How we went to evening
parties
On gigantic brewer's drays?
How you wore your coats
as trousers,
In those happy happy days?

How we used to pocket ices
When a modest lunch we
bought?

Quaff the foaming Aber-
nethy,
Masticate the crusty port?

How we fished in deep sea
water
For the barbel, tench and
carp?

Wore our rings upon our pencils
While we cut our fingers sharp?

How we cleaned our boots with sherry
While we drank the blacking dry?
How we quite forgot to pay for
Articles we used to buy?

How, a ruffian prosecuting
Who'd been swindled, so he said.
We appeared at the Old Bailey,
And were done ourselves instead?

PITY THE POOR PARTRIDGE SHOOTERS!

MY DEAR SMITH,

WHEN *Hamlet* wished his "too, too solid flesh would melt," he should have tried a few days' shooting in such sunshine as we lucky dogs have recently been roasted in. The oldest sportsmen never knew such a sweltering September. The thermometer has been standing at 90° in the shade of the biggest mangelwurzel. And such whoppers there are this year! at least in Mangelwuzzelshire. I constantly was buried to my armpits in their leaves, and, my stature being short, I was really half afraid of a complete interment. Once, forgetting where I was, I screamed for the police to come to my assistance; and I wildly fired my gun as a signal of distress. But all I got by the explosion was another one—of wrath—on the part of my companions; who told me I had spoiled a lovely point the dog was making, and had caused a splendid covey to rise clean out of shot. I solemnly assured them that, standing where I did, I could not see the pointer, and so it was no wonder that I did not see the point. But they did not seem to see the point of my remark, and the keeper muttered something about "might as well go home," which, as there was beer there, I thought we really might.

This was the only covey that we saw this day; and indeed, in the respect of our not seeing many birds, any one day of the week was just like any other. They seemed to have swallowed fern seed, and so made themselves invisible; or else they got into the rabbit holes to get out of the heat, or sat up in the oak trees, where no pointer could get scent of them. Partridges apparently object to being roasted, baked, or grilled, before they are shot; and whenever in hot weather they play at hide-and-seek with you, it is most difficult to find them. With the exception of the signal of distress that I have mentioned, I only fired my gun off six times in six days; and, although my aim is usually unerring, it happened that the temperature quite neutralised its accuracy. Wonderful as it may seem, I did not bag one bird of all the six I shot at! So extraordinary a fact deserves to be recorded, and in the cause of science I do not hesitate to mention it. Several theories were adduced to account for the phenomenon, and some, although ingenious, were barely complimentary. For instance, one young friend suggested that possibly I missed because "the sun was in my eyes," by which he meant that I had taken too much beer at luncheon. Another playfully alleged that the partridges escaped, because I shut my eyes while shooting, which was the fact on one occasion I candidly admit, for exactly at the moment when I raised my gun to shoot, a little fly flew up my nose and made me want to sneeze, and somehow I am always forced to shut my eyes while sneezing. My own idea is, that the heat

was so intense that the shot was melted instantly on leaving the muzzle of the gun, and being fused thus, fell to earth directly in a semi-liquid state, or if it reached the birds, it singed their feathers merely, and was far too soft to penetrate.

So, my dear fellow, you see, the sad truth must be owned, that birds of my own shooting I had really none to send you; and indeed if I had bagged any, the weather was so hot, I should have scarcely dared to send them. My friends, whose shot I fancy was harder than my own, and not so liable to melt, contrived after vast labour to get a few brace every day; but I thought you would best relish the birds I shot myself, and so I waited in the hope of seeing some that I could shoot. For fear of its not keeping, we ate up every day for dinner nearly all the game we bagged, and then consumed at breakfast the small remnant that was left. So you see it really was not possible to send off any birds; for with the cattle disease about us, we dared not eat much beef or mutton, and if we had sent our game away, we might have very nearly starved ourselves.

I trust this candid explanation will fully satisfy your mind that I have not forgotten you, or the promise that I made, which I hope, weather permitting, to keep next season without fail.

Meanwhile, pray believe me, yours most sincerely, glad to have returned to London, dull and dismal as it is, when every one is out of it,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS CRACKSHOT.

SCENES IN THE WEDDING RING.

HERE are some entertainments that we little suspected were taking place daily in the wedding ring:—

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND, OR WIFE'S, TRUE CARTE DE VISITE.—MONSIEUR BLAQUE, the celebrated French Astrologer, will send the true Carte de Visite of your Intended, with Name, Age, and Date of Marriage for Sixteen Stamps. State age and sex. Send stamped directed envelope.—Address "M." &c., &c., &c.

How the Clown to the above Ring must laugh in his alcove at the fools who patronise his entertainment! We wonder whose photograph he conjures up for their delusion? It may be MÜLLER, or DR. PRITCHARD, or some female impostor, or malefactor, whose portraits he has picked up as a cheap lot. The simpleton, who sent his sixteen stamps, would never be any the wiser. The cry was, a short time ago, that no one could marry under £300 a year. The complete contradiction to that high-priced estimate is the above advertisement, wherein it appears that any one can procure a husband, or a wife, for the low figure of one-and-fourpence! What amuses us in MONSIEUR BLAQUE'S announcement is, that nothing is hinted about the chances of rejection. Once armed with the *carte de visite* of your intended, the most timid Irishman, the most nervous widow, can propose with every certainty of success. It would be a long-lived disappointment, however, to the poor DULCINEA who, believing thoroughly in the matrimonial validity of the photographed MÜLLER, wandered patiently through the world, in the hopes of meeting with her future husband! In only one respect do we find fault with MONSIEUR BLAQUE. Having given the name, and the age, and the date, &c., why not have gone a little further, and have promised to furnish the fire of the eyes, the luxuriance of the whiskers, the architecture of the nose, the longitude of the purse, the texture of the hair, and many other particulars most interesting "to persons about to marry?" We are strongly tempted to enter into competition with this "celebrated French astrologer," and to beat him out of the field by outbidding him.

As a proof that we mean mischief, we beg to inform MONSIEUR BLAQUE, that we have forwarded his real name and address (at least those as given by him in his advertisements) to the Mendicity Society. He may thank his lucky stars, if he is not taken up, before the week is over, for obtaining money under false pretences. It is a question also, whether the proprietors of provincial newspapers, who insert the mendacious advertisements of this "celebrated French astrologer," might not similarly be taken into custody for aiding and abetting him in his nefarious practices. The next *Carte de Visite* they should deal with ought to be the Police Van.

A ST. PATRICK IN PETTICOATS.

A FRENCH woman has been earning many hundreds of francs by destroying vipers. It appears that she possesses a wondrous skill in finding out the hiding place of all poisonous reptiles, and of then attracting them to the surface, when she can do what she pleases with them. Why does not the English Government engage her services, and send her to Ireland? She might be profitably employed there in tracing out the various dark haunts of the Fenians, and hunting them from spot to spot, succeed in either destroying them, or else driving them effectually out of the country—thereby saving an infinity of trouble to the constabulary, the magistracy, the judges and juries, and all legal functionaries, including, it may be, the assistance of a gentleman, who generally "hangs out" at the Old Bailey.



SWEET DELUSION.

Chorus of Young Ladies (speaking technically). "NO SPOONING, MR. LOVEL! NO SPOONING ALLOWED HERE!"

Miss Tabitha (with the long curls). "THOSE NAUGHTY, N-N-NAUGHTY GIRLS! I SUPPOSE THEY ALLUDE TO YOU AND MR. MR. LOVEL. BUT, LOR! NEVER MIND THEM!—I DON'T."

"MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE HEATH,
AND MY NAME IS—JENKINS!"

"OUR JENKINS, *Punch's* JENKINS, is not dead." He has neither been translated into the seventh heavens by chronicling LORD GRANVILLE's wedding for the *Times*, nor sunk below the nether deep by the heavy sarcasms of the *Saturday Review*. JENKINS is immortal; and like Brahma hath many *avatars*. Following the fashion of those nobles of the land whom he loves, JENKINS is *on the moors*! Yes, he is at this present writing incarnate in a Scottish body—called there "buddy"—and wears the grey kilt and blue bonnet of *the Gillie*. But even there and thus attired, instead of rifle or spy-glass, he wields the immortal pen, wherewith he stalks a statelier game than even the great red-deer—the princes of the Land! Hark to the crack of the well-known weapon!

"On Friday last, a grand deer drive took place in the forest of Abergeildie. To the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso the antlered monarchs were driven from the sheltered dales and corries around. Capital sport was had by the PRINCE OF WALES and party, amongst whom was the Chief of Invercauld, the gallant COLONEL FARQUHARSON, who shot down two fine stags as the swaying herd swept past. Bang, bang, went the PRINCE OF WALES's rifle, and other two noble stags bit the dust, and rolled dead in the blooming purple heather. Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful MR. PHIPPS. On the home route two pretty roebucks were shot by the party, which concluded the day's sport."

This is something *like* word-painting. How the scene rises before us. The "antlered monarchs" driven to "the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso."—Ossian, by heavens!—the grim suspense and murderous aim of the Chief of Invercauld, the gallant FARQUHARSON, "as the swaying herd sweeps past"—the "bang! bang!" of the Prince's rifle—the noble stags performing that *kolow* to a Prince which JENKINS loves, and winding up their rapid act of submission by the well-known feats of "biting the dust," and "rolling over in the purple heather!"

Then how instinct with the delicately discriminated Jenkinsian colour, is the *rallentando* movement. "Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful MR. PHIPPS." It would take a column of comment to bring out all the subtlety of compliment, the

latent grace of suggestion, in this short sentence. Observe, the stags that fall to the rifle of the Prince are "noble;" not so the creatures that succumb to the more plebeian bullets of the suite—they are "stags" simple, and unadorned. Nor are their deaths of the ornately respectful kind practised by the happy quadrupeds who are honoured by the Prince's ball in their brisquets. They "bite the dust," and "roll over in the purple heather;" the stags killed by the commonalty content themselves with "falling." Then note the sense of that dignified courtesy which should enshrine all belonging to a Court in "the youthful MR. PHIPPS"—not "PHIPPS Junior," nor "Young PHIPPS," nor even "Young MR. PHIPPS," but "the Youthful MR. PHIPPS!"

This is how history should be written! Touched thus by a master-hand, what delicacies of respect may be conveyed by language—how tropes and figures, epithets and idioms, nay plain adjectives and substantives, may be compelled to pay homage to rank and station, and to bow them down at the shrine of Snobocracy, of which JENKINS is the high-priest!

Complementary Colours.

THE Irish Republic which the Fenian traitors conspired to establish, may, if regarded with reference to its objects, be considered a Red Republic. Contemplated, however, with a view to the means and measures whereby the conspirators proposed to effect their design, the projected Republic of the Emerald Isle assumes a tint in character with that of the gem which is associated with the name of Erin. Although it found no favour with the Irish nation, it wore the national colour. The Fenian Irish Republic was a Green Republic.

NOT A DRY JOKE.

MOVED by the perusal of DR. DRAUTT's Report on Light Wines, the other day we partook of some excellent Hungarian wine, called Ofner Auslese. A better judge than joker had the courage to remark in our hearing, that what he had to say of the Ofner Auslese was, the oftener a fellow could drink it the better.



CARBINE PRACTICE.

SANDY MCGUTTLE AND A FRIEND OF HIS MARKING IN BUTT. OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SQUAD AT THE SHOOTING-RANGE WONDERS WHY THE DRUCE THEY DON'T SIGNAL THAT LAST SHOT. HE HAS ALSO GRAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE NUMBER OF BULLS'EYES ALREADY RECORDED.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

At the Sheffield Meeting the following Papers were omitted to be read, owing to want of time, loss of manuscript, illegibility of handwriting, nervousness, pleasant excursions, approach of dinner, and other causes.

LAW.

On "The Reformatory System as applied to hardened Conservatives."
On "Juries' prudence, as exemplified in some wonderful verdicts."
On "The Law of Storms." By a Married Sexagenarian.

EDUCATION.

On "Political Arithmetic, proving the common calculation that two and two make four to be a vulgar error." By an Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

HEALTH.

"What is the explanation of this contradiction? Young ladies who can gallop and waltz through a long ball are unable to take a country walk of two miles."

On "The 'Grinderpest,' or, Street organist."

On "The Restlessness of Government Clerks at 3:30 P.M."

"What will Miss GARRETT be called in common speech? A Medical woman?"

On "The Injurious Effects of Cold Meat three days running."

"To Smoke or not to Smoke; with thoughts on the pipe, the cigar, and the judicious Hookah."

ECONOMY AND TRADE.

On "The Decrease in Crinoline as affecting the Sheffield trade."

"Where the family is large and the means small, how would you settle the following points of domestic economy?"

1. Would you have your dresses made in the house, or from home?
2. Would you have the bread and butter cut in the kitchen, or the loaf brought up?

THE RETURN.

FROM MY BERTH.

THE big Channel steamer is rolling exceedingly,
Frenchmen around me are bilious and fat,
And prone on the floor are behaving unheedingly,
It's a "sick transit," but never mind that!

There's pleasure in feeling so coldly and clammy,
Joy in the needles and pins in my leg;
Pleasure in watching that foreigner's family
Eating stick chocolate mixed with hard egg.

There's joy in the berthing that's managed so scurvily,
Pleasure in each individual lurch;
Joy in the pitching about topsy-turvy,
Fun in the custom-house officers' search!

For I'm tired of long *table-d'hôte*-ing formalities,
Sick of my costly devotion to "red;"
I'm weary of fathoming gambling fatalities,
Long for a night in a big British bed!

For whenever I visit the bad Baden rookery,
Dreams that I dream have a single key-note;
That I'm fastened, in fetters of cast-iron cookery,
Down to a complex *roulette-table-d'hôte*!

I grieve for my tub and its naked simplicity,
(Grief that they ask me to drown in a "bowl"!)
And this is ascribed to inborn eccentricity—
"*Tiens donc ces Anglais! mais comme ils sont drôles!*"

Tired am I of the sea-bathing merman-y,
Tired am I of the *sabot* and *blouse*,
Tired am I of the natives of Germany,
Tired am I of the noisy Mossoos!

After for weeks of my presence bereaving you,
London, to rush to your bosom I yearn.
You remember the jokes that I uttered on leaving you?
Twice as delighted, my boy, to return.

An Omission.

IN the usual October introductory addresses to Medical Students no mention was made of the circumstance that when doctors, like all other men, undergo midnight harangues from their wives, they are not called Curtian, but Clinical, Lectures.

3. Would you have the beer on tap, or fetched from round the corner as required?

4. Would you have the washing done at home, or put out? If put out, which is the cheapest arrangement, by the dozen or the quarter?"

On "The Degeneracy of Domestic Servants as regards early rising, with a glance at the best means of awakening them to a sense of duty—and to light the kitchen fire."

On "The Decline of some old Usages:—

1. Looking under the bed at night.
2. Taking wine at dinner.
3. Going down on your knees to make an offer.
4. Wearing night-caps.
5. Wearing Mackintoshes.
6. Taking snuff.
7. Having your bed warmed."

On "The Predominance of Steak in Pigeon Pie, with reflections on the curious idiosyncrasy that prompts so many idiots to say they prefer the steak to the pigeon."

On "The Tailor's Best Friend—the Anti-Macassar."

On "Some Popular Fallacies:—

1. That second-class railway travelling is as comfortable as first.
2. That electro-plate looks as good as silver.
3. That cheap gloves answer. (What do they say?)
4. What a 'turned' dress looks as good as new.
5. That you can hardly tell the difference between an alpaca and a silk umbrella."

Criticism as Understood by all but Critics.

TRUE criticism, when it praises, is only a correct appreciation of the meaning of the author; but the moment it begins to find fault, it degenerates from its high functions, and sinks into vulgar abuse.

FROM A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.



Grosvenor Square.

EAR MR. PUNCH,—Though our respective positions are now very different from what they were when I last wrote to you, I have no desire to make you feel the distance which exists between us, and I address you politely and even playfully as heretofore. It is not probable that you will have many opportunities of being tempted to take advantage of my affability, as, though I shall always be glad to hear that you are conducting yourself well, and prospering, the rules of society will prevent our being intimate for the future. It is due to you that I should state what has occurred, so that your own good sense may prompt you to assume a befitting social attitude in regard to myself.

My last letter, dated from Drumnadrochit, apprised you

that I was in retirement at that delightful locality, and was seeking communion with the Spirit of Nature. It is probable that some very remarkable literary compositions would have resulted, had I remained in yonder Glen. It is a place for the Poet-Philosopher. A short walk from the Drumnadrochit Inn (the admirable hostess does well to retain the good old word of "kindest welcome") takes you into sequestered glades of deepest shade, where you hear no sound but the voice of rivers, the song of birds, and the fizzing of your own fuses. Or, if you will, you may ascend a lofty and craggy hill in the rear of your inn, and, on yonder rock reclining your fierce and swarthy form behold, and you have a glorious prospect of mountain and valley, the blue Loch Ness on your left, Mealfourvie, giant of the Seaford star, before you, and to your right a noble group of mountains studding the scene to the west. The midges will not bite you much, at least not very much, if you smoke plentifully. If hungry, which it is difficult to be after Highland meals, there are heaps of what we call blackberries, but which the Scots call brambles, and whereof they make a jelly, which is tolerable. I mention all details, for nothing escapes the true artist—it is your smatterer who dwells in slovenly generalities. HOMER tells you of the nail on which the hero hangs his sword.

Believe me if all those endearing old charms which I gazed on while squat in yon brae had been permitted to exert their influence on my naturally romantic and impressionable nature, I should have produced a poem which would have been *Some*, as my American friends say. I found myself unconsciously turning my mind to lyrical construction, and constantly inventing rhymes to the names of the mountains and other prominent objects around me. This showed that poetic inspiration was coming—that the tripod was steaming for the Sibyl. Drumnadrochit itself had been a good deal rhymed to by ingenious persons who had inscribed poems in the visitors' book at the inn. (MR. JOHN BRIGHT, by the way, has written verses therein, and they do credit to his humanity and also to his ear.) Pocket occurs rather promptly in aid of the bard, and so does *Lucy Lockit*. But Mealfourvie was rather a staggerer, and I was reminded of another distinguished author who designed a poem on the Mediterranean Sea, but gave it up because the name would not come into heroic verse. The name of the mountain means a heavy lump on a dull Moor, and might therefore apply to the severe criticism you might inflict on a bad performance of *Othello*. I was one afternoon reposing in the shades and coverts hid from day, and meditating an ode on the eclipse of the moon (which occurred on the previous night, and was caused by the shadow of the earth being projected upon the lesser planet) when a beautiful Highland maiden stood before me. My story does not connect itself with the history of this damsel, therefore spare the anecdote which I already behold forming itself upon the editorial lip. You speak falsely. I am not forty-four, and my hair is not grey—not very grey—and if both assertions were true, they are nothing to the purpose. A man's age is what he feels. Is LORD PALMERSTON old? Are you young? But I repeat that I have not a love story to relate upon the present occasion, though, were my adventures truthfully told, which they never shall be, it might be found that I had not been less fortunate in securing the virtuous admiration of the other sex than many who talk constantly of such things, and ostentatiously wear hair watch-guards and photographic lockets.

"A gentleman was wanting you," said the bright-eyed and dark-haired maiden.

"Does he want me still, MARGARET?" I replied, with a pleasant smile.

"In your room," returned MARGARET.

"And I, with poetic negligence, have left all my papers lying on the table," said I, "and he will see that confidential letter from LORD P——, who writes such a great big hand that the most delicately-minded visitor could not help seeing what he says about GL——." "

"Toddy," said MARGARET, who hates to wear out her words by using too many of them.

"Tis well, MARGARET," I said, "*Thoir doun bh' poag.*"

Gracefully, modestly, she received my paternal salute upon her brow, and retired. She will tell her great-grandchildren, in their Highland home, that at the age of nine she had been honoured by a kiss from the great ERICURUS ROTUNDUS, the Saxon Poet-Philosopher.

To spring from my rocky seat, snatch my long Highland hooked staff, and bound away, like a deer of the region, down the perilous glen, to cross the bridge, and to dash up the road until I gained my inn, might have been the work of ten minutes, if I had hurried myself, but as I never do, I was home in about half an hour. Ascending to my drawing-room, I found a gentleman awaiting me, and, as little MARGARET had hinted, beguiling the interval with the Wine of the Country.

"Your health in a Dram, Sir," he said, as I entered.

This phrase, Sir, is now used far and wide over the Highlands. It was invented, it seems, about five years ago by some frivolous contributor of yours who visited, or says he visited, this inn at Drumnadrochit, and who wrote to you in its praise. ANDERSON'S *Guide to the Highlands* says, "At the mouth of Glen Urquhart there is a large and excellent inn, Drumnadrochit, long a favourite, but now still better known to fame by a letter from ***** to Punch." And that dispatch is still written of, in Scottish newspapers, as the "famous letter." Your contributor, whoever he was, need not, if he still exists, be particularly proud of this, for the Durham Letter and many other State papers are as well known in history as the Drumnadrochit Letter. And this phrase about the dram, was, it seems, introduced in a ridiculous manner into the document in question.

"You are very good," I said, loftily, and with that joy intonation which effectually chills the presumptuous.

"I hope to show myself moderately so," he replied, humbly.

Instantly softening, I expressed my regret that I had detained him, and begged to know in what way I could be of use to him.

"I must preface my answer with a little narrative, Sir," he said.

"I do not want any steel pens, any water-colour drawings, or any Commentary on the Scriptures to be published in 75 numbers, and paid for in advance, mind that," I said, myself mindful of sells which are constantly attempted at what was my London residence.

"But I have nothing to sell you," he replied.

This made me more distrustful.

"I am not going to save a virtuous tradesman from ruin by advancing ten pounds on a pianoforte that can be shown to have cost a hundred and eighty guineas, money to be returned with fifty per cent. interest the day after to-morrow."

"But I do not need to borrow," he said.

"I subscribe to nothing except the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Opera," I said, very sternly.

"You owe me no subscription, as *King Lear* observes," was his reply.

Well, I thought that I had taken sufficient care of myself by this time, so I said that I should be happy to hear what he had to say.

"You will be happier still, Sir, I hope, when you shall have heard me," says he.

"Why, yes, Sir, one is always glad when a story is over," says I.

"That is not my meaning, Sir," he replied, smiling. "Will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly. In fact, I don't see how I can hinder you, except by running out of the room. I shall answer it or not, of course, as may seem good unto me."

"Then I would ask, Sir, whether you remember travelling on the Great Northern Railway on the 6th of August, last year?"

"I have a reason for remembering that date, and I know that I was travelling on the line and day you mention."

"Do you, Sir, also recollect that at a certain place you saw a number of men digging in a field near the line, and that you kindly flung down a newspaper to them?"

"It may be so. I am always doing kind things, and seldom get thanked for them, except by my own approving conscience."

"There will be an exception in this case, Sir. I was one of those workmen. The paper fell nearest to me. For that reason, and because I could lick any of the others, and because I was the only one who could read, it was decided that I should have the paper. It is here."

He produced from a velvet cover, richly jewelled, an excessively dirty and crumpled copy of one of your contemporaries.

"This is it."

"You were very welcome to the paper," I said. "I am sure that I should not have thrown it out unless I had quite done with it."

"Sir," he said, "there was Fate in the act, and you were the agent

of Fate. That paper fell at the feet of the man whom a paragraph, presently read by him, announced as the Heir to an Estate of Seven Millions of Money. I am that Heir!"

"I am glad to hear that air," said I, with much ready wit.

"And I have traced you out at last. Those noble features were imprinted on my memory at a glance, and I recognise the beaming smile that accompanied the priceless gift. Half of my fortune is yours."

"I should prefer two-thirds," I said, laughing, "but we'll talk about it."

I rang the bell. It was instantly answered.

"MAGGIE! You will request Mrs. WELLS to continue sending up whiskey and hot water until further notice."

The silence was long. My tale shall be short. I am a Millionaire. I have purchased the best house in Grosvenor Square, and one of the county Members (they toss up which) retires, as I wish to come into Parliament. Nevertheless, I remain,

Your sincere friend,
EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

A NIGHT IN CHINA.

(With a Friend or two.)



THE music of the Spheres is often referred to. If it is like the music of the Celestials, as given to the world by M. OFFENBACH in *Ching-Chow-Mi*, why let not MR. GERMAN REED lose a minute in producing it at the Gallery of Illustration.

I should have enjoyed my night with OFFENBACH amazingly, had it not been for the learned friend who accompanied me to the Adolphi last week, and another friend who came with my learned friend. One of them "knew all about it, and had seen it before—twice," and the other had not only never seen it, but, having been a long time in the country, had never even visited the Gallery during the present régime. This

latter gentleman was firmly impressed with the conviction that every one was either a MR. or MRS. GERMAN REED or MR. JOHN PARRY. My enjoyment was marred somewhat in this fashion:—

Overture over, Curtain rising, discovers a beautiful Chinese Landscape.

First Friend (who has seen it before, leaning against me). Capitably painted, isn't it? (As if I couldn't see this for myself. However, I say "Yes," and hope that there's an end of it.)

Second Friend (who knows nothing about anything, and has lost his programme). Have you got a bill? (I hand it to him in silence.)

Enter Three Chinamen, dancing and singing. I laugh, and am pleased.

First Friend (taking advantage of my good-humour). Isn't that good? Eh? (I am perfectly aware of its merits, and go on trying to enjoy myself. He continues, speaking, as the Stage-books have it, "through music.") Just ask What's-his-Name (he means Friend No. 2) what he thinks of it.

Myself (nodding and smiling towards the stage, as if I saw somebody there I knew). All right. H-a-s-a-h! (This is said sotto voce, and deprecatingly.)

((The Three Chinamen have been singing a Chorus all this time.)

Friend No. 2 (who has been muddling himself by reading the names in the first part of the bill). Who are these? Eh? (alluding to Chinamen). That's not GERMAN REED, is it?

Myself. No, no. (I point to the bill, and am silently explanatory.)

Friend No. 1. (to me, curiously). Whom did he think it was?

Myself. H-a-s-a-h!

Friend No. 2. (to whom it appears the bill is of as much use as if printed in Hebrew, points to MR. SHAW, who is playing the Chinese Emperor, and says) WHIFFIN's very good, isn't he?

Myself. That's SHAW! (Friend consults his bill, and thinks which is PARRY.)

Friend No. 1 (accompanying the music with a low hum, and directing it with his right forefinger). Tum tum tum tum, tum tum tum too, tum tum tum, tum tum tum too. Ah, charming! Beautiful!

Myself (forced into enthusiasm). Yes—beautiful!

Friend No. 2. That SHAW (alluding to WHIFFIN) is admirable.

Self. That's WHIFFIN. (Friend No. 2 consults his bill.)

Friend No. 1 (applauds MISS HENDERSON). AUGUSTA THOMPSON used to sing that part.

Myself (nods quickly, as much as to say, "I knew that.")

Friend No. 1. Tum tum ti tum! Now, you'll hear the most charming thing. (Leans across me, and addresses No. 2) You'll hear something now that will delight you.

Friend No. 2 (not exactly catching his meaning). Eh? What? WHIFFIN, is it?

Myself (considerably inconvenienced). No; it's a quartette—SHAW and—

Friend No. 2. Oh, not WHIFFIN?

Myself (bothered). Oh, yes—no—

Gentleman in seat behind. Sarcasm!

The Quartette is in process of execution, and I am enjoying it, when—Friend No. 1 (thinking to enforce its beauties). There! Now the reprise! (Turns towards me, opens his eyes and mouth, and hums the REFRAIN somewhere down in his throat.)

Friend No. 2 (after vainly studying the bill). When does MRS. GERMAN REED come on?

Myself (impatiently). They don't appear.

Friend No. 1 (stopping in his tum tum tum). What's he say? (Giving up his interest in the question, exhorts us.) Now this movement, it's a gem; quite a gem. (Leaning over to Friend No. 2.) Best thing OFFENBACH has written.

Friend No. 2 (anxiously). Yes? (Inquiringly.) For SHAW? (Explaining while they both lean across me.) Written for SHAW? (Looking towards WHIFFIN.)

Friend No. 1 (not understanding him). No; OFFENBACH.

Friend No. 2 (to myself, rebukingly). Why, you said SHAW!

Myself (wishing they'd be quiet). No; that's WHIFFIN.

Friend No. 2. That's OFFENBACH? (meaning WHIFFIN.)

Myself (repressing my temper heroically). No, no—SHAW's singing, I mean WHIFFIN's singing what SHAW—(louder) I mean it's OFFENBACH's music, produced originally in Paris, and brought over here by—

Friend No. 2. By SHAW. Oh, yes, I see. Where's JOHN PARRY? Two or three People behind. Sarcasm!

THE MACADAM OF PARIS.

"GENTLY over the stones" is an admonition which the state of the roads in and about London, at intervals not too long, constantly impresses on everybody who rides a horse or drives a vehicle. Gently over the stones, JEHU, unless you can manage to drive by them at your own pace, between them and the footway, which you are commonly prevented from doing by logs of wood, or masses of rock, obstructing the side of the road that has not been mended. As you go gently over the stones, rough angular pieces of granite, you contribute in some small degree towards crushing them into a passable state, under the wheels of your carriage and the feet of your horses, on which, in the meanwhile, they inflict a large measure of damage. You and your cattle alike suffer from a barbarous arrangement, which combines churlishness to man with cruelty to animals. How long, ye Commissioners of Works, and ye Local Powers, will you persist in this hoggish brutality? Cannot you do, as well as Frenchmen, what is thus described by the correspondent of the *Post* at Paris?—

"Steam scavengers and 'macadamiers,' having been found to answer their purpose extremely well in the streets of Paris, we have now in daily operation a steam-roller for crushing the stones and levelling and consolidating the roads."

Do you doubt, gentlemen, so to call you, that a steam-roller is a thing more suitable to crush stones with than carriage-wheels and the feet of horses are? Then read on:—

"This powerful machine weighs about 14,000 kilogrammes, and is now being worked with the utmost facility on the Pont Royal, making the ascents and descents without the least difficulty."

Considering the weight necessary to overcome the resistance offered by stones to the agent of crushing them, you must see that a steam-roller would constitute an appliance for performing that process considerably better adapted for it, and more effectual besides, than at least your own carriages, or your own horses.

Now also that two men, an engine-driver and a stoker, suffice to work the Parisian steam-roller, so that the employment of that contrivance would be in no wise objectionable, even to penny-wisdom or parochial economy. And when you are told that it is found not to frighten the horses whose feet it saves, you are deprived of all excuse that negligence, indifference, and pigheadedness could allege for not managing this matter of macadamising, as well as it, among other matters, is managed in France. If the French were our natural enemies, instead of being our natural allies, the maxim *fas est et ab hoste doceri* might admonish you to learn of them how to mend your ways.



PRETTY INNOCENT!

Little Jessie. "MAMMA! WHY DO ALL THE TUNNELS SMELL SO STRONG OF BRANDY?"

[The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]

THE FENIAN BOYS IN A FIX.

OCH, bad luck to the dhrink that bedivilled our rason,
An' degraded us down to the level uv bastes,
Or we wouldn't have played the low game uv high trason,
An' conspired to desthroy all the ginty and praisits.

It was fun for a boy to rehearse insurrection
Overnight, but the evenin's amusement, he feels,
Won't at all at all bear the next mornin's reflection,
When he wakes up an' finds himself laid by the heels.

Thin he says to himself, Without cause to turn thraitor,
What a big fool, an' jackass, bedad, I have been!
Just through takin' too much of a dhrup o' the cratur;
An' the headache I've got, divil fetch the potheen!

There was thraitors 'mongst thraitors when dhrunk and deluded,
We were larned in the goose-step to practise our legs,
Or on plots uv rebellion an' massacre brooded,
Like the geese that sits tryin' to hatch addled eggs.

Ah, the base dhirty blackgyards! 'twas false that they played us,
For they pached on their own pot-companions in guilt.
To the Governmint Judases went an', bethrayed us;
There was no blood but only the buttermilk spilt.

All us boys in our brogues might have doomed been to dyin',
With our heels in the air or our heads upon blocks;
An' JACK KETCH round our necks hemp cravats might be tyin';
Whereas now we've got only aitch fut in the stocks.

But it's sorrow enough to sit here in our places,
While derision exclaims, "Sing us *Green above Red*;"
An' malicious photographers takes off our faces:
Phoo! what signifies that whilst I keep on my head?

A FEARFUL WARNING.

We copy the following from an amusing American paper, called the *New York Saturday Express* :—

"The Fenians are obtaining a foothold in Dublin, and there is some prospect, therefore, that the beautiful city will soon be 'governed by the Irish.' Our Dublin friends who have visited New York, and seen how splendidly the Irish govern here, must be delighted."

Our Transatlantic well-wisher will have found out by this time that the only "foothold" the Fenians have obtained in Dublin has been in the law courts. The Irish rowdies are always complaining that they are ill-governed. We will not be so malicious as to wish that the day may ever arrive when they shall have an opportunity of being governed by themselves. As to how they govern others, we would point to the excesses, the abuses, the endless acts of corruption in the New York State, and which shameless acts are mainly attributable to the influence the Irish rowdies exercise over the city and other elections. Frightened by the example of their brethren in America, we think it will be a long time before Dublin thinks of crying out, "New York, you're wanted." Even JOHN BRIGHT himself, we imagine, would object to any of our institutions being Hibernico-Americanised.

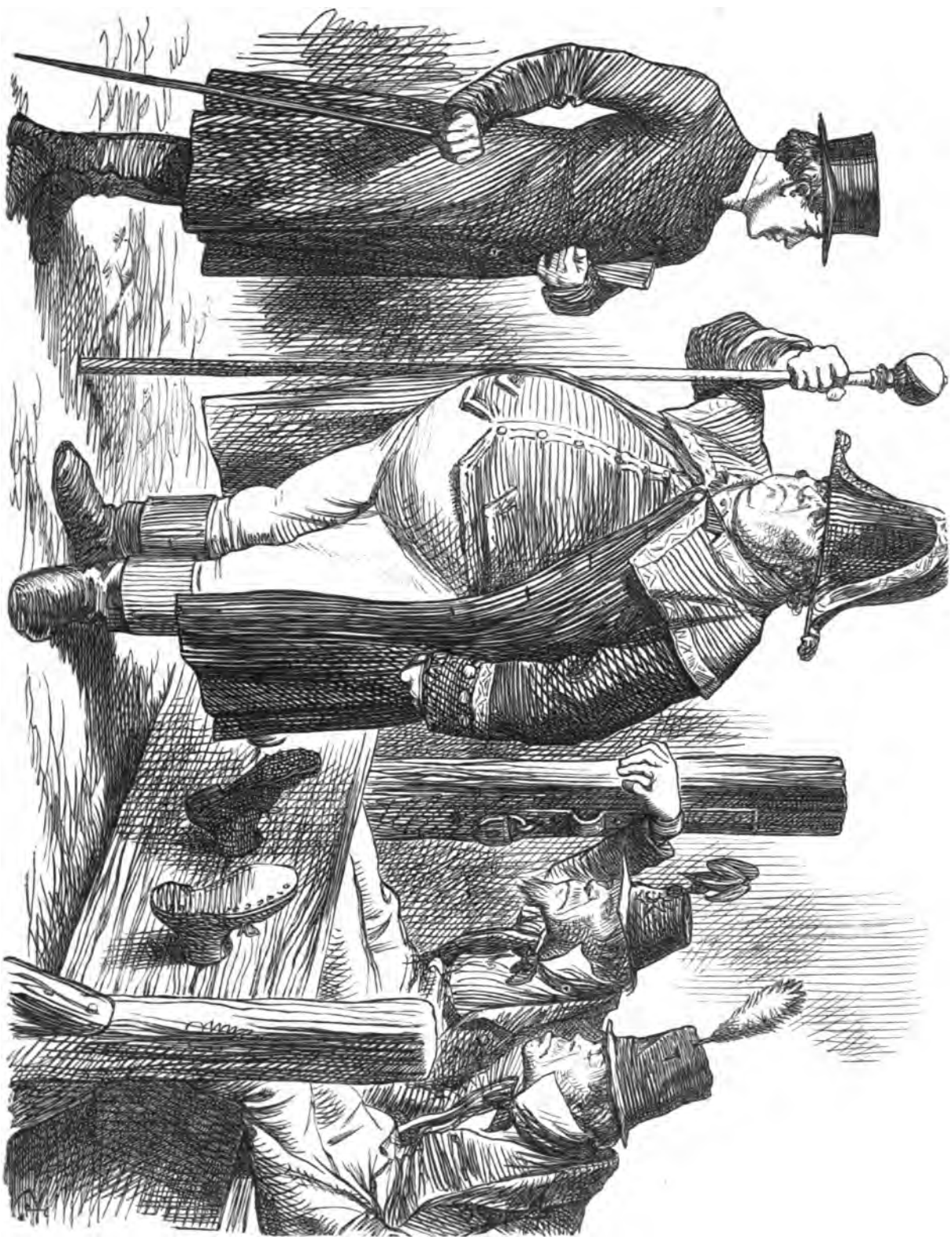
Wit from the Bench.

MR. PUNCH, having privately announced his intention of regularly making honourable and public mention of the best epigram that may have proceeded from the judicial bench during the week, has much pleasure in commencing the Prize Series with a witticism by

MR. PAGET.

"It is bad enough that your windows should be broken, but it would be worse were I to break the law."

(To be Continued.)



FENIANS "IN A FIX."

HIS RIVERENCE. "AH, THIN, MISTHER BULL, IF THE BOYS HAD LISTENED TO ME, THEY'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF THAT ONTIRELTY."

DISRAELI'S LAST.



AND MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI has said a great many good things in his time; but, of all of them, BEN'S last is his best. It was spoken the other day at Amer-sham, where DIZZY was the guest of the Amer-sham and Ches-sham Agricultural Association, and, after making some observations about leases, delivered his opinion "as to the expediency of rewarding long service by a pecuniary donation." The EX CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons declared that he approved of that practice, and in answer to the objection that the sum usually awarded to meritorious labourers is small, advanced the exquisite argument reported as follows:—

"It is a very great mistake to suppose that because to the editor of a

newspaper, who perhaps receives £1,000 a year, the reward may seem trifling, therefore it is small in the estimation of the person who receives it. Recollect, you must estimate the value of a reward of £3 to a labourer in proportion to his income. £3 to a labourer with 12s. a week represents a sum equivalent to £500 or £600 to a gentleman worth £5,000 a year. Now I have observed that gentlemen in the receipt of £5,000 a year are not absolutely indifferent to the chances of receiving £400 or £500 extra. (Laughter.)"

Naturally the squirearchical and agricultural auditors of this comic reasoning laughed to hear it. To be sure it constituted, and of course it was meant for, a joke at their expense; which they did not see. But they took a keen satire on their parsimony for a jocular illustration of their munificence; and so they laughed. They particularly relished the idea, ironically suggested to them, that, at the sacrifice of only three sovereigns, they were really bestowing, on the receiver of that absolutely not large amount, the relative equivalent of five hundred pounds.

It is almost cruel to open their eyes; but yet pity guides the hand of the surgeon that cures for cataract. Let them understand, then, that there is a converse to the statement which so highly delighted them. True, £3 stumpy down, is a great deal of money in proportion to 12s. a-week. But, on the other hand, 12s. a week is a very small income in proportion to £5,000 a year. Not only that, but it is a very wretched income, a very insufficient income, for any man whose wants are above the wants of a beast; and it is hardly sufficient for those.

Never did there issue from the enclosure of our BENJAMIN'S teeth a jest more incisive than the mock eulogy with which he affected to flatter the members of the Amer-sham and Ches-sham Agricultural Society. What an advantage, however, it is to be pachydermatous, and to feel the sensation of being smartly whipped, as an agreeable tickling!

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM just home from a foreign tour which I have relished incontinently well. Musing one day on the subject of proverbs—by a singular coincidence I was on the Adige at the time—it struck me that many saws of English manufacture were rusty, antiquated, and not sufficiently polished, and might be reset to the gain of a genteel generation which has ceased to call a spade a spade, and only knows it as a gardening implement. Possessed with this idea I set to work, and gave my nights and days to adapting a few familiar proverbs to modern ways and customs. I now submit my brainwork to your judgment, in the hope that you will not object to give a world-wide currency to the new mintage.

Yours proverbially, ROBERT SAWYER.

Least broken soonest paid for. (Recommended to the notice of servants of all work) addicted to the grave offence of smashing.

Rolling stock gathers no dividend.

Money makes the Lord Mayor to go.

It is never too late to repair. (Said to have been originated by some humble tailor.)

Keep your breath to cool your Revalenta Arabica.

The better the client, the better the deed.

HOBBS laughs at locksmiths.

Troubles never come to the single. (The reflection of a bachelor of long experience.)

Good wine needs no puff.

Greenwich time and tide wait for no man.

Let not the repairer of boots and shoes go beyond his ultimatum.

Pride will have a "fall." (Supposed to have been said of the first housemaid whose ambition it was to wear a veil.)

Hansom is as Hansom does. (By one who has ridden in cabs for a quarter of a century.)

Never say dye. (An awful warning to all whose cry is, "No more grey hair.")

Drink before you leap. (The advice of the celebrated LORD HUNTINGFIELD.)

Do not enumerate your young Dorkings before the process of incubation is complete.

Indisposed weeds grow apace.

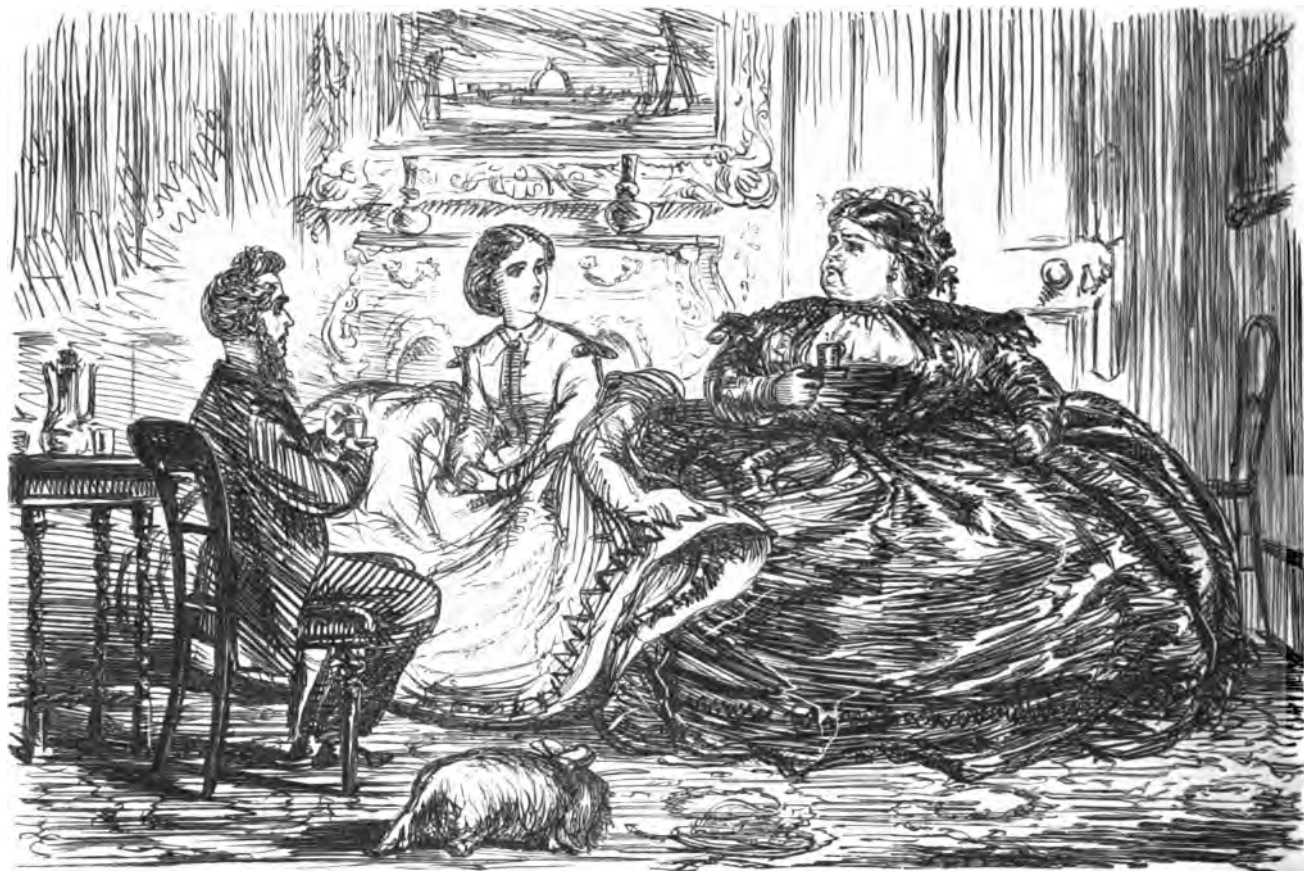
"FROM PLAGUE, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE."

"QUI LABORAT ORAT."—*Medieval Proverb.*

WHO are they, that, sadly doubting,
Ordered prayer presence on scouting?
Who are they, that, darkly straying,
Question what's the use of praying?
Praying that our hands He'd strengthen,
Praying that our days He'd lengthen,
Praying blessing on our labours,
For ourselves and for our neighbours:
Blessing on our prayers and preaching,
Reading, visiting, and teaching;
Our relieving and our training,
Sewering, scavenging, and darning.
Praying selfishness to soften,
Rampant still though assuaged so often;
Praying pride of purse to chasten;
Our slow-moving steps to hasten
To the goal of wise endeavour,
Still proclaimed, but compassed never.
Pray—but see the Church's ora
Finds its echo in *labors*.

He who links effects and causes,
He who works by law, nor pauses;
Who for all to read that run by
Writes, "Do as you would be done by."
He knows prayer is sorely needed—
Prayer, that lessons may be heeded;
Prayer, that ill ways may be looked to;
Stubborn backs due burdens crooked to;
Stony hearts to pity quickened;
Sluggish souls of idleness sickened;
Till no more our towns' pollution
Call down plague's grim retribution:
Till no more centralisation
And self-rule in altercation
Jangle, while between them lying
Squalid youth and age are dying.
But how hope God heeds our ora,
While we heed not his *labors*?

Till the hands, in prayer uplifted,
From the lap for work are shifted;
Till the lips that move in praying,
Own how "doing" shameth "saying;"
While good law to tinder crumbles,
In the hands of bloated Bumbles;
While Domestic Thuggee smothers,
Baseborn babes of wretched mothers;
While unhappy childhood stunted,
Dwarfed of mind, with senses blunted,
Labours on from dawn to dark'ning;
While the soul's voice finds no heark'ning,
And its eye no glimpse of nature,
Not trod out of shape and feature;
While in our hot quest of riches,
Of fair streams we make foul ditches;
While we house our human workers,
As no squire would house his porkers—
Wiser 'twere, instead of ora,
If our Church would preach *labors*!



NOTHING CERTAIN.

Mother-in-Law. "AH, MR. S., WHEN I HAVE LEFT YOU FOR EVER, YOU'LL MISS ME THEN!"

MR. CARLYLE ON PROGRESS.

To HOBSON DOBSON, Esq., Chairman of the Omnium Junction Railway Company.

WORTHY SIR,

In the concluding volume of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE's *Life of Frederick the Second*, you will find these words:—

"These are the results for England, and in the rear of these, had those and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor country is to get into such merchandising, colonisings, foreign settlings, gold nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of JENKINS (supposing JENKINS addicted to liquor); and in fact, to enter into an universal uproar of Machineries, El Dorados, Unexampld Prosperities, which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come, Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type, which, in the meanwhile, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy*; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad noises mostly nowhither; and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more anxious set of questions than have ever risen in England's history before."

May I be allowed to offer you a brief exposition of part of the foregoing text? It is not nonsense, Sir, as you perhaps hastily call it, prefixing a strong epithet to a contemptuous appellation. No, Sir, neither is it ridiculous nonsense. It is strange language, I grant you, very different from that of a prospectus, but there is a sense in it, and that sense is no laughing matter. The meaning of it, Sir, is awful, perfectly awful.

What do you suppose, Sir, that MR. CARLYLE means by the "merchandising, colonisings, foreign settlings, gold nuggetings, machineries, El Dorados, and Unexampld Prosperities" of which he speaks so disrespectfully? You will shudder, Sir, when I tell you that he means the development of the commercial and industrial resources, the mechanical and material progress, of the British Empire, on which the sun never sets! These are the things which he speaks of as transcending the "drunkenest dreams" of a base and servile individual. Is not this derisive mention of the most important if not sacred things unspeakably shocking?

By the "Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type," which MR.

CARLYLE represents as "covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors," he means those extensive works which now abound in almost every neighbourhood, and constitute sources of such ample emolument to their proprietors, whilst they only deposit an amount of carbonaceous matter on the adjacent objects, or darken and blanch the vegetation, or impregnate the streams in the vicinity to a certain extent with mineral or other matter. "Shoddy," Sir, is in MR. CARLYLE's vocabulary, a synonymous expression for—what do you think? The manufactures, Sir, of Great Britain!

Under the denomination of "shriekery and metallic clangour," this extremely vituperative writer rails, excuse the jocosity, Sir, at railways. Fancy that! As if railways, or any other means of procuring wealth, were not matters to which all considerations of a merely sentimental nature ought to be sacrificed.

What are we to think, Sir, of a man who sneers at the omnipotence of Shoddy? What, but that he is a most impious blasphemer of Mammon. No, Sir, let us first seek profitable investments, and the return of dividend at a high per-centage, and rest satisfied that everything else that is worth a thought will accrue to us of course.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

FOXY JIM.

An Injury that is not to be admitted at any Price.

THE authorities of Hamburg have prohibited the importation into their port of "all skins and hides coming from England." This may sound like ingratitude on their part after the free way in which we have recently imported their Hamburg Sherry; but no one would question the wisdom of the step, as those cunning poisoners know well enough that any skin, or hide, that once had undergone a soaking in the above deleterious mixture, would be so thoroughly worthless as to fall in value below the consideration even of a Tanner.

TO A MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT.—You ask by whom are "The Flower Waltzes." By BROWN AND POLSON, of course.

OUR YACHT.

OUR yachting is over for this year. I send you the account of our last few days. After the calm came a storm. The Captain and the Treasure became so hopelessly intoxicated that we had to manage the vessel ourselves. We first found it out in consequence of a delay on the part of the Treasure in bringing in dinner. We found him in the caboose boiling our compass in a stewpan, while the Captain was doubled up in a corner nodding and smiling like a Mandarin. On remonstrating with the Treasure he became obstinately polite, and clung to the repetition of one word, "teasermonels," by which we gradually understood him to mean that he could refute the present charge of intoxication by references to his testimonials. The Captain only shook his head and muttered "rations." I called to mind the Mutiny of the Bounty, and thought what a horrible thing it would be if our Crew suddenly broke out into open defiance of authority. However, they didn't mutiny, but went fast asleep.

The Commodore was now obliged to take the steering in hand. We, that is the Lieutenant and myself, managed the sails; and it is really as easy as possible to haul in the mainsail-gaff, and the top jib-boom and so forth, although it sounds difficult. The question arose as to where the land was? I thought that it was on the right. The Commodore asked how far off? I referred to the index of my map, but as there was no map with it, this proceeding did not help us to any great extent.

When night set in should we still go on sailing? the Lieutenant asked. The Commodore said, why not? I agreed with him, why not? Because, the Lieutenant reminded us, the compass was broken, and how could we steer without a compass? I agreed with him, and put this question to the Commodore as a poser. He was ready for the emergency. "How," he asked, "did people steer when they hadn't compasses, eh?" I gave it up; so did the Lieutenant at first, though as an after-thought he said, "By the stars." Very well, returned the Commodore, then *steer by the stars*, and thought he'd settled the matter. I asked, "By *what* stars?" and the Commodore said, that "if I was going to play the fool and upset all his arrangements, we'd better give the whole thing up." I wanted to make a few further inquiries, but the Commodore said he *must* steer, and I oughtn't to speak to the man at the wheel. Taking advantage of his inability to quit his post, the Lieutenant and myself went forward, and after a short conversation, settled that steering by the stars was humbug. The Captain and Treasure were still heavily asleep. Towards evening it began to rain. I didn't know that it did rain at sea; I thought it was only on land to make vegetables grow. It rained until it was dusk, and then a bit of a wind sprung up. Most extraordinary thing, as I told the Lieutenant, that I always thought the wind went down at night. The Lieutenant, who had been getting more and more disagreeable ever since the insubordination of the Crew, said, "Down where?" If the Commodore hadn't asked him to take a turn at the wheel we should have quarrelled. He didn't manage the steering well, and took, the Commodore informed me, all the wind out of our sails. I know they began to flap about in a vacillating manner, and the Commodore remonstrated. The Lieutenant, who was very grumpy, said, "He'd better do it himself, if he was so clever." I tried to pacify them by saying what did it matter? On which they both replied, "Oh, didn't it matter?" sarcastically. Luckily the Captain was suddenly restored to consciousness, and came aft with a rather dazed expression. He said he couldn't make out what had been the matter with him. He hoped we didn't think it was anything like intoxication. We confessed that we thought the symptoms somewhat similar, but he explained to us that in *his* case it was a sort of a something that he'd once had when he was a child, and the doctors said it wouldn't come again. He believed he'd never quite got over the measles. He strongly reprehended the conduct of the Treasure; and proposed that he should be discharged at Liverpool.

He took the helm, and we were all silent and sulky. I made up my mind that I'd desert when I got on shore, and I think we all, when we *did* speak, came to the conclusion that we wanted a larger yacht. The Treasure woke up, and became obstreperous and quarrelsome at midnight. He engaged in a single-handed combat with the Captain, and his foot slipping, he was luckily knocked down the companion and shut up in our cabin, where he abused us through the skylight until he went to sleep again. His imprisonment prevented us from taking our natural rest below. So we sat on deck and tried to pretend we were enjoying ourselves. The Commodore looked glum, and smoked. The Lieutenant squatted with his chin on his knees and grumbled: while I spent my hours in drowsily meditating on *William, Susan*, the nautical drama, my costume waiting for me at L'pool, and the probable expenses of our trip. Morning broke: grey, dull, and drizzling.

"A THING THE WORLD WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DYE."—A Lady whose hair is already pretty coloured.

THE COWKEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

FENCE AND OFFENCE.

(See the Croydon Local Papers.)

IN Croydon 'tother day,
The Local Board did pay,
For a ground to serve for public recreation;
Lev'ling hills and filling holes,
That to cricket and to bowls
Of the ground they might make appropriation.

Like a Local Board of sense,
They proposed to put a fence
Round this precious plot, from nuisances to guard it;
When lo! a public meeting,
Declared it would be treating
Certain parties very ill, if thus they barred it.

For now, horse, and mule, and ass,
Have free access to the grass,
There to exercise and pleasantly disport 'em;
But if 'tis fenced about,
The poor things will be shut out,
"Which (said one) they didn't ort to be, now art 'em

SIR F. HEAD was in the chair,
Which made Mr. PUNCH to stare,
And he offers him his warm congratulations,
On the sympathy thus shown,
If not unto his own,
At least unto his neighbours' poor relations!

A BABY TAX WANTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WISH that you would use your influence for the passing of an Act of Parliament to make it penal for a baby to be nursed in any house where its squalling may, through thin walls, be audible next door. Builders are so chary of their bricks and mortar now-a-days, that a squeal at Number Six is pretty sure to penetrate to numbers five and seven; and the inmates of all three houses are worried and disturbed when a child happens to live in the middle one.

Now, I am an old bachelor, and I like a quiet life, free from all domestic troubles and annoyances. I have a special horror of the sound of a child crying, yet somehow I seem never able to escape from it. Having a small income, I am forced to live in lodgings; and lodging-houses are all built with the thinnest of thin walls, so that you are never free in them from the noises of your neighbours. The piano plague is bad enough for quiet people to be pestered by; but to me the baby plague is a far worse form of torture. Pianos may be made to produce some pleasant sounds, though I own the times are rare, at least in lodgings, that they do so. But babies emit always the most aggravating noises, and anything like music from their lips seems quite impossible. Besides, pianos as a rule are not played all night long; indeed, they are heard seldom after three o'clock A.M., even on quadrille nights, and quadrilles are rare in lodgings—far rarer than are cradles. But when once they take to squalling, babies never seem to stop, and having squealed all through the day, they make night hideous with their howlings. Indeed, I have observed that they often equal their loudest between two and four A.M., just when all creation, except babies, is the stillest.

Now, I dare say there are hundreds of poor victims like myself who are plagued with this annoyance, and I really think that something should be done for our relief. I don't suppose that any protest of the Government, however urgently conveyed, would avail much in preventing babes from being born. But at least they might be taxed, like other luxuries of life, and a special fine imposed when they are kept within thin walls and so become a special nuisance. This is a free country, I am willing to admit, and as every British subject, short of speaking treason may use his voice much as he pleases, a baby, I allow, has a right to squall and squeal here. But the parents of a baby surely have no right to worry me with its propinquity, and suffer it to squall so that my peace of mind is troubled by it. If JOWNS keeps a big dog, that howls all through the night, his neighbours if they choose can indict it as a nuisance. So if a baby in BROWN'S nursery keeps howling all night long, surely I who live next door, and am kept awake and grumbling, should likewise have the right of indicting such a nuisance.

In the hope that you will help to amend the law in this respect, I shall subscribe myself,

Yours gratefully,

CORLENS CRUSTY.

P.S. Somebody calls a baby "an angel in the house." But I am not like MR. DISRAELI "on the side of the angels."



"FOLLOW MY LEADER!"

CAPTAIN BARBLE (EAST SUFFOLKSHIRE R.V.) GOING TO DRILL, HAS OCCASION TO PASS A CERTAIN WINDOW FOR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO HIMSELF. A VAGUE IDEA POSSESSES HIM THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG SOMEHOW, OR WHAT SHOULD CREATE SUCH AMUSEMENT ON THIS OCCASION!

THE NEW STOLBERG LOZENGE.

"A few days ago, says the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, COUNT STOLBERG, a Major in the Prussian Life Guards, and Brother to the President of the Prussian House of Lords, at the Palazzo Farnese, in solemn audience, presented to the King, FRANCIS THE SECOND, a costly silver shield, the result of a subscription among his political friends, an exquisite piece of embossed workmanship, representing the ex-King in the act of slaying numerous revolutionary demons. The Count delivered the following address on the occasion:—

"Sir,—Four years ago your Majesty, and her Majesty the Queen, graciously condescended to accept from the hands of PRINCE SATW WITTGENSTEIN an address bearing the signatures of some hundreds of German noblemen. In it we begged to present to your Majesties the tribute of our profound respect, availing ourselves of that opportunity to declare in the face of the world that, unless restrained by the allegiance we owe to our own Sovereigns, we should have all hastened hither, sword in hand, to take part in the defence of Gaëta, and to die on its walls for the principle of Legitimacy. In the same address we begged permission of your Majesties to present you a shield commemorating the defence of Gaëta. I have now been charged by PRINCE SATW WITTGENSTEIN, PRINCE FORSTENBERG, COUNT ERBACH, COUNT LIEBIGER, and COUNT STOLBERG, who drew up that address, to place this shield at the feet of your Majesty."

OF famed STOLBERG's lozenge we've all of us heard,
And some may have swallowed the same;
But let THE STOLBERG lozenge henceforth be preferred
To a region of loftier fame.

'Twas COUNT STOLBERG, a Major of Prussia's Life Guard,
Who the shield to BOMBINO conveyed,
For which Prussia's bold junkers had clubbed, to reward
The pluck at Gaëta displayed.

The ground-work was silver, whereon was embossed
BOMBINO in act to destroy
Revolution's fell demons, all abjectly tossed
At the feet of the bright Bourbon boy.

Why heed ribald scoffs by the Lib'ral's outpoured,
When they call this a pleasanter grim;
Since, in fact, 'twas not FRANCIS the demons who floored,
But the demons who, somehow, floored him.

Since instead of a King's and a soldier's defence
BOMBALINO, Gaëta's siege through,
Lay *perdu* in a bomb-proof, in terror intense—
A case of the funk that's called blue?

Pruss Junkerdom's right is to strain out the dregs
That make *Truth's* bitter waters so strong;
To lift fallen tyranny up on its legs,
And torture facts right when they're wrong.

Brave Junkers! They seize on this chance to declare,
In the face of an awe-stricken world,
That but for an *if*—which had somehow got there—
At Gaëta their flag they'd unfurled.

But somehow they didn't—so words stand for blows,
And donors with donées are in cue:
For just such devotion as Junkerdom shows
To such heroes as FRANCIS is due.

Since *Vox et prætorum nihil* 's the yield
Of Junkerdom's loud loyal call,
When measured by deeds, e'en the great STOLBERG shield
But a *voice-lozenge* proves, after all.

Conventionally Speaking.

It seems that the Pope draws a large part of his pontifical income from the drawing of weekly lotteries. We wonder if he will find the occupation, or evacuation, of Rome by the French troops as profitable a speculation, because the uncertainty about that event seems to be at present the greatest lottery, in which the Holy Father holds the greatest interest, and is naturally anxious to retain as many numbers as possible.

MARRIAGE EXTRA-ORDINARY.—Between a Dumb-waiter and a Still-room Maid.

Palmerston.

BORN : OCTOBER 20, 1784. DIED : OCTOBER 18, 1865.

He is down, and for ever! The good fight is ended.
In deep-dinted harness our Champion has died,
But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

He falls, but unvanquished. He falls in his glory,
A noble old King on the last of his fields:
And with death-song we come, like the Northmen of story,
And haughtily bear him away on our shields.

Nor yet are we mourners. Let proud words be spoken
By those who stand, pale, on the marge of his grave,
As we lay in the rest never more to be broken
The noble, the gentle, the wise, and the brave.

His courage undaunted, his purpose unaltered,
His long patient labour, his exquisite skill,
The tones of command from a tongue that ne'er faltered
When bidding the Nations to list to our will:

Let these be remembered; but higher and better
The tribute that tells how he dealt with his trust,
In curbing the tyrant, in breaking the fetter,
Lay the pleasure of him we commit to the dust.

But his heart was his England's, his idol her honour,
Her friend was his friend, and his foe was her foe,
Were her mandate despised, or a scowl cast upon her,
How stern his rebuke, or how vengeful his blow!

Her armies were sad, and her banners were tattered,
And lethargy wrought on her strength like a spell,
He came to the front, the enchantment was scattered—
The rest let a reconciled enemy tell.

As true to our welfare, he did his own mission
When Progress approached him with Wisdom for guide;
He cleared her a path, and with equal derision
Bade quack and fanatic alike stand aside.

The choice of his country, low faction despising,
He marched as a leader all true men could claim:
They came to their fellows, and held it sufficing
To give, as a creed, the great Minister's name.

So, Heir to traditions of Him, long departed,
"Who called the New World up to balance the Old,"
We lay thee in earth,—gallant-natured, true-hearted!
Break, herald, thy wand, for his honours are told.

No, let Pride say her story and cease, for Affection
Stands near with a wealth of wild tears in her eyes,
And claims to be heard with more soft recollection
Of one who was ever as kindly as wise.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
For never was statesman to Englishmen dearer
Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

The frank merry laugh, and the honest eye filling
With mirth, and the jests that so rapidly fell,
Told out the State-secret that made us right willing
To follow his leading—he loved us all well.

Our brave English Chief!—lay him down for the sleeping
That nought may disturb till the trumpet of doom:
Honour claims the proud vigil—but Love will come weeping,
And hang many garlands on PALMERSTON'S tomb!

OUR YACHT.

I MAKE my last extract from the Log.

"Entered the Mersey this morning. Low water. Stuck on the bar. Wind E. Latitude and longitude, *vide* map of England; place, Liverpool. The Treasure penitent but apologetic. Intend to send yacht back to Bangor, by Captain and Treasure. Commodore and Lieutenant think that hasn't been such bad fun, after all: they say I can't rough it. I say I can. They ask me then will I go to Norway? I reply no, decidedly. High Tide. We are off the bar, and are going into L'pool. Just in. Log ends. Wind changed."

I had always thought that the arrival of a yacht was a picturesque sight. I imagined, from what I had gathered, that you pulled up alongside of the Quay, where there were Officers and Yachtmen to meet you: that they cheered you all the way wherever you went, crying *Vive la République*, or anything else that came into their heads. I also had an idea, that, before landing, you sailed majestically into Quarantine, and were saluted by a Flag-ship. But nothing of this sort is done; at least at Liverpool. We couldn't get up to the kerb, I mean the Quay, but had to go ashore in our small boat. We paid off the Captain and Crew, who neither cheered us, nor offered to carry our luggage to the cab. It seems so absurd to talk of a cab, now, after being a son of the Ocean for nearly three weeks. Sailors always roll about when they come on shore: so we all rolled about; at least I did. The Commodore pretended that it made no difference to him. It did to me; walking properly was really difficult, and by the aid of a little art, I made lots of people think I was a sailor. The Lieutenant suggested enviously that they thought I was a fool. But this was only said because he couldn't roll from one side to the other. When a salt is on land he spends all his money: I did this with great facility, beginning with a warm bath, a basin of turtle at the Adelphi Hotel, and a box of cigars at the first Tobacconist's.

To-night I sleep in a comfortable bed: I write this from my room in the Adelphi. O the luxury of sheets! The Commodore has just come into my room to smoke a cigar with me before turning in. He still talks about keeping watch, and one bell. He says he wishes that we had had the *Saucy Nautilus* during the American war, we might have been a blockade runner, and made our fortunes.

To this observation, which he made when I was in bed and had shut up my diary, I replied that I shouldn't have run blockades, and I made some joke about blockade and blockhead, which this morning I can't call to mind. I recollect his answering, that he was going to have proposed another voyage, soon, for smuggling or whaling (or something which he thought amusing) but that if I turned everything into ridicule, why of course he'd better give up the whole thing at once.

As I don't remember anything of the Commodore after this, I fancy I must have fallen off to sleep.

They have both gone: and have left me to settle the hotel bill. They'll "make it all right" (this in a letter) "when we meet in town." I am now off to town, to make it all right. Adieu.

VULCAN AND MINERVA.

ARE the railway blacksmiths to hammer away at Alma Mater? Is Vulcan to invade the sacred precincts of Minerva? Surely not, if there be any respect left for letters and for learning. It has taken some six centuries to make Oxford what it is, and shall we let a railway in six months or so half ruin it? Build an engine smithy there, and in less than a year's time you hardly will know Oxford. The fair face of Alma Mater will be so thickly veiled in smoke, that her best friends will barely recognise her. And O, the shame of spoiling the beauty of her colleges by building hideous factories and foundries in their midst! A walk in Oxford now is a thing to be remembered with infinite delight. Business reigns supreme in well nigh every town in England, but at Oxford business bustle at present is unknown. If Vulcan once sets foot there, Minerva will be deafened by the clanging of his forge. Only let a railway factory be erected in the place, and who knows but a cotton one may soon after be built there?

No, no, gentlemen of the Great Western. Let Oxford be a place of manufacture if you will, but let it only manufacture graduates and scholars, first-class men and double firsts.

FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Photographic Portraits are taken by day. Portraits in Oil, by KNIGHT, R.A.



AN IRISH FINNY-UN CROSSING THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

BEEF AND BACON IN THE CITY.

DR. LETHBY, the Medical Officer to the City of London, in the able report on the sanitary state of the LORD MAYOR'S dominions for the last quarter, which he has just issued, states some particulars respecting the cattle disease that are rather reassuring. Having mentioned the appearance of the disease in a certain cow-house, where it killed two cows out of forty, of which the remainder were judiciously killed to save their lives, as were also some other cattle in five other cow-houses, and "forthwith disposed of to the butcher before any serious symptoms had set in." DR. LETHBY observes:—

"The loss, therefore, in the City dairies has not been great, for only four cows have died, and three have recovered. I am not able to explain why the disease has not manifested itself in the rest of the City cow-houses, for the conditions appear to me to be the same in all."

Those conditions were conditions of as much cleanliness as it was possible to enforce; so that, as the cattle plague made its appearance in only five cow-houses out of seventeen, health of cattle in the City of London appears to have been the rule and disease the exception. In all but four cases the cowkeepers seem at least to have saved their beef; which, under the circumstances was, so to speak, saving their bacon.

As to those of whom the cows remained sound, their Bacon, that is to say the Bacon which they were supplied with by DR. LETHBY, the Baconian philosophy practically applied in experimental sanitary precaution, appears to have saved them. There can be no reason why cattle-owners in the country should not likewise be saved by their Bacon, and save their beef, except beef-headedness and want of brains.

THE CHILD OF THE SUN.

THE Star of Astley's is again in the ascendant. MR. JOHN BROUGHAM has given us one of his admirable dramas, remarkable for its stirring incidents, neat construction, and the marvellous exhibition of vitality on the part of MR. BASIL POTTER. This gentleman is shot by everybody in every Act, and only succumbs at last, out of politeness, to MISS MENKEN. I'll try and give you some idea of the piece as it appeared on the first night of its production: it has since been altered. During the Overture, which has been characteristically arranged for drums and brass, Military gentlemen entered the stalls and winked at one another, being evidently under the impression that they were going to see something racy. The Curtain rises on—

A Prologue in Mexico, and a Hacienda in Terra Caliente.

Peasants dance for some considerable time, and the Sun sets. More Peasants dance. After which, enter a Wild Irishman and a Yankee.

Irishman. Och, sure, 'tis myself. Bedad. (*Flourishes shillelagh.*)

Yankee. Waal, I calculate that aren't true grit.

Irishman. Och, bedad, botheration, whisht, 'tis a tiger.

Yankee. Guess he's ating a young ooman.

[*Grumbling music, and drum, descriptive of the tiger's habits.*]

Enter an Elderly Mexican Lady.

Elderly Mexican Lady (distractedly). My daughter!

[*Recognises some one in the Stalls, and becomes more distracted than ever.*]

Irishman (flourishing shillelagh). Bedad! (*Drum.*)

Yankee (with characteristic coolness). Guess, 'cuss, old hoss, &c., &c. (*and other similar expressions, until interrupted by the firing of a gun.*)

Enter MENKEN as LEON, a Mexican slave on horseback.

Military (in Stalls). That 's MENKEN (*exhibiting great disappointment*). Why she's not dressed a bit like the pictures; she's got a lot of clothes on. (*Diagnos of the Military.*)

Leon (who has Shot the tiger, restores a Young Lady to Elderly Mexican Female, and says in broken English). Take-ar-your-ar-daughter! (*Gets off her horse to strike an attitude in the centre of the stage.*)

Irishman (vaguely). Bedad!

Yankee. Waal, I guess. [*Looks at pit; nobody laughs. Exeunt both.*]
Juanita. My Preserver! (*to LEON, who strikes an attitude like Ajax defying the lightning.*)

Leon. No; I am not worthy. (*Embraces her. Elderly Matron clasps her hands, and looks appealingly at the Conductor of the Band.*)

[*Exeunt everybody, LEON striking six different attitudes, one after the other before going off. Great applause. Music descriptive of nothing in particular. Enter a Monk hobbling. Music finishes with a good bang on the drum.*]

Monk. Mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Walks about, talking to himself,*

and it is supposed telling the chief points of the plot.) Mumble, mumble, mumble. [*Drum bangs, probably by mistake.*]

Enter an Old Mexican Planter in a figured dressing-gown; he is accommodated with a chair in the centre of the stage. MENKEN, as LEON, strikes an attitude to amuse him. The Monk continues mumbling.

Old Mexican Planter (evinced a strong desire for "The Latest Intelligence.") The Papers! the Papers! (*Exit Monk to fetch them; in his absence, LEON strikes three or four more attitudes, while the Old Mexican Planter groans.*)

Leon (explaining). I am the Child of the Sun. (*Old Mexican Planter groans, but gazes at her fondly, while man in the orchestra plays the drum feelingly.*)

[*Exit LEON, having nothing to say. Re-enter the Monk with Evening Papers.*]

Monk. I will tell you who he is (*meaning LEON*). He is mumble, mumble, mumble, and I am your Nephew. (*Drum. Monk throws off his habit, and the audience recognise MR. BASIL POTTER, as a Brigand.*)

Mr. Basil Potter (struck with a sudden idea). There is no one here: I will kill him. [*Kills him. Drum.*]

Enter everybody, and the Wild Irishman. Somebody shoots MR. BASIL POTTER, who staggers off.

Leon (rushes on). The Papers! the Papers!

Juanita. My Preserver!

Leon (cutting out the Irishman, who has got a speech ready, beginning with "Bedad!") No! (*Gives a new view of the case.*) I am accursed!

[*Everybody appears sorry to hear it, and Curtain descends.*]

End of Prologue.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in Mexico. MR. BASIL POTTER as a Brigand, smoking with another Brigand.*

Mr. Basil Potter. Can't make out who shot them all through the head. Here's the dumb slave, ZAMBA.

Enter MENKEN, as the Dumb Slave ZAMBA. Military gentlemen in Stalls cheer up on seeing that the costumes has been slightly modified, and begin to think it's going to be as good as Mazeppa.

Mr. Basil. How did you become dumb?

[*MENKEN, as ZAMBA, stamps her foot, opens her chest, stamps her foot again, points with one finger to the right-hand corner, closes her eyes, opens her eyes, points suddenly to the left-hand corner, stamps twice, and bows to MR. POTTER.*]

Mr. Basil Potter (exhibiting great sagacity). I understand you. You must have loved deeply.

[*MENKEN, as ZAMBA, opens her eyes, smiles, kisses her hand apparently to some one in the Gallery, presses her heart, extends her arms, clasps her hands, shakes her head, stamps, and bows to MR. POTTER.*]

Mr. Basil Potter (perfectly satisfied). A melancholy story.

[Exit ZAMBA.]

The other Brigand (who has been considerably puzzled). ZAMBA is—

[MENKEN appears at the back, fires a gun in the air, but the Brigand falls.]

Re-enter MENKEN as ZAMBA. [Great applause.]

Mr. Potter (puzzled.) To-night I bring home my bride.

[Exit.]

[ZAMBA talks to some one for a few minutes, and, after a few dozen attitudes, exit.]

SCENE 2.—A Pass.

Enter the Irishman as an Indian.

Irishman. Bedad!

[Whirls his shillelagh, and frightens the American, who then sings a song. After which, enter a Crowd, and, in order to sustain the interest, some one shoots MR. POTTER.]

Yankee (to Irishman). Guess, I'll buy your old hoss. (Looks at pit; no one laughs, exeunt both to rescue ZAMBA.)

SCENE 3.—The Rapids.

Enter the Irishman and Yankee.

Irishman. 'Tis himself! Bedad! save him!

[MENKEN, as ZAMBA, appears on a noble dummy horse, which plunges bravely into the rapids. ZAMBA clutches at a rope, which has been left suspended from (apparently) the sky, by some one who had been recently practising the tumbler in this place. The Yankee and Irishman throw a rope, which obligingly fastens itself round ZAMBA's body, and then they draw him up. Gun heard outside (supposed to be MR. POTTER shot for the third time).]

Curtain. End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Among the Comanches.

Enter MR. BASIL POTTER and Brigand friends. They somehow or another secure ZAMBA and JUANITA, and tie ZAMBA up to a rock, to be shot.

Mr. Potter. No mercy! (Noise heard without.) Ha! 'tis the Comanches!

Enter Indians.

[Brigands fire in the air. Somebody shoots MR. BASIL POTTER.]

[Exit Brigands.]

Indians. Wah! wah! wah! (Dialogue in their native tongue.)

Enter INDIAN QUEEN.

Indian Queen (who understands and speaks English fluently). Ah! the Pale-face! (meaning ZAMBA). I will kill him! (Is going to stab him, but the lime-light being turned full on ZAMBA, has a great effect on the Savage.) Ha! the Pale-face is my son! (Puts a sort of Highland bonnet on his head.) And (to the Comanches) your chief!

[ZAMBA strikes several attitudes, and the Comanches accept her as their chief.]

SCENE 2.—Still among the Indians. The Plot here turns upon the Yankee selling a horse to the Irishman, or buying it from him, whichever it is, the IRISHMAN sings a song, and is pursued by Indians; after which, MR. BASIL POTTER appears, and is disposed of, as usual.

SCENE 3.—MENKEN as METOXA, the Indian Chief. Military gentlemen begin to think it's not so good as Maseppa.

Metoxa (rescuing JUANITA from an Indian). Comanches! the Great Spirit is angry. Behold! (The Child of the Sun points to the Man in the Moon. Gradual but total eclipse. Superstitious Indians take up guns to shoot the Moon. METOXA, and a select party, escapes. Just before the Scene closes, MR. BASIL POTTER arrives, and is immediately shot.)

End of Act II.

LAST ACT.

SAME AS SCENE 2nd.—Elderly Mexican Lady talks seriously to MR. POTTER, and MR. POTTER talks seriously to Elderly Mexican Lady. Awkward pause. Mexican Lady looks at MR. POTTER, and MR. POTTER looks at the Mexican Lady, then both look at the Prompter. Mexican Lady uses her fan, and retires. Prompter retires, and MR. POTTER wishes that somebody would shoot him. Arrival of MENKEN as ZAMBA-LEON-METOXA. More conversation. (Exit.)

Enter Wild Irishman and Yankee.

Irishman. Bedad, Borry! 'tis myself that 'll buy (or sell) yer the horse. Yankee. Guess his carcass ain't (something or other: nobody laughs).

Enter Drunken Person. Irishman bonnets him.

[Exit Yankee and Irishman, and Drunken Person.]

Then enters an Entirely New Character. He is dressed as a Brigand, and has never been seen before at any stage of the Drama.

Entirely New Character (lounging down to the lights, and addressing the Audience). I shall go to the Court.

[Exit Entirely New Character, much cheered by the Gallery.]

LAST SCENE.—Mexican Court of Justice. Disreputable-looking people in black gowns, seated at a table, apparently quarrelling after dinner.

Mr. Basil Potter (as fresh as ever). And I denounce him (MENKEN as LEON, &c.).

Menken (to Court of Justice, represented by the Yankee in the Judge's chair). Leave him to me!

[It being, however, MR. BASIL POTTER's turn to kill somebody, he stabs Drunken Person; then MENKEN attacks him. While they fight, the case is being argued in Court, and judgment is given for the defendant, whereupon everybody yells and shouts, produces guns, and fights with everybody else, while those who have no antagonists, set fire to the Court-House. No one is alarmed at this catastrophe, but all assume attitudes; while MR. POTTER, who has been killed for the seventh and last time, lies flat on the stage, kindly affording MISS MENKEN an opportunity for throwing herself into three triumphant attitudes on the small of his back.]

Red Fire. Tableau.

QUESTIONABLE COMPANIONS.



ALL does the subjoined passage in a *Times* leader, on the visit of BISMARCK to Biarritz, deserve the consideration of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and of every Sovereign and Statesman in Europe who is also a gentleman:—

"COUNT BISMARCK has set both Legitimacy and Democracy against him. He has plundered a King and subjugated a people. He went to war on the pretext that the KING OF DENMARK had no title to the Duchies, and when he had taken possession, he refused to leave, on the ground that the KING OF DENMARK had been the real Sovereign, and that his cousin had transferred them without more ado to the conquerors."

Is it necessary to point out to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH that he who plunders a King is, equally with the plunderer of a subject or a citizen, a thief, and that the man who first says one thing and then the reverse, not only is, but proclaims himself to be, a deliberate liar?

If the *Times* is mistaken as to the acts and assertion imputed in the words above quoted to BISMARCK, then there is no known reason why a gentleman, on a throne or any inferior seat, or any other footing than that of sovereignty, should object to take him by the hand. If the *Times* is right, the tongs are an instrument with which it would be more than the utmost that any gentleman could becomingly do to touch him. What is true of the man is as true of the master. If the tongue of BISMARCK is not foul with falsehood, if his hands are not dirty with theft and red with murder, so are not those of the KING OF PRUSSIA. If the converse is true as regards the Minister, so likewise it is as regards the Monarch; and in that case whoever shakes hands with either might as well shake hands with the greatest villain unchanged of all the villains who deserve the gallows. If—only if; mark that, your Imperial Majesty, and any other Majesty whom it may concern—if the mendacity and theft and murder committed in the invasion of Denmark on a confessedly false pretence are really chargeable on COUNT BISMARCK and KING WILLIAM, desilement is incurred by even the slightest contact with either of those two masses of moral pitch; and the fact that Europe has not demanded of all their connections and acquaintance to cut them dead, indicates a sadly low state of European morality.

A Sensible Complaint.

ACCOUNTS from Paris, among last week's news, inform us that "the Cholera is sensibly on the decline." We rejoice to hear that the Cholera is taking a course that shows so very much sense.



THE ROYAL SALUTE.

Officer in charge of Battery (in a fever lest the Time of Firing should be a Second late). "WHY, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT, No. 6! WHY DON'T YOU SERVE THE SPONGE!"

Bombardier McGuffie. "HOOTS TOOTS! CAN NA' A BODY BLAW THEIR NOSE!"

THE BRITISH WORKMAN AND HIS PICTURES.

THE Great BRITISH WORKMAN's a wonderful creature—
On platform and hustings, we all of us know,
How majestic of presence, and glorious of feature,
They trot the B. W. out for a show!

While a rude, rampant monster, all envy and error,
From head to foot dyed in Republican red,
On some rival parade is poked up for our terror,
As the real B. W. branded instead.

While Democrat orators praise him and puff him
As the land's bone and sinew, and Nature's own nob;
Aristocrat talkers calumniously cuff him,
As shiftless, and soul-less, sot, spendthrift, and snob.

'Twixt the daub of his bully, the daub of his backer,
The true British Workman's been able to stand,
And at once to disclaim both the brighter and blacker,
As alike wide of truth, from the right and left hand.

"Just wait for the painter who knows what my face is,
And he'll show you another guess sort of a chap,
He'll give both the shadows and lights in their places—
Without 'em what picter was e'er worth a rap?"

At last came TOM BROWN's gallant fight 'cross the water,
And Brighton crowned FAWCETT's electoral strife,
And the friends of B. W. looked to that quarter
For the painters to paint him, at last, from the life.

TOM BROWN took the colours, like all he takes, pluckily,
And dashed off his sketch with a muscular hand;
But the shadows stood out so pronounced, that, unluckily,
It was more than his sitter, B. W., could stand!

"Halloo, you TOM BROWN, why you don't mean to tell us
This here sooty mug is the phis that you see;
As black as a smith's fresh from anvil and bellows!
Come, none of your portraits with shadows for me!"

My worthy B. W. little suspected,
So insisting, he did but re-echo QUEEN BESS;
To shadows that strong-minded female objected,
But with shadows her portrait's come down none the less.

While a fact is a fact 'twill do no good to blink it,
Put up with the shadows TOM BROWN dares to show,
Your face may be darker than *you* like to think it,
If the shadows ain't fast, wash, and let's see them go.

While your Union pickets still waylay and "ratten"
The knob-sticks, who work on their own honest hook,
While on your hard earnings strike-delegates batten,
And machines and machine-work are in your black book.

While men who earn more by the week than their curate,
Are content in one room of a hovel to pig;
While shop-drinks and Saint Monday their old rate endure at,
And the wife and the young-uns come after the swig.

While limb's rest and soul's light to your infants begrudging,
You drive them to workshop, to mine, loom or wheel,
To drag through long years of unnatural drudging
As though minds could die out, and yet bodies not feel.

While such are the shadows your features that darken,
Needs must that the blacks in your picture appear;
And they're no friends who bid you your own praises hearken,
When an honest fault-finder is craving your ear!

A PASTORAL.—How should a shepherd arrange his drees? In Folds.



THE DISPUTED ACCOUNT.

Britannia. "CLAIM FOR DAMAGES AGAINST *ME*? NONSENSE, COLUMBIA: DON'T BE MEAN OVER MONEY MATTERS."

Punch's Table-Talk.

1.
THE less talk at table the better.

2.
Pass the mustard.

3.
Two-thirds of the difference between your present age and eighty, is about the time which you may expect to live.

4.
The vinegar? Thanks. BEAUFORT of Bristol was a distiller, and being greatly shocked at the intoxication which his trade promoted, he abandoned it, and turned vinegar-maker. Perhaps, had BYRON lived, he would have become a critic.

5.
Any person who does not understand my Table Talk, or does not admire it, or does not see its object, or evinces the slightest objection to it, is an Ass. This is final.

6.
Contradict myself? Of course I shall. Contradiction is good for everybody, but who dares offer it to me, except myself?

7.
An author who dies without having been abused by bad critics, has lost a valuable certificate which he should have landed in to posterity.

8.
I hate the coat against a mother-in-law. Treated with tact, she is your best ally against your wife.

9.
LUTHER, SHAKESPEARE, CHAMBERLAIN, and myself may be considered the four best table-talkers of the world. Finest check may be had for the making—and without it.

10.
A Frenchman can neither spell an English name nor state an English fact. On my table is a Parisian volume of biographies. It mentions DUCLOUX FARROLD, *redacteur de Punch*.

11.
Diplomatists do not use diplomatic language to their friends. At least, you will hardly say that CANNING did. Mentioning MONTENAPPE, CANNING remarked, "I think him the greatest rascal and liar on the Continent, and perhaps in the civilised world." I wonder whether LORD RUSSELL speaks in that way of anybody.

12.
DEAN ALFORD says, with reasonable indignation, "We do not write for Idiots." No; and I wish Idiots would not write for us.

13.
A friend of yours wrote a very foolish work on Italy. I christened him SILLIUS ITALICUS. He didn't like it.

14.
Do you know what gives that wine the aroma which you admire? (Enanthic ether. Is it any better for your knowing that, or are you?)

15.
GLADSTONE, I see, is down on GENERAL TOM THUMB for increased Income-Tax. This is financially proper, but politically wrong in the present state of our American relations.

16.
I wish poets had not given up appealing to the Muses. It was a prosaic arithmetical course to "cast out the Nine."

17.
The *Times*' theatrical critic observes that every dramatist has had some stupid friend who has given him "a splendid idea for a farce." I had such a friend, who told me with excessive delight that he had a glorious notion for a play. For some time he could not explain himself for laughter, but at last he expounded. "The scene must be the front of a house." Yes. "And BUCKSTONE must come in and knock at the door." Yes. "But there must be no one in the house." No. "Well, wouldn't that be splendid?" What? "Why, BUCKSTONE knocking at a door and not being able to get an answer. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

18.
If you will blow up a gasometer, or in some other way damage the Gas Extortionists, I will forgive you for saying, when my gas is lit, that a little light is thrown on the subject. Can I do more?

19.
MRS. ALFRED MELLON's *Good 'or Nothing* is as true a bit of art as you shall see on a winter night.

20.
The Scotch use the word "whenever" in an odd way. A Scottish young lady will tell you that whenever she came into the room she had a glass of wine. You have seen her enter a dozen times, and you secretly rejoice that you are not engaged to a person of such propensities. The poor girl means only "as soon as." WALTER SCOTT uses the word in the same un-English way in his noble diary.

21.
No, there are advantages and disadvantages in being a member of a large family. If you are poor it is, of course, decidedly advantageous, as you have so many relatives to sponge upon. If rich, it is pleasant, as you can do so many kind things. But if only moderately well off, it is a heavy affliction, sent to punish you for being sinfully good-natured.

22.
Oysters are twopenny a piece now. Lobsters were half-a-guinea at Vauxhall in 1813. I remember paying this when I went to hear TAYLOR and Mrs. BLAND sing "*O no, Mr. Jeremy*." PALMY, by the way, can't tell, he says, how oysters and periwinkles amuse themselves. Who asked him?

23.
Though one is to be killed, civility is acceptable. What could be more polite than the remark of the Knights when they were about to slay THOMAS A' BROCKETT? *Impossible could not sit at tables of ours.*

24.
In Kent they think the bite of a grasshopper a cure for warts. They also think that LORD DREBY will come in one of these days (with the Cockierance), and restore Protection.

25.
I hate dissipation.

26.
Fenianism has spread to Bromley. At least, I read in the race-list that "*Idiot and Irish Boy* are both here."

27.
You have been on the Nile, and you want an alliterative title for your book. Call it *From Phig to Phig*.

28.
I wish I had known DR. BULL. When the Bill for securing the Church of England was read, in 1706, there was a clause in it for abolishing the Test. Eleven Bishops agreed, six dissented. DR. BULL sat in the lobby of the House of Lords all through the debate, smoking his pipe.

29.
ERZER was a kind man—one of the best men who ever sawed the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse. I know that when a concert was arranged for the benefit of the family of a literary friend of mine, ERZER instantly offered to play, but he did a great deal more. He composed something, of a very touching character, for the occasion, and he thought so little of the act that he volunteered to perform the piece at the very beginning of the concert, when half the people had not come in, and there was the usual disturbance by the fools who can't be punctual. He was a good man. I am very sorry he is gone.

30.
Lady Macbeth's name was Gruoch. *Malcolm* was called Caen-more, from his very large Head. Managers should remember this when reviving the play, as we should always pay attention to historical tradition. MR. DYKWKYN is charged with the execution of this decree.

31.
I hope that at public dinners they will always distribute books of the songs. Usually there is one true poem among them. To withdraw oneself, for three minutes, from the heat, the jabber, the bad wine, and the worse speeches, into the pure air of poetry, is a comfort, and for those minutes you forget what a thundering donkey you were to come that day, and what a thundering headache you will have the next.

32.
Beware of the man who thinks it witty to talk of "putting in an appearance." That is, trust the honest fellow with your money, your child's happiness, or even your favourite meerschaum, but don't sit next him at dinner.

33.
The increase of drunkenness in Glasgow is easily accounted for. It is due to the exquisite water from Loch Katrine, which is laid on to the top of every house in the city. It is perfectly impossible to help making grog with it. We have nothing like it in London, more shame to us vauntful Cockneys.

34.
I read that a Clergyman won a good deal of money on the *Cæsars-witch*. This is wrong. Divinity may hedge a king, but should not hedge a bet.

35.
I shall have more to say on most subjects.



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Tommy. "I SAY, HARRY, LET'S GO AND SEE THE GIANT."

Harry. "UGH! I CAN'T BEAR GIANTS! I DON'T MIND GOING TO SEE TOM THUMB!"

Tommy. "UGH! I HATE DWARFS!"

[They agree, however, to go to the Egyptian Hall—Tommy to look at Chang, and Harry to look at Chung. See next page.]

THE FENIAN FUND.

It is not often that we reproduce a mere article of news, without comment of our own, but we feel it the duty of every English journalist to give as much publicity as possible to the strange and disgraceful facts revealed in the following list of American Contributions to the Fenian Fund. The list itself was found among the papers upon the person of one of the Americans who were arrested in the *Australian*, on the 14th instant, and has been published among the evidence taken at the Castle. Only the gravest considerations would induce us to depart from the ordinary custom of this journal in regard to news, but in presence of the impending crisis the case is exceptional.

Contributions received, or promised, in New York, Washington and Boston, to the Fund in aid of the Irish Patriotic Fenians.

Amount already credited	Dollars, 8,937,206
HON. CHARLES SUMNER	1,000
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	1,000
HON. HENRY RAYMOND (<i>New York Times</i>)	1,000
MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON	500
HON. HORACE GREELEY (<i>Tribune</i>)	500
MR. ERASTUS BROOKS (<i>Express</i>)	500
JAMES GORDON BENNETT	3,000
MR. PRIME (<i>Journal of Commerce</i>)	100
REV. H. W. BEECHER	1,000
LESTER WALLACK	50
GENERAL COUCH	1,000
GENERAL GRANT	3,000
MORTON M'MICHAEL (<i>Philadelphia</i>)	500
JUDGE LUDLOW	1,000
GOVERNOR SHARKEY	40
HON. GIBSON WELLES	500
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW	20

MRS. D. P. BOWERS	50
MR. and MRS. BARNY WILLIAMS	100
Bachelors at Astor House Hotel	2,000
The Waiters at DELMONICO'S	40
"FANNY FERN," per N. P. WILLIS, Esq.	5
HERB MARTEK	30
MESSRS. HARPER	10,000
A few Actors at the Bowery	25
Editor of the <i>Atlantic Monthly</i>	50
WASHINGTON THUMB, Esq., (Father of GENERAL T. THUMB)	2
ARTEMUS WARD, Esq.	25
HON. BENJAMIN WOOD (<i>Daily News</i>)	100
Firemen of the Plugugly Brigade	80
THE BISHOP OF ALABAMA	50
EDWIN FORREST	10
THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, (per D. L. BOUCHAULT, Esq.)	10,000
BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq.	100
GENERAL LEE	50
The Original Christy Minstrels	150
PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LAUNDRESS	30
PHINEAS BARNUM (promised)	1,000
REV. BRIGHAM YOUNG	100
A Few of his Wives	267
Anglodetestator	1

(American papers, please copy.)

New Books.

The Cabin and the Ocean, by the Author of *The Cloister and the Hearth*.
A Pennyworth of Potatoes, by the Author of *Half a Million of Money*.
The Beadle of the Battlements, a Sequel to the *Constable of the Tower*.
Tomkins's Warm Evenings, by the Author of *Tom Brown's Cool Days*.



Tommy. "RESERVED SEATS, PLEASE. TAKE FOR TWO!"
 Money-Taker (returning the Half-Sovereign). "ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE DON'T TAKE MONEY FROM THE PROFESSION. STRAIGHT ON, AND TURN TO THE LEFT!"

SNUFF FOR SHRIFT.

OBITUARY, the other day, at Rome, aged 83, DON PROSPERO BARBERINI COLONNA DI SCIARRA, PRINCE OF ROVIANO. Besides leaving 300,000 *scudi* to the Propaganda Fide—says the *Post's* Roman correspondent—

"The Prince showed his gratitude to the Jesuit Confessor, who had for some time been his spiritual director, by bequeathing him a rare and curious collection of snuffs, which he had amassed during his long career of snuff-taking."

What a very odd remuneration for spiritual services, at first thought, appears the bequest of a variety of snuffs! Bolongaro, Brown Rappee, Etrenne, one would think, must appear to the Father Confessor of the late PRINCE OF ROVIANO to constitute a strange legacy, considered as intended to be a return for absolution. Among the different sorts of snuff which the Prince left to the Jesuit, in acknowledgment of attentions to the health of his soul, we may suppose that there was some Prince's Mixture of his own composing, and, of course, some Pope's Mixture also, if his Holiness is accustomed to take snuff. But doubtless, as the Holy Father has, by implication at least, condemned the Fenians, the snuffs in question did not include any "Lundy Foot," otherwise called "Irish Blackguard."

When, however, we come to reflect seriously on this sternutatory bequest, we perceive that there are two lights wherein it may be regarded as appropriate. The *Dublin Review*, on the one hand, will perhaps suggest that a material legacy of snuff was a natural and graceful expression of gratitude for having been "put up to snuff" in spiritual matters. The *Record*, on the other, will as probably asseverate that a posthumous present of snuff was a suitable and significant intimation of a sense of thankfulness for having been during life led by the nose.

A MORMONITE MONSTER.

A NEW giant has been announced in an advertisement, wherein he is named "ANAK OF THE ANAKIMS;" and might as well have been styled GOG OF THE GOGSES. The following statement concerning him is made by a contemporary:—

"The new giant is reported to exceed eight feet in height, and to be capable of looking down upon the head of CHANG. He is also said to have the singularity of possessing one rib more than the rest of the human race."

If this is the case, the representative of the Anakim, about to be exhibited in London, not only overtops CHANG, but also surpasses BRIGHAM YOUNG.

A DUPPELL-TONGUED VERDICT.

(See the Prussian Crown Lawyers' opinions on the rights in the case of SCHLESWIG and HOLSTEIN, Plaintiffs, v. KING WILLIAM and KAISER FRANCIS-JOSEPH, Defendants.)

THERE once was a King and a Kaiser
 Who, as they grew older, grew wiser;
 For, instead of disputing,
 And sab'ring, and shooting,
 To decide which was "my" and which "thy," Sir,

Like waxed sole and waxed upper leather,
 They determined to stick close together,
 And, strong in alliance,
 To bid Law defiance,
 And put Right and Truth in a tether.

Says the King, "I have plenty of glory:"
 Says the Kaiser, "Our name shines in story;
 But, though Fame's our debtor,
 We'd both be much better
 For a nice slice of new territory."

Says the King, "There is Schleswig for me, Sir,
 And there's Holstein will just do for thee, Sir;
 And we'll preach them a sermon,
 And prove, in High German,
 How much better off they will be, Sir.

"'Tis true there are old rights and treaties;
 But for Duke or for King who well beat is,
 To appeal to a note,
 Or a protocol quote,
 Is, to main force, much what chaff to wheat is.

"The Rights that the Duke sets his seals to,
 And the Treaties KING CHRISTIAN appeals to,
 Can't both be correct—
 In fact, I expect
 Each the other a knock-down blow deals to.

"So, first for the Duke's rights we'll clamour,
 And vote CHRISTIAN's as dead as a hammer;
 And when both are put down,
 Law will bend to the Crown
 As to Kaisers of old time bent Grammar."

So they came, saw, and conquered at Duppell,
 This law-loving, God-fearing couple,
 Killed CHRISTIAN's men,
 Took his Duchies, and then,
 Sat down in them, smooth-faced and supple.

The Duchies called out for their Duke back,
 But the King with a shrug and a crook-back,
 To the law said he'd bow,
 Though he didn't know how
 It was quite, but the lawyers should look back.

Then the Crown Lawyers lighted their tapers,
 Put their spectacles on, and read papers.
 But they raised such a dust,
 To decide what was just,
 That poor Justice was choked with the vapours.

And thus in the end they awarded:
 The Duke's rights, must as null be regarded,
 Since those rights one and all
 To KING CHRISTIAN did fall,
 Ere at Duppell his lines were bombarded.

"And thus," quoth the King to the Kaiser,
 "'Tis well said, Law than reason is wiser,
 But Justice beside
 You see Law can o'erride,
 And make the Truth more false than lies are!"

* See the old story of the old Kaiser who, when remonstrated with about the grammar of some writ or order, replied, "*Ego sum Imperator Romanus, et sum super Grammaticam.*"



A HOT CHESTNUT.

Jack Pinsbury (at the first Stone Wall). "CONFOUND IT! NOW I RECOLLECT I PROMISED THE BOUNCER GIRLS I'D GO THERE AND PLAY BILLIARDS WITH THEM THIS AFTERNOON!"

BLOW IZAAK WALTON!

AN amusing result of earnest and undivided attention to business is thus related by the *Scotsman* :—

"DESTRUCTION OF FISH.—The banks near Musselburgh were on Friday strewn with dead trout, eels, flounders, &c.; in short, life seems to have been extinguished in everything of the fish kind. This wholesale destruction is supposed to have arisen from the accumulation of deleterious matter at the manufactories after the long drought."

What of that? What signifies the destruction of fish by the refuse of manufactories? So much money gained for every fish killed, to an amount much exceeding the value of the fish. Perish all the fish, then, in all the rivers of the United Kingdom, if necessary for the progress of manufactories! Let us have no sentimental whining about the destruction of the angler's gentle craft. Perish the angler, too, and likewise his gentles. Let not that profit for whose sake manufacturers turn a little filth into our rivers be called filthy lucre; and above all let no law be made that would impose any expense upon them by compelling them to dispose of their filth elsewhere.

The Pew and the Dormitory.

THE REV. DR. VAUGHAN, Vicar of Doncaster, in a pamphlet just published on *Free and Open Worship in Parish Churches*, remarks that "a national Church is apt to grow drowsy," and that "a deep sleep did once fall upon the pastors of England." That state of things has happily passed away. It is now only parish and other local churches that are sometimes apt to get drowsy, and the pastors of England are generally pretty wide awake, though here and there, during the sermon, deep sleep does occasionally fall upon too many members of the congregation.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NAVY.

THE British sailor has from time immemorial had his grog: he is now to enjoy his *Punch* also.

A COMMERCIAL CONVERSATION.

As BROWN the other day was reading an "investment circular," which the post had brought him, among other curiosities of commercial nomenclature, his eye fell on the following :—

"The Patent Atmospheric Marine Salvage Company Limited."

"Patent Atmospheric Salvage! Why, what on earth is meant by that?" said he, in sheer bewilderment. "Oh, don't you see?" responded JONES, "It's some patent dodge for bottling the sea breezes down at Brighton, and so saving them for fellows to take home to their families, who are thereby spared the bother of having to leave home."

"Or, more likely," remarked ROBINSON, "it's a Company for catching the wind wasted in a storm, and saving up the surplus atmosphere for the use of ships becalmed, and that's why it is called the Atmospheric Salvage Company."

"O, thank you," replied BROWN. "So I suppose then this new Company is meant to raise the wind when wanted. Well, with money at eight per cent., that will certainly be found a serviceable patent."

"A Night in China."

DEAR PUNCH,

I WAS so bothered by those two friends whom I took to GERMAN REED's entertainment, that, in my account of it last week, my pen slipping, I wrote the name of MISS HENDERSON, who had delighted us in the first piece, instead of MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON, who plays and sings so charmingly in *Ching-Chow-Hi*. Please put this in as my Erratum, tum ti tum tum. *Chorus, Erratum tum tum!*

Yours truly, FOL DE ROLLO.

HOPEFUL CRITICISM.

A NOVEL by MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is advertised, entitled, *Won by a Head*. We sincerely trust, that the reputation already gained by the young Author will not be *Lost by a Tale*.

THE SCHOOL FOR SMILES.



FINANCIER GLADSTONE is to lead the House of Commons. An abler leader it might not be easy to find. But it seems that the right honourable gentleman labours under the disadvantage of being what *Mercutio* said that he should be the day after the duel. The Member for South

Lancashire is a Grave Man. It appears to be thought that he is not lively enough to conduct the business of Parliament. He is called Saturnine.

Certainly a cheerful disposition is to be encouraged. But whether a person is likely to become particularly cheerful by being abused for gravity is a question. *Mr. Squeers* flogged a boy for not looking happy, but *Mr. Squeers* was not a teacher whose success greatly recommends his system. We really think that no great good will be done by incessantly writing at *MR. GLADSTONE*, calling him *Sober-sided*, *Dismal William*, and *Peter Grievous*. That is not the way to make him smile as he is wanted to smile.

Fully aware of the importance of having a Merry Minister, and duly persuaded of the wisdom of chaffing the Opposition instead of convincing the public, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to propose to take *MR. GLADSTONE* in hand, and qualify him for the Leadership of the House. And he hereby invites the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to place himself with *Mr. Punch* as a pupil. He shall be treated as one of the family, he shall be allowed the reasonable use of Latin and Greek, and on half-holidays he shall, if he likes, do sums. But if he comes, he must devote himself diligently to the Art of Seeing Fun in Everything.

Why *MR. GLADSTONE* should be Saturnine, and how he misses seeing fun in most things which occur in the House of Commons, *Mr. Punch* is unable to comprehend. Is it not fun to hear *MR. DISRAELI* take the Church under his angel wing? Is it not fun to hear *SIR FITZROY KELLY* in an agony over the wrongs of some Oriental heathen whose name he never heard until he got his brief? Is it not fun to hear *SIR CHARLES WOOD* alternately tumbling out and tumbling over the figures of Indian taxation? Is it not fun to hear *MR. HENLEY* imitate the style of *SOCRATES* in everything but its wisdom? Is it not fun to hear *MR. WHALLEY* move for a committee to inquire whether our ship timber has been cleared of

Jesuit's Bark? In fact, we do not know how *MR. GLADSTONE* can keep his countenance for ten minutes together, knowing, as he does, how much high comedy there is in all the Parliamentary "situations."

But, since he insists on finding sermons in stones when he should be merely shying the stones at other people, let him come to us, and we will cure him of the only disqualification which his enemies seem able to assign. We will teach him *Levity*. In six months his best enemies shall not know him. Instead of answering a question logically and exhaustively, he shall ask the inquirer whether he will have the reply now or wait till he gets it. When he "introduces" a Bill he shall say, "Mr. Bill, Mr. SPEAKER; MR. SPEAKER, Mr. Bill." When he presents a petition he shall wink at the House. When he alludes to *COLONEL NORTH* he shall call him the gallant and disagreeable officer, and *MR. HORSMAN* he shall call the learned and antilibious Member. When he seconds a motion he shall say, "Ditto here." When he fixes a debate on the cattle disease he shall appoint it for Wednesday next, please the pigs. When he is asked his intention about Reform, he shall state that it is certainly his intention to reform his tailor's bill. When he moves the House into Committee, he shall tell the SPEAKER that a glass of claret and a weed seem the thing for his complaint just then. When he moves a vote of condolence, he shall talk of the tear that is wiped with a little Address. When he speaks on a police-bill he shall begin, From information which I received, and when he takes the Commons to a conference with the Lords he shall say, "Here we all are—pray keep your hats on."

MR. GLADSTONE will then be qualified to lead the House of Commons, and it is delightful to think that nothing more is required to complete this distinguished statesman's reputation than the faculty of being able to laugh over what most people think serious business. Would it not be a good thing to institute an Order of the Horse Collar—head-quarters at Grinnage?

EDITING EDITORS.

THE Naples editors are so awfully full of Honour that they have been quarrelling and running one another through three times a week. So, by way of self-preservation, they have instituted a "Jury of Honour," and journalistic squabbles are now adjusted before this tribunal. If one "We" have intimated our belief that our contemporary is an idiot and a traitor, and the other "We" have rejoined that our assailant is an ass and a scoundrel, the Jury of Honour balances the epithets, and decides that neither "We" has a right to call out his antagonist. The American press have gone a straighter way to work, and everybody calls everybody everything, and nobody fights, because everybody knows that it is all true.

WIT FROM THE BENCH.

THIS week *Punch* has the pleasure of awarding the Prize to

MR. SELFS.

Dismissing a donkey, "the head of a trading firm," who had not been paid by one *GEORGE STANLEY*, a betting advertiser, *MR. SELFS* said that—

"It was hopeless to apply to a criminal court for redress for such an offence. There was a horse named *Catch 'em Alive* in the race, as he saw, and he had better 'catch' his man 'alive' if he could."

A FAMOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR THE RED HOT POKER IN NEXT YEAR'S PANTOMIME.—The Clown making the Pope a Freemason.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.



N its active encouragement of Social Science Congresses the busy Provincial Town of Wiggleswade yields to no other in England. The Vestry, with a liberality unknown even to the august metropolitan synods of St. Mary-le-bone and St. Pancras, have, this year, invited professors from all parts of the globe, eminent for their social qualities, to a free and frank discussion of certain questions that daily perplex mankind, whether at Wiggleswade or elsewhere, in the progress of civilisation, and in the rapid growth of all branches of learning. That the Wiggleswade Universal Social Science Congress was only attended by the members of the parish vestry and one or two neighbouring parochial authorities is no fault of the secretary's, who had prepared letters for Russia, Mongolia, the Tyrolean Islands (there was some dispute as to the geographical position of this group), the Archimandrites of the Peloponnesus (supposed to be rather good fellows), the Pacha of Persia (there was a divided opinion on the orthography of this title, some voting for Shaw, or Porshaw, others for Parshaw, while a few simply said P'shaw!) and other lands, parishes, or magnates. Somebody said that a notice ought to be sent to The Parish of Society, but no one was quite certain as to the residence of this dignitary. No communication was made to the Grand Lama of Thibet, as some said "there was no such person," others thought "he was hyperbolic," while the Chairman, who was supposed to have a knowledge of Continental matters, said that he was almost certain the Lama was a goat; but, at all events, winter cloaks were made out of his wool, so that he wasn't very likely to be an Asiatic Parochial Authority. This decision was carried, and the letter to the Grand Lama, beginning "Honoured Sir," was put into the fire.

At this meeting MR. ROGER GREENE (of the well-known firm of GREENE, FIELD, & Co., Pickle Merchants, of Wiggleswade, and inventors of the Wiggleswade Walnut Sauce) proposed that a vote of thanks should be presented to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLÉON. He said, "he didn't mean a vote of thanks, he meant more of a Round Robin sort of thing, acknowledging his kindness, and hoping that he'd give a helping hand to the Congress assembled at Wiggleswade. The EMPEROR," MR. GREENE added, "was an eminently sociable party. He worn't above receiving addresses, nor speaking to any one as spoke to him."

MR. SHERLING, the clerk, asked who was to draw it up? and if it was to be in the French tongue?

To which a Member of the Vestry said, "*Woe*, of course, *now, certainmong*," and was immediately fixed upon as a fit and proper person to represent the Wiggleswade sentiments to the French Emperor.

This led to an animated discussion that promised to end in a combat of two or more, but for the timely arrival of MR. GREENE, JUN., with a French dictionary. Order having been restored, the form of address was then calmly considered.

MR. ANTHONY NAYLOR (the Vestryman who had said *see*) proposed the following commencement:—"May it please your Imperial Majesty"—

MR. GREENE interposed. "That ought to be in French."

The Clerk, who was taking notes, asked what "may it please" was in French?

A Vestryman said, "Sivoo play," of course.

MR. GREENE observed that *that* was "If you please."

A Vestryman was heard to mutter something about "concoited ass."

MR. GREENE wished the last words to be taken down.

After some discussion and a reference to the pocket dictionary, "Sivoo play" was allowed in default of finding anything better or more familiar to everybody.

MR. NAYLOR continued. "May it please, or rather, S'il vous plait vôtre Impérial Majesty, vôtre—your humble servants—vôtre umble serviteurs—"

MR. GREENE said "humble servant" might finish but couldn't begin a letter. (*Hear, hear, from several members.*)

The Clerk said yes, he agreed with the last speaker. (*Hear, hear, from a Vestryman.*)

After a warm contest, it was carried by a majority of everybody against MR. NAYLOR, that the address should be in English, with "S'il vous plait" at the top, just to show they could have written it in French if they had liked. MR. NAYLOR left the room, vowing that he'd write himself to the Emperor and denounce them all as humbugs.

Agreed: that they didn't care for NAYLOR; that they'd send an address in English to LOUIS NAPOLÉON. The Congress to be fixed for that day two months.

The day came at last, and a great time Wiggleswade had of it. Two Bands of Local Volunteer Regiments paraded the streets alternately, playing all their liveliest airs. As both

parties had, however, hit upon the same tunes, a want of variety was noticeable in this feature of the day's entertainment. Several excited little boys who, in consequence of the unusual stir, had mistaken the season, brought out Guy Fawkeses and paraded the streets with every demonstration of loyal but mistaken enthusiasm.

The magistrates sat during the day at the Town Hall, but no rioting took place until they were gone; however, several ruffians of various ages from four to twelve were brought up before their worships, and on being searched, crackers were found concealed about their persons.

The Congress opened with a speech from the Chairman, MR. GREENE. He deplored the absence of Continental friends, and contemned the envy of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. MR. FUDDLE from Snaggs Cray would read a paper—

MR. FUDDLE, interrupting, said he wouldn't do anything of the sort.

The Chairman said it was too bad of MR. FUDDLE, as he'd promised him that he would make a speech.

MR. FUDDLE replied that that was quite another thing. He would draw their attention to a social subject of much importance. He had a few words to say

On being asked to sing after Dinner.

Singing was considered social, or sociable. The question before them was, Does singing, especially comic singing, promote hilarity? He knew several comic songs, each ending with his (the comic singer's) Tooral-looral, or his Rummy-tum-tum, and when he sang them, being pressed thereto, and unable to refuse, he felt that he was degrading himself. He would give them a specimen. ("No, no.") Yes he would. ("No, no, no.") Very well, then, he wouldn't. (*Hear, hear, and cheering.*) He knew a melancholy instance of a respectable man, who having unfortunately established a reputation for comic singing on the strength of one song, with imitations of a countryman "spoken" between the verses, had been obliged to "favour the company," week after week during the cricketing season, and year after year, with this same ballad. People who had heard it over and over again, always affected to see new points in it, and invariably knocked their glasses, or rapped their fingers on the table by way of applauding it. At one period of his life, this unhappy creature would appeal to the company round the table, and reminded them that "they must know it by heart by this time," or that "he'd almost forgotten it," or that "he wasn't in one for singing," or any other means of getting excused from the task. But there was generally present "some one who hadn't heard it before," or else the united opinion was, that "it was such a capital song, they could never be tired of hearing it," when, in truth, the social humbugs only meant that they were glad to be saved the trouble of conversation for a few minutes while they smoked their pipes in peace, and winked sily at one another, grimly smiling at the singing of their deluded victim. Lobsters sing, it is said, when being boiled; but your Social Lobster sings while being roasted by his companions. (*Hear, hear, and sobs from the audience, who were much affected by this touching picture.*) He would call upon them all for a—he meant he would call upon them all to discountenance the odious practice of galvanising dull conviviality. (*Hear, hear, and glasses round ordered for every one at the expense of the speaker.*)

A paper was then read by MAJOR SUBAS, retired Mounted (Bombay) Marines,

On Questions of Health.

The first question the learned Major contended was, "How are you?" or "How do you do?" No completely satisfactory answer had ever been given to these interrogatories. The formula, "Are you pretty well?" while taking a great deal

for granted, left much to be desired. The superficial had attempted to throw ridicule on all sanatory questions by saying, "How are you yesterday? How was you to-day? and How ain't you to-morrow?" (*Hear, hear, and a sob.*) He would now come to the subject of healths in general. There were several kinds of health. *Your* good health, *my* good health, *his* good health, or simply your, my, his health. Another sort was that plentiful health, on which doctors had hitherto been silent, he alluded to "Here's your good health and plenty of 'em." (*Cheers.*) He would not detain them any longer, but would sing, "Here's a health to all good lasses." (*Name! name!*) The gallant and learned gentleman resumed his seat amidst much cheering, and a fresh supply of whiskey punch was brought in.

After a few speeches, some more whiskey punch, and a profound silence, an energetic Member of the Town Council rose. He said that "he wæs 'polniah for rishin' after ev'one spokesh. (*Here he bowed gracefully over the table, and recovered himself with some difficulty.*) He

wash all ri'; though didn't feel qui—qui'sho flunt, (he meant fluent) shusal (*probably, 'as usual'*); he liked Shoshyance shelf (*translated 'Social Science himself'*), and 'd do all shport 't. (*'Hear, hear,' and 'Queskun.'*) Who wash that shaid that? gem'n? Wash that gem'n? Hesh shinsult me—not shinsult'd shim, no—poshe toast—worthy host—meant worthy toast of a host (*here he put his hand to his forehead, and after laughing gently, resumed*); in poshing host of a toast, he had a toast to posh, a host of a toast"—here, in bowing to some one opposite he fell across the table, and every one eyed him contentedly, and gave no signs of moving: he was allowed to remain there.

A proposal was then made by the Chairman that this meeting do adjourn, and every one who was able to leave his chair, seized the opportunity.

Subsequently, on a motion of the landlord's, at whose house the meeting had taken place, everybody was carried to bed *nem. con.* Thus ended the first Universal Social Science Congress at Wiggleswade.

HOT WATER IN PAST AGES.



LORD RUSSELL is pit-
tously entreated by
MR. BACCHUS'S organ
to invent a new Re-
form Bill. His Lordship
is reminded that on a
certain 11th of April
he cried because he had
to abandon a Bill of his
own. He is told there
were doubts as to the
character of this hy-
draulic demonstration,
but that most persons
believed it to be sin-
cere. The *Star* implies
that we shall now know
whether it was sincere
or not. If LORD RUS-
SELL makes a new Bill,
he was in earnest when
he wept. If he does
not, he was merely act-
ing. With a passing
compliment to the
gentlemanly grace of
such a reference, *Mr.*
Punch would observe
that he fails to see the
logic of the proposed
inference. A dozen
years makes much dif-
ference in our sensa-
tions. At four, we cry,
very sincerely, for the
moon. At sixteen,

we scorn the moon, but cry sincerely (but privately) because
cousin LOO prefers cousin EDMUND. At twenty-eight, we cry (very
privately, or only after much Champagne) because *rigdumfunidos*
has lost the Derby, and all our bets. Thenceforth we don't cry
at all until our favourite daughter bolts with poor BROWN instead
of rich JONES, and these are very sincere tears. Poor BROWN has
brains, and becomes a well-to-do Vicar, and we again begin crying
sincerely when he turns Dissenter. Finally, we cry over nothing less
important than the new actress's sobs in *Mrs. Ha'ler*. We have been
in thorough earnest at each outbreak, but each has its proper date, and
we are not to be told that we are actors, because having cried over
Cousin LOO at sixteen, we don't care twopence for Cousin LOO at
twenty-eight. The *Star's* logic is of a piece with DR. JOHNSON'S:—

"If the man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

LORD RUSSELL was very sorry to abandon that Bill. He is now
twelve years older, and may have other objects at heart. At all events
we protest against the Water-test.

A Rule for Railway Travelling.

"WILL you allow me, Sir, to offer you a cigar?" "Thank you, but
I never smoke." "Have you any objection to my lighting one, Sir?"
"Oh! no, none in the least." This plan is infallible with the most
Paritanical-looking fellow traveller. Never think of putting the
second question first. The production of the cigar, and the generous
offer, are sure to disarm all crusty objections. Try it.

THE LAUREATE TO HIS PRINCESS.

(OF BONNY.)

O ROYAL Maiden, to declare
Thy graces in one word 'tis hard;
To call thee, sable Princess, fair,
Were worthy of an Irish bard.
Yet BONNY's darkness is more bright
Than many a bonny English rose:
Thou wouldst not, wert thou e'er so white,
Appear more fair to Poet CLOSE.

Why hast thou sought old England's shore?
To fill the coffers of thy mind
With wealth of scientific lore,
And literary gold, combined,
With poetry, among the rest;
What wilt thou find, of all that flows
From any British pen, the best?
The verse on sale by Poet CLOSE.

True, TOWNYSON's a decent hand,
And ROBERT BROWNING too, no doubt,
As far as those can understand
Who cannot always make him out.
One Laureate England may admire;
Another all the wide world knows:
The Poet Laureate to thy Sire,
The KING OF BONNY, Poet CLOSE.

And could he know that thou hadst come,
And not a tuneful welcome sing?
Ah no, unless entirely dumb,
Child of his patron, BONNY's King;
This votive offering at thy feet,
With hat in hand, he humbly throws;
O may it approbation meet,
And win reward for Poet CLOSE!

A Bishop's money is a sight
Which many sigh in vain to see.
I've had that vision of delight,
Too rarely though, vouchsafed to me.
To BISHOP PERCY, of Carlisle,
A Bard this recognition owes;
He once laid down, in handsome style,
A sovereign for the Poet CLOSE.

The second Person in the Realm,
His Grace, of Canterbury's See,
Who guides the Church of England's helm,
Has purchased many books of me.
He pays me for them like a man,
Down on the nail he pays me—those
Will find that still the wisest plan,
Who order books of Poet CLOSE.

Yes, the Archbishop, like a man,
A gentleman, good man and true,
Pays me, and so a lady can
Accept my books, and pay me too.
I'll trumpet Beauty's noble Queen,
Largess on genius who bestows.
I call her ugly, base, and mean,
Who buys no songs of Poet CLOSE.



FLATTERING!

First Rustic. "STE'OR'MARY WAY O' GETTIN' YER LIVIN'! AIN'T IT, JOE?"

Second Ditto. "AYE, THAT 'T BE, WILLIAM. CRIPPLES O' SOME SORT MOST ON 'EM, YOU MAY DEPEND!"

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OCTOBER 27, 1865.

THE fitful sunlight of October flames
Through stained and storied glass, athwart the gloom,
Fretting the walls—one bead-roll of great names,
Dyeing the pavement—one illustrious tomb.

From the South transept, I and those beside,
Look down, across the monuments of Kings,
To the North transept, where a grave yawns wide—
Garner of this ripe sheaf, which England brings,

Sadly yet proudly, here to lay it down,
Where a great man should rest, among his peers;
That so the honours of the grave may crown
A life, as full of honours as of years.

In this assemblage, grouped in reverence round,
How many faces to all England known—
Lawgivers, judges, orators renowned,
The trusty pillars of the State and Throne!

Hearing or holding talk, one topic still
Is on all tongues—the man that we have lost;
How swift in work, how strong, not stern, of will,
How his green heart seemed proof 'gainst age's frost,

And that more deadly blight, which the world's use
And office's experience ofteneast bring,
Killing love, e'en in hearts of love profuse,
And freezing hope and faith, down at their spring.

So they speak—those who guide our land to-day,
The shapers of our English life and law:
Men who the counsels of the nation sway,
And make the tides that its opinion draw.

And he, whose coffin up the Abbey nave
Is borne with choral swell and organ roar,
To rest between the altar and the grave,
And then to be slung down, and seen no more,

But now was busiest of this busy throng,
'Mong all these notables the first of note;
The wakefullest, though the debate were long,
The cheeriest, though adverse were the vote.

'Tis hard, e'en now, *to feel* that he is dead,
Who seemed but yesterday as full of life
As any here of those he fought or led,
By friend and foe alike cheered through the strife.

I look across to where he will be laid,
And there a silent company I see,—
White faces, marble forms, of those that made
The history that never more can be.

CHATHAM and MANSFIELD, FOX, PITT, CASTLEREAGH,
HORNER and GRATTAN, WILBERFORCE and PAEL:
And, last precursor on the common way,
LEWIS, whose loss scarce less than this we feel.

They seem to look out of the deep'ning gloom,
And bid him voiceless welcome to their throng—
"Come to us . . . us, the conclave of the tomb,
And take the place reserved for thee so long."

Verbal Twisting and Spinning.

WHAT is the difference between a "cotton-gin" and a glass of "gin-twist?" And if the landlord of a gin-palace is called a "gin-spinner," is the landlady a "spinning-Jenny?"



THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY.

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND THIS YOUNG MAN, CLARENDON, YOUR MAJESTY, AND I TAUGHT HIM WRITING MYSELF!"

THE QUEEN. "INDEED, JOHN; THEN I HOPE HE'LL MIND HIS P'S AND Q'S BETTER THAN YOU DID."

Punch's Table-Talk.

36.

It is made matter of reproach to Mr. GLADSTONE that he is habitually grave—that he actually sees no fun in the affairs of a nation. He is certainly the most plaintive person I know. He is always Taxing us with unkindness.

37.

The life of a woman named SURATT, recently executed in America, is announced. It is being written by her counsel on the trial. This is certainly doing one's best for one's client—supposing the learned counsel can write decently. But imagine a London publisher advertising that he had made arrangements with SERJEANT BALLANTINE, MR. ORRIDGE, or MR. SLEIGH, for a life of a person who died on Monday morning at the Old Bailey.

38.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is pardoning all the Southrons. This is wise, but it is also artful. A singular difficulty has presented itself to him. CHOO and LIN, the Siamese Twins, took different sides in the war. LIN was loyal, but CHOO was frantic for the "chivalry." It would have been extremely awkward to hang the guilty CHOO, while attached to the innocent LIN, so, as the PRESIDENT could not cut the band, he has cut the knot. Pardon's the word for all.

39.

GOUNOD's new oratorio, *Tobias*, is founded on the history of my *Toby*. I hope that the composer can rise to such a subject. He shirked *Mephistopheles* as the hound.

40.

DR. MANNING fulfils his promise of action for the Church of Rome. The POPE is going to create another Archbishopric in England—in Liverpool, probably. Really we ought to make reprisals. Why not consecrate one of the curates of St. Pancras the Protestant bishop of San Pancrazio?

41.

One does not expect to hear slang from princes. Yet MILTON makes the courtly Belial reply, "*Sad Chere!*"

42.

CARLINE's sayings are coming up again now—do you know what he said about the phrase, "Measures, not men?" "Cant! Is it the harness that draws the coach, or the horses?" Clever; and yet the thought savoured of the Official.

43.

I have met, in my life, two cases of real humility. One was a Scotch coachman, on a very dangerous road. We escaped safely; but he turned round to a clergyman next to me, and said that if we had not turned that last corner, "we would all have been wi' the Deil in five minutes."

44.

The other was a poor woman who, in reply to my inquiries after her boy, said, "O Sir, his fortune's made!—he has passed for the Idiot Asylum."

45.

I suppose that the nonsense about French women dressing better than English women is nearly exploded. Our women who give what they are pleased to call their minds to dress, beat the French ladies hollow in taste and in expense, and ours having also real faces and real figures, the contest is as unfair as was *Gladiator's* for the Cambridge-shire.

46.

By the way, I suppose the French will say that the aforesaid horse was deliberately crushed—a victim to English hate—that he was a sort of four-legged NAPOLEON. It may be mentioned that the British people adore him, and that he started favourite.

47.

I see an advertisement in which a fiend states that, having been experimenting for years, he can produce a fair Port and Sherry, by fermentation, without a drop of grape-juice, and wishes a party with money to join him in Hamburg. I rather take this to be a squib inserted by some London wine-merchant to damage the fame of the Hamburg wines. I will try to believe this, for the honour of human nature.

48.

Something has been said about there being no statue of LORD BYRON in the Abbey. If Westminster Abbey is declared to be our Valhalla, he ought to have a splendid monument there. But while we keep the place as a Church, with Ten Commandments stuck up in it, I do not see the exact fitness of doing glorification therein to a man whose whole life and writings evinced his belief that we ought to have neither churches nor commandments. I presume that you know better than to answer me with a few sentimental quotations from his poems. He was too true an artist not to produce an effect, when he wanted one. Let us have no cant.

49.

Why do we say a medical man, and not a clerical man, or a legal man? Or why not adopt the last two phrases for parson and lawyer?

50.

The fishermen in Banffshire have a curious etiquette in reference to a couple of words. You must never speak of one of their number as having been drowned. They say, "Dags are drowned—men are lost."

51.

Without being quite of the opinion of Mrs. Parson Adams, who considered that "Scriptures out of church are blasphemies," I don't care to hear texts quoted as arguments. An old divine—DOWNS, I think—says that together they are beautiful, like hairs in a horse's tail, but, separated, the hairs are only springes and snarcs.

52.

Was SIR BULWERS LYTTON thinking of the rickety timbers of the smart edifices built to catch young couples, when he wrote

"No beam spoils trouble in the House of Dove?"

53.

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And more than sufficient for the night after—unless you like lying awake.

54.

Musical composers generally regard words as a necessary nuisance, but naturally prefer rubbish, because it does not intrude a poet's thoughts upon a musician's audience. I knew one composer, however, who was fastidious, and could never be satisfied with the words supplied to him. At last, he declared that he would write a poem for himself, and did. His considered it nearly perfect. This was the first verse:—

"Tis sad to see the Autumn leaves
Come falling off a tree,
But sadder far to see my friends
All falling off of me."

55.

The Zoological Gardens, on a fine Sunday in the season, with all my distinguished and lovely acquaintances flirting around, is a noble sight. But give me back the sensation I experienced, when going to be taken into Exeter Change, at the sight of the picture of the animals, at the beefeater with the bills, and at the tip of the elephant's trunk poked out at the little window into the Strand. To be sure, I was younger then, and had not seen so many Beasts.

56.

MR. DISRAELI, speaking of SIR ROBERT PEEL, said, in the House, "He traces steam-engines to tea-kettles. His precedents are tea-kettle precedents." PEEL boiled over, but his retort was not happy.

57.

Why should MORRISON, PARR, and HOLLOWAY have the game all their own way? If you will give me some money—a good deal—I will give you a name for a Pill, which properly puffed, shall make a millionaire of you. It will meet a want of every one, and no one will be able to detect its failure. It need not be injurious, but the materials of such things are of no consequence, if they sell. This will. Take your time, and make me an offer. I am serious. Write, if you prefer it.

58.

Bother about there having been two Greek tragic poets called PHRYNICHUS. Stuff, I tell you. Every schoolboy knows that PHRYNICHUS is mentioned by HERODOTUS, CALLISTHENES, STRABO, PLUTARCH, AELIAN, and LIBANIUS, besides half-a-dozen other writers, and they speak of his play, which was called the *Taking of Miletus*; as by PHRYNICHUS the Tragedian. They say nothing about "the younger." He was a pupil of THALES. I am ashamed of such juvenile erudition, but you talk nonsense. Pass the bottle.

59.

I am for great moderation in regard to capital punishment, but a so-called friend who posts to you a newspaper, and does not mark some paragraph for you to look at, ought simply to be hanged.

60.

Isn't *Nas* the shortest name a racehorse has had? I do not know whether it means the Greek *n*, or the French *sabot*. What's more, I don't care. *Oy* would be a good name for a horse, only there would be a hint of his roaring like a bull of that king's dominions. The Hebrew alphabet has not been exhausted. I should like to try the betting men with Lamed, Sohin, and Tsaddi.

61.

I don't pretend to have studied that article in the last Quarterly, about the *Mariner's Compass*, but so far as I can see from a cursory perusal of the same, that boasted invention should now be called *The Wrecker's Best Friend, and Sea-Captain's Complete Guide to the Breakers*.

62.

The Premier speaks excellently at times, but one is always afraid lest he should go into a fit of strong histories.



MAGNETIC.

Gentleman. "IS IT POSSIBLE TO SEND A KISS TO BRIGHTON?"

Cherless. "OH, YES, SIR; BUT IT MUST BE REPEATED TWO OR THREE TIMES, TO MAKE QUITE SURE."

FAT CHURCH AND LEAN CHURCH.

THE primary Visitation Charge lately delivered by the BISHOP OF ELY, containing much that is admirable, concludes with a panegyric, not altogether unmerited perhaps, but rather strong, and somewhat analogous to the toast, sometimes, on festive occasions, proposed by the president of a small and select circle of convivial acquaintance; "Our Noble Selves." The Bishop said:—

"But in very deed the Church is full, not empty, gathering from the right hand and from the left—full of all deep catholic doctrine, all holy evangelical truth—primitive, apostolic, catholic, scriptural, reformed, evangelical. It has eliminated nothing but error."

Considered in the abstract, the Established Church may doubtless be truly said to be at least as full as any other Church of the good things enumerated by the BISHOP OF ELY. Concretely regarded, it may, with equal truth, be said to be full and not empty; but the good things of which it is not empty but full appear to partake rather of the nature of fat than of a spiritual quality. Bishops, Deans and Chapters, and a goodly company of Rectors and Vicars, are full and not empty of the like good things with those that line the interiors of Mayors and Aldermen. On the other hand, however, there are very many hard-working Curates who are empty and not full of plain victuals and drink, and for whom a Charitable Society has found it necessary to beg old clothes. Would this be the case if fullness and not emptiness of all deep catholic doctrine, and all holy evangelical truth were the universal or even the ordinary condition of the benefited Clergy, and if the superior parsons were as richly endowed with benevolence as they are with glebe and tithes, or appointed revenue? The Church, as represented by them, must be acknowledged to gather from the right hand and from the left, grabbing as much as ever it can, and keeping a particularly tight hold thereof. In short, as the BISHOP OF ELY continues to say:—

"Having proved all things, it holds fast that which is good."

In general, when a Bishop's will comes to be proved, the property of the deceased prelate, if the statements that are wont to appear in the

"JAM," SATIS.

"THOMAS FARRANCE and SONS, 66 and 67, Charing Cross, beg to return sincere thanks to their friends and the public in general for their kind patronage, and respectfully inform them that their business of a Confectioner will, on and after Oct. 31, be discontinued," &c.

How they vanish, one by one,
All the haunts we loved of yore:
FARRANCE, thy proud race is run:
Regal ice or lowly bun
Thou wilt yield us—never more!

When we left, in Mays gone by,
The Academician's door,
"Come! to FARRANCE let us hie,"
Straight we said—but now we cry,
"Never more—oh, never more!"

When our country cousins troop
To the Abbey, old and hoar,
On to FARRANCE's they swoop—
But to tarts and ox-tail soup
We shall treat them—never more!

Other FARRANCES may rise,
Quite as bilious as before—
But the old familiar pies
(Veal and ham) will glad our eyes
Never more! oh, never more!

When Seen make a Note of.

THE friends of the Abyssinian prisoners are asking for subscriptions to enable DR. BEKE to proceed to their release. Subscribe, by all means! It is Mr. Punch's fervent prayer that MR. STERN and the other unhappy victims of this intractable negro may ultimately be rescued, as SINBAD was, by a Beke. But we should bear in mind that MESSRS. RASSUM and PALGRAVE have been pulled up in the same attempt; not forgetting the old proverb that "a stern-chase is a long chase."

WE LIVE IN DIFFERENT TIMES.

THE talisman of old was supposed to bring wealth; but the tally's-man of the present day is only sure to bring ruin.

Illustrated News can be relied on, is sworn under a figure so considerable as to indicate that which, as the result of having proved all things, he held fast for good, to have been money, to the amount of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Once more the good Bishop makes a little jumble of the ideal with reality:—

"It is not a compromise between truth and falsehood, but a comprehension of all that is Christian, and holy, and true. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage."

The heritage of the present BISHOP OF ELY is perhaps considerably goodlier than that of his predecessor to whom a Royal Duke, afterwards an amiable and beneficent monarch, the Father of his people, celebrated for his virtues, and for a perfection of personal appearance which is the boast of *Punch*, addressed the following observation:—

"My Lord of Ely when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there."

The garden now forming part of My Lord of Ely's heritage, answerable to the one which formerly adjoined the site of Ely Place, would probably be found to contain not only good strawberries, but also excellent peaches and nectarines, and very likely pine-apples also, and other such kindly fruits of the earth in due season. The lines which circumscribe and constitute the domains of Bishops have certainly fallen to them in pleasant places; but those which form the slums, and back settlements, and rustic wilds, wherein is cast the lot of the inferior Clergy, have fallen to their occupants in unpleasant places, and are very hard lines.

Cruelty to the Clergy.

It seems that in Prussia, people who are desirous to be divorced are not allowed to petition until the parson of the district has given them both a good talking to. If he fail to persuade them to make it up, they may apply to the Courts. Is not this rather hard upon the parson? It is making a workman, say a Joiner, come into a house and argue that his work sticks together, when it notoriously does not.

HEARTS AND LUTES.



THE other night we went to the New Royalty Theatre, to see *Felix, or the Festival of Roses*. MR. GALER was *Felix*, everyone was assisting at the *Festival*, and the stalls and pit, row after row, were the *rowers*. The music is by HERR MEYER LUTZ, full of harmonies enchanting, of flowing melodies, but only two or three "toons" for popular whistlers of the streets.

HERR M. LUTZ has not fed the Organs, but, alas! the Organs will continue to flourish even without nourishment: from Dean Street. The libretto charmed us; 'twas rhythmical and sensible withal. Nor had the librettist omitted to take advantage of the composer's name. "Hark!" says *Don Felix*, "I hear

lutes!" Whereat the audience expect to hear the Composer, who conducts his own opera, suddenly face about, and give them "some pretty little thing of his own." Quoth the *Prince*, "Let us strike our lutes!" and a sympathetic tremor seizes the House, lest the *Madro* should be assaulted before their very eyes. But, oh! Miss SUSAN GALTON, niece of Miss PYNE, fresh is thy voice and playful is thy performance; and when you next sing that charming ballad, "*Oh, Faithless Lover!*" cast one glance, O *Black-Eyed Susan*, to cheer your unhappy *William*, three from the end on the right-hand side, with a daffy-down-dilly in his button-hole, drinking in thy dulcet notes at the rate of so much dirty dross per minute, and cheap at any price. Oh, my heart and Lutz! Farewell!

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.

A LECTURE was delivered yesterday at the Meeting Hall of the Congregational Temperance Literary and Scientific Union, Humberough, by the REV. EBENEZER JOWLES, on the subject of "The Strong Language of SHAKSPEARE." MR. JOWLES lamented to say that the pages of the world-renowned Bard of Avon were painfully disfigured by expressions now chiefly in use amongst the humbler classes, though too often employed, as expletives, in conversation by unconverted individuals moving in higher circles of society. As examples of the strong language to which he referred, he particularly instanced the imprecations put by SHAKSPEARE into the mouth of *Macbeth* on "those that trust" the Weird Sisters, on the "cream-faced loon," and on himself or *Macduff*, whichever of the two, in the combat about to ensue between them, shall cry "Hold!" and express himself satisfied. The Reverend Lecturer delivered these maledictory utterances with powerful emphasis and effect, and an apparent gusto that was very amusing. His recitation of the words and phrases, thus necessarily quoted for the purpose of illustration, was received with great applause. After the Lecture the assembly partook of tea and plum-cake, and then separated, declaring that they had tasted much sweetness.

Prussia's Representative Man.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Paris:—

"Prussia has signified her willingness to send a representative to the Sanitary Conference which is to be held at Constantinople."

If Prussia is correctly represented by her representative, who will consent to sit in the same room with him? To represent Prussia, as she is, a man must be the self-convicted speaker of the thing which is not, and a criminal who has merited a legal, not a diplomatic ultimatum.

THE BERMONDSEY BUMBLES DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

THE Law it may threaten, the Law it may thunder
From out of the heights of the Parliament's sky,
The Board in Whitehall may bid Guardians knock under—
Commissioners, Commons, alike we defy.
The Bermondsey Board scorns the "pie" that's called "humble,"
It will not be led, to be druv' it don't mean.
What's the bidding of Law to the spirit of Bumble
Enshrined in its self-satisfaction serene?

You may style us inhuman, may brand us as stolid,
Penny-wise and pound-foolish our notions may call,
As respectable men our convictions are solid;
Pauper vermin like these to take in we've no call.
Ha'n't they got penny-ropes for their night 'commodation?
Aren't there lots of dry arches 'neath which they may pig?—
A nice state of things, to let rags and starvation
Block the passage of Mr. Respectable's gig!

Set 'em up with warm straw, and nice clean boards to lie on,
Cold water to drink, and six ounces of bread!
And but four hours' stone-breaking next day to rely on
To repay us the cost of their board and their bed!
Ain't it clear as the sun all the vagrants in London
Will be drawn by the bait of such lodgings and fare?
That Bermondsey Union by rates will be undone,
And the 'Ouse an hotel kept for casuals' repair?

They've no right to persist in obstructin' the pavement
When the porter has put up "The casual ward full;"
It's rates and not lives that us Boards is to save meant,
And Local Self-Government's dear to JOHN BULL.
In the snow and the sleet they've no right to lie huddled,
What's the use of Police, but to bid 'em begone?—
Were the truth known, I dare say the most on 'em's fuddled,
They should all be took up if they will not mov' on!

PRESIDENT PAT.

(From the forthcoming History of Parliament.)

ONE blow and Ireland sprang from the head of her Saxon Enslaver a new Minerva! Proudly and solemnly she then sat down to frame a Republic worthy of PLATO and PAT. Her first President had been a workhouse porter and a night watchman. He was, therefore, eminently fitted both for civil and military administration. The speech of PRESIDENT PAT on opening Congress develops his policy and his well-digested plans of legislative reform. Here are a few choice quotations:—

The Key-stone of Government is the blarney stone.
Political progress may always be accelerated by a bludgeon.
Our Institutions must be consolidated by soft soap and whacks.
The People's Will is made known by manifesto, and by many fists too.
Every man shall be qualified to sit in Congress that is a 10 lb. pig-holder, provided that the pig and the Member sleep under the same roof.
Members of Congress will be remunerated for their public services.
Gentlemen wearing gloves only to have the privilege of shaking the President's hand. The unwashed to be paid at the door.
Pipes will not be allowed on the Opposition benches, nor may any Member take whiskey until challenged by the President.
Under no circumstances will a Member be suffered to sit with his blunderbuss at full-cock, nor pointed at the President's ear.
Our Ambassadors will be chosen from our most meritorious postmen, so that they may have no difficulty in reading their letters.
The Foreign Office will be presided over by a patriotic Editor who has travelled in New South Wales and is thoroughly conversant with its language.
Instead of Butwarks, the island will be fortified by Irish bulls; our military engineers being of opinion that no other horn-works are so efficient or necessary.
To prevent heart-burnings between Landlord and Tenant, a Government collector of rents will be appointed, and tenant-right shall include a power to shoot over the land, and at any one on it.

A Marked Man.

THE POST CLOSN has been pelted with peas at Penrith for insulting the good people there during a lecture. We hope the offence and punishment will not be repeated, or else we shall be inclined to say that the only part of our CLOSN likely to become known to Posterity will be the Pea-jacket.



GALLANT, BUT WE FEAR SATIRICAL OFFICER.

Advanced Young Lady. "WILL YOU TAKE A CIGARETTE, CAPTAIN DE ROBINSONNE?"

Captain. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE NOT LEARNED TO SMOKE YET. BUT PRAY GO ON; SMOKE DOES NOT MAKE ME AT ALL ILL—I RATHER LIKE IT!"

PRINCE PUNCH AT THE PRINCESS'S.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PUNCH, attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, visited the Princess's Theatre on Wednesday evening last, to see the new play.

"The Princess may come with us?" inquired the latter Prince. "Or are the prison scenes too strong for her?"

"Oh, I have good nerve," replied the Rose of Denmark, "and the thing will be a novelty, for I have never been in prison yet. Besides," she added, archly, "this is Wednesday, you know, and I cannot on a Wednesday let you take away my *Punch*."

The Princess went with them, looking charmingly, of course, and wearing, as usual, a lovely wreath of smiles. On the rest of her costume comment were superfluous.

The fact that the Royal party, H.R.H. PRINCE PUNCH included, saw the whole play out, from the first scene to the last, may be taken as sufficient proof of its attractiveness. For three hours and three-quarters the bright eyes of the Princess were fixed upon the stage, excepting when, during the *entr'actes*, they beamed upon PRINCE PUNCH. This fact, which is a fact (and the *Court Circular* can't deny it), is a proof, if proof be needed, that the prison scenes showed nothing offensive to her eyes, and they are sweetly tender ones. Had there been anything repulsive or revolting on the stage, the delicate Princess would have been first to shrink and shudder at it. Either, then, the scenes have been softened and toned down since the hiss on the first night, or the gentlemen who hissed were unusually squeamish.

"But tell me," asked the Princess, "is the picture true? Are there prisons such as this?"

"Well, really," said PRINCE PUNCH, "extensive as my knowledge is, I cannot undertake to speak from personal experience. If it wasn't for the nuisance of losing one's moustache, I'd pick ALBERT EDWARD's pocket, and get sent to Cold Bath Fields. I certainly have noticed that—thanks to my prosperity!—I'm getting rather stout; and the tread-

mill really seems a healthy sort of exercise for persons whose rotundity needs to be reduced."

"Well, as a woman," said the Princess, "I'd rather go to Botany Bay than try the Silent System. But see—'*Advance Australia*'—Oh, what a pretty scene!"

Thus pleasantly conversing, the Royal party passed a most agreeable evening; and after a light supper of eleven dozen oysters, which the Princess would have opened for him, had the fishmonger not done so, PRINCE PUNCH tore himself away. Lighting a large cigar, to assist him in reflection, he then pondered on the problem how men, who called such scenes as he had seen to-night "offensive," could tolerate a MENKEN without similar remark. He furthermore reflected that the play which he had seen perhaps might do good service by showing that a prison is not a pleasant place, and that there may be gaols in England where the prisoners are not pets. Critics may object that the sympathy of the audience is awakened for the prisoners; and, further, may contend that few playgoers can find pleasure in seeing painful scenes. That there is sense in this, PRINCE PUNCH is willing to admit; but poison scenes have been presented quite as painful as these prison ones, and have not yet been hissed. Hiss away, by all means, gentlemen, when you find fit provocation; but let your sibilation be consistent, if you please, and do not strain at the prison while swallowing the poison, else, possibly, your hissing may be held of little worth, and it be said of a new play at which these tongues of yours may sibilate, that in reality the drama *laudatur ab "hiss."*

Federal Diet.

WHAT is the Diet of those small Germans who, having been used as cat's paws, and deceived, are now bullied and insulted by Prussia and Austria? Truly the present diet of Germany is Humble Pie.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND fired up the other day. We have since heard that His Grace was put out by a fireman.



SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES.

Excursionist (politely). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"

[Excursionist retires hastily.]

EXTRA-LATE UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov.

EXHIBITIONS have been awarded to several distinguished people. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is to hold his in two years' time.

The Linacre Professor of Anatomy is to lecture upon "The Fragments of the Greek Philosophers." On alternate days he will lecture on "Critical Operations, including the Art of Cutting up an Author."

The Professor of Political Economy backs himself to dine at the Clarendon (London) with any one.

The Rawlinsonian Professor intends to lie in bed as late as he likes during the cold weather.

The Teacher of the German Language proposes to have some fun this term. He won't give any Lectures.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Carus Prize has been adjudged to the most deserving candidate.

The Don't-Care-us Prize has been presented to an incorrigible Under-graduate on his Rustication.

COLLEGE OF ST. BEES.

The Term will commence on the usual day, when the Students will meet in the Hall, and inaugurate the Season by singing DR. WATTS'S "How doth the little," &c.

The following notice of Lectures for the ensuing Term has been issued:—

The Professor of Languages will lecture on "The English Alphabet: its Use and Abuse." Students who omitted their "H" course last term, are specially invited to attend. Haspirants for Honours will have a Hextra Lesson. The present series will not reach beyond words of two syllables.

The Queen B. Professor of Morality will lecture on "The Government of the English Tongue." Subject: the Nominative Case and Verb.

COLONEL STODARE will attend twice a week, to lecture on "The Rudiments of Natural Magic, better known as *Spelling*."

The Principal of St. Bees will hold Examinations on the first Monday of every Month. These will be held in his own house:—

"Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda."

VIRG. Georg., lib. iv.

(Translation.) "The Principal's place of residence must be sought by the Beesmen."

Singing.—The Learned Professor of Vocal Music at St. Bees will, in future, be the well-known English buffo, MR. HONEY.

THE SHEFFIELD TONIC FOR CHILDREN.

A NEW tonic has been discovered by a gentleman of Sheffield, named IRONSIDE. A curious coincidence is suggested by the fact that Iron itself is a very powerful tonic. The tonic, however, discovered by MR. IRONSIDE, is nothing of his own name, but may be described as free caloric in combination with carbonic and sulphurous acid gas, and other gases the result of combustion.

The Town Council of Sheffield met together the other day, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Report of the Children's Employment Commission relative to the overworking of children practised in the trades of that town. According to that Report, a boy, only nine years old, living at Wadsley, four or five miles from Sheffield, was obliged by his father to work as cellar-boy in one of the furnaces, on most days of the week from six in the morning to six or seven in the evening, and on Saturdays from three in the morning till three in the afternoon. This enforced labour at a high temperature would, if only occasional, appear to be equivalent to a somewhat long compulsory innings in the Turkish bath. Imposed nearly every day, it may be considered by some who do not consider too deeply, to constitute a combination of the Turkish bath with Turkish tyranny, and tyranny about as barbarous as ever was practised in Turkey. MR. IRONSIDE, however, defended its imposition. He regards it as having the beneficial operation of the Turkish bath alone—that of invigorating the system. The Report, with reference to the boy above mentioned, stated that on Friday nights, when it was too late for him to go home, he had to sleep on the floor of the furnace, "with an apron under him, and a bit of jacket over him." Of the dormitory which he thus occupied on the night of every Friday, MR. IRONSIDE declared that "the place would certainly be warm and comfortable;" rather, to be sure, one would think, less comfortable than warm, like another place which politeness forbids anybody but a clergyman to mention to such employers as those of whom MR. IRONSIDE is the apologist.

Warmth and comfort are of course conducive to health; but the

comfort and the warmth of the atmosphere of a furnace-house are represented by MR. IRONSIDE as having quite a peculiar effect in sustaining the youthful stamina. For these are words which that physiological philanthropist is further reported to have spoken on the above-mentioned occasion:—

"A girl in INGLETON'S tobacco manufactory, ten years old, could not answer a single question in arithmetic. He (MR. IRONSIDE) was not sorry for it, because his idea was that at that age children should be exercising their bodies and getting their bodies strengthened."

That is to say, they ought to be exercising their bodies by working in a furnace-room some twelve hours a day, and getting their bodies strengthened by inhaling the gaseous products given off from the coke or coal burning in the furnace. Hot air impregnated with these salubrious additions, inhaled during hard labour for half a day, is the tonic for children of tender age which has been discovered by MR. IRONSIDE. By the way is MR. IRONSIDE the representative of any of those Ironsides who fought under CROMWELL, and whom the great PROTECTOR described as "men who have a conscience of what they do?"

Very likely the Sheffield or Ironside Tonic will supersede Cod Liver Oil, and children threatened with consumption will be recommended simply, removal to Sheffield furnace-house, and others, for change of air.

For the discovery of his new Tonic for children, MR. IRONSIDE cannot of course take out a patent; but he ought not to go unrewarded. The Medical Council may think it right to present him with an honorary diploma, and perhaps, also, he will be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Hoax about Indian Hemp.

A RECENT impression of *Allen's Indian Mail* contradicts a report that high rank in the civil service of India is held by the two sons of MR. CALCRAFT, the Finisher of the Law. We are justified in further stating that no official in that service has even any such hangers-on.



IT WAS RATHER TOO BAD, YOU KNOW, THAT LARKINS SERVING POOR JONES LIKE THIS! AND HIS FIRST CIRCUIT, TOO!

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A RETROSPECT.

HOLIDAYS all over now, and everybody, who is anybody, back again to work. I don't want to be unkind, nor to rake up the past, unless for the benefit of the future; but let me ask, what is the general feeling about Last Summer? I own that I did *not* go out of Town at all. Am I jealous? am I envious? By no means; only, as I stayed at home (I think somebody might have asked me down to his place—but that's all one now), I should be glad to ascertain with what beneficial results to themselves, my friends travelled to, or sojourned in, divers places.

Meeting young COVER, who at first tried hard to avoid giving direct answers, he replied, vaguely, "Oh, I've been away for some time," or "I've only just come back;" and then immediately inquired of me where I'd been; wishing me to understand that *he'd* crossed the Alps, or climbed Mount Blanco or Ararat, or, in fact, had visited any Continental region instead of Brighton, where it turned out, after all, that he had been obliged to reside with his family. "The Governor," Young COVER explained, "wouldn't stump up, and so, you see, I had to stop with the whole lot of 'em at that hole, Brighton. 'Fernal bore! but 'bliged to humour the old boy."

"So," said I to him, "You didn't enjoy yourself, did you?" "Not a bit," was his reply; whereupon I wished him a very good morning, for I *had* enjoyed myself in town.

Old COVER, whom I subsequently encountered, began by observing, cheerily, "Very fresh at Brighton. Capital place to stop at: express trains up to Town for business hours: mouthful of air in the morning when you get up, 'nother mouthful of ditto when you get down in the evening." And thus he was running on glibly enough, when I asked him, point blank, if he'd enjoyed his summer's holiday. "Holiday!" he returned, "I haven't had a holiday for years. Can't get away, you know. What with governesses at home, the boys' schooling, and that fellow JOHN's expenses at College, 'pon my word, you know, one must keep on hard at it. I couldn't leave my business, so I said to my wife if we *must* go, why, better say Brighton; but I can't have *you* going one way, the family another—JOHN on what he calls a "reading party" (which I won't stand again, and can't afford, *besides* the money I pay for him at College), and the servants on board-wages. So we went down to Brighton. But I don't call *that* a holiday, you know."

"Then," said I, "You didn't enjoy your summer very much, eh?" "Well, no," he replied, as if he would rather not have made the confession, "I didn't enjoy it very much; no, I didn't—er—"

I left him considering the point I had raised. At dinner that day, I have no doubt he was ill-tempered, and went on grumbling at Mrs. COVER about "Brighton," "expenses," "better have stopped at home," "no one benefited by going," "JOHN extravagant at College," and so forth, until one of his daughters plays the piano, and he goes to sleep in an easy-chair.

In the Club I found BODLEY. And where had BODLEY been, eh? Why BODLEY had been to Boulogne. Yes, and why Boulogne? Because BODLEY always went to Boulogne. And how did BODLEY like Boulogne *this* summer? eh? "Spoilt, sir," says BODLEY, "Drunken excursionists supposed to be specimens of Englishmen infested Boulogne. It was so hot you couldn't move out until the evening, and *then* you didn't care about stirring." Why didn't you go somewhere else? BODLEY replied he knew everywhere else round about; and Paris, out of the season, was worse than London. For my part I suspect BODLEY of impecuniosity. "Besides," said BODLEY, as an afterthought, "I had several visits to pay in England: shooting, and so forth. Always plenty of that." With this he laughed, and nodded, and made as if he was going away, fearing (I know BODLEY) that I should question him concerning these invitations. Pretending that I was bound in the same direction as himself, I took his arm, and inquired pleasantly: "So you've been shooting, eh? Where?"

"Well, I always have a general invitation to EDLIN's place every year." (EDLIN's place is in the north, a shooting box; I know it) "and so it's very pleasant; I go when I like." He had no more been shooting than I had, and was now only beating about the bush. "How is EDLIN?" I asked. "Oh," replied BODLEY, "I haven't been down there this time. I've been—I mean—I've—Hi! cab!" It was worth a shilling to get away from me, "I'm sorry I must be off," continued that humbug BODLEY, "but the fact is, I've got a very important engagement, and er—er—" "Good bye, BODLEY," said I, in a melancholy tone, for I was grieved, and could not stop to hear him give a feigned address to the driver. I believe he pretended that he'd made a mistake, gave that cabman sixpence and got out when I'd turned the corner. He hadn't enjoyed himself at all events; and besides, was a disappointed man in regard to invitations.

I came across a fellow who'd been out in the *Saucy Nasties*, and had sent you his log. He hadn't enjoyed himself, and said so manfully. He thought he might perhaps next year, but that wasn't to my purpose.

Before MARSH, a friend of mine in the Temple, went away, he showed me, I recollect, his plans on paper. They, that is he and his bosom friend STYNTER, had mapped out a new route, wouldn't I like to join them, hey? Wasn't it fun? Capital. They gave me a farewell dinner, I remember it as if it was only yesterday, because we dined at a public place, and they had both of 'em forgotten to bring their purses. Unfortunately I hadn't, and I (as their guest, mind you) had to pay the score. Being in high spirits at the prospect of leaving England next morning, they laughed at this proceeding of mine amazingly. I didn't. It turned out too, for I *would* walk to their lodgings and see the last of them, that in reality they'd only got enough English money to take them beyond the coast, and besides this nothing but circular notes. So they slapped me on the back, jocularly proposed writing me an order on the Bank of the Serpentine, and finally begged to be reminded of their debt when they should return. Of course I said, "Oh, it doesn't matter, never mind," and laughed, but it *did* matter, and when MARSH told me the other day that he'd quarrelled with STYNTER at Interlachen, that STYNTER had spoiled everything, that STYNTER wouldn't stick to the programme, that STYNTER would insist upon rushing quickly from place to place, and wouldn't travel comfortably on account of expense, that STYNTER wouldn't drink wine, wouldn't share the bills, and so forth, I say, when I heard this account of their tear, I could not help smilingly supposing that he hadn't enjoyed himself? eh?"

"Enjoy myself!" cried MARSH, "I should think not. You can't get on with a fellow like STYNTER. 'Pon my word, I'd rather have stopped at home." And I *had* stopped at home! Ha! ha!

STYNTER gave me a dinner the other day. How he *did* abuse MARSH! I fancy MARSH was in the right, if either was, because STYNTER only gave me a pint of sherry at dinner, and only proposed wine *after* dinner on 'condition that I would "manage the bottle all by myself, as he didn't drink anything;" which offer I could not conscientiously accept.

STYER and SPOONLEY visited the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk. Both say they'll never go there again; and SPOONLEY adds, "Catch him going anywhere with STYER!" They tell me it was a very expensive trip, and they could have seen more abroad for half the money. Ha! ha! ha! I stopped at home! Hoory! I enjoyed myself! I did; and if I didn't as much as I ought to have done, my lot was better than that of these poor fellows. They'll pat me on the back, forsooth, another time, and tell me where they're going, will they? No, they won't. I can refer them to their past summer of Eighteen Sixty-five. However, I must not wander on any longer. But I come to this conclusion: Summer is a delusion; Touring is confusion: The rule of *Two* (travelling companions) it puzzles *you* (for the sake of rhyme; and *me*, too, in reason), and practice (*poetical* for arithmetic and money matters generally) drives me mad. Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home! Wherever I wander, I find a lot of places very like Home.

HIGH IDEAS OF HIGH ART.



BHOLD an example of the language of enthusiasm :—

"Then, as true Britons, let us be honest. Honour to whom honour is due. Let us acknowledge what we have taken from our competitors, whilst we strive to surpass them by every legitimate means, and let us invite them to join us in the contemplated meeting-house and club, which should be truly international in its character."

This impassioned exhortation is the conclusion of a letter written to the Editor of the *Post*, by whom do you suppose, reader, and about what? At least, you will probably conclude, by some eminent artist, painter, sculptor, architect, æsthetic potter, goldsmith, silversmith, worker in brass or iron, or, peradventure, composer of

music. The subject whereon this devotee writes so earnestly you will naturally imagine to be the art of which he is a professor. In painting, sculpture, masonry, ornamental crockery-work, or smithcraft in its highest branches, you will expect to find him some such fanatic, so to speak, as a *fanatico per la musica*; or perhaps actually a fanatic of the last-named species, nobly, gloriously, music-mad.

No, Sir. His glowing appeal terminates with the following mild subscription :—

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"Oxford Street, Oct. 28."

"AN ENGLISH HAIRDRESSER."

The art, whose professor writes in the serious and earnest language above copied, is that of clipping, trimming, arranging and frizzling the hair of the human, and especially the female head. The subject of his fervent epistle, dictated by "a sense of international courtesy and English fair-play," is a hairdressers' *soirée* which had taken place on the previous Thursday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. That assembly consisted of twelve hairdressers and as many young ladies, each hairdresser appearing with a young lady under his arm. The hairdressers having bowed, and the young ladies curtsied, the latter sat down, and the former proceeded to dress the hair each of each, trying which of them could do it best, to the admiration of the beholders. The "English Hairdresser" writes to deprecate "an evidently anti-French spirit pervading the account given of the formation of the British Hairdressers' Society" which appeared in the *Post*. He declares, with generous warmth of expression :—

"Most distinctly do I assert the French artists have been the fathers of the improved taste and skill of the British hairdresser of the present day. Twenty years ago twelve Englishmen could not have been found who could have acquitted themselves as did the heroes of Thursday evening."

"Peace to the souls of the heroes!"—in good time, some years hence let us hope; and in the meanwhile may they enjoy the unlimited patronage of the Court and aristocracy, and sell great quantities of oil, bear's grease, marrow, pomatum, Circassian oream, and vegetable extract. The like prosperity befall the "English Hairdresser" who is so solicitous for the due credit, honour, and glory of his French brother artists. And when, at last, Fate's scissors are about to snip the hair that binds him to this block of earth, may he feel himself in a position to utter, *mutatis mutandis*, the exclamation of the expiring painter, and cry, "We are all going to Heaven, and TRUTH is of the party." The respect which the brothers of the brush entertain for their art is paralleled by a corresponding sentiment on the part of the brothers of the hair-brush. Literary men are commonly apt to express a high idea of the dignity of their calling, even if that is only to afford amusement. Perhaps they have taught hairdressers to form a similar estimate of the importance of their profession.

THE ADVERTISER'S PARADISE.—Puffin Island.

ORDERS FOR MEDICAL OFFICERS!

MR. PUNCH,

HERE is pretty news for you by telegram from Paris, where cholera has lately, as you are aware, prevailed. It appears that the house surgeons and students at the cholera hospitals have been very assiduous in their attention to the patients in those institutions affected with that malady. Naturally they would be, as young men, desirous of learning their business. Well, Sir, on Monday last week, MARQUIS DE LAVALETTE, Minister of the Interior, accompanied by M. HAUSMANN, Prefect of the Seine, and M. BOITELLE, Prefect of Police, visited the Hôtel Dieu and the Hospital Beaujon. M. DE LAVALETTE announced that the EMPEROR, "sensibly touched by the indefatigable zeal" with which those industrious cultivators of their profession had devoted their energies in ministration to the cholera patients, "and desiring to recompense the entire body in the persons of two who had particularly distinguished themselves," had named those two, one of them surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu, and the other belonging to the other hospital above-mentioned, Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour. And so, Sir :—

"The Minister of the Interior presented the Cross of the Legion of Honour to M. LEGROS and M. LELION in the cholera wards."

We may be pretty sure that HER MAJESTY will not be advised to follow the example thus set by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; but only suppose she were! No doubt the house surgeons and medical students of the London hospitals would prove quite as diligent and as regardless of infection as the body represented by MM. LEGROS and LELION under similar circumstances. Now, *Mr. Punch*, just fancy the HOME SECRETARY, the LORD MAYOR, and SIR RICHARD MAYNE going, by command of the QUEEN, to Guy's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals, and there presenting the Victoria Cross to MR. ROBERT SAWYER and MR. BENJAMIN ALLEN! To be sure I have no fear that surgical hardihood will ever receive in this country the recognition which, constituted by the Cross of the Order of Valour, is at present limited to the reward of physical courage. I mean by that, the courage which is shown in picking up live shells, and behaving, under the fire of an Armstrong battery, with the unconcern attributed by the showman to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "a valkin' about among the red hot cannon balls." If the infection of cholera should come here from Paris, I trust that of NAPOLEON's example in rewarding surgeons for its treatment won't. How disgusting it would be to have a doctor, who only combats contagion and that sort of thing, although habitually, put on a par with a fellow who has now and then to risk his life in action, as

The Tattlers and Starvation, Nov., 1865.

A COMBATANT.

THE MACINTOSH.

(BY A SCOTCHMAN CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.)

TUNE—Familiar Bagpipes.

Hech ho, the Macintosh!

Hech ho, the Macintosh!

My thumbs o' wet I dinna fash,

I hae a faithfu' Macintosh.

Hech my cloakie anti-soakie water-prooffe Macintosh,

Ho my ain auld trustie, rustie, muckle dustie Macintosh!

Hech ho, &c.

Rain a' my aides may wash,

Whilst gaugin through the sloak,

I'm shod wi' caoutchouc galoches,

An' wrappit in my Macintosh.

Gif ye're shabbie mony a cabbie hae ye saved, my Macintosh,

Nae umbrellie need the Swellie buy that sports a Macintosh.

Hech ho, &c., *ad infinitum*.

EXTREME CARELESSNESS OF A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR BERNAL OSBORNE,

DON'T let this occur again, please.

You excogitated a good joke about the heat of Fenianism being '98 in the shade.

Instead of sending it to me direct, you let it off, verbally, and for the last six weeks I have had about ten letters a day from various Irishmen who claim it as their own, and ask for "a trifle" in the way of remuneration.

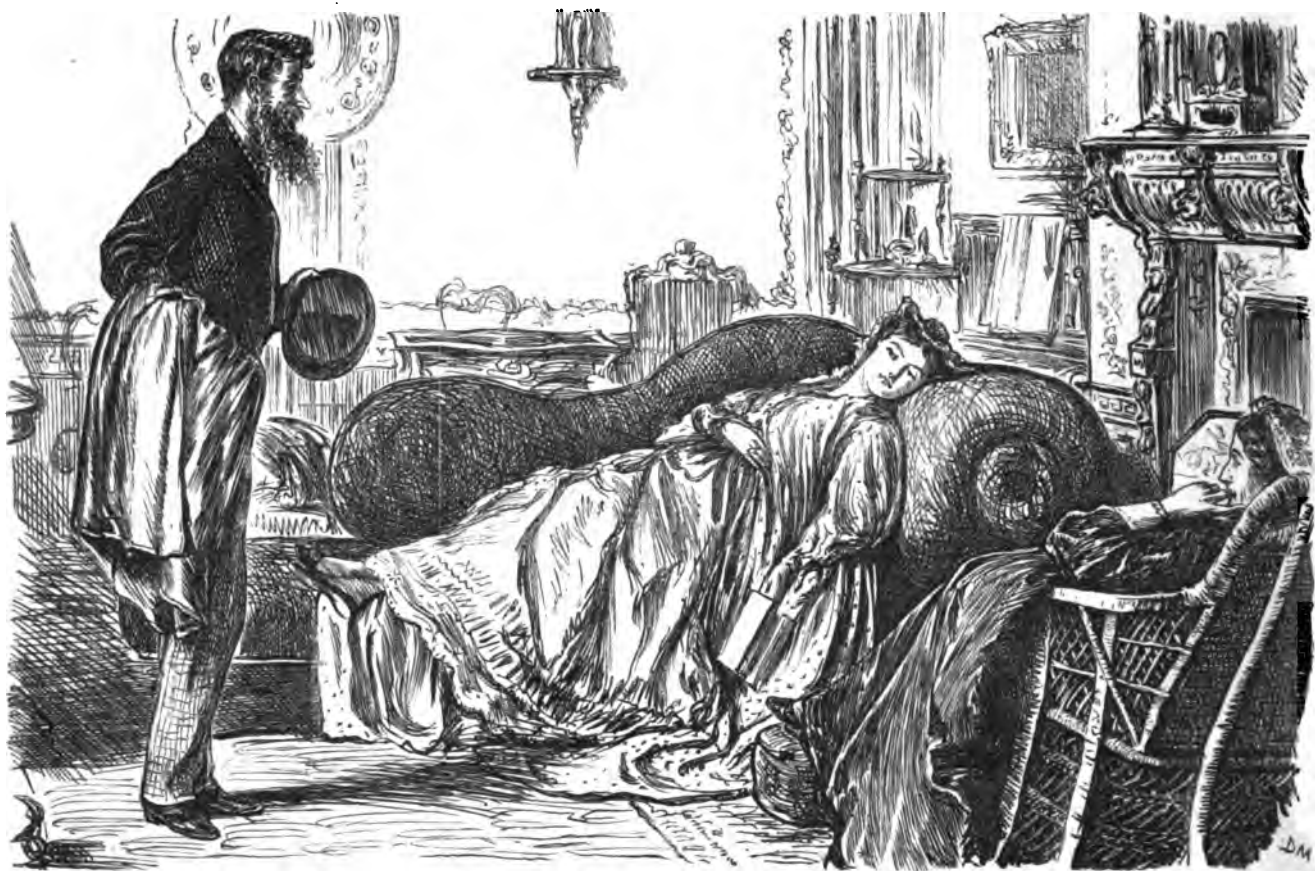
Just attend to this, or else—

Ever yours,

R. B. Osborne, Esq.

PUNCH.

EXERCISE FOR CITY CLEAN.—A Run on a Bank.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Adventurous Husband. "I'M OFF TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE; AND, BY THE BYE, I SHALL VERY LIKELY GO UP IN MR. GLAINSWELL'S BALLOON. BUT PRAY DON'T BE IN THE LEAST ALARMED! THERE'S NO REAL DANGER!"

Affectionate Wife. "HOW NICE! SHALL YOU BE HOME TO DINNER, LOVE?"

Disinterested Mother-in-Law. "CHARMING! BUT TELL ME, RICHARD, WILL IT NOT INVALIDATE YOUR LIFE ASSURANCE?"

LORD MARMION-RUSSELL.

Who said the RUSSELL's head was old,
Who said the RUSSELL's heart was cold,
Or that the RUSSELL utterance bold
Speaks nought but Rest and Thanks?
As pluckily he rears his crest,
As sturdily he strikes his best,
As when, in youth, at GREY's behest,
He charged the Tory ranks:
When those now feeble ranks were strong,
When RODEN roared like any gong,
When PERL made speeches, much too long,
And CROKER dealt his jeers,
When WETHERELL's braces broke their trust,
When fiery SIBTHORP swore and cursed,
And INGLIS proved Reform Bills must
Destroy the House of Peers.

You'll see him in the Premier's place
Look up with that determined face,
Lecture the nobles, stiff-necked race,
As they were lads at school:
Declare, with confidence immense,
That he and his alone have sense,
And that the will of Providence
Is that the Whigs should rule.
And let one ill-meant taunt be flung,
No matter whose the hostile tongue,
Whether from STANLEY's cynic lips
The polished sarcasm deftly slips;
Whether the VAUX one moment spares
From puffing CASSELL's penny wares;

And turns to deal the angry fount
On one who helped to keep him out;
Whether LORD ELEPHAS shall cast
Forth from his trunk an awful blast;
Or, needlessly, LORD MAMBY tell
That he can neither speak nor spell;
No matter whose the trumpet-call,
The RUSSELL's ready for them all.

Like MARMION in Tantallon's towers,
When DOUGLAS scowled in sulk,
He'll dare the biggest foe that lours,
Regardless of his bulk.
Nay, never let an angry lord
Stand banging at the table board,
He'll find that he's defied.
And if he says JOHN is not peer
To any statesman, far or near,
He'll catch LORD JOHN's succinot, "hear, hear!"
Which means—that he has lied.

What says Sir Charles Wood?

THE Newspaper understood to represent MR. BRIGHT signifies that it would be a becoming thing to appoint him Secretary for India. Certainly Birmingham supplied the Indians with guns, and now supplies them with gods—good commercial reasons, both, for handing India to the member for Birmingham. And we know none better.

DIGNIFIED WORK FOR ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.—MR. GLADSTONE has been making a speech at Edinburgh, in honour of the Bust of PRINCE ALFRED!



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Punch's Table-Talk.

63.
THERE are 2,763 diamonds in the Queen's Crown, besides myself.

64.
Explain to me these lines of COWPER's:

"'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The Legislature called it May."

Rectification of the Calendar by getting rid of the days between the 3rd and 14th of a September. Well answered—reward yourself with that elixir. *Pseudo marmos Gomo*, as PENSIVUS says.

65.
Most marmalade is very bad.

66.
She made a neat reply, to whom one observed, "the King can command my duty but not my honour," *Où il n'y a rien, le Roi perd ses droits*.

67.
I was talking to LORD DREBY about his admirable *Homer*, and we happened to mention the passage where Diomed and Glaucus change armour, and the latter is thought to have the worst of it, giving gold for brass. "I am not sure that we should think so now, *Mr. Punct*," said the Earl. "Right you are, my Lord," said I, and we cited several instances in which brass has done more than gold could do, but it would be manifestly improper for me to mention names. My own modesty has been my worst enemy.

68.
Well, I do not know that the slang of French rascaldom is richer than that of our own scoundrela. But the Parisians have some odd words. An impostor who pretends to have epileptic fits is called *un battour de dig-dig*.

69.
A dramatist has one great advantage. He can pillory his enemies in play-bills and on the stage. A creditor may be insolent and his attorney may be extortionate, but the play-writer can make things pleasant for both by giving their names to the rascals in his play. If it runs, all London talks for a year of that brute *Sandwygar*, or that thief *Mr. Cheatincost*. Their families, shopmen, customers, clerks, and cousins, all take care that they hear of it often enough. Ware libel, of course.

70.
It is difficult to have a straightforward answer from a Highland witness. One of the Scottish judges, weary of the evasions and circumlocutions of such a witness, said to the interpreter, "MR. MACWHEEDLE, do desire the man to say Yes or No, if the Gaelic language admits of that subtle distinction."

71.
I'll tell you another Scotch story, because it will be useful to any of you young fellows who may be tempted to put his name to a bill "to serve a friend." Don't. But the story is better than advice, and may stick in your minds. A Laird, of prudent character, was earnestly besought by a neighbour to do this for him. He refused, civilly. The neighbour pressed it, saying that it was a small thing to do, and would be of much service to him. Again the Laird declined. The neighbour became urgent. Then said the Laird, "JOHNWIE, my man, look here. If I put my name to this bill, you will not pay it; I shall be made to do so, and then we shall quarrel. If you please, we'll quarrel now, while the money is in my pocket."

72.
There is an old book called *The Toilet of Flora*. Hand it me down, it is on the fourth shelf there, third volume from the window. Thanks. It says in the preface, "The chief Intention of this Performance is to point out to the Fair Sex (that means women) the Methods by which they can preserve and add to their Charms." There are many curious hints in it, but just hear what the author prescribes as "A Secret to Take Away Wrinkles." No, you are not going to be sold with a sentimental old moral about cultivating benevolent sentiments, and then your wrinkles will not be noticed—the ladies of that day would have pitched away the book and called the writer a Confirmed Prig. Listen to the words of power:—

73.
"Heat an Iron Shovel red hot. Throw thereon some Powder of Myrrh, receive the Smoke on your Face, covering your head with a Napkin to collect the Smoke. Do this three times. Then heat the Shovel again, and when Fiery Hot, spit on it a Mouthful of White Wine. Receive this Vapour also in your face three times. Continue this Proceeding every Night and Morning as long as you find Occasion." Now, go home and try that, some of you who don't look quite as young as when I first knew you.

74.
MACHIAVEL used to dress himself in his very finest clothes, and then shut himself up with his books. A proper respect for authors, but

indiscriminate. I put on my full dress only when I am going to read my own back volumes. Elegant frock and mousing trousers for most other authors, and RABELAIS and CANTYLE in a shooting jacket. The first nine books of MILTON should be perused in the costume of the Bath.

75.
CHAUCER, when Clerk of the Works at Windsor, directing the repairs, would make a good subject for a painter. So would AMIESTO, escorted back to his castle by the brigands of the Apennines. Mention these subjects to your artist-friends.

76.
Very well done, gentlemen of the railway station where Hangerford Market stood. That cross is a credit to London, and a worthy memorial of the good Queen of whom THOMAS HOOD says,

"Wherever she put down her Ors,
The king put down a Cross."

77.
LORD MELBOURNE served out the bishops at the time of the HAMPTON controversy. He suspected that many of them abused the doctor's Lectures without having read them. So he pretended to be ill for a couple of days and mastered the book—he was fond of reading theology. Then he had a dinner party, asked ever so many bishops, and artfully questioned them, as for information. I am told that the blundering and floundering of the orthodox hierarchy was a treat to the light-minded. I have a notion that if the same thing were done about COLWICKO—but pass the wine.

78.
I wish the *Times* would prefix the names to the B., M., and D. lists. When only Personages advertised, one could read the announcements, and even when Persons set forth their domesticities, the labour was not so heavy. But now that PORTKING, of the Blue Dragon, proclaims to the world that he has wedded his barmaid, MR. GUY BENJAMIN, the Jew dentist, prints that he has allied himself to the child of MR. JEHO-SHAPHAT FANGE, and we are informed of the demise of every Life Subscriber to the Wiltshire Asylum, people whose time is precious crave the aid of the article mentioned by OVID—*qui nunc quoque dicitur Index*.

79.
I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves.

80.
The devotees of the Hindoo god, Dwarka, will on no account lie. I have never met any of them.

81.
I will never be photographed again except under chloroform.

82.
Great nonsense is talked about novel-reading. Thousands of persons cannot do better than read good novels. Such study is the only educational process possible with the minds of a certain class. They are actually and hopelessly incapable of mental work. And it is a good thing to give them an ideal of something above the standard of vulgar existence. The bad thing is that low folks love low books, and therefore do not get elevated at all. The slight compensation, again, is, that by reading such folks get some insight into spelling. But the author of a good novel is a man whom the State should honour. I shall write several.

83.
I remember being in the House in March, 1818, when, on the Army Estimates, there was complaint that officers who drew half-pay were restrained from taking civil occupation. LORD PALMERSTON said, "The fact is, Sir, that half-pay is a kind of Retaining Fee for the Army. If officers were allowed to enter the civil service they might become averse to the military."

84.
Later, he defended the augmentation of our military force on the ground of "the increase of our population and the consequent increase of turbulence." *Hear, hear*, exclaimed BROUGHAM and others.

85.
A fellow has ventured in America that it was a Fenian who destroyed the Atlantic Cable. *Prima facie*, of course, the story is a lie, but if true, it is amusing, as illustrating a renegade Irishman's instinctive aversion to a rope.

86.
It is easy to say "Know yourself," but who is to introduce you. Most people go through life without making the advantageous acquaintance in question.

87.
And if a friend should take the liberty of introducing you to yourself, you hate him for ever.

88.
Revenge is sweet. But it ought not to go the length of inviting an enemy to a family party.



HARDLY FAIR.

Thoughtless Youth. "STAMP FOR MARKING LINEN, SIR!"

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Adapted for the French.

WELL posted up as usual in Parisian intelligence, our fashionable friend the *Courier Circular* informs us that—

"The French papers state that 'la perruque du lor Maire' has been conferred on 'L'ALDERMANS PHILLIPS.'"

Some account of the ceremony of conferring "la perruque" may possibly be interesting to some of our French readers, and we furnish with great pleasure the following particulars.

On the morning of the thirty-second of October, that being the day annually appointed for the ceremony, L'ALDERMANS PHILLIPS was aroused a full hour before sunrise, i. e., a little after ten o'clock, A.M.; for at autumn-time in England the sun rarely ever rises much before the hour of noon. Being, like most Aldermans, a rather heavy sleeper, a ninety-pounder cannon was found needful to awake him; but this, being planted underneath his bedroom window, restored him to full consciousness by its very first discharge. With the assistance of his butler (who in England performs the duties of the French valet de chambre) the Aldermans then proceeded to put on his Court suit, consisting of a sky-blue coat, white vest, and scarlet pants; this being, we need scarcely say, the famous combination of "the red, white, and blue," whereof Great Britain proudly boasts.

Having partaken of a frugal breakfast, served à l'Anglaise in the kitchen, and comprising venison, whitebait, turtle soup, and Bristol beer, the gallant Aldermans was conducted to the courtyard of the Mansionshous. There he mounted his state charger, a noble-looking animal of the true-born drayhorse breed, and attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, who acted as his equerry, he trotted off to Highgate in order to be sworn. The oath, which was administered by the ARCHBISHOP OF OXFORD, runs to the effect that, while he is in office, the LOR MAIRE will abstain from all intoxicating liquors, excepting tea and coffee, Adam's ale, and ginger beer. This solemn adjuration having duly been pronounced, the Aldermans returned at a hand-gallop to the Mansionshous; where, having assumed his coronation robe, he partook of a slight lunch of eleven dozen oysters, to enable him to undergo the terrible ordeal to which he next would be exposed.

This consisted in a visit to the Westminster Police Office, and a severe examination in the first rules of arithmetic by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

and the Court of Common Fleas. Among the problems there propounded, the learned Aldermans was called upon to calculate the product of 3 added to 2; and he likewise had to estimate the number of red herrings he would purchase for eleven pence, supposing for three halfpence he could buy one and a half. A problem so abstruse might possibly have puzzled the Senior Angler of Cambridge; but the Aldermans with ready wit replied that he was not a Fishmonger, and had never heard of shops where they sold herrings by halves, and so there was no basis upon which the calculation could be fairly entertained. In accordance with an ancient and most venerable custom, the Aldermans was then conducted to the torture chamber, where he was required to cut eleven toe-nails, as a proof of his belonging to the Company of Scissarmakers, of which he was Church Warden in the year when he left school.

This mystical formality having duly been performed, the worthy Aldermans proceeded to Saint Giles's Palace, and there received his wig and sceptre, together with his splendid title of Lor Maire, or "Monarch of the Metrolopolis," a grander name by far than is our "Sovereign of the Realm." Precisely at the moment (when his Lordship's coronation wig was clapped upon his head, a salute of sixty guns was fired from Temple Bar, and the bells of Piccadilly rang forth a merry peal. A procession was then formed to conduct his Royal Highness to the banquet in Guilt Hall, where he daily sits as chief judge of the Central Criminal Court. All citizens on pain of death are required to stay within doors, and to keep their shutters closed, while the *cortège* is in view, and anybody peeping out, like Peeping Tom of Lincoln, is instantly beheaded by the State executioner, who attends on those occasions with his tomahawk in hand. It is, therefore, with some trouble and considerable risk that we, from personal observation, are privileged to state that the following was this year the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A strong Brigade of Street-sweepers, with brooms to clear the way.

A Force of Two Policemen, marching arm-in-arm.

Four-and-twenty small boys, turning head over heels.

A Mourning Coach, containing the lamented late LOR MAIRE.

A Force of Two Policemen, each attended by his Staff.

A Choir of Nigger Minstrels, warbling "See de Hero come."

The Prime Church Warden of the Worshipful Company of Beadle-Makers.

A Force of Two Policemen, marching both abreast.

A Jolly Old Waterman, wearing a huge head plume, that being his way of feathering his skull.

The Church Warden of the Worshipful Company of Scissarmakers, to which His Royal Highness the LOR MAIRE once belonged.

A Liveryman of the Company, dressed in his livery suit.

A Force of Two Policemen, each munching a polony.

Seven Beadles dressed in black, and mounted on white donkeys.

The LOR MAIRE's Private Band, consisting of a hurdygurdy, a bagpipe, and a Jew sharp.

Six Footmen in a four-wheeler, and one hanging on behind.

A Force of One Policeman, marching by himself.

Eleven Maids of Honour from St. Giles's Palace, attired in white, and strewing cauliflowers in the path.

His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LOR MAIRE, seated in his Coronation Coach, constructed of gilt gingerbread, and drawn by kangaroos.

His Lordship's Private Trumpeter, blowing his own trumpet.

A Force of One Policeman to keep away the crowd.

At the banquet in Guilt Hall, MR. HARKER, the State toast-master, as usual took the chair, and after carving the roast-bird, proposed the usual number of twenty rounds of toast, which, in accordance with an ancient civic custom, were washed down with toast and water, fresh drawn from the Thames. The loving cup of coffee having then been handed round, the LOR MAIRE gave the health of MR. SKEWER'S GOG and MAGOG, the founders of the feast. This was drunk by the assembled guests with "four times four" of cheering in the good old English style; and, it being then past midnight, the LOR MAIRE's grand State ball was opened by SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, who, in the usual civic fashion, danced upon the table, surrounded by the Aldermans until the daylight did appear.

O Lard! O Lard!

THE British Tradesman is always equal to the situation. The Cattle-Panic came. Up started the butcher, and up started the prices. At the present moment Paterfamilias is paying Carnifex at least five-and-twenty per cent. too much. But we get something thrown in. We are frightfully humbugged, into the bargain.

AUTUMN FLOWERS FROM "LE FOLLET."



"Lacey and knickerbocker are worn as early morning dress, and these heavy materials are made with a vest and waistcoat, or chemise russe of embroidered cashmere."

There might be some doubt about the meaning of knickerbocker if it were not precluded by the statement that the knickerbocker things are worn with a vest and waistcoat. But why

RA LA LA, I sing with delight, dear *Punch*, when, one month closing and another coming in, the Fashions for the incoming month are published by *Le Follet*, and quoted in my newspaper! I always read them out aloud to my wife and daughters, and tell them to imagine themselves attired in the various fine dresses which they hear detailed, because that will do just as well as actually wearing them, without costing any money, for the imagination of appearances is as good as the appearances themselves; not so the imagination of solid realities, as mutton, and fluid realities, as claret; since the taste of things cannot be perfectly imagined like the looks, as I say in refutation of the woman's argument, that if it is enough to imagine the latter, it is equally so to imagine the former.

In the "Fashions for November," as announced by *Le Follet*, I find a startling intimation of the revival of Bloomerism:—

should they be heavy for early morning wear, unless in the saddle? They are worn by the young and light-hearted. The adage says, with an unessential variation, "A light heart and a thin pair of knickerbockers."

"Simplicity," according to the copy-book, "is charming." *Le Follet's* description of the "chapeau Empire," which "has triumphed over the chapeau fanchon," is an undeniable illustration of that aphorism:—

"The principal trimmings are feathers and lace, but gold is still worn; that a very pretty and simple bonnet was made of tulle bouillonne, trimmed with a scarf of the same, spotted with gold, fastened at the side in two small bows, in the centre of which was placed a small bird, the long ends of the scarf left floating. The inside of this bonnet was trimmed with black velvet and gold."

Truly, a very pretty and simple bonnet. I fancy I see my eldest daughter in it; *simples mendicities*, as I tell her; and she makes a face. Her sisters and their mother, too, I picture to myself all wearing bonnets equally simple; and then, Sir, then, I say to myself, what a simpleton would your humble servant be; old

PATERFAMILIAS.

P.S. Now that the price of meat is so high, how fortunate it is that dress costs little. An advertisement now before me offers the fair sex—

"Rich Velvet and Cloth Mantles. Sable and Fur-trimmed Cloaks of all kinds, from 84s. to 100 guineas."

Cheap!

HOSPITAL NOTION.

ANY accidents that may happen on the fifth of November are attended to at Guy's.

TO PEOPLE DOWN IN THE WORLD.—Try the new Hotels: they will give you a Lift.

FENIAN FIGURES AND FENIAN FACTS.

"You will see by the papers that a meeting of a different stamp is still going on at Philadelphia. The Fenians (of whom you will probably have heard enough before this) are trying to put a good face on their recent discouragements, but it becomes more evident every day that the snake is scotched, though not yet killed. The Head Centre, whom they called 'COLONEL' MAHONY, has advised the Brotherhood not to brag so loudly for the future, but to keep secret as to all they intend to do. He promises to issue the 'Bonds of the Irish Republic,' which undoubtedly have been engraved and printed in this city, although I have not been able to get one, before the present Convention disperses. Among the officers of the United States' army who openly take a part in these proceedings are GENERAL SWEENEY and COLONELS MURPHY, MULCHY, MULLER, and CURLEY."—*Times Correspondent from Philadelphia.*

I. FENIAN FIGURES.

(*Shabreen-orator loquiter.*)

OCH, hubbaboo, and philaloo! Here's Fenians galore!
'Tis at laste two hundred thousand of the boys that's to the fore!
Wid muskets by the million, and dollars on the nail,
They'll make the British Lion, dirty crather, hang his tail,
Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

There's first the mighty MAHONY—by Japers and the Powers!
It's he's a striking off the bonds, that's soon to strike off ours.
Then there's SWEENEY, and there's MURPHY, there's MULCHY,
MULLER, CURLEY,—

Sure the gin'ral's that bates thim boys'll have to get up early,
Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

Who is't dares say that Fenian bark is worse than Fenian bite;
That it's mighty aisy talking, when there's no call to fight;
That while there's dollars to be dthrawn, and flats to stand the screw,
There'll be centures of attraction for their dollars to flow to?
Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

There's our Fenian Senate sits in Philadelphia, all serene,
Till the time it houlds its Session on Dublin College Green;
Wid Directhory, and Ministers, and officers a lot,
And ache man takes his salary—and, sure, why would he not?
Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

That's the chat to make thim blackguards of Saxons quail and quake,
Whin they hear, across the wather, how big and bould they spake:
That's the chat to set the blood asthir in each Milesian heart,
Whin they hear what throops is comin', and what ships is goin' to start,
Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

And av we don't know all we'd like ov what they're goin' to do,
It's because they find it wiser to keep their months shut to:
And av they don't thransmit the cash that's raised to sthrike the blow,
'Tis because the movement 'cross the sea needs cash to make it go,
Till the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

II. FENIAN FACTS.

(*Kilmainham-prisoner loquiter.*)

Sure, it's well the flag they gave us, and the uniform was green,
For that's the colour, I'll go bail, in which we shuld be seen:
I've knocked my head agin' the wall, and now I'm comin' to,
It's meself 'll own my head 's a dale the softer of the two;
Now the sun of Irish glory sets in Kilmainham gaol.

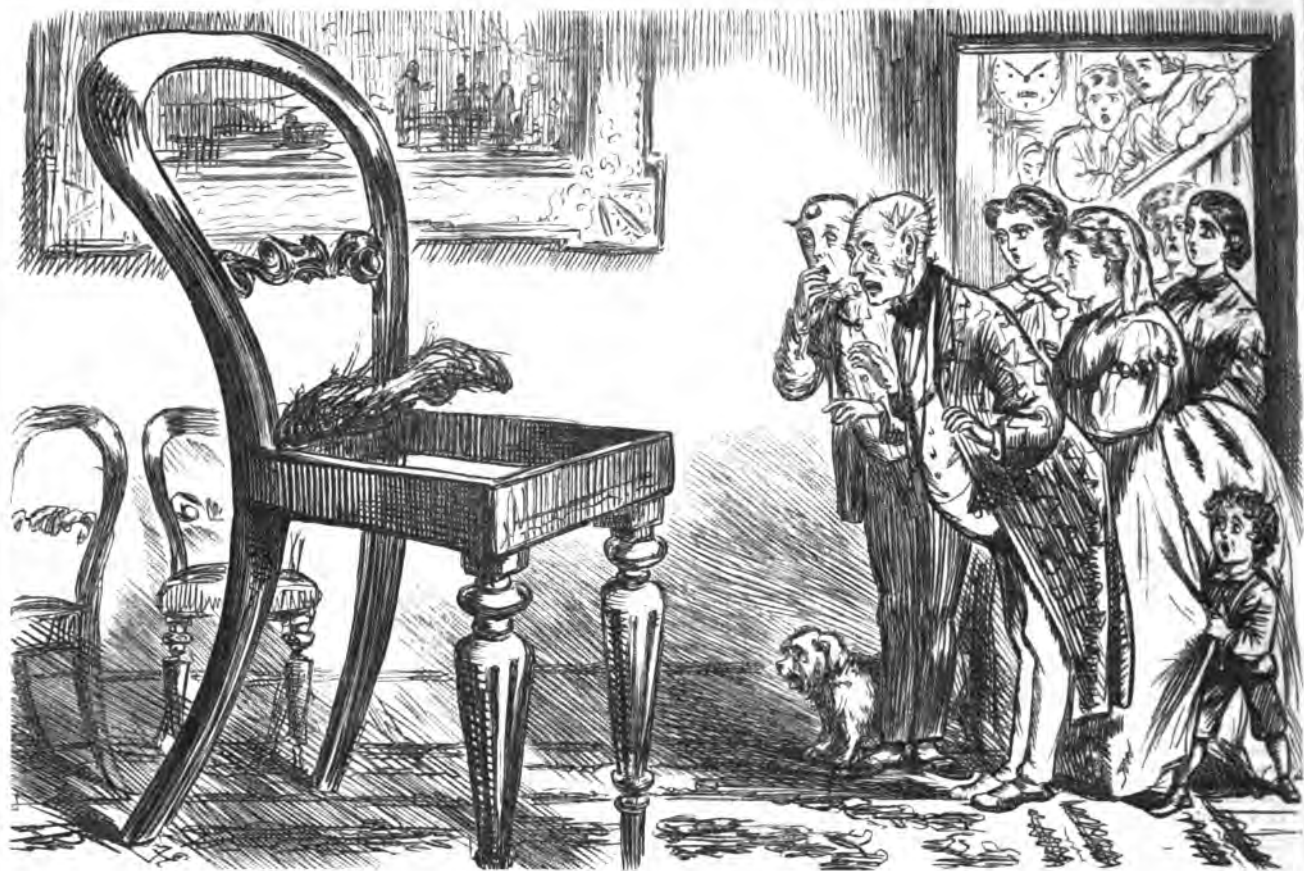
The badge upon our flag it was a harp widout a crown,
And I see the manin' av it, now that the flag's tak down:
'Tis meself's the Irish harp that's been played upon too well:
And if I'd a head upon me, sure I'd have smelt the sell,
Ere the sun of Irish glory set in Kilmainham gaol.

They bid us think ov ninety-eight; they talked of pike and blade:
They ordthered us to dthrill like men, they axed us "who's afraid?"
They tould us there was cash galore, that the throops 'ud never stand,
And whin the fight was over, it's we should share the land,
But the sun of Irish glory's set in Kilmainham gaol.

They tould us how the dollars from the States would tumble in,
Sorra the rap I've fingered ov Thrans-Atlantic tin:
They tould us of great Gin'ral's that was comin' o'er the main,
But av any's come, I'll take the book that they're safe back again,
Ere the sun of Irish glory set in Kilmainham gaol.

They talked about Republics, but by all I've heard and seen,
I doubt if MISTHER MAHONY's much better than the QUEEN:
And for as A's and B's and C's, when I saw them in the Court,
If forlorn hopes must have captains, I doubt if that's the soort—
So the sun of Irish glory sets in Kilmainham gaol.

Av we've to help ourselves to cash and houses lands and all,
I dunno, somehow, if the wake might sot go to the wall:
And av it's to be Ireland for the Irish, Pats is Pats,
And they might be settlin' diff'rences like the Kilkenny cats—
So p'raps it's well the Fenian sun's set in Kilmainham gaol.



REMARKABLE EFFECT—

THE MAID HAVING BY MISTAKE POLISHED ONE OF THE DINING-ROOM CHAIRS WITH COD-LIVER OIL!

LETTER TO A NOBLEMAN'S BROTHER.

MY DEAR MR. BATHURST, 85, Fleet Street.

You are, as you may be aware, the brother of LORD BATHURST, and your great grandfather was ALLEN LORD BATHURST, to whom one ALEXANDER POPE addressed an Essay, of which I make no doubt you, as an Oxford scholar, are more proud than of any of your ancestral honours. It is something to have the MAN OF ROSS and SIR BALAAM introduced into one's family history.

I may assume, then, that you consider yourself largely indebted to poetry.

Now, my dear MR. WILLIAM, when you go to the Elysian Fields, and meet your ancestor ALLEN walking about the Asphodel meads with ALEXANDER POPE, a difficulty will, I think, arise.

A certain bard named THOMAS GRAY wrote about a certain other bard, a Welshman, and these lines are part of what MR. GRAY indited:—

"Fond, impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

You will say, with all warmed nations, that the English language has never been more magnificently handled. Very right, my dear MR. BATHURST. Then how will you excuse yourself to your great-grandfather and his friend MR. POPE for treating a poet ill? I find from the *Bristol Daily Times* that you quoted the lines in the following fashion, at a Conservative dinner at Cirencester:—

"He (LORD DERRY) reminded him (MR. BATHURST) of the words of the poet—

Think not that yon passing cloud
Hath quenched the orb of day:
To-morrow it repairs its golden flood,
And warms the nation with redoubled rays."

Hoping that it will be a long time before you are placed in the dilemma in question, but still recommending the subject to your attention, believe me, my dear MR. BATHURST,

Yours truly,
PUNCH.

The Hon. Mr. Bathurst.

FOOLS ALL.

"Jaques. Duc-da-me! Duc-da-me!"

"Orlando. What is your duc-da-me?"

"Jaques. An invocation to call fools into a circle."

SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like It*.

THE Irish papers give us a "Luby" among the Fenian master-spirits now under arrest. Is this the French "Lubie," which we find defined in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, "*Caprice extravagant, fanfaronnade, folie*?"

Or is it not, rather, a printer's mistake for "Looby," the whole of which very large Irish clan with their closely-kindred sept, the Bookies, are beyond question enrolled in the brotherhood. Holding the truth of SCHILLER'S famous line:—

"*Wagen der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.*"

we cannot conceive a more formidable element of the conspiracy.

* "Against folly the gods themselves fight in vain."

THE WORST OF DIPLOMACY.

A TELEGRAM from Paris, dated 2nd November, says:—

"COUNT BISMARCK arrived here yesterday, and was received by M. DROUIN DE LEUYS."

Diplomacy is analogous to misery. As misery makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows, so diplomacy obliges them to receive strange guests. Had COUNT BISMARCK done much less than he has to acquire a certain character; had he distinguished himself in relation to private property as he has in regard to Denmark and the Duchies, he never would have been suffered to enter the house of M. DROUIN DE LEUYS at all with that gentleman's knowledge, and had M. DROUIN DE LEUYS discovered that he had entered it surreptitiously, M. DROUIN DE LEUYS would assuredly have had him turned out of it with all possible expedition; that is to say, he would have caused the Count to be conducted to the door as soon as he had counted his spoons.

A MYSTERY.



R. PUNCH.—What does it mean? Not the high price of oysters since their opening day, but this notice in respectable shops in well-conducted streets?—

"Pinking, crimping, and goffering."

I know that in days gone by, when men fought duels with rapiers, and short swords, and Toledo blades, and other glittering weapons, if one ruffian stabbed another ruffian in the ribs, he was said to have pinked him, and pinking is still practised on the stage when two of the characters engage in deadly combat; but I cannot suppose that such bloody scenes are enacted in shops with plate glass windows in busy thoroughfares, with policemen, most respectable men in their station, passing every quarter of an hour. I, therefore, fall back on another supposition, that "pinking" done here is a cautiously worded notice to ladies who desire to have artificial stimulants applied to their jaded complexions in back-parlours, and the strictest secrecy. If

I am right in this notion, it may give us the clue to the meaning of "crimping," a word which, according to JOHNSON (see LATHAM'S edition), denotes an abnormal condition of the capillary tegument of the female cranium, produced, say, by one of those "twelve British artists" who lately performed in "a grand soirée of hairdressing at the Hanover Square Rooms." But the shops where I see this puzzling announcement are not hairdressers' (I believe I ought to say coiffeurs or perruquiers) shops, nor are they fishmongers' shops, or I might lament cruelty to ood; and it is ridiculous to imagine that in these times when we supply the British sailor with *Punch*, and wash and comb him every Saturday night, and maintain a Naval Reserve (at the Admiralty, I am told, they maintain a good deal of it when you want information), any "crimping" of sailors—a sort of *coup de tar*—can be carried on unknown to "My Lords" and the parish authorities. The bewilderment, therefore, into which I am thrown by "pinking" is only increased by my difficulties with "crimping;" and the last dread item, "goffering," completes my confusion. I cannot even hazard a guess at the business or mercantile operation indicated by this weird-like word. Perhaps the haunted-chamber sort of feeling I experience when I read it inscribed in gilt letters on a maroon ground is due to the circumstance that when I was a little boy at a place called Oldwark (a long time ago, *Mr. Punch*), on six Sunday evenings in the fall of the year the church bells rang for "Gopher," who, we were invariably told during the hour, when it was too light to have candles and too dark to do anything but read by the fire, which we were never allowed to do because of our eyes, was a benighted wanderer that once lost his way on a foggy night near the town, and being guided to Oldwark by the sound of its bells, left lands and fields to the parish-ringers for ever. So "goffering" (I suspect a corruption in spelling) may be something as harmless as croquet or cowslip-wine, but the association of ideas (by no means a limited company) constrains me to imagine everything that is vague and mysterious in a term compared with which "King's Treasures" and "Queen's Gardens" (*Baywater*?) are words of clear and transparent meaning.

If you will print this note of interrogation, perhaps somebody like MR. TIMBS, who knows everything, may be able to explain the processes of "crimping, pinking, and goffering," and so bring back peace of mind to

Yours perplexedly,

A SUBSCRIBER (LIKE CHANG) OF LONG STANDING.

Kelly's Directory.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, who wishes to turn artied clerks into angels, advises them "to remain up an additional two hours of the night, and to throw themselves into the society of French persons." In the next column we read of three or four young fellows being punished for insisting on remaining in the Haymarket at 11 P.M. SIR FITZROY'S advice does not seem altogether a safe guide.

A SEVERABLE FELLOW.—Our Butler went to the Hairdressers' *soirée*, but saw nothing to make him dislike his MARY ANN'S Corkscrew ringlets.

THE GRINDERS;*

OR, "THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE."

THE Sheffield Grinder's a terrible blade—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He sets his little ones down to the trade—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He turns his baby to grind in the hall

Till his body is stunted, his eyes are dull,

And the brains are dizzy and dazed in his skull—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Social science sits on his case—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

And over him pulls a very long face—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

It takes him up, and it writes him down,

And pronounces Sheffield a terrible town,

And the Grinder of all its ills the crown—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He shortens his life, and he hastens his death—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Will drink steel-dust in every breath—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Won't use a fan as he turns his wheel,

Won't wash his hands ere he eats his meal,

But dies as he lives, as hard as steel—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

These Sheffield Grinders of whom we speak—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Are men who earn a pound a week—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

But of Sheffield Grinders another sort

Methinks ought to be called in Court,

Ere Social Science can make its report

And tally-i-ho the Grinder!

And that is the Grinding Government Board

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Who contracts at a price life can't afford—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

But Competition's tide runs strong,

And work is slack, and workers throng,

So father and child work late and long—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

When we call Sheffield Grinders over the coals—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

For their blighted bodies and blinded souls—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

When we charge them with wilfully breathing death,

And short'ning their own and their children's breath,

What is't the recording angel saith

To our tally-i-ho the Grinder?

At whose door lies the blacker blame?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Where rests the heavier weight of shame?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

On the famine-price contractor's head,

Or the workman's, under-taught and fed,

Who grinds his own bones and his child's for bread?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

* DR. HALL asserts, on the authority of some of the largest Sheffield manufacturers, that the Government accepts tenders for Sheffield goods for army use at prices so low that it is impossible to fulfil them unless children are employed in the works.—(See DR. HALL'S Letter to the "Times.")

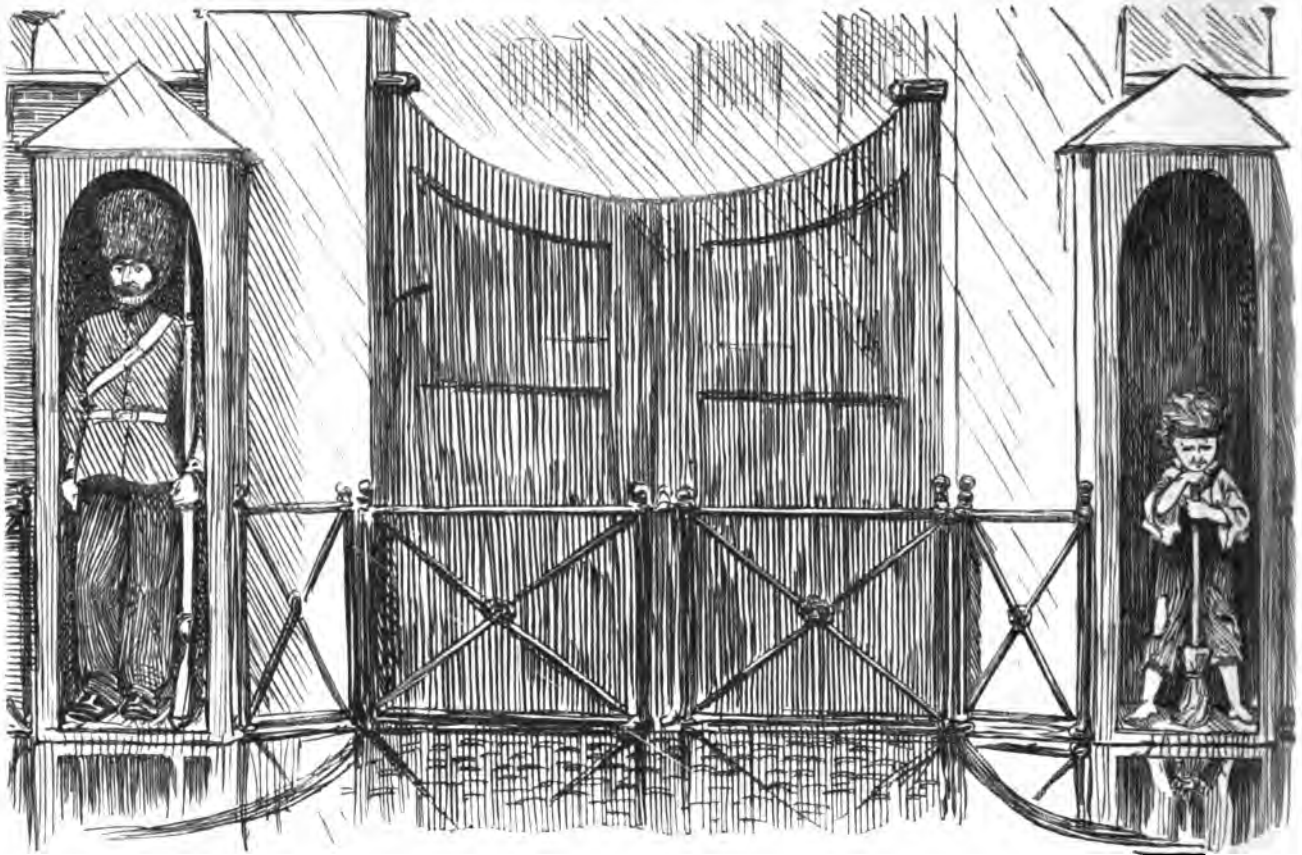
Bonds of Fenian Brotherhood.

It is said that the Fenians in America contemplate the issue of "bonds." *Owi bono?* Their captive brethren in Ireland, whose movements are now limited by certain stone walls, have surely already had enough of bondage.

WHAT A CITY COMPANY DOES.

It may not be generally known that the duty of the Spectacle-Makers is to get up the Lord Mayor's Show. Glasses round, and then they proceed to business.

THE GREAT FEATURE IN CHANG'S PERFORMANCE.—Chin-chin.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON A WET DAY.—(H.R.H. OUT OF LONDON.)

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE PUSEYITES.

SCENE—A Public-house Parlour. Pipes and Liquor. CODGERS, BODGERS, MUGGINS, BLOGG, and other frequenters. MR. CODGERS smoking a Churchwarden and reading a newspaper.

Codgers (removing his pipe from his mouth). Hrumpf! (*Spits.*) Blow'd if this ain't good.

Bodgers. Eh?

Codg. Best thing I see for many a day.

Bodg. What?

Codg. Why this here in the 'Tiser about Lord Mayor HALE as was; him that's just gone out.

Mugg. Hale and hearty. (*Laughter.*)

Codg. That ain't a bad 'un. But this 'ere's better. I

Blogg. Let's have it.

Codg. Arter praisin' of him up for his ginerall conduct in office, it goes on to say, in a leadin' harticle (*reads*):—

"He had always held decided views on the subject of religion—those views being what is called evangelical, as well as soundly Protestant."

Blogg. Brayvo!

Codg. Wait a bit. (*Drinks.*) Now just you listen, (*reads on*):—

"Acting in accordance with his convictions on religious subjects, the Lord Mayor who quits office to-day scrupulously excluded all Tractarians from receiving the courtesies or partaking of the hospitalities of the Mansion House."

Bodg. Serve 'em right.

Codg. Now you hear what follers (*goes on reading*):—

"This is a feature in his Mayoralty which cannot be too warmly commended." (*Hear, hear!*)

Mugg. I calls that there a werry just hobserwation.

Codg. Here's how it winds up. (*reads finally*):—

"If all those holding distinguished offices were to discountenance in such a practical way those Roman Catholics who, under the name of Puseyites, (*hisses, and cries of 'Yah!'*) swarm within the confines of our Protestant Church, the result would be not only gratifying in itself (*hear!*) but most advantageous for the interests of truth, honesty, and real religion."

Omnes (*rapping the table, and making the pewter-pots ring and glasses jingle*). Hear, hear, hear!

Codg. What d'ye think of that?

Mugg. Best remark I ever heerd made on the subject.

Bodg. Goes to the pint.

Blogg. 'Its the nail slap on the 'ed.

Mugg. Shows the right way to deal with them Puseyite 'umbug.

Codg. What it calls, and quite right, the practical way.

Mugg. Don't ax 'em to dinner!

Bodg. Cut 'em off grub!

Blogg. Don't give 'em no turtle!

Codg. That's the way to punish them, mind yer. They talk about fastin' a hundred and forty days and forty nights, and all the while their stummicks is full of turtle-soup. They'd like the Lord Mayor, no doubt, to ask 'em to the Mansion 'Ouse every Friday to fast on that.

Mugg. That is what they fastes on mostly, safe, when they can get it.

Blogg. What, turtle?

Mugg. Yes, Turtle's fish.

Blogg. No, it ain't.

Mugg. Yes, it is. Leastways them Roman Catholics and Puseyites calls it fish.

Blogg. That's their blessed hignorance of nat'ral 'istory. Turtle ain't fish.

Bodg. No more ain't a porpus.

Blogg. Turtle's as much fish as you are.

Mugg. What 'il yer bet?

Blogg. Five bob and a pot of Cooper.

Mugg. Who's to decide?

Bodg. Write to *Bell's Life*.

Blogg. Question:—"Is Turtle, fish?"

Mugg. And—"Do the Puseyites consider it fair to fast off turtle?"

Bodg. As well as red 'errin'.

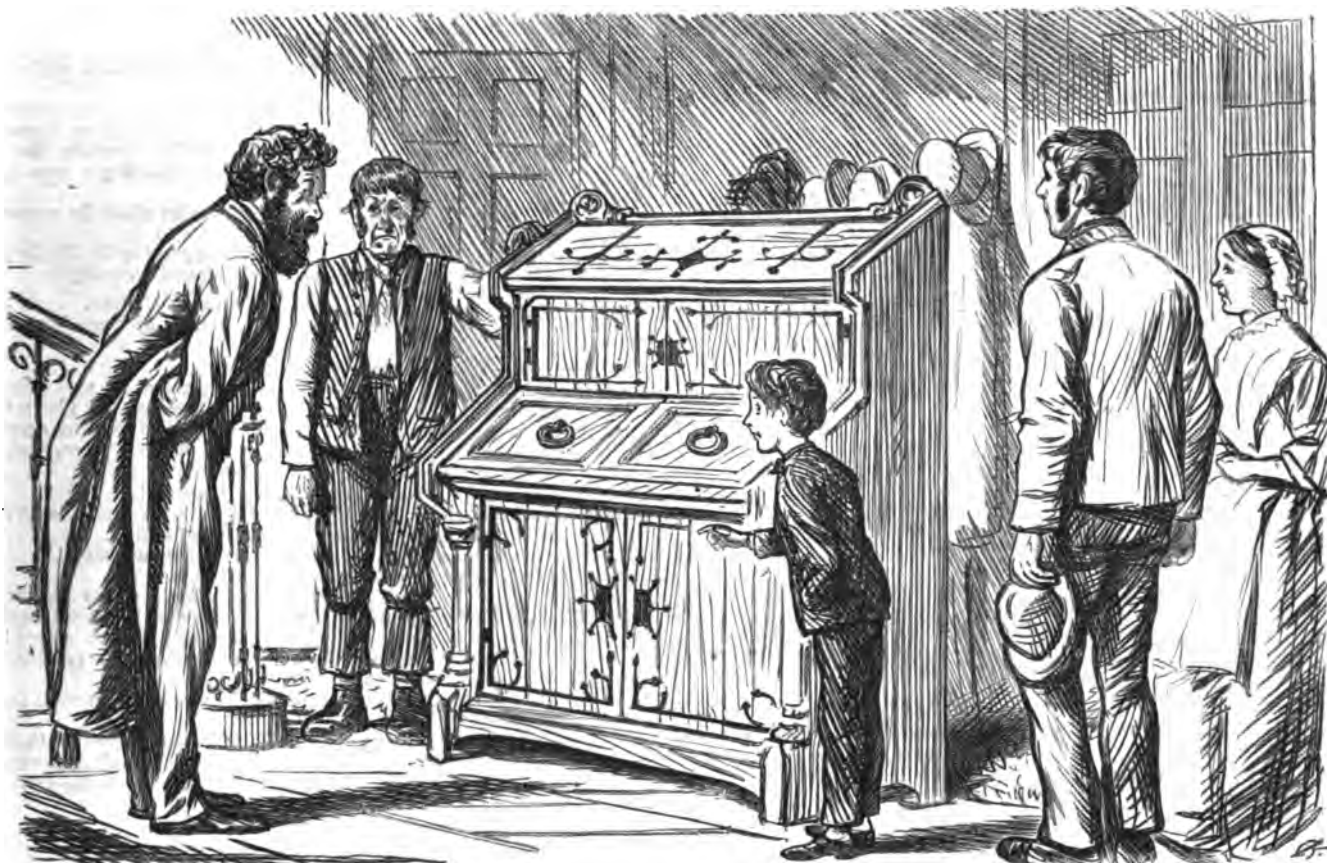
Codg. I don't think *Bell's Life* answers questions about bets comin' under the 'ed of "clerical."

Mugg. Write to the 'Tiser, then.

Codg. That's it! Write to the 'Tiser! That's a true Protestant paper, mind yer, and also, as the organ of the Licensed Wilters, recommendin' the truly original and peccoliar idee of stoppin' the Puseyites' wittles, teaches the Lord Mayor and others 'oldin' distinguished offices the surest means of bringing them beggars to their senses.

Omnes. Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear!

[*More table-rapping, with calls for spirits, and some clon.*]



GOTHIC FURNITURE.

Master George (on the arrival of the new cabinet). "Oh, Pa! DO LET ME HAVE IT FOR A RABBIT-HUTCH!"

EXPOSITION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

WHENEVER fraudulent and pernicious puffs are transferred from the columns of any of our contemporaries, or from boardings, dead walls, holes and corners, to these pages, the names and addresses of their authors are always either omitted or altered, because *Mr. Punch* knows better than to give humbugs the benefit of any publicity which he might possibly afford them in exposing humbug. With the exception of the misstatements requisite for the observance of this rule, the subjoined copies of advertisements which appeared the other day in a fashionable newspaper are correct. In the first of these notifications silly and depraved women are offered the abominations undermentioned, commonly called cosmetics, to wit:—

"MADAME ESTHER'S CIRCESSIAN BEAUTY WASH, Alabaster Powder, and Circassian Golden Hair Wash. These costly delinquencies of the toilet impart a youthful, blooming, and brilliant appearance to persons however far advanced in years, and can only be obtained at her residence, 74 B, Old Hag Street."

In the next puff simpletons of the softer sex have their morbid and ridiculous vanity directed to the object of—

"GOLDEN TRESSER, and How to Get Them. By the use of AQUA MIRA Red Hair is changed to a charming Gold Colour. Dark Hair, under the same influence, quickly assumes the fashionable tint. Price 21s. the bottle. Sold only by S. SUMMERS, 603, Gorgon Street, London."

The "Alabaster Powder" and the "Circassian Golden Hair Wash," advertised by MADAME ESTHER, appear to be some part of the means whereby she professes to convert a beldam into a belle by rendering her "Beautiful for Ever!" But the wondrous alabaster powder is a simple white. It can only serve to plaster the poor face of an old fright. So it forms a stucco barely, whereon Art has work to found; roses in a fresco fairly blooming on a lily ground. The "costly delicacies of the toilet" require the addition of others equally costly to impart to the coriaceous and wrinkled chaps of a decrepit old crone a youthful, blooming, and brilliant appearance, in that plenitude necessary to constitute the perfection of everlasting beauty.

The mere desire of becoming beautiful for ever is nevertheless sensible enough. "Do you want to be a hangel?" the lower orders are some-

times heard asking, to rebuke the too 'lofty aspirations of one another. "Yes, I do," might be no unfit answer for an old woman. It is as natural for MOTHER GOOSE to declare for the side of the angel as it was for MR. DISRAELI. The wish to be beautiful for ever would be perfectly reasonable for any woman, young or old, if she wished to be a beauty without paint. But what a fool a girl must be to spoil the beauty of her hair by staining it of "the fashionable tint!" According to a popular nursery rhyme:—

"Said AARON to MOSES,
Let's cut off our noses.
Says MOSES to AARON,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

One might almost think that the only reason that women who daub their faces with enamel, and dye their hair yellow, and cage themselves in crinoline, have for wearing their noses, is that assigned, as above, by the namesake of the Jewish lawgiver. There is good reason to suppose that if it became the fashion not to wear noses, they would cut their noses off. It is, indeed, likely enough that there will soon be a fashionable style of nose, and that advertisements addressed to the wives and daughters of England will propose to transform aquilines to snubs.

In the meantime could the old ladies and others who have been made beautiful for ever be got to unite in exhibiting themselves as a collection of Modern Paintings? It would be good fun. But let the show of these most unchristian "fools with varnished faces" comprise adults only. According to the *Athenaeum* some creatures of the female sex actually paint their children. Ineffable females!

Now, Ladies!

LORD LYTTELTON, Ladies, a most intelligent and accomplished nobleman, young, though not exactly a boy (born 1817), said, at Bilston the other night, "I know very well what my Club in London is doing. I could not enjoy my life in the Metropolis without it. I should be very miserable indeed." No more nonsense against Clubs, Ladies, now that you know what our betters say.



DISTRESSING SCENE

WITNESSED IN FLEET STREET ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

SOMETHING LIKE A MELODRAMA.

THE Success of *The Watch Cry* at the Lyceum is unequivocal. Having been, since its production, overwhelmed with applications from people who want to know what it's all about, we have determined upon giving, as has been our custom on similar occasions, an explanation of the plot in a dramatic form.

THE WATCH CRY.

For Dramatis Personæ, see Playbills.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ NOT MENTIONED IN THE BILLS.

Deafish Gentleman (in stalls)	NAME UNKNOWN.
Explanatory Person (his friend with loud voice)	DITTO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Florentine Public-house leading into a Chapel of Ease. It is reached from the upper road by a Staircase not unlike that whereon ROBERT MACAIRE used to be shot last year. Peasants discovered as picturesque as usual. SPOLLETTI, a serious villain, disguised as an Innkeeper, is seated somewhere. Enter above, MOSCA, CAPONI, a comic villain, accompanied by MARCO SALVIATI in disguise as somebody else.*

Marco (to Comic Villain). There 'e is.

[Drops his "h's" by way of more effectually disguising himself. He points out Serious Villain to MOSCA, and both descend the staircase.]

Comic Villain (to Serious Villain). You are SPOLLETTI. (Audience refer to their bills and say "that's SPOLLETTI.") And you were a Bravo.

Serious Villain (to Comic ditto). Hush!

Deaf Gentleman (behind us). What did he say?

Well-informed Friend (loudly). He said, &c. [Tells him what was said. Comic Villain (who in the mean time has settled some business or other about killing an old woman and carrying off a child.) I am a philosopher; but let that pass.]

[This was evidently intended to produce a roar of laughter, but didn't. Serious Villain. Ah! if the Improvisatore was here . . . (Noise outside; music. Enter MR. FECHTER disguised as The Improvisatore, brought back by the crowd. MR. FECHTER is LEONE SALVIATI in disguise.) Tell us the story of The Five Brothers Salvati. All. The story! the story!]

[Comic and Serious Villains sit and drink. MARCO SALVIATI in disguise sits in another corner.]

Leone (pronouncing the name right in the course of the story.) COSMO DI MEDICI will yet return.

Serious Villain (boldly venturing on the name.) COSMO DI MEDICI is . . . (becomes uncertain) COSMI DAY MEDICHI is (recklessly) in hiding, they say, somewhere about here.

[Makes up his mind not to mention COSMO again if he can help it.]

Leone (finishing the story of the Five Brothers Salvati.) And only one remains.

Deaf Gentleman (behind us.) What's he say?

Well-informed Friend (loudly). Why, FECHTER said, &c.

[Tells, impatiently, his story of the Five Brothers, which differs somewhat from the stage version.]

Leone (recognising in MARCO his brother.) Ha! (Starts, makes faces at his brother, his brother makes faces at him, both grin and express something with their eyes; the crowd, closely watching their movements, take no notice of these proceedings, MR. FECHTER says, as if finishing a sum of subtraction.) And Two remain.

[End of the story, and all group themselves about the scene.]

Enter down the stairs a Gentleman in a black mask, supposed by the Gallery to be something to do with GUY FAWKES, and cheered accordingly.

Black Mask (to Serious Villain.) You are SPOLLETTI: a Bravo.

Serious Villain (adopting MARCO's plan for disguise by dropping an "h.") 'Uah!

Deaf Gentleman. Who's that?

Well-informed Person (looking slyly at his programme to see what characters have already appeared.) That's SILVIO (hesitates), or COSMI, or COSMO, or JUDARI, or (struck with a bright idea) I see the plot now, it's BIANCA in disguise! (Repeats loudly for the benefit of everybody near him.) It's BIANCA in disguise; MISS ELAWORTHY.

Audience generally (to Well-informed Person). Huzzah!

[Black Mask sits with Serious Villain at table. Enter tall Stranger in disguise, and descends staircase, and sits at a table.]

Serious Villain (to Comic Villain). You attend to the customers.

Comic Villain. I'm a philosopher: but let that pass.

[Joke fails for the second time; no one laughs.]

Black Mask (to Serious Villain). Go to the corner of the wood and then you'll meet a Stone Cross. You know what to do: there! (Gives him half the money.) Meet me here in an hour's time. (Aside.) Now, ANTONIO, you are in my power!

[Exit Mask. Audience consult their bills to see who ANTONIO is.]

Deaf Gentleman. What did he say?

Well-informed Friend (a little puzzled.) He said that ANTONIO, that ANTONIO—ANTONIO isn't down in the bills—is—that wasn't BIANCA . . . that was—(refers to bill and is disappointed)—is—ssah—(consoling to Deaf Gentleman) You'll see, you'll see.

Comic Villain (attending to tall Stranger.) I will do it.

[Receives money from tall Stranger and says something funny. Brothers SALVIATI recognise tall Stranger and make faces at him: tall Stranger starts.]

Salviati Senior. COSMO!

Salviati Junior. COSMO!

Cosmo (politely to them.) No, thank you; I can find my way alone.

[Exit into Chapel of Ease. Comic and Serious Villains have a conversation together, and exult. The Brothers SALVIATI are left alone.]

Marco. LEONE! (Aside, over his shoulder as they embrace) Box!

Leone. MARCO! (Ditto) COX! *[They embrace.]*

Enter BIANCA D'ALBIZZI with a fine boy for his age.

Leone. There is no time to be lost. Allow me to introduce you to my wife. BIANCA, my brother MARCO; MARCO—BIANCA.

Bianca. Away! away! The Abbess is my friend, and she will—

Crowd without (confusedly.) Follow. Follow-ollow-ollow!

[Recant, by fits and starts, MARCO, BIANCA, and Child. Great noise without. Re-enter from Chapel of Ease, where he has been apparently fighting, COSMO.]

Leone. I will disguise myself like you (to COSMO) and out my way through your pursuers.

[Takes off his coat and appears in his shirt, but not a bit like COSMO. Cosmo. And if you fall, your wife and child shall be my care.]

[Exit LEONE, distractedly.]

Enter Black Mask.

Black Mask (to himself.) ANTONIO is no more. (Sees COSMO.) Ha! COSMO.

Cosmo. JUDARI.

Well-informed Person (to his friend.) That's JUDARI: EMERY.

Black Mask. You can escape by that door.

Cosmo (nobly). I forgive you.

[Forgives him, and exit.]

Serious Villain (who has overheard their conversation). Well done, JUDARI DI MEDICI (remembers his difficulty and falters), DAY MEDICI SHAY (becomes reckless again.) You get rid of ANTONIO DE—(wishes the author hadn't given him this confounded name) MEDDICHI, and assist COSMO DI (gives it up), COSMO (is satisfied by the substitution), COSMO, to escape.

Judari (with great readiness, aside). He must be poisoned. (Pours a draught: they drink together.) Call on me to-morrow at twelve.

[Exit JUDARI, leaning at his victim.]

Serious Villain. So JUDARI DI (wishes that his name had been in somebody else's part, and omits it.) So, JUDARI, you are in my power.

Enter LEONE, very much fatigued.

Serious Villain (to him). I'll tell you a secret. Have a glass of wine.
Leone. No; I must go. [*Takes his cloak; ascends staircase.*
Serious Villain. 'Tis about the—[*feels that he must say it this time, or the whole plot will be stopped*—about the—[*nerves himself for an effort*—about the MEDDYBEE.

Leone (luckily understanding his meaning, and returning to correct him.) The MEDIOI! [*Accepts invitation, and drinks.*

Serious Villain. Yes; JUDAEI wishes to—ah! [*appears unwell.*] I'm poisoned.

Serious Villain (in agony.) I killed MARCO SALVIATI, ANTONIO, and I'm—poi-oi-oi—[*convulsions*—revenge-enge-enge—[*more convulsions*—that cup! up... up... up... [*Dies stiffly.*

Deaf Gentleman (to friend.) What did he die of? oh?
Well-informed Friend (contemptuously). Poison, of course.

Leone. That cup! then I!... [*tries to ascend staircase.*] BIANCA!
Br... Br.... [*Falls.*

Enter Comic Villain and Soldiers.

Comic Villain (staring LEONE). A man half dead! Imprison him!
[*Is about to try how "I'm a Philosopher" will go with the audience when Curtain falls.*

End of Act I.

Deaf Gentleman. Why is it called The Watch Cry?
Well-informed Friend. Oh! Because [*thinks*—because—[*patronisingly*—You'll see.

ACT II.

In COSMO's Palace. Guests playing with Hoops by candlelight. Fifteen years have elapsed since Act I.

Judael (enters). I must poison COSMO.

[*Comic Villain introduces LEONE as a dumb prisoner. Enter LEONE in rags. In this character he is a cross between MR. WEBSTER after he's been in the Bastille for twenty years, and MISS MENKEN, as the Dumb Slave, in the Child of the Sun.*

Judael. You will go to the room at the end of the passage, and find a casket in bed. You know what to do with him.

[*LEONE moves his hands, shrugs his shoulders, elevates his eyes, and depresses the corners of his mouth.*

Judael (who has probably seen the "Child of the Sun," and understands this sort of thing.) Then, you will do it.

[*LEONE expresses something else, and works himself out of the room pantomimically. Report of gun heard.*

Enter BIANCA.

Both (aside). He here! [*Aloud.*] You here!

Judael. Bring in the prisoner!

Enter Guards, with SILVIO, a very fine young man, BIANCA's page. Enter COSMO.

Cosmo. Who stole the casket?

Page (suddenly). I did. [*Exit Guards, with the very fine young man.*

Bianca (to COSMO.) I have a secret to tell you. [*Exit BIANCA.*

Judael. Bianca's false! This portrait! [*Shows a portrait.*

Cosmo. Ha! [*Exit, and goes to bed.*

Judael (to Comic Villain). When you hear me say, "Archers of the Guard, Watch," kill somebody. [*Exit hurriedly, as if to catch a train.*

Comic Villain. I'm a philosopher; but let that pass.

[*Point fails for the third time. Exit Comic Villain.*

Leone (who has overheard it all, enters, throws open a window and exclaims). Arrchairs of the Guard, Waah!

[*Two Soldiers enter; he shows them how dumb he can be when he likes, and exit, making faces.*

End of Act II.

Deaf Gentleman. I don't quite understand.

Well-informed Friend (impatiently). Why, don't you see, the Page SILVIO is BIANCA's son, the little boy in the first act, and she's FRECHTER's wife.

Deaf Gentleman. Oh, yes! [*Is satisfied.*

ACT III.

A Prison. SILVIO, a prisoner, says something, with a strong Irish brogue, about his mother, BIANCA, and goes to sleep.

Enter LEONE.

Leone (with French accent). I am your father! Do you not remember me? [*Makes a face at SILVIO, that he used to make fifteen years ago.*

Silvio (who has evidently a very good memory for faces, pushes back his hair, stretches out his arms, and says in rich impassioned Irish). Me farthur!

Leone (after embracing his child.) You must escape, and light a fire on the other side of the river!

[*They both tear up their clothes, like able-bodied paupers in a workhouse, and SILVIO escapes by window.*

Enter JUDAEI, and Comic Villain, who retires to clear all the passages, send away the Guards, and get rid of all hindrances to the dénouement. Deaf Gentleman says he knows what's coming now.

Leone (astonishing JUDAEI by speaking.) I am LEONE SALVIATI!

[*Produces a sword.*

Judael. Ha! [*Aside.*] If I could only lure him over the trap. [*Aloud, beginning to lure him cunningly.*] Who killed the eldest SALVIATI? [*LEONE takes a step.*] Who killed the Second SALVIATI? [*LEONE takes another step.*] JUDAEI continues luring him, and winking aside to the audience.) Who killed the third SALVIATI? [*Wink and a step.*] Who killed the fourth SALVIATI? [*Ditto.*] Who killed the fifth SALVIATI? [*Ditto.*] Who killed all the SALVIATIS? [*More winks and steps.*] Who killed ANTONIO? Who killed MARCO? Who killed SPOLLETTI? Who killed SILVIO? Who killed—

[*Tries to remember any other characters he may have murdered in various pieces. The trap opens, LEONE stops himself from falling.*

Leone. Villain! I've got another spring!

[*Touches a spring, the trap closes, and the wall opening discloses COSMO, BIANCA, SILVIO (who has swum across a river, lighted a fire, and returned by express train), and others, in an elegant sort of "Lift" at a grand hotel. COSMO, in a dressing-gown stands in an attitude, and tries to look as much as possible like a fairy at the end of a pantomime. Exit JUDAEI for instant execution.*

Cosmo (to LEONE.) Take her—be happy. [*To audience.*] And if our friends in front are pleased, then not a happier party will sit down to supper to-night, than—[*looks about for help, not getting it, finishes suddenly*—The Watch Cry.

[*All stand in attitudes about the golden Lift, as Prompter, impressed by a general notion of Christmas time, lights red fire by mistake, and Curtain descends. Rapturous applause; everybody called before the Curtain. Unequivocal Success. Tremendous Hiss.*

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

From the "May Fair Chronicle."

As a fugitive leaf may serve to shew in which direction volant zephyrs blow, so there are not wanting signs, slight indeed but sure, which indicate that BLANCHE, wearied with a long series of conquests, is about to reduce her millinery force, and place her ornaments on a peace footing. Some months ago we drew attention to a remarkable fact. At Ems last summer BLANCHE had two great guns to support her—an Irish Major and a Baron of the Exchequer, while at Llandudno we have lately seen a more pacific policy prompting her to accept the humble protection of a Minor Canon.

BLANCHE, in right of her position, with a splendid capital surrounded by flats, must always remain a great Power. Nor is it desirable that it should be otherwise. LIZZIE and LOTTIE have long since abandoned their short-lived dreams of conquest. BLANCHE has therefore nothing to fear from them. Then let us look at her foreign relations. It has been whispered that BLANCHE has an eye to the Marquis's smiles, and aspires to extend that influence which she acquired in the Mediterranean, when recently on board of his yacht. But can she do this without wounding the just susceptibilities of her Italian cousins who are deeply interested in the Marquis's smiles, and would regard as a *casus belli* any attempt at annexation by a neighbouring power? We opine not. Under these circumstances we sincerely trust that BLANCHE will listen to the counsel—the eminent counsel—SIR LUCIUS O'LAUGHAGIN, Q.C., and that their arms will be conjugally united. BLANCHE cannot be blind to the claims of one who so nobly sustained her in her hour of trial, and brought her out of action with flying colours (*vide LOVEBOND v. SNAPIT. Case on promises. Damages, £5,000.*) By this course BLANCHE will be amply compensated for her surrender of the Marquis's smiles, and at peace with all mankind, will no longer agitate by her charms those who have a sensible aversion to the horrors of law.

Good News for Naturalists.

THE celebrated baboon, "JOHN MITCHELL," has escaped from custody in America, and the animal is stated to be as vicious and diverting as ever. We have hopes that he will instinctively seek his way home, in which case M. DU CHAILLU will be telegraphed for, in order to effect a recapture, LORD RUSSELL having promised this curious Irish beast to the Zoological Gardens.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO FOR THE OUTSIDE OF THE NEW MATCHES WHICH "IGNITE ONLY ON THE BOX."—"Strike—but here."



DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

Honest Frenchman (in the ecstasy of his heart). "AH, MADAME! COMME LES ANGLAISES SONT BELLES!"

Charming Widow (appropriating the compliment). "AH, MOCHEW! OOM LAY FRONGSAY SONG FLATTERER!"

A WORD WITH MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

O, MANTLED with celestial blue,
Arrayed as children of the sky;
Say, there are none who can but you,
What makes the price of meat so high?
Thou, Butcher, with a nimble grace,
Whetting bright blade on trusty steel;
Now tell me, how you can, with face,
Ask fifteen pence a pound for Veal?

The Steak that shares a homely name
With Parliament renowned of yore,
Canst thou, without a sense of shame,
Put coolly down at one and four?
That humbler steak, named simply beef,
Less soft of substance and more dense,
Wilt thou impose on our belief
As fairly worth a dozen pence?

The price of joints from woolly flock,
That grazed upon the Southern hills,
Convulses us with fearful shock
Whene'er we scan our weekly bills.
For Mutton's cost canst thou pretend
To state a reasonable ground;
O thou that legs and loins dost vend
High as one shilling both per pound?

No scarcity of sheep and kine,
No murrain hath so heavy made
Those hieroglyphic bills of thine,
Thank importation through Free Trade!
Besides, beneath thy poll-axe fall
Heads which thou smitest but to save.
Behold abundance large in all
The shambles—shall I say, thou knave?

"Best shorthorns beef," by wholesale bought,
Doth but five shillings cost, the stone,
The offal sunk; ye Butchers ought
To thrive full well on that alone.
Namely, horns, tallow, hide and skin,
Whence ye derive a profit clear;
But, though you get the offal in,
The meat ye sell is awful—dear.

Ah! shout not, "What d'ye buy, buy, buy?"
Until your charges you abate.
Soon will our answer to your cry,
Be "Nothing at the present rate."
But now cut in, adventurous Blade,
Thy way to carve out fortune's plain;
As honest Butcher start in trade;
Much custom will insure great gain.

TRY US, THAT'S ALL.

ER? What's this?

"LORD CLARENDON is a gentleman in every sense of the term, but he labours under a defect of character which, unsatisfactory in common men, is fatal to a statesman—he cannot say No. Whether this be the result of a life spent chiefly in diplomacy, or is natural to him, or be superinduced by the bad practice of smoking incessantly, we cannot tell; but the fact is as we have stated it."—*Blackwood's Magazine* for November.

Is our friend clean daft? What does he mean by the passage in italics? Why, what has smoking to do with the power of saying No? We smoke incessantly. Let him come and ask us whether we regard his allusion to a gentleman's personal habits as good sense or good taste.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—No wonder that ghosts enter rooms, though the doors are locked. They are all provided with skeleton keys.



THE DEMON BUTCHER, OR THE REAL RINDERPEST.

Punch's Table-Talk.

89.

WHEN the Gods were cleared out to make room for the Capitol, TARMINUS alone was obstinate, and resisted the improvements. He has repented, and is the great improver in London.

90.

A very smart letter, of course manufactured, from a freed slave to his master, who asked him to return and be a servant. He calculates how much is due to him and his wife, less clothing and medicine, for the years his Massa had their labour for nothing, and makes it about 11,600 dollars. If his employer will remit this, as a token that he means honestly, SAMBO and the Misses will consider about returning. Meantime, he forgives Massa for trying to shoot him. I should not oppose the black franchise if a quarter of the negroes were half as clever as this sham one.

91.

GODIVA is amends for Eve.

92.

Women are far more honest than man, but not so self-denying. That is, a woman can never deny herself the pleasure of paying a debt when she has the money. More of us men have attained that height of stern morality.

93.

When the Captain of a steamer says grace before dinner, it is edifying to see the astonishment the process causes in snob tourists, who keep their hats on.

94.

Tread on your dog's tail, and he is profuse with his affectionate apologies for having vexed you by a moment's howling. Tread on your cat's, and she claws your leg, spits, and sulks for an hour. I don't defend Mrs. Puss, but you are much more careful to avoid treading on her than on the doggie. It is just the same in families.

95.

If a man means to spend much time with his wife, a girl's sweet temper and her ready smile ought to be reckoned as £20,000, and be so estimated in the settlements. If she has not the sweet temper and smile, he had better see the money in Consols, and there is one still better thing for him to do.

96.

I only state a fact. You often hear a wife say, with a sort of smiling pride, "My husband, you know, is not the very best temper in the world."

97.

ARISTOTLE says, "Potter hates potter." May be so. The Strike-monger of the name does not hate to talk hideous nonsense.

98.

I lighted on an interesting criticism, by LEIGH HUNT, in the *Examiner* for April 19, 1818. He is noticing the Spring Gardens Exhibition. "The works of merit will be spoken of in future numbers," he says. "There is one picture in it, however, of *Fighting Dogs*, by a youth, EDWIN LANDSEER, which we must now notice, as one of the best paintings of animals that has been produced since the time of SNYDERS. It is purchased, we learn, by SIR GEORGE BRAUMONT."

99.

Do you know a finer line than the one I am going to quote? It was uttered by MR. KEELEY, in the Lyceum burlesque, *Robin Hood*:—

"I hate most people—and dislike the rest."

100.

People seem never tired of sending me what they call the last begging dodge. Somebody has got a group of children, some of them rather nice-looking, has photographed them together, and sends the picture to you, with each child numbered. He states himself to be the father, appends the usual mendicant prayer, but begs that you will indicate for which child you wish to provide. I dare say that he has made it answer. He is not more impudent than many begging parsons, who watch the birth lists and attack you through your own children.

101.

Some of the old songs—the words I mean—were as delightful rubbish as most of the new. Who did this? I remember it as a favourite lay in my youth:—

"Haste away to the battle-field,
Where honour calls thee, honour calls thee,
Stoutly fight and never yield,
Though the fear of death appeals thee"

"102,"

Or the *Veteran and his Progeny*. I never saw this piece. I do not want to see it.

103.

DOD'S *Peerage* is a capital book, and you should all buy it, if only for the sake of the widow of the author, who was a gallant officer, and came to an early end by an accident. DOD is also a most convenient book, and besides all the usual information, it tells you how to address your betters. Moreover, in case any of you want to be made peers, it gives you the "unappropriated titles." There are six counties languishing for the cool shade of aristocracy, Dorset, Kent, Monmouth, Sussex, York, and Middlesex.

104.

Let us appropriate four of them. Dorset I assign to my butterman, who can support the dignity, as he is charging me one and tenpence per pound, Kent to the ingenious inventor of machines for promoting Domestic Economy, Monmouth to the most aged Hebrew in Dudley-street, and Middlesex to *le* or *la* MANKEN.

105.

Absinthe? I hate it—look, taste, smell. Did OVID drink it? He says,

"Cana prius gelido desinit Absinthia Ponto."

106.

HORACE WALPOLE had no children. But he says that if he had possessed any (I agree with LORD PALMERSTON in hating "had had") he should have aspired to bring them all up as musicians. Just what you would expect from such a fiddle-faddle as the HOW. HORACE FITZ-HERVEY.

107.

A Scotch "idiot," who was wiser than most about him, floored a whole Assembly of Divines by defying them to tell him where to find mention of the nine-and-twenty knives that came out of Babylon. Try the first parson on it—bar CRUDEN.

108.

I won't stand that in the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS. Determined to have the *Blue Ribbon* on the Turf, he has entered a horse by that name for the next Derby. I call that a do.

109.

I have objected to "had had." But I do not object to five "thats" together, if wanted. For instance, "I tell you that that *that* that that man introduces, is superfluous."

110.

"The masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe turned with contempt from gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes concealed in a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths over which the deer of the forest were chased by naked barbarians." The sentiments of Englishmen, when asked to go to Scotland.

111.

No, Sir. The language is GIBBOW's, and describes the feelings of the Romans towards Scotland. We know better, and have brought gas, croquet, and the sponge-bath into the Highland glens.

112.

CANNING used to talk of the Glutinous adhesion of LORD WESTMORELAND to office.

113.

I see several objections to the theory that LORD BACON wrote the valuable portion of the plays attributed to SHAKESPEARE, the latter putting in the claptrap and objectionabilities, seeing to rehearsals, and taking the reputation, in order to screen the philosopher from the charge of being an accomplice of player-folk. But I like to maintain that theory, because it drives a certain class well nigh frantic.

114.

What old-fashioned rubbish the Almanacs are. Who wants to be told when CAPTAIN COOK was killed, when the Royal Exchange was burned, and when THURTELL was hanged? And the makers servilely copy each other, not even verifying their ridiculous dates. Evidently the fellows are not brothers of him whose—

"Father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanac."

115.

A hundred years ago, real ladies, at whist, blew one another up, more than insinuated cheating, and remarked that "they had thought the devil had ceased to give lessons, but that they were mistaken." You will see a lively and lovely dialogue of the kind in *The World*, evidently a study from Nature.

116.

There is a disposition on the part of the mechanical genius of this age to get very bumptious. It may be necessary to remind it that true philosophers, notably SHAKESPEARE, held that to invent anything that is merely useful is the work of the basest slave. Abstract thinking is the occupation of the true gentleman—steam engines is low.

117.

Let us all go into decent half-mourning for brave TOM SAYERS. Say one black eye.



A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother. "WILL YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO DR. GROWLER'S IMPROVING CONVERSATION, OR GO TO BED!"

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAMMA, I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO BED!"

AN IMPOSSIBLE TRIAL.

"IN the Court of Queen's Bench the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is (professedly) a member of the Church of England, MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN is a Presbyterian, MR. JUSTICE MELLOR a Unitarian, MR. JUSTICE SHEN a Roman Catholic, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH a Baptist."—*Morning Paper.*

SNOOZER v. BUMBLE.

This case was tried at the last Assizes. It was an action brought by the plaintiff, SNOOZER, a barber, against the defendant, BUMBLE, beadle of the Church of St. Fortywinks, at Snorterton, for various assaults alleged to have been committed during divine service one afternoon. The plaintiff had been continually going to sleep, and, as it was alleged, disturbing his neighbours in church, by nasal noises, and the defendant, after vainly poking him many times, ejected him from the edifice, telling him to be off and sleep at home. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, and he resolved on asking for a new trial. Much interest was excited in the profession by the hearing of an ecclesiastical case before the mixed tribunal now presented by the Court of Queen's Bench. Counsel of ecclesiastical tendencies had been retained.

MR. BOVILL moved for a new trial, on account of the smallness of the damages. A farthing was no compensation to a man for being publicly paraded all down the aisle in the stern clutch of a tyrannical church officer.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE wished to know at what period of the service the ejection was served.

MR. BOVILL. During the sermon, my Lord.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Unless the sermon was a very good one, *prima facie* an improbability, I think, MR. BOVILL, that so far from your client being injured, the beadle should be considered as a benefactor to him.

MR. BOVILL. I am informed that the sermon was a very good one indeed, my Lord.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. We ought to have strong evidence of that, very unusual thing in England.

MR. JUSTICE SHEN. And in the State-Church in Ireland.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. In any church, in fact.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Or chapel.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH. I dissent from the Chief's last remark.

MR. PRIDEAUX said that nothing could be more valuable than the *dicta* with which the Court had favoured them, but that inasmuch as the plaintiff had been pertinaciously and schismatically going to sleep all the time, the quality of the discourse was not of immediate moment.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. But suppose the sermon sent him to sleep?

MR. MEREWETHER said that a man had no right to go to sleep in church, and cited the authority of GEORGE HERBERT, to show that the worse the sermon, the more the hearers were bound to use patience.

MR. BOVILL said that the service had been long, owing to christenings.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH could recognise nothing of the kind.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN said that the superiority of the Scotch Presbyterian religion was shown when cases like this arose. Had there been a deacon, he would have quietly remonstrated with the offender, and just have given him a wee pinch of snuff.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH could not consider a snuff-box as a proper thing to be produced in any religious edifice, however agreeable elsewhere.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. That's because you are a very Particular Baptist, brother LUSH.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. I don't at present see that we should disturb this verdict. If people will go to churches they must behave decorously. They must take the consequence of exposing themselves to the non-intellectual influences of such preaching as they get there.

MR. JUSTICE SHEN might not think that persons should go to church, as to a lecture, to have their intellects entertained, but passing this, the case showed the disadvantages of the pew system. Had the plaintiff occupied a hard chair, he would not have slept.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH said that sleeping was improper, but that a free Englishman should be poked, collared, and hauled about by a huge



A HARD HIT.

Bald-Headed Old Gent (who wasn't up at the Kill). "GOT A PAD, WHIP, EH!"

Satirical Whip (alluding to the Head which is coupled to the Saddle). "VERY SORRY, SIR; GIVE 'EM ALL AWAY, SIR. P'RAPE A SCALP WOULD BE MORE USE TO YER!"

[Old Gent explodes.]

clown fantastically dressed up like a chimney-sweep on May-day was intolerable. Dissenters had no beadsles.

MR. JUSTICE SHERR agreed that a beadsle was a contemptible object. Look at the splendid Swiss who preserved order in a continental cathedral.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH said that he was worse than a beadsle.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. I am afraid, MR. BOVILL, the plaintiff will take nothing.

MR. HENRY JAMES (as *amicus curiæ*) suggested that the plaintiff had taken too much, or would not have gone to sleep in church.

MR. BOVILL said that if so, it was wicked, but if all wicked people were to be turned out, and debarred from hearing that they ought to be better, what was the use of a church?

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR had not said that it was of any use.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH had not said so, either.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN begged to intimate that if church meant kirk, he saw great use in it.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. What injury has your client sustained, MR. BOVILL? He has not heard part of a sermon of which he manifestly wished to hear none, and he has a splendid advertisement.

MR. BOVILL. Consider the pokes in the poor barber's ribs, my Lord. MR. MEREWETHER was instructed that the pokes were the mildest form of physical assuasion, such as are used to induce a dull person to comprehend a witty observation.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. Not *barbarous* pokes, MR. MEREWETHER? (*Great laughter.*)

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Besides, the treatment has given him *déjà-vu*. Very likely he is known as the Barber-Martyr. Also the beadsle has read him a valuable lesson for his soul's health and reformation, as they say elsewhere. He will not go to sleep in church any more.

MR. BOVILL. He will never go to church any more, my Lord. He has turned Dissenter.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH. I am very glad to hear it, and as he has received that benefit, and on other grounds, I concur with my Lord that there should be no new trial.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. We have not before us the form which his dissent has taken.

MR. MEREWETHER. One of the forms set apart for the Sunday School children at the Independent Chapel, my Lord. I am instructed to hope that it will tip up with him, and send him rolling, the first time he indulges in his soporific propensities. He will then find out his error in leaving the easy yoke of the Church of England.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. I concur with my Lord, and at present my sympathies are very partially aroused for this purblind barber.

MR. JUSTICE SHERR. I am of the same opinion. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus.*

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. I am just agreeable. It would be a good thing for sleepy barbers and such cattle if you had a Kirk Session in your Erastian establishment. That would wake you all up.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. The Court is unanimous, by whatever diversity of roads that unanimity has been attained. We cannot say that any of the parties concerned deserve much credit. It is always open to a good-natured neighbour to kick the shins of a sleeper, and had one of the congregation of St. Fortywinks had the kind feeling to keep on kicking the plaintiff's shins, the Court does not believe that he would have gone to sleep. It is alleged by defendant's counsel that the sermon was very good, but we have no evidence of this, and the ordinary common sense and knowledge of mankind point to a different conviction. BUMBLE, the beadsle, technically did his duty, and his conduct is unimpeachable, therefore, but he seems a bumptious kind of beast. And the plaintiff deserves no sympathy, as he must have known his own habits, and had better have attended service before dinner.

Rule refused.

QUERY FOR QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

If a Barrister takes one's new umbrella out of Court instead of his own gingham, can he be said to have "taken silk."

A MODEL VILLAGE.



FACTS are proverbially stubborn things. But of all "stubborn facts" commend us to a Briton's prejudices in favour of "vested rights" and a man's house being his castle, wherein he is "free to do what he likes with his own." These stubborn facts are, no doubt, at the bottom of much that is worthy of respect in JOHN BULL's character. They have not a little to do with his Magna Charta and his Habeas Corpus. But they occasionally stop the way all the same; obstruct the efforts of the Local Board or Nuisance Removal Committee, crouch like lions in the path of the Officer of Health, trip up the heels of the Inspector of Nuisances, and crop out in back slums, by-lanes, and blind alleys for district visitors and zealous clergymen to break their shins over.

As an example of this class of stubborn facts, *Mr. Punch* begs to lay before the world an extract from the *verbatim* report of what came to the nose, eyes, and ears of a Visiting Committee lately appointed to inspect a little seaside village, where Cholera had been observed hanging about, with an evident intention of dropping in if it found lodgings ready, and a supply of its favourite necessities of death—foul air and filthy water.

That Cholera had, as usual, made a judicious choice of seaside quarters, will be apparent to all who read the Committee's Report. Now, this Report is "no joke" in any sense of the words. *Mr. Punch* can answer for the absolute veracity of the reporter, who is not one of his own contributors, but a gentleman as incapable of making fun as of discovering the longitude. He is not at liberty to give the name of the village, but he will call it Mudfog. The name and locality matter nothing. Our readers may fix it anywhere they please, between Hull and, Harlech (on the east and west), and Berwick and Brighton (on the north and south). They will not be far out of their latitude whatever nook of the coast between these four points they may pitch upon. Mudfog is, in fact, a "model village;" and what the Visiting Committee found in Mudfog, whether in the way of stinks, putrid wells, foul accumulations, and purblind or pig-headed people, is to be found, *Mr. Punch* fears, in nineteen out of every twenty English villages, seaside or inland, rural or suburban:—

"Report of the Mud-Fog Visiting Committee (a sample street)."

House No. 1.—Old Gardener, "ard of 'earing; has lived there four and twenty year; drain and coal-hole in one. Never smelt nothing 'cept in very dry weather agin rain: rather strong then in sitting-room: would not have mentioned it, if the genelman 'adn't axed: please not to put it down, fear it might offend landlord, as they was very curious kind o' people, as thought mostly 'bout their rents." Gave the old man an instruction paper upon the subject of disinfectants, &c.; trust he may not poison himself with them. Left him under a strong conviction that he regarded his stinks far too much in the light of reliable weather-guides ever to allow them to be meddled with.

House No. 2.—Small pork-butcher. Premises well got up for the occasion; shop, dwelling-house, and slaughter-house all in one. Small back garden, containing pig-stye, and dung-heap, and draw-well. "Did not think the water was *very* good; family all very bad in the hot weather with Dioree." Inspected well—observed something floating therein—had it fished out. Butcher said "It was lights," and so it really was, though much decomposed! "Would the gentlemen like to taste the water? Should he get a glass for them?" Committee respectfully declined the ordeal by taste. Left paper of instructions, and advised the butcher to alter his dung-heap and pig-stye, so that they should not drain *directly* into his well.

The next three houses were occupied by Pilots.

First Pilot.—"Been a liabenced Trinity-ouse Pilot thirty year last fust o' January, and never was out o' the smell of the mud for more than twenty-four consikitive hours since he can remember. Will be sixty-four to-morrow. Built 'is 'ouse 'isself, and drained it on his own plan. Nobody as he knows of 'as got any right to interfere on his premises. 'As not got no well; 'as got six water-butts: ketches enough

that way from the 'evins for his Missus to do her washing and make her tea with. Never drinks no water 'isself: thinks when anybody is ashore that porter is more wholesome. Now, supposing as he 'ad a well, don't see what the gents 'as got to do with it. Considers he has a right to drink his own sewage, *if he likes it.*"

Second Pilot.—"Wishes the gents 'good morning.' Welcome to look round as much as they please. Wery proud to see them, and wery proud of his own 'sanitaries:' got four on 'em altogether—one in each corner of his garden. Has a weathercock a-top of 'em all, and regulates 'em according to the wind. Has a well in his back-kitchen: works it hisself with a bucket and luff-tackle-purchase connected with a small 'and-winch in the front sitting-room. Don't believe in pumps, 'cept aboard a wessel. Uses a *little* water sometimes, for mixing along with his rum. Hopes the gents will write out a good report agin' him. Is not often at home. Caught the cholera once through boarding of a Rooshian. Don't want to 'ave it again."

Third Pilot.—"Not at home: wife is, and very civil. Strong smell of fried onions, made your Committee's mouths water. Would not disturb her cooking, but, if she pleased, would like just to look round the garden. Found there two pig-styes, a fowl-house, a duck-pond, a dog-kennel, and a few rabbit-hutches. Size of garden, 40 feet by 30. Vacant ground in it heavily cropped with cabbage and onions. General effect of premises on Committee's olfactories rich, but Committee found it impossible to distinguish any individual smell. Wife said—"Yes; her husband was very fond of all kind of animals, pertickler pigs. Considered them very ocheerful things to have about. Did not consider as they thrived if kep' too clean. House drained into duck-pond. Was certainly very bad in her inside last week: feared she was a-going to be attacked with the cholera morbus. Considers it was the smell of the brick-kiln the other side the water as made her ill. Knew stinks would bring cholera. Was much better now. Had to fetch all her drinking-water from over the way, as their well was far from sweet."

The next house was that of a First Officer in one of the Blue Ball African Mail Steam Company's boats. "Glad he was at home. Knew nothing, he was sorry to say, about his drains: wishes he did. *Thought the well and drain were somehow mixed.* Would the doctor taste some of the water?" (Here the First Officer gave the word of command in a loud voice forced through the clenched teeth, to the small maid-of-all-work) "'Liza! a glass of pump-water!" Water produced, and found to be strongly impregnated with iron-rust. Doctor considered it was too much of a tonic to do First Officer any good, as he was of a florid complexion, and rather stout. First Officer "expected it was wrong somehow, but never felt any ill effects from it."

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4—semi-detached, shrub-shaded, single-windowed little houses, all inhabited by the same class of wan, pale-faced ladies, whose husbands, typically speaking, "had to Aleppo gone, Master of the *Tiger*." These ladies gave us very little information. "Had they any complaints to make?" "Oh, no!"—"Could they tell us anything about the drainage?" "Oh, no!"—"Was the water quite good?" "Oh, yes; certainly!"

Upon reference to the M.D. of this district, Committee learnt that all the inhabitants of these houses were drinking water strongly impregnated by lead; and, he added, "appear to like it, so I can't help it, particularly as the Landlord refuses to alter the pumps."

The Committee's next visit was to two Coastguardsmen's cottages.

First Coastguardsman.—"Had the cholera in '44: ain't afeared of it—Considers as it's a natural vent for the overplush of mankind. When his time comes, knows as he 'as got to go. Considers as his time wasn't come in '44. Always keeps his house very clean: does all the scrubbing hisself, and paints his bedsteads and chests of drawers with red lead and turps twice a year."

Second Coastguardsman.—"Wery glad to see the gents. Will they be seated? Will speak to his Missus about what they've to say when she comes in. Can't abear chloride o' lime hisself. Has a box of pills: bought them of a packman six year ago: believes he called them '*Information Pills*:' has never took nothink else ever since. Wears a galvanised ring on his third finger. Ain't afeared of cholera, nor nothink else as he knows of."

THE LIVERPOOL CRADLE SONG.

Oh! rest thee, my Baby, thy Father's a Mayor;
Thy Mother's a Lady so blooming and fair.
Whilst Mayoress, birth to an infant gave she,
And so gained a cradle of silver by thee.

Oh! rest thee, my baby, the time will soon come
To leave off thy food-bottle, and sucking thy thumb;
Oh! feed it, a duck, on soojie while you may:
Green fat comes with manhood as light comes with day.

¶ "A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT" is informed that he is fortunate in having had no answer to his letter to a certain advertiser. *Verbum sat sap.*, which a subscriber to *Punch* must be.—ED.



NOVELTY IN GLASS.

BLINDA, ABOUT TO ARRANGE HER BONNET AT WHAT SHE SUPPOSES TO BE THE NEW LOOKING-GLASSES ("AND A VERY GRACEFUL AND CONSIDERATE IDEA, TOO, ON THE PART OF THE RAILWAY!"), SPEEDILY DISCOVERS HER MISTAKE, AS SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE FACE OF AN IMPERTINENT YOUNG MAN IN THE NEXT COMPARTMENT.

A VOICE

FROM THE EARLY CLOSING DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

RETURNING from the Alpine Club
With thoughts on peak and mountain,
My course unusual chanced to rub
Against a Drinking Fountain;

And pausing at its marble bed,
And visage scarce teetotal,
"Your health, Old Flick," I mutely said,
And quaff'd the antidotal.

When turning round with quickened tread,
Refresh'd beyond all mention;
A voice came from the fountain head,
And startled my attention.

"Stay, stay thy footsteps, Stranger, who
Canst lend thine ear to sorrow;
My time is short, my words are few,—
I must shut up to-morrow.

"The current of my life must sink
To other scenes and channels;
For mortals take to warmer drink,
With warmer hose and flannels.

"I cannot say my race is run,
'Twould but provoke a quibble;
For all that I have ever done
Has only been to dribble.

"My founders when they aimed abuse
Against the poor man's porter,
Took care he should not have the use
Of too much wholesome water;

"But selfishly their backs they turned
Upon their own invention,
And dashed the meed they would have earned
By niggardly retention.

"My patrons of the pot and jug,
Reviled my sculptured features,
And said, 'I'd got a temp'rance mug
With nothing in 't,—the creatures.

"I could not let my stream die out—
Unceased my troubled waters;
So please to put my case about
In most effective quarters."

CASTING "THE RIVALS."

SCENE—A Cabinet Particulier in 'the First Lord's Official Residence in Downing Street.

Present—LORD RUSSELL, LORD CLARENDON, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF ARGYLL, EARL GRANVILLE, LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, SIR GEORGE GREY, SIR CHARLES WOOD, MR. CARDWELL, MR. VILLIERS, MR. MILNER GIBSON.

Lord Russell. Well, gentlemen, as it is decided that we are to have a series of private performances between this and February, suppose we settle what we are to produce, and cast the characters.

Gladstone. First we ought to determine the style of piece. I vote for the classical drama.

Villiers. Oh, hang that. . . . I go in for sensation.

Gladstone. Ah! I thought you had had enough of that on your Union-rating Bill last Session.

Lord Russell. No; I protest against anything sensational. Let's resist that—at least, until we get new blood into the company—which I don't think desirable, I must confess—

Lord Stanley of A. (aside to Villiers.) Unless it was an infusion of the proper Amberley tinge.

Lord Russell. I own I should prefer going back to the old repertoire. *Milner Gibson.* What d'ye think of *The School of Reform*? *GLADSTONE* could play *Tyke* wonderfully, and *CARDWELL* is just the man for *Zekiel Homespun*.

Lord Stanley of A. No—no—*ARGYLL* has a hereditary right to the Country-boys. Only read his addresses to his tenantry.

Villiers (sotto voce.) I'd rather not.

Milner Gibson. What do you say to *Still Waters Run Deep*? It's a very easy piece to cast. It inculcates an excellent moral—for all heads of departments. I'll play *Mildmay* myself. He's a Lancashire lad, and they'd take it as a compliment at Oldham.

Earl Granville. Either *CLARENDON* or the *CHANCELLOR* would be the very thing for *Potter*; *GLADSTONE* would do *Hawkley*—he's in the financial line, you know.

Lord Russell. No—no. I'm afraid the play's too new. Depend upon it there's nothing like falling back on the old stock-pieces. We want something as nearly as possible contemporary with the British Constitution, as it was finally settled by the efforts of the Opposition under *FOX*. Suppose we say *The Rivals*.

Sir George Grey (modestly.) Might not the title be considered personal?

Gladstone (calmly.) I can't conceive why. Nobody can say I have any rival in the company.

Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Argyll.
Sir C. Wood. } Or I.

Villiers. One at a time, my Lords and Gentlemen.

All. The Rivals!—The Rivals!

Lord Russell. You see it's *SHERIDAN*'s—in other words, it has a statesman—a Whig statesman of course—for its author. It is venerable for its antiquity; the business is traditional, and—though that's not of so much consequence, perhaps—it is witty, and includes plenty of characters.

Sir C. Wood. Do get on, *JOHNNY*, that's a good fellow. . . . If we spend so much time in choosing the piece, we shall never get the parts cast. . . . Push along—do—

Gladstone. Αδὲ το βιβλίον—Take the book—as *ARISTOPHANES* has it. Who comes first?

Lord Russell. *Sir Anthony Absolute*—

Lord Granville. Ah! the old gentleman who will have his own way—

Lord Russell. I shall keep that for myself.

Gladstone. I beg your pardon, I thought I was engaged for the leading business.

Lord Russell. Pardon me, the leading business in your own House.

Granville. Oh, but *Sir Anthony Absolute* don't belong to what's called "the lead." He's only a first old man. That's *RUSSELL's*, of course. The leading part is *Falkland*, the heavy man, who looks bilious, and makes long speeches with beautifully rounded periods, and has always a sentiment, cut and dry, or a principle pat to the occasion—that's evidently your part, my dear *GLADSTONE*.

Lord Russell (sententiously). *Falkland* was at heart a patriot, though he did not formally enrol himself in that chosen band, for whose constitutional principles *HAMPDEN* bled on the field and *RUSSELL* on the scaffold.

Cardwell (correcting). I beg your pardon—"SIDNEY"—I believe.

Lord Russell. I am aware the antithesis is usually so quoted, but it ought to be *RUSSELL*. *SIDNEY* is a much overrated man. If it hadn't been for my venerable ancestor—

Sir C. Wood. Hang your ancestor—

Villiers. That's superfluous, as he was beheaded—

Duke of Somerset (aside to Gladstone). And this is called doing business!

Gladstone. *OXENSTIERN* wasn't far wrong.

Duke of Somerset (to himself). Who the deuce was *OXENSTIERN*?

Lord Russell. As I was remarking when *WOOD* interrupted me in so unseemly a manner, the unfortunate *FALKLAND*—

Lord Stanley of A. My dear *RUSSELL*, we are not on *CHARLES THE FIRST's FALKLAND*, but *SHERIDAN's*. You will always trot us out on Constitutionals. Didn't you see what my namesake said at Liverpool the other day—nothing so wearisome as a regular Constitutional.

Sir C. Wood. *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *RUSSELL*. That's the only thing settled yet. Shove on. I like to get over things.

Villiers (aside to Milner Gibson). Except stone walls—

Milner Gibson. And then he prefers to run his head against. I never do.

Sir C. Wood. What's the next part in the cast?

Lord Russell. *Captain Absolute*.

Barl De Grey. That's mine of course. (*Movement of doubt.*) I'm engaged for the military business. (*A whispering in knots.*)

Lord Russell. Why to tell you the truth, my dear *De GREY*, there seems to be an impression that you are a little weak for the part. We thought of taking *SOMERSET* out of the sailors, if he has no objection, and putting him into the Captain.

Duke of Somerset. Put me into what you like, only give me plenty to do, and as little as you like to say. Only mind, any part I get, I mean to play in my own way. I won't stand any interference—so now you know.

Lord Russell (reads). *Captain Absolute*, the *DUKE OF SOMERSET*. (*Looks at book.*) *Acres* comes next.

Lord Granville. We've plenty of them in the company. Let's see though, *Acres* is a low Comedy part. Ah, if we hadn't quarrelled with *BERNAL OSBORNE*. As it is, I doubt if there's a laugh in the lot of us—except *STANLEY* and myself. Upon my word, I begin to think I must play *Acres*, unless we put *ARGYLL* into it, in consideration of his owning a shire.

Duke of Argyll. Oh, but I've read the play. *Acres* has to put his hair into curl-papers, and I shouldn't like that.

Lord Stanley of A. Why not? You would look very well à la *Belle Hélène*. Your hair's quite the fashionable colour, without dyeing.

Sir C. Wood. Come, do let's go on. Put down *ARGYLL* for *Acres*. It won't be funny, but he'll spout the words right, and think he does it beautifully, and ten to one the public will agree with him. Nothing like bounce.

Lord Russell (studying the rest of dramatic personæ.) *Sir Lucius O'Trigger!* Ah! we haven't an Irishman in the company. I suppose *PERL* will expect it—

Villiers. He'd never do. *Sir Lucius* has to fight a duel. Beat put off casting *Sir Lucius* till you catch your Irishman.

Lord Granville. *CHICHESTER FORTESCUE* would do it very well, or *MONSELL*. He was in the Ordnance, so he ought to know something about fire-arms.

Lord Russell. *Fag!*

Milner Gibson. Oh! I should like to play *Fag*—I never did play *Fag* in all my life—at least since I was at Eton, and I should rather like the part—in fun, you know.

Lord Russell. *David*—he's nobody. *CARDWELL* will do for that—

Cardwell. Thank you—

Lord Russell. *Thomas*—who's *Thomas*? (*Consults book.*) Oh, the coachman. *GREY*—if you don't mind?

Grey (pleasantly). Oh, anything you please—I'm quiet to ride or drive—double or single harness. I'll do *Thomas*.

Lord Russell. But how about the ladies? We can't engage professionals, I'm afraid.

Lord Cranworth. I'm afraid it would hardly be compatible with my position to join in the performance, if you did. All Chancellors might not be as particular.

Lord Stanley of A. (aside to Wood.) Dictum in re *WESTBURY*.

Lord Granville. Why not cast the ladies among us? Here's *CLARENDON* would make a capital *Mrs. Malaprop*. *VILLIERS* would

look charming in *Lydia Languish*, and as for *Julia* and *Lucy*, I'm sure any of our friends who may be unprovided with parts won't mind going on for them. *STANLEY*, you're in the Post Office, *Lucy* carries letters, suppose you play *Lucy*. Thanks to crinoline, and *chignons*, it's not difficult to make up a pretty woman, now-a-days, whether for face or figure.

Lord Stanley of A. If you want your *Lucies* (*a non Lucendo*). I don't feel as if I should shine in petticoats. But I won't spoil sport.

Lord Russell. There! I think the cast's complete. That's quite enough for to-day. I'll have your parts written out, gentlemen, with the cues, and, if you please, we'll meet here the day after to-morrow for our first rehearsal.

[*Shout in*

THE FASHIONS.

Now Hyema, the grim undertaker,
Is coming to bury the year,
You're asking *modistes* and dressmaker
What dress and what bonnet to wear:
So let us examine together
Le Follet, that all of us take,
And settle before the cold weather
The texture, and trimming, and make.

Poult-de-soie is in vogue for the hour,
Embroidered in black and in white,
With a band over star, wreath, and flower,
Just like lace to the masculine sight:
Such a robe needs no trimming at all,
And for colour a black or a blue,
Tho' with some a light brown has the call,
And with some a sweet violet hue.

When the skirts are made plain, we are told,
The bottoms are all scalloped round,
And edged with a cord in which gold
Or silver thread twisted is found;
But the *passamenterie* trimming asserts
Its claim breadth and hem to adorn,
Still in bands it encircles the skirts,
Still in silver and gold is it worn.

For the morning a lincey is best,
Tho' some knickerbocker affect,
You must wear it with waistcoat and vest,
Tight bodies are hardly correct;
You may have them with basques, I allow,
But open the waistcoat to show,
Which of muslin is mostly made now,
Tho' embroidered *percale's comme il faut*.

As to sleeves, they are fitly à *coudé*,
As this winter you'll commonly see,
May I hint—you will not think it rude?
Out at elbows you never should be;
And to crown all, your sweet winsome face
Should line a blue "*Empire*" bonnet,
Any trimming, gold, feathers, or lace,
Will suit you, my darling, upon it.

The Ruling Passion.

We know a Clerk in a Government Department (he objects to the common phrase, Public Office) who is so precise, so married to routine, that he docketts all his love letters, and minutes his answers on the back, ties them up neatly with red tape, and puts them away in pigeon-holes. He always writes to the lady on "half margin," and never visits her without first making an appointment. All the correspondence goes by the messenger.

From Tonics to Irritants.

SPAIN, not satisfied with her course of Peruvian bark, has now plunged herself into a Chili pickle. This splenic small power evidently does not know what to be at, and the great powers ought, in kindness, to put her into a strait-waistcoat. It will not prove easy to secure her, to judge by the dexterity with which she has slipped out of her bonds on former occasions.

HISTORICAL FACT.

OUR British ancestors dyed themselves. Hence, when a youthful barbarian engaged herself to a young savage, she was said to be "*washed and won!*"

THE STAGE AND ITS REALITIES.



It is that 'care' in reporting all the news of the French capital, which distinguishes our fashionable friend the *Court Circular* it informs us that—

"*Malheur aux Vaincus* is the title of a big play by M. de MOWA. TADODORE BARAKKE. It is so very big that he cannot get a house large enough to play it in, as he will have some most expensive set scenes, one of which will be the Bourse of 1815, showing the animation which prevailed in those days when terrifically exciting news was brought hourly to Paris. There will be a grand park with a real waterfall, and—be envious, ye London managers—there will be a real river flow through the stage."

Real water has repeatedly been seen upon the stage, but it is quite a novel notion to put a real river on it. We wonder where the mania for realities will carry us. Real lamp-posts have been really shown in a street scene, and real lamplighters have probably been hired to light the gas in them. We own that, for ourselves, we are not tempted to a

theatre by the promise of a sight of things we daily can see out of it; and as for real lamp-posts attracting us to pay our money for a box, we should about as soon be drawn to the house by real donkeys. Tastes, however, differ, and doubtless there are playgoers who like to see some real earth dug by the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet*, and would enjoy to see *Opheelia* drowned in real water. Perhaps when next we go to see the garden scene in *Faust*, we may be told that real roses are growing near the footlights, while at the back are real gooseberries on really real bushes. Were that enterprising manager, *Mr. Crumple*, living now, he might announce his real washing tubs as quite a new attraction, and get up a grand sensation scene to introduce his real pump. We remember in a pantomime to have seen some real cows and calves upon the stage; and possibly next Christmas, if a farmyard scene be shown, we may see some real turkey-cocks, and real sheep, and pigs. We have no doubt that in such case a good many real asses might be

found among the audience; and if any sibilant proceeded from the stalls, perhaps the manager might say that they were real geese that hissed.

THE RETAIL BUTCHER'S REMONSTRANCE TO THE TIMES.

HERE'S a pretty state of things, Sir,
When the *Times*, from every column,
At us retail dealers flings, Sir,
Letters, volum' upon volum'.
'Gainst the butcher and the baker,
Cruel calumnies you utter;
Fire Young Oxford, till you make her,
Quarrel with her bread and butter.

You forget that retail traders
By their cloth must cut their coats;
How competitive invaders,
Strive to slit their fellows' throats.
Count up credit, tips to servants,
Bad debts, interest, and you'll say,
Cent. per cent.'s the least advantage,
We should have from those who pay.

Am I not a man and brother,
Though a butcher's steel I wear?
From abuse of one another,
Sure 'twere Christian to forbear.
Of my customers who grumbled,
Till the grumbling you began;
Ask'd why up my prices tumbled,
Down my scale of charges ran?

Took comparisons to making
Of price-lists at Leadenhall,
With the charges I was taking—
As if *that* proved aught at all.
As if offal, clods, and stickings,
In account should not be ta'en—
Not to speak of little pickings,
Poor Retailers' hard-earned gain.

Then forbear your hand!—remember
Though it may be fun to you,
In this dead time of November,
Death may to our gains ensue.
Leave the London butcher's profit,
Leave the Oxford butler's theft,
Take our word, if aught's lopped off it,
Far too little will be left.

ALLEGED BODY-SNATCHING AT ROME.

Now this is too good:—

"WITH HIS HOLINESS'S COMPLIMENTS.—The POPE has just sent a *souvenir* to the widow of the late GENERAL LAMORICIERE. A Captain of the Pontifical staff has just brought the body of a holy martyr from the Catacombs as a consolatory present to his bereaved widow. The remains are those of an unknown martyr, and the POPE has given him the name of CHRISTOPHER, which was that of M. DE LAMORICIERE."

O fashionable contemporary, for the foregoing statement is extracted from the *Post*—as our young female friends and relations say—how can you? How, that is to say, can you give currency to such a Story? The idea of the Holy Father implicating himself in the heresy of the Resurrectionists! And then how absurd to represent his Holiness as sending a body to a General's widow, as if she could be supposed to be in any want of a "subject!" If that lady were the relict of a surgeon, there might, indeed, be some sense in the idea of the possibility that a very queer kind of POPE might take it into his head to offer her such a present. But the Sovereign Pontiff has never shown the slightest signs of that eccentricity which alone would induce any man to offer such a gift to any woman except a female doctor. If PRINCE THE NINTH were asked to allow the remains of a holy martyr to be abstracted from the Catacombs, who can doubt that his indignant answer would be *non possumus*?

The supposition that the POPE could be capable of calling a mummy CHRISTOPHER, after the name of a gentleman deceased, and sending it to that gentleman's widow to console her for the loss of her husband, imputes to the successor of St. Peter a state of mind which would place him amongst the clients of St. Luke.

TRIUMPH OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

REJOICE, enlightened friends of progress in the subjoined intelligence:—

"THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WORKS.—The compact between the Great Western Railway Company and the Corporation of Oxford for the purchase of Cripple Meadow has been sealed, so that the question of the removal of the Great Western Railway Works is now definitely settled."

The establishment of a Factory at Oxford will be the greatest triumph that the Present has achieved over the Past. It is the conquest of mediæval sentiment by modern principles, of spiritual idealism by material utility, of bookworms by men of business. The Directors of the Great Western Railway, and their worthy allies, the Corporation of Oxford, may well glory in having initiated the end of Oxford's grandeur and beauty. The spires of the old University will soon be eclipsed by factory chimneys, pointing higher towards heaven, and at the same time shutting out the sight of it by their contributions to the clouds. Those ecclesiastical structures, now grey with worthless moss and lichen, will in good time be encrusted with the soot of profitable works. The gloomy silence and melancholy repose of the exclusive colleges and aristocratic halls, with their proud Professors and domineering Dons, will shortly be broken and destroyed by gangs of jolly British workmen, and by the surrounding noise of production and traffic. The studious quiet of Undergraduates will be exchanged for the busy hum of men, and the seat of learning will be smothered in the hive of industry. Hooray for the authors of the inchoate desecration of Oxford! May we live to see a terminus reared on the site of Westminster Abbey!! Honour to the Corporation of Oxford and the Directors of the Great Western Railway!!!



NATIVE TALENT.

HOW THE "POT IS KEPT BOILING" BY THE BOYS ON THE NEW ENCAUSTIC TILES POUNCER HAS JUST LAID DOWN OPPOSITE HIS SHOP!

THE WALL-FLOWER;

OR, THE SONG OF THE UNASKED ONE.

(BY J-HN BR-GHT, M.P.)

AROUND my place the dancers throng,
My lonely seat the Swells flow by;
I hear the murmur, low and long,
Of prompt request and pleased reply.
For GÖSCHEN, FORSTER, STANSFELD there,
Impassioned wooers throng the rooms,
My eye's as bright, my form's as fair,
But all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

They say that I am hot of mood
And quick to give and take offence;
O'er fancied slights inclined to brood,
And prompt to scorn on slight pretence:
And therefore 'tis I sit apart,
Defy neglect, and nurse my fumes;
But not a sigh shall 'scape my heart,
Though all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

LORD RUSSELL moves about the ball,
In quest, they say, of youthful blood;
On me I saw his glances fall,
But he ne'er stirred from where he stood.
I see him steal to GÖSCHEN's side,
And in his eye a promise looms:
I see his hand to STANSFELD's glide—
But all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

Wooer, ask on! and, wooed, reply!
I care not—I am fancy-free:
A higher dream employs mine eye—
I love MY STAR, MY STAR loves me!

And when my Star shall statesmen sway
To seek its smiles and fear its glooms,
Between us they shall rue this day,
When all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

GRADUATES IN IMPOSITION.

It is not true that the undergraduates of Christchurch, Oxford, have been quarrelling with their bread and butter. They have been quarrelling with the fellows who overcharge them for their bread and butter. The quarrel is not a very pretty quarrel as it stands. It is a very ugly quarrel, and reflects great disgrace on the College authorities who have connived at the shameful cause of it. The undergraduates of Trinity and Downing, Cambridge, complain of extortion similar to that practised on their Oxford brethren. The freshmen of both Universities are treated as pigeons, and plucked before their time. The College butlers, and others who overcharge the students, should have a degree in dishonesty conferred upon them by a quorum competent to award that distinction, with a period on the treadmill, at one University, and then they ought all to be admitted *ad eundem* at the other.

An Ambassador to Prussia Wanted.

ACCORDING to *Reuter's Express*, LORD NAPIER's recall from the English Embassy at Berlin is officially confirmed, but his successor at that capital has not yet been decided on. It is a wonder that so respectable a man as LORD NAPIER was not recalled from Berlin long ago, and our Government must have some difficulty in finding any one worthy to succeed him at the Prussian Court. We have hanged almost everybody fit to be sent there.

CURL PAPERS À LA MODE.

GOLDEN hair is at present all the rage with a certain description of fashionable ladies. Very likely those expensive females will next take to curling their hair with bank-notes.



THE POLITICAL "WALL-FLOWER."

MISS BUEER. "NOBODY ASKS ME; AND IF THEY DID, I SHOULD CERTAINLY DECLINE."

Punch's Table-Talk.

118.

A STREET block fifty yards a-head of your Hansom, is aggravating enough. But I appeal to the consciences of all of you who ride in such a vehicle whether there is not more aggravation in the obstinate fact that the block must be over before you can get to the point at which it is occurring, and so you will not be able to abuse anybody.

119.

There is a new sect in Germany. The members call themselves the Cogitants. They say that they have a religion without a creed. I suppose that these Cogitants are a branch of our Cogers.

120.

I am very fond of looking at bookstalls. Much of my valuable and beautiful library has been collected thence. I never, however, found any banknotes between the leaves of my purchases. I have heard of a man who was ruined by finding a £5 note in a book. He was foolish enough to exhibit it, in triumph to the vendor, who claimed it. The buyer was defiant, the lawyers went to work—and the usual result followed. Should I ever find such a thing, an Old Lady in Thread-needle Street will be my only confidante.

121.

But by what inscrutable fatality is it that a book-stall is always either over or next door to a reeking cookshop? The fact is so, and it abbreviates one's explorations. The stalls on the quays in Paris are more inviting, only they seldom offer anything worth buying.

122.

The French are evidently looking out for a trial for High Treason in London. They have read of the threatening letter to the late LORD MAYOR, and expect it to be avenged on a scaffold on Towerhill.

123.

An Italian proverb says, "The smiles of a pretty girl are the tears of the purse." The maxim scarcely holds here, as we don't make presents to young ladies. But the frowns of an ugly woman, if she happens to be the wife of the purse's owner, are sometimes efficacious in the direction hinted at. That is said, of course, conventionally. There are no ugly wives, and we are honoured by any demand made by a spouse. Mind that, young men.

124.

Why did wild *Half-can* stab *Pois*? None of the Shakspearian commentating people hang out lights here. The question has troubled me for years.

125.

Mentioning the demise of an acquaintance to a couple of Aberdeen friends, one asked me, *Fat deed he O?* The other, seeing me puzzled, said, "He means *Fat deed de dee O?*"

126.

The *post nati* get a good deal of teaching for our money. A well meaning old gentleman, lunching at my house, said to my grandson, who is ten, "Well, my boy, can you tell me how beer is made?" My boy could tell, and with a calm smile rejoined, "By brewing, the saccharine or sweet principle of vegetables is separated from other matter, and after boiling with water is by fermentation converted into a vinous liquor." Inheriting my turn for liberality, the child added, "Distillation continues the series of changes, adds hydrogen to oxygen and carbonic acid, and makes alcohol, evaporating the water." I hope it was all right—the lecturer retired from the room tumbling head over heels four times, to the scandal of his previously proud Mamma.

127.

When a wise man uses the weak argument because the strong one would be unacceptable to the many, and he is abused for shallowness by the few, they do not thereby prove themselves to resemble him.

128.

I was for a short time at school in the country, and among us was a lad we all nobly persecuted because we thought that he was a donkey. The master shared our views, to the discomfort of the youth. But the discovery of four lines of verse, in the writing of the victim, ought to have made us all change our opinions. They were:—

"MR. BLACK, of Steam School,
Knocks me about and calls me a fool
But towards the end of the half-year,
He always calls me 'TUBBS, my dear.'"

I should not wonder if *TUBBS, mutato nomine*, has become Somebody in Church, State, or on *Punch*.

129.

Talking of poetry, there are savage and terrible lines by POPE, which have been discovered since the last edition. I have read some of them. They are fiendish. And—how is MR. ELWYN?

130.

The Africaness will not take operatic rank with the grand old Jew's grand works, for the simple reason that the Book is the worst he ever had to deal with, almost the worst ever given to any great composer. His genius is vindicated by the splendid effects he has managed to get out of such a wretched story, but the Opera will be heard as a duty rather than as a delight. It is, however, a duty to hear it, and I am glad to see Covent Garden theatre crowded before my friend MALO assumes the rod he wields so well.

131.

Hindústani difficult? No. At least I did not find it so, but then you are going to say that nothing is difficult to me. As my friend *Rip Van Winkle* says, here is your good health, and your family, and may they live long and prosper. But to proceed.

132.

Hindústani is not difficult. And there are advantages in knowing a tongue which you are pretty certain that nobody else knows; you can relieve your mind by muttering your sentiments freely. For instance, you can growl at breakfast *Cha ka pani kaula na tha, is men maza matlag nahin*—your wife will not understand it, and her feelings will be spared, while quite as much practical effect will result as if you had said that the water couldn't have boiled, for the tea was beastly.

133.

Nonsense about ordering your gloves to be made for you. You never find such gloves fit any better than those you buy ready made, and for the best reason—the gloves never has any made for you. He merely selects them from his box, and charges you a little extra.

134.

There is nothing in music itself that necessarily renders its votaries such fools as you describe the majority to be. Some of the best minds have been fond of music. MILTON was, I am. But a very commonplace person may be a very good musician, and if such a person becomes absorbed in one pursuit, and never reads, talks, or thinks on any other subject—the fool is the product.

135.

Let us drink the health of your pious aunt. You say that personally she accepted her grey hairs cheerfully, but that as a duty to society she coloured them black. Just so.

"The Saint sustained it, but the Woman dyed."

136.

I see in the *Law Times* an advertisement, wherein a young solicitor announces that he desires a seat in an office of standing.

137.

Only thirteen months and a half, now, to the Millennium, says DR. CUMMING.

138.

A good deal of trouble would be saved if the rule of Jedburgh Justice obtained. It is familiarly set out in the nursery rhyme:—

"That's JACK,
Lay a stick on his back.
What has he done?
I cannot say,
We'll find out to-morrow,
And beat him to-day."

139.

The new judge is an excellent lawyer. But he is also an amiable man, and I am sure would never have taken office, could he have known that I should immediately be literally flooded with a torrent of correspondence, suggesting bad jokes on his name. Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation that I decline all impertinent pleasantries on the word LUSH.

140.

There has been discussion about the authorship of *Michael's Dinner*. I do not believe it was LORD PALMERSTON's. It is not very good, even as a squib of its day, but its personality made it a hit. "Rather yellow, rather yellow," applied to MR. LAMETON, afterwards LORD DURHAM, was esteemed a very hard hit. The idea was followed up. I remember a vulgar song of about the same time in which his Lordship, who had mines, was called the Small Coal Man. One almost apologises for repeating such stuff, but it ran this way—it was a parody on a popular ballad:—

"O my darling Small Coal Man,
My nice little nasty Small Coal Man,
The yellow flag that decks our van,
Is the varmint mug of my Small Coal Man."

141.

And if my memory serves me right, the publishers of the insolence got something at the hands of OLD FATHER ANTO for it, and serve them very right. I believe that I had a good deal to do with knocking that sort of thing on the head.—Thanks—and I drink yours in return.



"NOT THE MAN FOR GALWAY!"

(CAPTAIN WHYTE-LYVER'S MARE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE REFUSED FOR THE SIXTH TIME.)

Native Enthusiast. "THROW YER HEART OVER, CAPTAIN, AVICK! SHURE THE SHLIP OF A MARE WILL BE LEPPIN APFTHER IT AT ONCE!"

A PLEA FOR THE RECORD.

To the Charities' Committee of the City of London.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING ascertained from the speech of the REV. MR. ROGERS, at the City meeting recently held for the promotion of middle-class education, that among other funds for benevolent and charitable objects, invested in trustees belonging to the City of London, there is one now amounting to £1200, for the burning of heretics, which has accumulated for some centuries, owing to the disuse of this, like many other laudable customs of the good old time, I take the liberty of applying to have this fund paid over forthwith to the Proprietary of the *Record* newspaper.

It is true that a jealous, and, it is to be feared, un-Christian Legislature, a Church, too often neologian in high places,—though the episcopal appointments of the late lamented Premier, have done something to check the lamentable tendency to rationalism and irreverent application of thought to [matters of faith,—and a public, as yet very insufficiently influenced by organs of sound evangelical views, have refused to the Church—that is, to the true believers whose opinions are formed and expressed through the columns of the *Record*—the right of burning the bodies of heretics, but the duty of roasting them, metaphorically, has only become the more urgent. Where the stern corrective of the Pile is refused us, the milder, but no less efficacious chastisement of the Press is doubly necessary. The *Record* has from its foundation been earnestly engaged in this pious and profitable work. It has never slackened in the duty of blowing up the fires of theological zeal to a white heat, and in setting them to the writings, characters, and persons of heretics, especially in the Church of England. Its conductors may not have been able to command brimstone and faggots, but the will to use them has never slumbered, and their place has been not ill supplied by the gall and bitterness of controversial imputation, or the slower but not less blighting corrosive of calumny. I am privileged to append a list of reputations of heretics scathed, and fair-fames of heterodox theologians blackened by the fires weekly kindled in our

columns, and on the strength of it confidently to demand the transfer of the heretics-burning trust-fund, with its accumulations, to the Proprietors on whose behalf I have the honour to sign myself

THE EDITOR OF THE *RECORD* NEWSPAPER.

AN IRISH EXPLANATION.

MISTHER PUNCH,

Av ye plaze, Sorr, Oi'll throbble ye, for the honour of Ould Oireland, to see how some dhirty spalpeen in the *Twisner* has been blay-gardin' of it:—

"IRISH FAILINGS.—More than 78,000 persons were charged before magistrates in Ireland in the year 1864 with being drunk or drunk and disorderly; in an equal population in England there were not 27,000 persons so charged. To every two persons charged before magistrates for common assaults in England there were three persons so charged in Ireland."

Oirish failings! Bedad, Sorr, Oi'm not fond of "common assaults," which Oi take it manes assaultin' an' foightin' common people. But Oi'd like to see the man who says that it's an Oirish failin' to get dhrunk, an', being dhrunk, to get disorderly. Oirish failin's—the omadhaun! Begorra, Oi'd excite his *failings* wid a crack o' my shelayley! Sorr, is't a failin' in an Oirishman, when meetin' an ould frind, to shtand a dhrup o' dhrink? Shure, an' if they foight, it's because they love ache other. For what says the pote?—

"If iver you go to Donnybrook Fair,
An Oirishman all in his gloory is there,
Tho' maybe to his hat there is niver a crown;
Thin he meets wid a frind, an' for love knocks him down,
Wid his Sprig of Shelayley, and Shamrock so green!"

Bedad, Sorr, it's a sad heart that niver rejoices, an' we poor devils would be miserable if it wasn't for the pleasure of a dhrup o' dhrink together, and a little frindly foightin'. Besides, Sorr, so many of us poor Oirish have been Emma gratin' lately, that there's sorra a one left, an' Oi'll go bail that of the "78,000 persons" who got dhrunk last year in Oireland, iverly Oirishman was either a Scotchman or an Englishman. Jist shtick that in your poipe, an' believe me

THE O'DONTKNOWWHO.



"IT ALL DEPENDS UPON PUTTING THE LEGGIN'S ON NEATLY, TO LOOK LIKE REG'LAR-BUILT NICKERBOCKERS!"

"KING JOHN" IN PRIVATE.

SIR, I wrote to you, some time since, drawing the attention of Shakespearean amateurs generally to the opportunities afforded by the great WILLIAM for developing what the professionals would correctly term "small parts." I gave you a practical illustration in my performance of *Friar John* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I wish to tell your readers, *exempli gratia*, (which I hope they'll follow,) what I did with another small part that all the members of our Amateur Dramatic Club had refused.

We selected *King John* for our representation.

After forming my idea, I went to Drury Lane to see what was done with the drama in that place. I saw MR. PHELPS as *King John*, and MASTER PERCY ROSEBLEN as *Prince Arthur*. The child is apparently too young for the character; but, be that as it may, he is the best Prince that ever I saw, and so powerfully did he appeal to the sympathies of his audience, that I know more than one member of the male sex present who was obliged to use his opera-glasses every other minute and blow his nose violently. MR. ANDERSON was capital, and so was MR. BARSBY, but all the French people, the *Douglas* and so forth, ought to imitate the pronunciation of MR. FRECHTER or MADAME CHELSE. I had a great mind to write to the management, and inform them that I thought some one was tickling the legs of the old citizen of Angers, who appears on the walls of that obstinate town: he seemed uncomfortable. Is there any historical evidence to show that it wasn't the season at Angers when *King John* called on them, and so there were only two elderly gentlemen stopping in the town? That, however, was not my point. Our performance preceded my visit to Drury Lane, and we had all sorts of people on our walls—old men, young men, the Mayor, and little dirty town boys come to see what was going on. (At least this is what I advised them to have, but we could only get one man, and he was so frightened that he couldn't parley at all, but yielded to the Prompter, who appeared on the walls of Angers with his marked edition of the play.)

What character, you will ask, did I play? Sir, I chose *Peter*. *Peter*, Sir, is the fanatic who prophesied that *King John* should on Ascension Day yield up his Crown: and *Peter* was right.

I accepted the part on condition that I might "do what I liked with it," and have a procession, if I wished, at my own expense. I saw what the depths of this part were. First, as to the dress. He was a sort of hermit; something between that and a ballad-singer. His fame as a Prophet (*vide* play) had reached, probably, across the wide Atlantic, and certainly far beyond the shores of England. He wouldn't prophesy for nothing: therefore he would have received presents: therefore he would be rich; therefore he would be dressed gorgeously. But how does a Prophet dress when he dresses gorgeously? I was at my wit's end, until somebody said MARIO, and my mind reverted to *Le Prophète*. The very thing: so after a short consultation with my *costumier*, I

adopted a style of dress closely resembling that of the Operatic *Jean*. A dress of *Jean*! wasn't that an idea! Admirable!

He appears in Act IV., Sc. 2, and on the stage are noblemen, gentlemen, and the *King* himself. *Falconbridge* introduces *Peter*. I refused to come in until the line, "Not knowing what they fear and full of fear," had been given. Then, by pre-arrangement and paying extra men in the orchestra, there was a flourish of trumpets and a beating of drums. Whereupon *Falconbridge* exclaims, "And here's a Prophet," and before he concludes his line, *Peter* is to enter, preceded and accompanied as follows:—

Five Heralds.

Knights Templars who have come from the Holy Land in order to see *Peter*.

(Here the Band strike up the celebrated March from "*Le Prophète*."

Deputation of Foreigners who had heard of *Peter*, with drums.

Deputation of Deaf Gentlemen who hadn't heard of *Peter*, with ear-trumpets.

Arabs laden with Camels, and other presents for the Holy Man.

Citizens of Pomfret. The Mayor, Ladies of Pomfret.

(Supposed to be a supporter of *Peter*.)

A Rich Relation who hates *Peter*.

The Family of the Prophet. His Grandfather, a Centurian.

Somebody who knew *Peter* at home.

Acolytes. Effigy of *Peter*, the Hermit. Acolytes.

(His ancestor.)

Servants bearing presents made to the Prophet.

Servants bearing instruments from the Prophet's Laboratory.

Black Boy carrying a Girl carrying a Stuffed Black Boy carrying a Crocodile. Crocodile. Brazier.

Peter's Private Secretary.

Music Publishers of the Period who want the Copyright of *Peter's* Songs.

The Prophet's Clerk.

Four Halberdiers carrying on their bucklers

Peter of Pomfret.

Behind him "treading on his heels" come "many hundreds."

They cheer him. Boys shout. Flourish of Trumpets.

Then *Falconbridge* continues his speech, and *Peter* dissent or assents, as the case may be. Now *Peter* has but one line to say, and any one who knows what "business" or "pantomime" means, will be able to make this speech immensely telling. He is accused of prophesying the *King's* death, and then

King John. "Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?"

[*Peter* beckons to his Clerk, who whispers in his ear. They whisper in each other's ears. The Clerk departs to fetch *Peter's* books. In the meantime the deputations and his admirers offer him presents, the rich relation stands apart and scowls on him, and the family, who have never seen the *King*, make the most of the present opportunity. The Prophet rejects the presents, and in pantomime intimates that he despises his rich relation. The Clerk returns with folios and note-books. *Peter* consults them, to see if the charge brought against him is correct, and whether, according to custom, he had booked that particular prophecy. Finding that he has given the tip, he closes the volume, wipes his spectacles, while the rich relation smiles sarcastically, and walks down to the centre of the Stage. Mysterious music. Black boys bring crucible and brazier. Thunder, lightning. *Peter* goes through an incantation. People shudder. After this,

Peter (calmly). "Foreknowing" (slowly) "that the Truth" (politely takes *FALCONBRIDGE's* helmet as if for the cannon-ball trick) "will—fall out—so!" [Cannon-ball falls out of helmet. Great applause. Thunder.

King John. "HUBERT, away with him!" &c., &c. (Fight between partisans: quieted by *Peter*.) "Let him be hanged!"

[*Peter* falls on his grandfather's shoulders, is torn from his weeping family, shakes hands with his rich relation, who promises in pantomime that he will be good to his children: then *Peter* falls into *HUBERT's* arms, and is carried out.

You may by this possibly understand to what perfection I brought this small part. Let this be a lesson to all Managers, Actors, and honest students of SHAKESPEARE.

The Organ of the Kirk.

CHURCH music is beginning to find favour in the Scottish Kirk. In Glasgow organs have been lately introduced into four of the Established Churches. Perhaps there are still a few of the disciples of JOHN KNOX in whose eyes organs are obnoxious. There are, however, other instruments that even they might be induced to tolerate. They will still perhaps object to the organ that it is "a kist fu' o' whistles," but they cannot possibly make that objection to the bagpipe.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

WE understand that in consequence of the high price of meat, the Beef-eaters at the Tower have all turned Vegetarians.

ADVICE TO CAPTAIN COLES.—Go into a towering passion.



A MORNING CONCERT.

Wife. "GEORGE! GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT IN CHURCH!"

LINES FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
'Tis such expensive food:
When butchers cry, "Come, buy, buy, buy!"
I think them vastly rude.
They've raised the price of all that's nice,
Beef, mutton, pork and veal:
Their meat's so dear, I sadly fear
I soon shall want a meal.

Chorus.

So scant my fare, my bones are bare,
I shiver with the cold:
Small strength's within my shrunken skin,
Now meat so dear is sold.

My wife, poor soul! must needs control
Her appetite so good,
In lieu of chops she lives on slops,
Most unsubstantial food.
We pinch and screw for SAM, and SUE,
And FRANK, and MAUD, and MAX;
Five little chicks who eat like six,
Nor care how much I pay.
Chorus. So scant my fare, &c.

North, South, East, West, the rinderpest
Is rife, the butchers tell,
And that is why so dear we buy:
I fancy 'tis a sell.
It's my belief that mutton and beef
Much cheaper should be sold,
For there's scarce a rise in the wholesale price,
As the press hath plainly told.
Chorus. Yet scant's my fare, &c.

I'd like to see a Company
To bring good meat to town,
No more at shops we'd buy our chops,
Then prices might go down.
Thus some fine day the butchers may
Look, like their aprons, blue:
And there may be for you and me
Cheap meat as e'er we knew.

Chorus.

North, South, East, West, the rinderpest
Is raging, so we're told:
And there's no meat that's fit to eat,
But is worth its weight in gold.

"LESS THAN KIND."

We perceive the following advertisement:—

DOG.—Required a Kind Master for an excellent Black Retriever Dog.
Owner parts with him on account of savage tendencies.—Address, &c.

A savage dog wants a kind master. The advertiser is evidently advanced in the Victor Hugo school, which proposes to cure burglars by presenting them with your silver plate. But why does he not carry out his own theory? Perhaps, if he let this savage dog bite a few pieces out of his owner's legs or so, the animal would be converted to gentleness, the retriever be retrieved. Perhaps, again, the advertiser is relieving his conscience by asking for a kind master, and means to deliver the savage over to the dogwhip much as the priests handed the heretic to the civil power, begging that he might be kindly used. "There is much matter in these advertisers."

THE SUICIDE OF BEAUTY.—Painted faces and dyed hair are unpopular delusions, but fashionable fal-lalacies.

THE TERTOTALLER'S PARADISE.—The Temperate Zone.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

Arabella. "MORE CURATES ARE WHAT WE WANT."

NOBS AND SNOBS.

POOR EARL DUDLEY!

Not for his broad acres, not for all his fine houses, not for all his coal and his iron, not for all the pearls and diamonds and lace with which his new Countess was glorified in the eyes of JENKINS, would we stand to be steamed with the incense and pelted with the oblations of British Snobbery, as he has been for the last week or two, only because he has gone and got married!

We have spoken of JENKINS, but his hymeneal raptures are matters of course. What is better worth *Punch's* notice is the industrious *knowing* of the Bumbledom of the Black Country to their biggest Black Diamond. When one thinks of what that Black Country is, its miles of sooty, cindery, slaggy desolation by day; its lurid horror by night; its foul and tottering cottages, with their untaught, ill-clad, un-kempt and uncared-for swarms; its drunkenness, its misery, and its vice; its brutal men, its unsexed women, its children stunted in mind and body by premature toil, it is a comfort to fall back on the one set-off to all this—the splendours of Whitley and Himley, the glory of EARL DUDLEY's wedding, the costliness of the *parures* and *frouseaux*, the magnificence of the presents, the ineffable exquisiteness of the millinery.

Here is the oasis in that Black Country desert, wherein the snobbery of the region can disport itself, and do homage, and grovel, and lick the shoes of its big man, to its snobbish heart's content.

Worcester lies within the orbit of the DUDLEY sun, and its Council has been sucked in by the all-absorbing influence which draws on to its knees the Snobbery of that portion of the Midlands. The MAYOR OF WORCESTER, in calling the attention of the Council to the awful, yet intoxicating, subject, observed that—

"The Council were noted, he was happy to say, for not paying court to the nobles of the county simply because they were noblemen, and he should be sorry if the year of his Mayoralty were to be marked by any departure from the rule, if there was any rule in existence with regard to the matter: but EARL DUDLEY had taken such an active part in forwarding the interests of the various institutions in the city that the Council might well afford to make a new rule, or at least depart from the old one, to express the gratification they felt that one for whom they entertained such a high respect should be about to take a step which they hoped would be pro-

ductive of the highest happiness to himself. He thought it desirable to propose that an address of congratulation on his marriage be presented to EARL DUDLEY by the Worcester Town Council, the address to be drawn up by the Mayor, the Sheriff, Aldermen HILL and LSA, and Mr. WALTER HOLLAND. He (the Mayor) did not contemplate that there should be any formal presentation of the address, but that as the Earl would be passing through Worcester in company with his bride about the 7th December, and that if he could be induced to drive round near the Guildhall, that would be, he thought, a suitable opportunity for presenting the address."

Let us pray fervently that the Earl *may* be induced to drive round near the Guildhall. If he can't, one trembles to think of the consequences—Worcester weeping, and refusing to be comforted—the Mayor in hysterics, and PADMORE prostrated! For PADMORE, who writes M.P. after his name, as well as Alderman before it, trumps the Mayor. He has been spoken to by the Earl—nay caught poaching by him—

"ALDERMAN PADMORE, M.P., said he rose to second the resolution with great pleasure, and more especially for one reason, which was that some time ago he (the speaker) happened to be poaching on EARL DUDLEY's estate—(laughter)—when the Earl caught him in the very act. His Lordship was not only kind and lenient to him, but notwithstanding he knew that he (ALDERMAN PADMORE) had no certificate—(laughter)—invited him to kill anything on his estate. He thought such conduct required recognition, and he therefore begged most cordially to second the motion. (Laughter and applause.)"

"The motion was carried unanimously."

To be caught poaching by a Lord! and without a certificate, too! And to be invited by a real Earl to kill anything on his estate! Oh, ecstasy untold! Oh, bliss ineffable! We cordially agree with ALDERMAN PADMORE, M.P. Such conduct *does* require recognition!

Be it hereby recognised accordingly. Let us bow down and do our *kolow* reverently—and proclaim our *credo*, in the name of the DUDLEY-worshippers of Worcester, "*Magna est Snobbishness et prævalet*."

LITERARY JOINTING.

BACON lived at Ham House. The writer of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, when he came to London, always stopped at Gray's Inn.

A QUESTION OF TURNED HEADS.—How would the Negro women look if they used Golden Hair Wash to dye their woolly heads yellow?

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.



MR.—I beg to hand you the conclusions I have formed on the Christchurch correspondence:

That the Dean and Chapter should be suspended (not hanged), and a Provisional Government established.

That the Dean is not SWIFT.

That the Butler knows on which side his bread is buttered.

That a Professorship of Domestic Economy be immediately founded, and endowed by the four butlers, cook, and mangle, out of their past profits.

That Alma Mater may be *too* dear.

That the Undergraduates' "Battel" cry should be, "Reform our College Bills!"

That it is absurdly in-

consistent to hold public meetings and talk about founding new and cheap Colleges, when the old and dear ones might easily be reformed.

That there is a great waste in "Commons."

That the sooner "the bonny, bonny, Christchurch bills" are recast the better.

That "impositions" are not abolished at the Universities.

That the Undergraduates are quite able to fight their own "Battels."

Yours, YOUNG ISIS.

LAST CASE OF COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

THERE has been fearful business in Jamaica. Blacks rioted, were fired upon, and the riot became madness. The blacks slew many whites, and the massacre was attended by incidents too revolting to be described in pages usually devoted to pleasantness. It must, however, be stated that a young clergyman was hewn in pieces, and that the blacks enacted hideous orgies, devouring the brains of their victims. A terrible vengeance descended upon the savages, and shot, steel, and cord came into stern use. A great slaughter was made.

All this is painful to tell, but it must be told, because it is right to show the spirit in which the story is treated by those who claim to be exponents of the feelings of the people of England, but who by a perverse instinct set themselves, on all occasions, in opposition to those feelings. Those who found excuses for the Indian mutineers, those who advocate peace at any price, and hold honour not worth counting, are now loud in behalf of the Jamaica blacks. Nothing is said for a small white population, eight times outnumbered by the negroes, and suddenly confronted by the foulest horrors of savage warfare. Nothing is said of its natural terror for its wives and little children. All we hear is a howl about the severity exercised upon the poor dear blacks.

The Reverend DR. BURNS is a shining light among the advocates of the blacks. We dare say that he is a good man, at all events he uses many words out of the good Book. He addresses a long letter to MR. BRIGHT's organ, and thus he begins:—

"I have read with feelings of indescribable horror the details of the late sanguinary doings in Jamaica. I am sure, as those deeds are unfolded, and the whole truth shall be published in this country, that an unparalleled feeling of intensified indignation will be produced. I enter upon no justification of riots or of rebellion on the part of the misguided coloured people, but I do protest in the name of our common humanity against the precipitate destruction to which so many of our fellow creatures have been devoted."

This Christian minister reserves, it will be seen, his justification of riots or rebellion, that he may at once relieve his mind by abusing those who defended themselves against raging savages. He has not a word of regret for his brother Christian minister who was chopped to pieces by the blacks. All he desires is to intimate that he sends up to Heaven an "outcry, night and day," in company with the other "elect," he says (apparently meaning Dissenters of a certain sect), and though he does not state what he cries, we must gather that he means a protest against the whites who fought for their lives, wives, and babies. MR. BRIGHT's organ, of course, echoes this minister, and at a safe distance from anything blacker than its own misused ink, ridicules the terrors of white men who found themselves surrounded by a furious crowd, notoriously inflamed by belief—evidently not discouraged by certain religious teachers—that the negroes were the victims of tyranny.

It is strange that fanaticism blinds men, not otherwise foolish, to the truth, and makes them unaware of the feelings of the great mass of their countrymen. It is less strange, such blindness and obtuseness granted, that fanatics should believe themselves exponents of the popular mind, and should write, as was written in Tooley Street of old, "We, the people." Yet they have had some lessons at

hustings and elsewhere, and have now a lesson before them in the fact that an English Premier will not shock the heart of England by admitting one of their party to office, loudly as they clamour for it.

The whole history of the Jamaica trouble will of course be the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry, and if injustice has been done, it will appear, and no Englishman will defend it. We may appeal to work done before the anti-English party arose, in proof that we have ever advocated justice to men of all colours, and have done so at times when universal philanthropy was not the fashion, and was not exactly rewarded with ovations. But we cannot allow men to describe themselves as "we, the people," and then to outrage the feelings of all decent Englishmen, without pointing out that "we, the people," means a foolish handful of noisy quacks.

ODE TO MIDAS.

O MIDAS, who, in self-conceit
As wise as all the Grecian Seven,
The scales of justice dost, unmeet,
Hold, and erect thine ears to Heaven,
On salaried or civic chair,
Or Bench whose Greatness takes no pay!
Would your sweet worship take some care
How word and word, opposed, you weigh?

What weight hath an accuser's tale,
That's unsupported, and denied,
More than the story in the scale
That dangles on the other side?
Hold but the balance even; so
In equipoise both sides will seem.
That, Midas, thou dost not, and lo!
Scale of defendant kicks the beam.

Condemn not, save when proof outweighs
Denial; give those ears, O dense
Of Nature, to the law which says
Presume not guilt, but innocence.
Nor relegate, with solemn face,
And cant of being "deeply pained,"
Perchance a false accuser's case.
Dismiss the charge that's unsustainable.

Imagine, if your Dulness can,
The torture of another's mind,
To infamy, a guiltless man,
Or fear of infamy consigned.
Thus, oft, because a Midas, void
Of brains, reverses judgment's rule,
Behold the righteous is destroyed
Between a liar and a fool!

But thou thyself mayst victim fall,
Some day, of malice or mistake,
A blockhead on the Bench withal,
False witness for the truth to take;
Then, Midas, by experience taught
The common folly of thy class,
Thou'lt know what cruelty is wrought
By Law whose Minister's an Ass.

Important!

MR. JAMES GRANT, of the *Advertiser*, has felt it his duty to contradict DR. CUMMING upon the subject of the Millennium. The former theological authority has published a new Book, called *The End of All Things* (he owes us a pint for this advertisement) in which he states, from his own knowledge, that the Doctor knows nothing about the matter, and that we may go on taking leases, and marrying and giving in marriage. As this announcement is official, we accept it with confidence, and on the whole are rather glad that things are to remain as they are.

ULTRA IRISH FENIANISM.

WE understand that in the Fenian "circles" addresses of condolence and sympathy are in course of being got up for presentation to the insurgent negroes in Jamaica who have been hanged.

MUTUAL RECOGNITION COMPANY (LIMITED.)



LIMITED Companies are now the order of the day. In order to insure the best possible Criticisms in the public journals, a society of gentlemen devoted to Music, the Drama, and Literature generally, has been formed, whereof the basis is the Principles of Mutual Recognition. MR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has clearly shown that MESSRS. SHAKSPEARE, BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT, and FLETCHER belonged to a Mutual Admiration Society. O. W. H. considers such a society to be "the crown of a Literary Metropolis." To M. A. Society but few members can belong: it is most exclusive. The Mutual Recognition Company, though limited, can enlist the names of many more than the above-mentioned body. Members of the M. R. are not bound to

praise one another; they may, if they like, and if they don't like they needn't, only in the latter case they must expect retaliation. Several members have already sent us notices of each other's books, plays, and musical compositions. A copy of every printed criticism is kept on the books in the Company's office, and proofs before publication, are open to any member for inspection; but no objection will be listened to. Every writer may say what he thinks, but he is bound to think it.

First, we have a notice of the St. James's Theatre, by the author of *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. "*Lady Audley's Secret*" has been revived at this theatre. Those who have not yet seen MISS HERBERT as *Lady Audley* have a rare treat in store for them. *The Ladies' Club*, another most successful revival at this theatre. Here, indeed, is the Poet's "Vision of Fair Women" realised. Elegant MISS HERBERT, gentle MISS WENTWORTH, sprightly MISS COLLINSON, dark-eyed BESSIE ALLEYNE, handsome ELEANOR BUFTON, our Three Graces, and two over! We must be forgiven if the eye triumphed over the ear, and if, dazed by the fairy forms before us, we lost much of the author's neat dialogue, that from time to time fell to the lot of MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, MR. ROBSON, and MR. BELTON. We reserve a fuller account for another edition."

[*Private Note.* This is all genuine, but I can't finish it until I see—I've left myself another opportunity—what either the author of *Lady A's Secret*, or the other piece says of *A Wolf, &c.*, in his forthcoming notice.]

The next is a notice of *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, at the Olympic, by the author of *The Ladies' Club*. "A most judicious revival. MR. MONTAGUE is a rising actor, and MR. H. NEVILLE has already established his reputation. MISS HARLAND shows that she can do something more than a burlesque dance, and little little Sister of MISS KATE TERRY's is a clever child, who must be taken care of, and not be produced at hothouse pressure. *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing* is decidedly one of the author's best pieces—full of repartee and telling situations."

[*Private Note* prefixed to the next Notice in the Company's Office.—There is a comedy being played at a certain distant theatre; but a journey thither involves a heavy cab-fare—that is, from any part of the West End; and I shan't say a word about it until I see what the author of that piece says of my latest production.]

The next notice is of the Strand Theatre, by the author of a new Comedy above-mentioned. "*L'Africaine, or The Queen of the Cannibal Islands*, is the new Opera-burlesque produced at this theatre. It is beautifully placed on the stage; the scenery and dresses excel anything previously attempted. The acting is simply the perfection of burlesque acting, whereof the requirements are totally different to those of comedy. The two niggers (MR. JAMES as *Neluko*, and MR. THORNE as *Selika*) are inimitable, and the piece goes with shouts of laughter from the first to last. In this burlesque we see what musical success may be gained without the aid of the hackneyed airs of the music-halls, and by giving the public fresh and sparkling compositions. MISS SWANBOROUGH, as *Ines*, the yachting young lady, and MISS RAYNHAM, dressed as MENKEN in *William*, are suited, both by author and composer, down to the ground. There is not such another burlesque company in London; but, warned by old experience, they must not forget that 'union is strength.'"

[*Private Note.*—The above is my genuine opinion, as far as it goes, but

I reserve my notice of the *writing* until I see what *he* says of my Comedy.]

The Mutual Recognition Company begins to work capitally. We have already got several notices of books, and in course of time we hope to see the result of the principle in fairly, candidly, and carefully-written criticisms on all subjects connected with Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature generally.

ARTFUL ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN these days when the newest style of advertisement soon becomes stale, and a fresh supply differently dressed is necessary to excite that pleasurable sensation which readers of this class of writings alone know how to value, it is particularly refreshing to find, even among the contributions for the relief of the poor sufferers from the recent Gas Explosion, that this element of excitement is not altogether wanting.

At the bottom of the list I was delighted to find the following neat reminder:—

One who has derived considerable benefit from the constant use of MORISON'S Vegetable Pills 2s. 6d.

If this system is more generally adopted, dear Mr. Punch, and I have no doubt that you will give it your distinguished patronage, it is perfectly charming to think what a rich accession I shall have to my favourite food for the mind. I have thought over the subject so much that I have been able to make out a subscription list in the style I mean:—

Collected by a Curate, who with ALLEN'S Hair Restorer and Zylbalsamum has removed all traces of the tonsure, which he had imprudently adopted	6s. 6d.
One who has furnished his house at MAPLE'S	4 0
A Lady, who by procuring one of ZIGARETTI AND NAMBRA's registering thermometers, has been able to tell her friends "How cold it has been"	10 0
Collected by two little boys who have become thorough masters of "Hunt on the Skin"	3 6d
A Lady who sees that she "Gets the Glenfield Starch"	21 0
A Manager who is never without BECKON-BECK'S Polariscopes and Stage-forceps	16
A Coloured Lady, who finds great comfort in the Ebonite Crinoline	7 0
One who means to go and see DOSTARE	2 0
A Gentleman who has travelled across the Desert of Arabia on a Rantome	12 0

I, am sure there are many ladies who share the same feelings with me, and would be as much pleased at seeing a list made out like the above as

Your admirer, TABITHA JONES.

A NEW ECHO SONG.

From the Vale of Isis.

THE servants sprawl about the Hall,
And benches where the students huddle:
Propitious fates, protect the plates,
In such a wild and glorious muddle!

Oh students oh, the cause is past divining,
But lately we have come to grief in dining, dining, dining!

O lor, O dear, how hard and queer,
And harder, queerer, farther going,
The beef so raw, that tries the jaw,
The mutton tough beyond all showing.

Oh students oh, it is no use repining,
Oh students, do not mention dining, dining, dining!

Oh friends, we dine like simple swine!
It tells on stomach or on liver.
To mend the fare our course is clear,
Let's chuck the cook into the river!

Oh butler, oh, still with the kitchen vying,
Soon may you find your profits dying, dying, dying!

Nothing Extraordinary.

A TELEGRAM, coming all the way from Bombay, announces that:—

"An English girl has been sold by her parents to the Chief of Chatna for 3,000 rupees. The affair has caused much excitement."

Why? She is not the first English girl whom her parents have sold. English girls sell themselves every day to old fools; who generally repent of their bargain. Let us hope the Chief of Chatna won't.

EPICUREAN LOGIC.—This menaced war is perfectly unnatural. No one will approve it who knows how good Spanish onions are with Chili vinegar.



IN TRAINING.

MASTER HENRY GROWS TOO HEAVY FOR HIS PONY, AND FINDING THE GOVERNOR DOES NOT TAKE HIS REPEATED HINTS ON THE SUBJECT, AND DO THE LIBERAL THING, RESOLVES AT LAST TO REDUCE HIS WEIGHT BY BANTING AND SUDORIFICE, &c. NURSE WON'T PUT UP WITH HIS "VIGARIES" ANY LONGER, AND SENDS FOR MASTER. *TARLEAU!*

THE UNDERGRADUATES' REBELLION.

BUTLER *sings*—

HEY, why, what, I say! Hallo!
 Here's a pretty kind of go!
 What on earth do these young Undergraduates mean?
 Gracious goodness! they rebel
 Against the Dean, and me as well;
 Yes, the Butler, me myself, besides the Dean!
 This won't do—won't never do!
 What a pass we're coming to,
 Arter goin' on so quiet and serene
 For so many 'oary years!
 Now, to think of mutineers
 Rising up agin the Butler and the Dean!
 Of their commons they complains,
 They denies our lawful gains
 On the College bread-and-butter. It is mean;
 It is vulgar; it is low.
 Where do they expect to go
 That resists the wery Butler and the Dean?
 'Tis them *Essays and Reviews*,
 Which they've taken to peruse,
 And COLEMAN, whose arithmetic I've seen,
 Wot has led their minds astray
 In this wild and wicked way,
 A-revoltin' from their Butler and their Dean!
 I am perfectly aghast!
 Sure the world is at its last!
 'Tis all up with this here transitory scene!
 Give the word Time's knell to ring;
 There's an end of everything
 Now the Butler they defies and braves the Dean!

MANTEUFFEL AND AUGUSTENBURG.

The following is the text, in plain English, of the letter lately sent by GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL to the PRINCE OF AUGUSTENBURG:—

PRINCE,

Castle Gottorf, Tuesday.

When you were at Eckenförde the other day, as many as half-a-dozen people had the audacity to touch their hats to you, and you presumed to raise your hat in return. I know what these demonstrations mean as well as you do. Let me have no more of this sort of thing. The only person here in Schleswig that anybody has a right to touch his hat to, except women, is, in the absence of the KING OF PRUSSIA, myself. Mind what you are about, and signify to your friends that you are not to receive these royal salutes. You will disobey this order at your peril. If I hear that you have had any more hats taken off to you, either here or where you are, I tell you plainly I shall have you arrested. I hope you understand that; and request you to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

The reply of the Prince, also in the language of conciseness and simplicity, is as follows:—

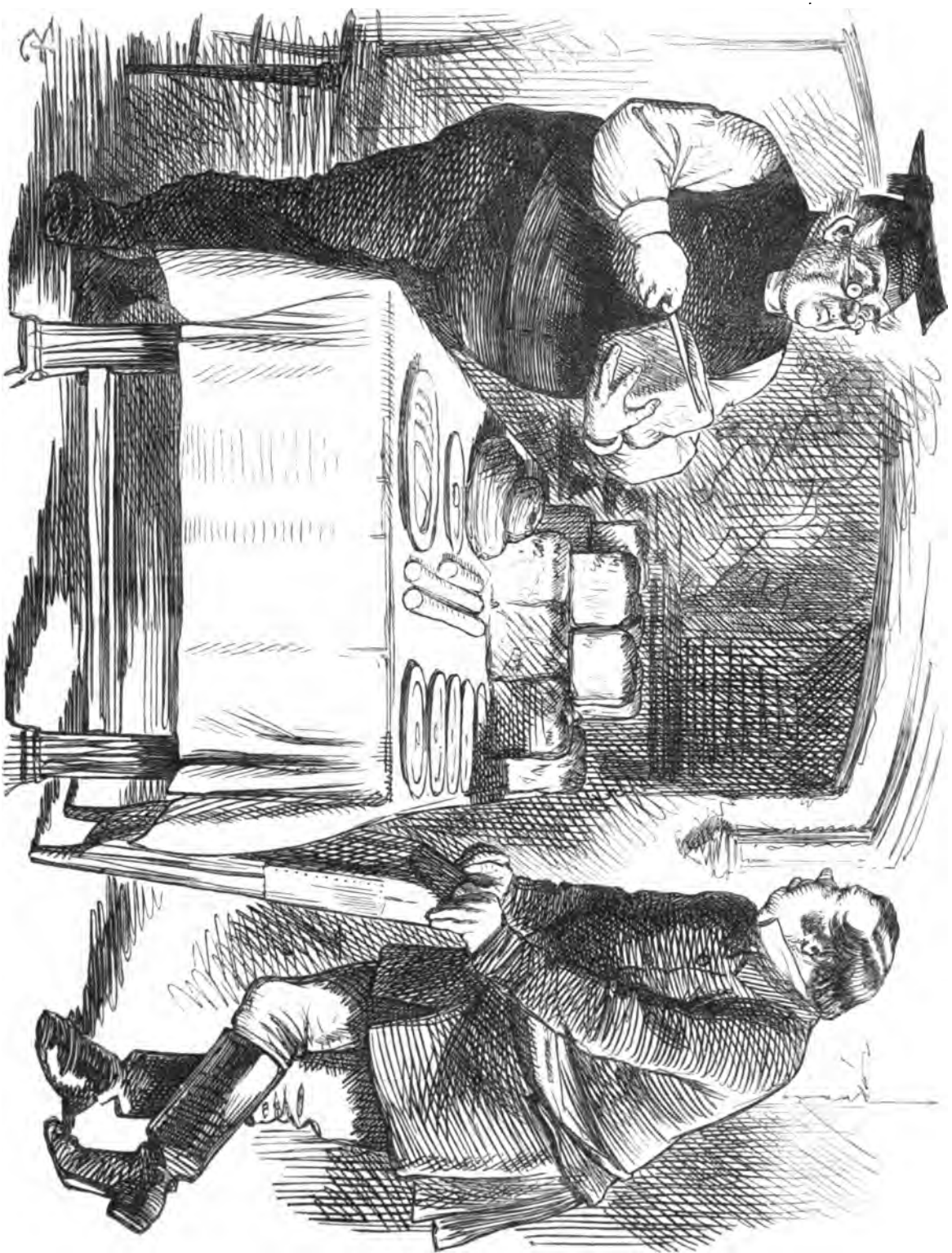
GENERAL,

Nienstädt, Wednesday.

Allow me to inform you that it is impossible for me to prevent people from touching their hats to me, and that I would not if I could check any demonstration of loyal feeling. Instead of offering me insolent dictation you had better recommend your master, the KING OF PRUSSIA, to leave the people of Schleswig to choose their own form of Government and Ruler for themselves. If he does not do this, the fact will be that he has seized upon that Duchy on a false pretence, and there will remain to be said of his Prussian Majesty no more than anybody who speaks the truth can say of the greatest robber in Europe. Desiring you to put that in your pipe, and smoke it under your master's nose, I have the honour to be

AUGUSTENBURG.

P.S. Arrest me, if you dare. The conscience of Europe requires to be outraged a little more. Do it!



DEAN AND CHOPPER.

BUTCHER. "VERY LOW THEM LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, MR. DEAN! VERY 'ARD ON BOTH OF US, SIR—MY BEEF AND YOUR BREAD-AN'-BUTTER!"

Punch's Table-Talk.

142.

JUST a hundred years ago, DR. EDWARD YOUNG—come, you must have heard of the *Night Thoughts*—published a book called *The Centaur not Fabulous*. It consists of letters on "the life in vogue," and the author proposed to make the foolish folk of the time sensible of their errors. The book is not worth reading, and the author was a Hamburg. But the frontispiece is curious. A Centaur, his human body in Harlequin's motley, and his hat surmounted by a weather-cock, waves a bauble, and, trampling on the Commandments, leads a group of fools to a precipice, at the foot of which lies a woman with a hope's anchor, broken, and a man sits tearing his hair, in remorse. A band of music plays merrily as the victims come dancing to their doom. The principal figures are two ladies, with dresses very low cut. One of them laughingly brandishes a fool's cap. Behind are a building, probably the Rotunda, in Ranelagh Gardens, and a pagoda, in which stands Gambling, represented by the ace of clubs. From the Centaur's mouth proceed the words *Gnothi seauton*, in Greek. Our abstinent and vigorous friend, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, should re-produce the cut, introducing a fiend with a glass of champagne, and a demon with a box of Havannahs. Pass me the cigars, please.

143.

Touching which Rotunda, HORACE WALPOLE went to breakfast there on the 22nd April, 1743, and says that the immense amphitheatre has balconies full of little alehouses. It was in rivalry to Vauxhall, and cost £12,000. Entrance, eighteen-pence. "You see how poor we are, when with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale." The last entertainment there was the installation ball of the Knights of the Bath in 1802. Now we have the Alhambra, but "caparisons are odious."

144.

I write with a goose-quill, and I suppose that I shall finish the chapter with one. I have never had a metallic pen that came into tune with the varying temperament of genius. It is not in the nature of things. You dash through a fiery dialogue in another mood than that in which you polish an epigram into a diamond. A bit of metal recognises no nonsense of that kind. Sometimes I applaud myself, at the end of an ode, with a wild labyrinthine twiddle. The steel pen, agast at such levity, splashes the ink and tears the paper. Keep your metal to state that you have a large account to make up next Tuesday, or to rebuke your relation for dunning for money—the goose-quill of nature is for the bard, the satirist, and the lover.

145.

Anchovy on curried toast is very much to the purpose.

146.

Give your children distinctive names. It is absurd to keep on calling boys JOHN, GEORGE, and THOMAS, merely because their fathers were so named—and when they come to the age of receiving letters, father and son often find out the inconvenience, and find out other things not intended for their eyes. Of course, if a rich godfather is to be complimented, that is another matter, but even then you should stick in an EPAMINONDAS or a MONTMORENCY, to be adopted when the legacy shall have been paid. It is very hard upon a fellow called JONES or the like, never to be mentioned without the inquiry, "What JONES?"

147.

Nobody—I mean no Swell—has been married before the Registrar only. What a flutter there would be among the bridesmaids, if they were all conveyed to the Office, and if the official I have named were to rise at the breakfast and imitate the clerical platitudes. There would be a Sensation Wedding, especially if the advertisement finished with—No Parsons.

148.

The Representation is capable of much amendment. But I think that a very full inquiry precedes the most commonplace reform—a plan for Drainage, or a new Police Act—it would be not only an English but a sensible course to obtain the fullest information before we make a change in the Constitution. At present we have not even trustworthy returns to show where the existing franchise is deposited.

149.

That is an irritating dodge of our common and unclean enemy, the Cabman—that asking you the way, to find out whether you know town. My answer is always sharp, short, and decisive, and usually starts him, at a hand gallop, on the directest route.

150.

Tradesmen who let their young men practise the habit of saying "Sir?" after being once told what you want, wonder at the diminution of their business. I always speak distinctly, and if the answer is "Sir!" I immediately walk out of the shop—unless I particularly want anything it contains.

151.

I seldom eat lunch. But if you like something nice in the middle of the day, take a fine oyster and wrap him in the thinnest jacket of the finest bacon—fasten with the tiniest silver skewer. Place him on a small pedestal of not very thin toast, and put him into a Dutch oven. Show him the fire—not too long—and eat him, multiplied, of course, by the power of your appetite. There be worse things.

152.

A good-natured act was rewarded in Baker Street the other day, as I was going to MADAME TUSSAUD's to be modelled. A tradesman was driving a cart, rather fast, and a small basket fell off behind. A young fellow picked it up, chased the cart, and after a smart run, the driver not attending to his cries, reached it, and was inserting the basket, when a faithful dog sprang up in the cart and bit him. Such a roar from several Cabmen, by way of consolation.

153.

I honour engineering talent almost beyond any other. But I think that it should be combined with some little knowledge of spelling. I say this, having recently seen this signature, "HENRY BROWN, S.I." The gentleman is a Civil Engineer.

154.

I am the Artist's best friend. I am always suggesting subjects to him. Here is one, and I hope it will be seized. JOHN BROWN, whose soul is still marching on, was saving some negro women and children, when he was assailed by a gang of Legrees. He had four white men and three black, against forty-eight ruffians. But he made so bold a show of fight that the Legrees turned and fled, all but four, whom he took prisoners. He ordered them to dismount, on which they burst into furious execrations. He commanded silence, saying he would permit no blasphemy in his presence. At this, they only swore the louder and the harder. "Kneel!" exclaimed the stern Puritan, suddenly presenting his pistol. There was no alternative but a deadly one, and they all knelt. "Now, pray!" It was probably their first attempt in that line for many years, and their success could hardly have been brilliant; but he kept them at it until they had at least manifested an obedient and docile spirit. There are materials for an effective picture. What do you say, MR. ANSDILL?

155.

When a literary swell has the gout, the friends who have given it to him by asking him to dinners ought to do his work, or at least make up the amount of income he loses while alternating between morphia dreams and abuse of Fate.

156.

I wish somebody would make a Concordance to the Koran. MOHAMMED is accused of a vast quantity of nonsense which he never heard of, but the book is a difficult one to hunt in. MRS. C. C. CLARK'S admirable *Concordance to Shakspeare* should be the model.

157.

Which reminds me that DAVID MASSON, noble Miltonian critic, hath assumed his chair in Edinburgh. The right man in the right place, though I grieve that we lose him from the superior city. He will enlighten the young barbarians.

"BRAVE DAVID MASSON,

He will turn the gas on.

He's the man to bring his Edinburgh class on."

158.

A gentleman, with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance, nevertheless favours me with a circular containing much valuable advice on the subject of investments of money. I can take care of my own in that line. But he inserts a triple counsel, on the subject of Mines, and this I think you all ought to hear. He says, "In Mines, no man should speculate in shares which, at the account day, he is not, if the market is against him, prepared to pay for and take up. No one should speculate in progressive mines who cannot afford to hold the same for at least a year after he has bought. No one should speculate in new mines who cannot afford to lose his stake altogether." Now, I can't do the latter—send me that slice which you had cut for yourself, as I know it is a good bit.

159.

A cut in the *Charivari* made me laugh. A painter, who has sent a portrait to the Exhibition, is sternly addressing the gentleman who sat. "If the jury reject my work, I swear to destroy both picture and original. You do not know how elevated are the feelings of a true artist."

160.

I prefer the Scottish law phrases to our own. I understand them perfectly. I learned them from LORD DEAS, and I flatter me that I endeared myself to a Procurator-Fiscal by remarking that if a panel was forisfamiliarised for resetting a self-contained roup at the upset price of the feu, averments would not be wanting to show that yon colligation was libelled, and the outcome would be presently fugitated.



RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT.

Guard. "BEG PARDON, SIR; BUT COULD YOU OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE WITH A FUSEE!"

THE ANCIENT DON'S LAMENT.

OH, dark and evil are the days,
Whereon our fortunes fall—
Defiant doubts their heads upraise,
And rampant reason scorneth stays,
And youths run off the ancient ways,
In Chapel and in Hall!

As though defying Dean, or Head,
Were not the worst of crimes,
Declare they're by the butler bled,
Both in their butter and their bread,
Complain they're neither taught nor fed,
And write it to the *Times*!

With questioning COLANSO dare
Moses himself to school;
Or in heresiarch JOWETT's snare
Seeking Greek roots, find poison there,
And in their faith, as in their fare,
Reject the good old rule!

Oh, for the days, unvexed by storms—
When none new light required;
When faith took usages for norms,
Ignoring facts, and bolting forms:
When wicked doubts, like waspish swarms,
With brimstone out were fired!

The youth our rule no longer brook,
Against us lift the heel;
Pick quarrels with a creed or cook,
Doctrines or Battels bring to book,
Till to their deep foundations shook,
Our faiths and fortunes reel!

Authority, where art thou fled?
Come back to us once more!
Repair the wrongs, of doubting bred
Put reason out, give faith instead;
Knock all the future on the head,
And all the past restore!

"THE CONSTITUTIONS OF CLARENDON."—Foreign Office Despatches.

SHAKSPEARE AND STEAM.

He wasn't for an age, but for all time. Was he for Railway time? This must be the question asked by the management of the Standard Theatre, which is now next door to the City Extension of the North London Railway. All admirers of the immortal bard will be delighted with the performance of MESSRS. CRESSWICK, RYDER, and MISS SARAH THORNE, and will praise the admirable emphasis and discretion given to every line they can hear. Take Act V. Scene 1. This represents the King's Camp near Shrewsbury (charmingly painted, by the way):—

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

King Henry (solemnly). How bloodily the sun begins to (rumbling of one train. Audience look at one another. The rest of the speech is lost to everyone except PRINCE HENRY, who is standing near the King).

Prince Henry. The southern wind Doth play the (rumbling of two trains: speech continued in dumb show).

[EARL OF WORCESTER and SIR RICHARD VERNON are waiting to come on at the side opposite the Prompter]

Sir Richard Vernon (to Worcester). What did he say? (Railway whistle and screams.)

Worcester (takes off his helmet, and puts his hand to his ear). I don't know: can't hear the cue.

King Henry (who has given the required cue four times already, bawls out between both hands, looking towards Worcester)—foul to those who win!!!

[Ramble, rumble, rumble, screams and shrieks of steam, whistling.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, and WORCESTER carrying his helmet.

[KING HENRY opens his mouth like a fish breathing, and is supposed to be saying his part.

Worcester (seeing the King's mouth shut for a second.) Hear me, my liege.

Prince John (aside to Worcester). He's not finished yet. (Railway whistle.)

Falstaff (who is standing apart from the rest, thinks his turn has come).

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (No one hears him except the Prompter, who shakes his head at him furiously.)

King Henry (during a calm, hoarsely). Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Worcester (getting his say at last). Hear me, my liege! (Railway bell, violently. Several trains rumbling. More shrieks from engines.)

King Henry (to Prince Henry). Hear him? Impossible!

Prince Henry (mistaking this for his cue, starts two pages ahead). In both our armies there is many a—(is stopped by King and SIR WALTER BLUNT).

[WORCESTER proceeds with his speech. Convenient trains arrive, depart, and pass one another, apparently every other minute. Screams, shrieks, bells, whistles, at short intervals. The audience listen with their heads on one side.

Worcester (cutting it short, shouts the last two lines). And violation (takes breath for next shout) of all faith and troth, (Takes breath, and prepares for a yell to finish with),

Sworn to us—in—our (with full chest power, in opposition to two trains letting off steam) younger enterprise!!! (Loses his voice for the rest of the evening.)

Gallery (cheering). Bravo!

King Henry. These things indeed you have articulated.

[Audience, who have caught this line, applaud vehemently. He continues his speech while the 10:45 is starting and the 10:40 is arriving. Both events celebrated by Railway officials on bells and steam-whistles.

King Henry (shouting to Audience). Of hurly-burly innovation [Leader of Orchestra hears him, and approves the sarcasm. The words do not get beyond the second fiddle.

King Henry (making a last effort while the 10:55 is imitating thunder). Of pell-mell (shouts louder) havoc (louder) and (loudest) confusion! (Loses his voice.)

And thus the play goes bravely on. Ear-trumpets ought to be sold at the door, and be lent, with opera-glasses, by the Boxkeeper at so much a night. SHAKSPEARE'S Lines have not fallen in pleasant places when so discordantly interrupted by the Lines of the North London Railway.

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY;

OR, DRESSING THE CABINET PUDDING.

SCENE—*The Kitchen in the First Lord's Official Residence.*

*Present, the Cooks of the Constitution—*LORD RUSSELL, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, EARL GRANVILLE, EARL CLARENDON, EARL DE GREY AND RIFON, LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, SIR GEORGE GREY, SIR CHARLES WOOD, MR. CARDWELL, MR. VILLIERS, MR. MILNER GIBSON.

Lord Russell. Well, my excellent *confères*, it is really time the bill of fare was settled. Shall we say *Potage à la Reine* to begin with? There's the kettle of fish I left at the Foreign Office. CLARENDON can get that warmed up, and there's that Turkey—

Lord Stanley of A. I thought you had made a hash of that already.

Lord Russell. The Roast beef of Old England—by all means.

Duke of Argyll. Haggis.

Lord Stanley of A. Scarcely necessary to suggest Irish stew.

Gladstone. Hold hard, gentlemen! You are forgetting THE CABINET PUDDING A LA REFORME.

Milner Gibson. Ah! That's the *pièce de résistance*.

Granville. I am afraid the House won't relish it much.

Duke of Somerset. Nor the country either.

Lord Russell. I beg your pardon. It is quite settled that it is to be the feature of our bill of fare. The country is calling out for it—and *vocs*—

Granville (hums). "Una voce poco fa."

Lord Stanley of A. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Duke of Somerset. But the difficulty of the pudding is in the making.

Lord Granville. Apropos, who is to make it?

Lord Russell. I've all the old recipes which were so popular in 1830-32. I made the old pudding, I believe that is generally admitted. I'm ready to undertake the new one—single-handed.

Gladstone (blandly). I think we can't quite go even by the new edition of your old cookery-book, my Lord. I must, with the utmost humility, insist on having a finger in the pudding.

Lord Russell. Oh, by all means. Then let it be me and GLADSTONE.

Lord Granville. No, really that would be giving you too much trouble—

Lord Stanley of A. Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but too few would be certain to spoil the pudding.

Lord Clarendon. Unless, indeed, our pudding is to be like LORD CHESTERFIELD's cucumber, very elaborately prepared, with a view to being flung out of the window.

Milner Gibson. Suppose we tossed up?

Lord Russell. Oh, anybody can make the pudding, if once the recipe's agreed on. Here's mine:—"Take a million six-pound householders. No occasion for picking them over, or washing and cleaning. Stir them briskly in with half the quantity of fine upper-crust flour, and middlings, till all distinction disappears in the dough. Leaven with Constitutional doctrine: add as many sound raisins* and currents (of opinion) as your dough will carry: season with (hustings') sugar-and-spice and candied fruits (of experience), if you can get them. Have a brisk fire, and plenty of hot water. Let your pudding boil one day from eight till four, and serve up hot."

[General chorus of adverse criticism from the assembled cooks.]
Gladstone. Allow me to press my recipe in preference to his Lordship's:—"Take thirty small constituencies—the rottenest are the best for the purpose. Cut off their members. Have ready thirty boroughs, the largest you can find. Stick in the thirty members you have cut off from the small boroughs—"

Lord Stanley of A. But how about the representatives of the thirty small boroughs?

Lord Russell. I don't attach any value to re-distribution. Everything turns on lowering the franchise.

Lord Granville. The awkward point is, that the existing constituencies don't want it lowered at all.

Milner Gibson. I go in for the working-man. The working-man must be represented.

Duke of Somerset. Even if every other class should be swamped, Eh?

Duke of Argyll. Intelligence must be represented—

Villiers. Don't give us any bosh in the shape of fancy franchises.

Lord Clarendon. Provision ought to be made for large minorities.

Villiers. Stuff and nonsense! *Vox populi vox Dei!*

Lord Stanley of A. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

Lord Russell. The great point is, that the pudding should be strongly spiced enough.

Lord Stanley of A. Yes—but spiced with what?

Lord Granville. The House has a horror of democracy.

Milner Gibson. The country will look for a large measure—

Lord Stanley of A. (aside to Villiers). Then it will be a case of "measures, not men!"

* Pronounce, as WALKER gives it, "resins."

Lord Cranworth. "Quies non movere" would be my principle, I must confess.

Mr. Gladstone. We must take JOHN BULL by the horns, and face the consequences. The waters from the well of truth have always been waters of bitterness.

Duke of Somerset. Suppose we let well alone.

Milner Gibson. There can't be any danger from working-men. I've had experience of the working-man.

Lord Stanley of A. Not since you've been in office, I should say, GIBSON?

Lord Russell. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, how shall we ever get our pudding made, unless we can agree upon something?

Duke of Somerset. Just my difficulty.

Milner Gibson. Suppose we appoint a Committee to consider and report—Nothing like consideration.

All (except Russell and Gladstone.) A Committee—a Committee!

Lord Russell. But suppose—

[His voice of remonstrance is drowned in a general chorus, "A Committee—a Committee!" (Closed in.)]

A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

MR. PUNCH—PLEASE SIR,

Mr Master, MR. CUTLETS, sends me to bed every night before nine, so that I may be up early to go to market with him. But as I lay awake I often hear him and his friends, CHUMP and CLEAVER (both jolly Butchers) talking, as they smoke their long pipes, and drink their rum-and-water hot with lemon. One night last week they were carousing like gipsies so merry and free, when my Master proposes a toast, "Success to trade!" "Plaguey good toast that," says CHUMP. "Right you are," says my Master, "it is plaguey good," and then they all laugh and cough till they are in danger of apoplexy. "Ah!" says my Master, with tears in his eyes, "we have much to be thankful for." "We have indeed," says CLEAVER, "rightly looked at, all things is for the best, what is a plague spot to some is a toolip to others." "Sweetly put," observes my Master, "beef at sixteenpence a pound is a beautiful perversion for us that have gals at boarding school—education nowadays can't be had for nothing." "If it hadn't been for that blessed cargo from Ravel," says CHUMP, "neither me nor my Missis would have seen Paris this summer." "Same here," says CLEAVER. "I should never have bought that there row of Willas at Kentish Town, if there hadn't been unity in our business. What a united body we are, I often think. We never cut under one another, like tailors and hatters, and painters, and such like. Oh, it's beautiful to see such harmony among butchers. In another year or two, please the pigs, I hope we shall be able to build ourselves a club-house equal to any in Pall Mall."

Now, Mr Punch, though I'm only a 'prentice, I do say it's shocking to hear such sentiments, and I've made up my mind as soon as I'm out of my time, which will be in less than a year, that I'll open a shop and sell good legs of mutton at eightpence, and sirloins at ninepence a pound. I will. I often wonder to think how innocent people are—they've no more idea what is the market price of a sheep than the sheep himself. They have coal, why not start cattle clubs? Supposing a number was to join together and form a Joint-Stock Company for supplying themselves with joints. I'd be their Managing Director, if they'd let me, and would buy a beast for 'em as cheap as my master, and dress it too. Depend on it, Sir, there's only one way to make beef cheap, and that is, the public must take the bull by the horns. It isn't to my interest to say so, but I like to see justice meted out to every one, rich and poor. I'm not ashamed of my business, never having done nothing to disgrace it, and am proud of being (with all proper respect, Sir, to you),

A BUTCHER BOY.

EDUCATION IN BERMONDSEY.

OUR Benevolent readers will be glad to hear that Bermondsey Workhouse, generally supposed an abominable place, is, by persons connected with it, and apparently the best possible judges of its arrangements, declared a tolerably decent one. According to the written statement of one of those persons, the condition of that establishment is "very good," whilst another certifies that it is "very good," a third that "all appears quiet," and a fourth, in reply to the printed question, "Are the lunatics quiet?" writes, "Yea, they har." These testimonies appear satisfactory. Their orthography seems to show that they must have been originally recorded in manuscript by inmates of the institution to which they relate. Such, however, is not exactly the case. The honour of their authorship is ascribed by the *Lancet's* Commissioner, deputed to report on the state of Bermondsey Workhouse, to certain gentlemen, members of its Committee of Guardians.

"THE TUG OF WAR."—A Frigate's Tender.



THE LOVER'S REPROOF.

Captain Patchery. "STOP, STOP, CLARA! LET ME KNOCK THE LOOK OFF!"
Clara. "NOT FOR THE WORLD, DEAR! WAIT TILL I AM OVER!"

A WEATHER EXCHANGE WANTED.

Of all topics for talk the weather is perhaps the most generally popular. After shaking hands, and saying "How d'ye do?" nine persons out of ten say somewhat of the weather. Of course, they only tell you what you knew quite well before, as that the day is very warm, or very wet, or rather chilly; but this fact never hinders them from making their remarks, which they usually put forth with all the air of thorough novelty, and as if they were announcing that which no one else by any mental ingenuity could have possibly conceived.

If this be so in ordinary seasons, it is ten times more the case when the weather is exceptional, and fairly may be made the subject of remark. For instance, this year there has been an uncommonly fine summer, and, while it lasted, folks were never tired of talking of it. There arose weather prophets in nearly every street, and the newspapers were filled with weatherwise predictions as to the expected duration of the drought. Then when the rain came, people talked of it as though it had been quite a new phenomenon, and worthy of especial comment on their part. In fact, whenever we have gone into society of late, the weather and its wonders have been made a more than usual theme for conversation, and have more than commonly been thrust into our thoughts. And this has set us thinking that the weather might quite properly be made a thing to bet upon; or, to use a phrase more business-like, might become a fitting basis for commercial speculation. Men constantly are speculating as to whether rain or sunshine, heat or cold, is coming; and they are continually writing to the newspapers to say what they predict. Now, why not let them have facilities for backing their opinions, and for betting on the rise and fall of the barometer, just as speculators do upon the rise and fall of consols, cotton, railway shares, or tallow, or any other of the "things which are always going up and down in the City," as some young lady is reported to have spoken of the Funds. Just as time bargains are common among speculative men, why should not weather bargains be equally made popular? Trusting in his weather wisdom, a man might bet that the barometer would rise within a week or month to any point that he might indicate; and as opinions always differ, he would be pretty certain to find people

who would bet with him. Anybody now-a-days will speculate in anything, if he only gets the chance; and atmospheric speculation would be fully as substantial as many other kinds of speculation that exist.

In the interests of business, then, we hope to see a Weather Exchange soon started in the City, and proper weather-brokers privileged to go and buy or sell in it. The fact that there would actually be nothing to be tangibly delivered in the way of goods or shares, need surely be no hindrance to the making of a weather bargain. When a time bargain is made, the stock is not delivered; and thousands of pounds monthly are lost and won in betting upon cotton, corn, or tallow, without an ounce of any of these articles really changing hands. Thus a man might, so to say, sell half an inch or more of mercury, and promise to deliver it in the tube of a barometer, upon a certain day for settling which the Weather Exchange should fix.

There would be, too, an advantage in thus wagering on the weather, that men could not rig the market, as they can with corn or cotton, and so cause an artificial elevation or depression in the tube. Moreover, as the weather, at its best, is always variable, it constantly affords abundant scope for speculation; and if an Exchange were established for the business, a tribe of weather-jobbers would speedily arise, and speculation in the weather would soon become as general as speculation in the Funds.

Interesting Imports.

AN Advertisement, issued by the proprietors of an establishment in Berners Street, offers the British Public "Convertible Ottomans." It must make the British Public sigh. Convertible Ottomans! Are they not very dear? They are supposed to be very scarce. A great deal of money is yearly subscribed to Missionary Societies, and how many converted Turks have they to show for it?

CRACKED CONSPIRATORS.—Poor crazy Fenians! Ought they not to be acquitted of high treason on the ground of insanity?

THE LAND OF GOS(c)HER.—The Board of Trade.



WHAT A FIB!

Geologising Savant. "I THINK THE HORSE LOOKS VICIOUS! AND WHAT'S THAT CAGE ON HIS NOSE FOR?"

Groom. "VICIOUS! OH, NO, SIR! AND THAT THING ON HIS NOSE IS—IS A RESPIRATOR!"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MAWWORMS.

THE *Monde* is a phoenix that has arisen out of the ashes of our old friend the *Univers*. What sort of a bird is this phoenix? We are enabled by the *Débats* to answer this question. As a set-off against a complaint made by the *Monde* that cheap publications, circulating amongst the lower classes, tended to corrupt the minds of the people, the leading French journal quotes the subjoined specimen of the literature of the party represented by the Ultramontane organ. It is taken from a periodical called *Les Petites Lectures*, wherein it occurs amongst the entries of a "Bulletin de la Semaine," supposed to be the diary of a young workman, in which he records what a British Methodist in the parallel case would call his "experiences":—

"Wednesday. An hour of meditation, a rosary, an hour of silence, two blows received from a workman, five *Paters*, five *Aves*, two *Sousens-vous*. Thursday. At my breakfast I ate some dry bread as a mortification and a spiritual banquet; in returning to my work I was caught in a shower, and I made an offering of the wetting to the Holy Virgin. Friday. In the morning two hours of silence; in the evening four hours, *ad majorem Dei Gloriam*. Saturday. I offered to God my work, my burdens, my fatigues, my annoyances, my sufferings at the workshop, and a kick given me by a workman."

"Ay, do despise me; I like to be despised," says the Protestant *Mawworm*. Ultramontaniam appears to have its *Mawworm* too. The young workman who above describes himself as having got a kick which he turned to pious account perhaps acknowledged that favour received at the toe of his comrade by saying, "Ay, do kick me; I like to be kicked." One who had never before happened to read the following passage from a renowned narrative would think that it must have related to this young workman:—

"He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, 'Worthy, Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chops.' To another, 'Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick . . . ; Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend me a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders.'"

But, indeed, the hero, *Jack*, whose acts of self-abasement are com-

memorated as above in the *Tale of a Tub*, is represented by SWIFT as bearing in many respects a strong family resemblance to his brother *Peter*. The resemblance still exists, and it is also shared by *Stiggins*, and *Chadband*, and the rest. Have we no Saints? Plenty; such as our sanctified friend the young French workman who drivels in his "Bulletin de la Semaine." Our saints are, as they profess to be, very serious, but they must not fancy that those other saints are less serious than themselves. What can be more serious than the idea of making an offering of a wetting or a kick, especially a kick; which, if it were offered to you, you would return?

These considerations should teach us mutual charity and toleration. But the question about the phoenix, *Le Monde*, remains to be answered. What sort of a bird is it? The same as the *pièce de résistance* at the Feast of ST. MICHAEL. The phoenix is a goose.

R. D. T.'s CONCERTS.

SEVERAL new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. Amongst them we are authorised to mention:—

The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.

The man who harps on one string.

The man who blows his own trumpet.

The man who is up to the horns of a dilemma.

The man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.

The man who rings the changes.

The man who drums on the table.

The man who is fond of his Fife, and

Several *artistes* (in spectacles) with their musical glasses.

Scores of applicants have been refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle, and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who sang their own praises.

N.B. The lady violinist will appear in lutestrating.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Head Centre.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE ROCKS.



against a faith. How very much better this course is than to denounce geologists and philosophers and critical commentators as knaves, fools, wicked men, deceivers, ensnarrers, breakers of vows, sophists, atheists, infidels, and people who would marry their grandmothers. At last the orthodox have discovered that among the sins of the heterodox there is the sin of not thinking that giving a person a bad name is quite an answer to all that he may have said. Now that argument is to come into play, there is hope for truth. We do not quite like the sticking a fragment of a text into the first paragraph, because this is a bit of Claphamism; and though there is doubtless "philosophy falsely so called," there is also philosophy truly so called, and it has demolished a great deal of orthodoxy falsely so called. But this is a trifle, and one perhaps necessary as a sop to a class that prefers the utterances of an Irish parson of rabid unction to the calm and analytical teaching of a STANLEY or a MAURICE. Our objection is not grave. We cordially welcome the Anti-Geological Society, because all efforts to discover truth are respectable, and because it is a sign of the times that gentlemen of the Clapham faith condescend to argue.

New Association has been formed. It is called the "Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain." LORD SHAFTESBURY, K.G., is at its head, but we do not observe any other great person in the list, which is chiefly composed of what are called "serious" gentlemen, and clergymen of the evangelical school. Its circular sets forth its objects at some length, but we condense the statement, fairly, we trust, in saying that it is an Anti-Geological Society. The design is by means of argument and evidence to sustain what are called orthodox views.

We mention the Anti-Geological Society simply that we may congratulate its members on the advance of their party. To write and publish candid and well weighed argument is the true way to make war for or

PETROLIA.

In these busy days,
Unless anything "pays,"
'Tis put down as of minor importance;
What matter how filthy
The way to be wealthy,
If, by it, men, dirt cheap, make fortunes,
Petrolia, that's a fine *Ille* land—
A slimy, detestable *Ille* land—
Venturesome men
Run off to Penn-
sylvania's unctuous *Ille* land!

Let the whales rest in peace,
Like old Heroes of Grease,
They may blubber all over their faces;
But the whalers won't pay
Them attention, when they
Have found out more available places.
They'll go to Petrolia's *Ille* land—
That sweet, oleaginous *Ille* land—
They'll play their harpoons
And a-singing of tunes
They'll be off to this unctuous *Ille* land.

You may talk, upon paper,
Of mud, slime, and vapour,
Such reports speculators are pleased at;
But who cares for the smell
That can work an oil-well?
Cent. per cent 's not a thing to be sneezed at.
If you are a cunning old file, land
With money to rent and to buy land,
With that trump card a spade
Why, your fortune is made
In this wondrous Petrolian *Ille* Land.

Oh! just wait awhile
And we all shall burn *il*,
Gas and candles grow dearer and dearer,
Snuff out each short six in this
Day of oil wicks, in this
Oil and *Victorian* Era.
Farewell to my own native sile! and
To-day I embark from this Island!
We, of Petrolia
Slowly, too slowly are,
Steaming away to the *Ille* Land.

A WORD TO THE ORCHESTRAS.

UNLIKE the Christian Lorenzo, *Mr. Punch* is ever "merry when he hears sweet music." But then, to make him merry, the music must be sweet. Else it only makes him miserable, and irritates his temper, and tempts him to repine that he was not born deaf.

Now, the music at our theatres is usually execrable, and it is time that public notice be taken of the fact. When *Mr. Punch* goes to the play, he goes intending to be pleased with everything he hears; but the pleasure the play gives him is neutralised well-nigh by the music that attends it. To enjoy a play completely, one's hearing must be fresh, and not wearied and worn out by the banging of a drum and the blaring of a cornet. A few fiddles and a flute, with a clarinet or two, a good French horn, and double bass, are quite enough to give sufficient music for an *entr'acte*. What one wants, then, is some music gentle, delicate, and light, to form an under-current, as it were, for conversation. At the falling of the curtain, people mostly like to talk, and unless they be born Stentors, they cannot easily converse amid the banging and the bellowing of kettledrums and cornets. It may be hinted that the "gods" are partial to a row, and that noisy tunes are only played to please the gallery. But the stalls and boxes surely have a right to be consulted; and *Mr. Punch* feels pretty sure that they will side with him in thinking that a side drum is a nuisance, and brass bellowers are bores.

There may be playgoers whose ears are tough as those of a rhinoceros, and capable of hearing any quantity of clamour; but there must be others, also, whose hearing is more sensitive, and who, to listen through a play, must not be worried in the *entr'actes*. Ears sometimes are so wearied by the blaring of the band, that they have barely strength to listen to the drama. If plays are to be published bound in brass and calfskin—in corneopans and kettledrums—they really might almost as well be plays without words; for after all the clanging and clamour of the band, not one playgoer in ten can have his hearing left to listen to them.

REFORM—PARLIAMENTARY AND PATAGONIAN.

THE present enormous demand for giants is suggestive of some serious reflections. It seems probable that our standard of human excellence will soon be raised to an eight feet standard. We may then expect to have manhood suffrage with a vengeance. The poor ten pound household will be swept away to make room for one of thirty stone. Fagot votes of course will be abolished, and every elector be in himself a plumper.

Further—with a gigantic constituency what qualifications will be required for a legislator! Who but a "second Daniel" can fairly embody the principles of a Lambert? Then what will be the estimated size of a House of Representatives? St. Stephen will shrink in dismay when he sees a legislative body approaching for whom he has no adequate accommodation. But when a Member who sits for (say) Great Yarmouth occupies a sensible space, will debates be confined within their present almost unreportable limits? The elastic properties of popular oratory are proverbial. With an enlarged rotunda, may we not anticipate an aggravated *ore rotundo*? Would not an Irish Member swell over six short hours with Erin's grief, and would a country gentleman be content with an entire evening in spreading forth his barthen on land? We should like to see the franchise placed on a firm footing, but we cannot consistently support one which fascinates many muscular politicians because it is calculated to please the fancy.

In conclusion, we would ask, is EARL RUSSELL prepared to bring in a Reform Bill on this bold basis—giving sympathetically a preponderance of power to those who have the greatest weight, not in the social, but the fistic scale, and is he strong enough to carry it? We pause for a reply.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

THERE is a large Tick between England and America.
The Atlan-tic.

THE WONDERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.



THE Electric Telegraph is a wonderful invention! See, here is a sample of the myriad useful messages it flashes from the farthest regions to our very doors. We copy it *verbatim* from the *Times* of Wednesday, November 29, where any sceptical reader may peruse it if he pleases, under the heading—

“CHINA. By TELEGRAPH FROM GALLÉ
“Question United States treaty tin latins Pashkiy worse.”

We wonder how many pounds sterling the *Times* was charged for the transmission of this interesting intelligence. We wonder, too, how many of the readers of the *Times* were made the wiser by their reading of the message thus transmitted.

We wonder, also, if the “Pashkiy,” whoever he may be, is any better now than when the message was sent off. We wonder, moreover, that the workers of a telegraph should take the trouble to transmit such gibberish by their wires, for of course it could be easily concocted at the place where it is said to be received. We wonder, likewise, if a jury would give a plaintiff any damages, supposing he could prove that he in some way had been injured by the garbling of a message in transmission by the telegraph. We wonder, in the next place, if the sender of a message could recover the sum paid for it, in case of its being made completely unintelligible, either by imperfect transit through the wires, or by being pencilled in a hieroglyphic scribble which nobody can decipher, as is commonly the case. We wonder, too, that people should submit to pay for messages beforehand, when so many are miscarried, delayed, or made illegible, and thereby rendered useless by the time when they arrive. And, finally, we wonder that any one should place the least reliance on a telegram, seeing that for “East” is often substituted “West,” and that when MR. BROWN at Beyrout, or MR. JONES at Jericho, telegraphs to Fleet Street, “Send me three-and-twenty volumes of your admirable *Pwch*,” the message is transmogrified into some such balderdash as, “Lend me tea in plenty columns if you Admiral panch!”

MORAL AMUSEMENT AT MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of “Punch.”

SIR,

THE highest enjoyment of the brute creation consists in the fullest possible gratification of those instincts with which it has been beneficently endowed by Nature. To promote the happiness of any of the lower animals, the benevolent mind can pursue no course more effectual than that of cultivating and developing their peculiar propensities. Allow me, therefore, as an animal's sincere friend, to protest against the mistaken kindness which impelled an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Manchester the other day, to put a stop to a most interesting canine contest which was going on there at an establishment for the sale of beer in Tib Street. Assisted by a party of policemen, this injudicious agent of an excellent association not only terminated that exhibition of courage and endurance, but also made a capture of all the spectators of the combat, and nine of the combatants. The outrage thus perpetrated at the impulse of humane but unenlightened sentiment is narrated in a newspaper paragraph, under the heading of “A Raid on Manchester Dog Fighters,” in such terms as to represent it in the light of a triumphant exploit. With reference to the author of this achievement, we are informed, in an evident spirit of exultation, that:—

“He got the assistance of about twenty or thirty policemen belonging to the A division, who surrounded the house. The officer got admission to the room where the fighting was going on, and at a preconcerted signal, the police poured into the building, and secured every dog-fighter present. Twenty-five men were locked up at the Swan Street police station, and nine dogs were taken to the old cells at the Town Hall in King Street.”

The reporter adds:—“The dog-fighters were admitted to bail.” I suppose the dogs remained locked up. Poor captives! How much more pleasant a night they would have spent in the arena, enjoying the mutual exercise of their natural combativeness! Like a loving voice from a far-off happy land, a recollection of infancy, the preceptive muse of the amiable DR. WATTS bids us—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite.”

How erroneous then is the idea of forbidding dogs to delight in barking and biting. Yet in direct violation of the rule prescribed by the little nightingale of Southampton, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (with the best intentions) does all it can to deprive poor dogs of the delight which they feel in fighting. That the members of that well-meaning association are actuated by the most praiseworthy motives I fully admit, but would affectionately suggest to them that their zeal is not according to knowledge of the canine species. Dogs cannot be forced to fight; they do so of their own accord; simply because:—

“It is their nature to,”

as the divine bard above-quoted further sings. The prevention of a dog-fight not only debars dogs of the pleasure attendant on indulgence of pugnacity, but also robs sympathising spectators of the gratification derived from the spectacle of animals innocently enjoying themselves. I have ventured, Sir, to submit the foregoing observations to you, because the interests of the canine fancy, like those of the pugilistic ring, and I might almost say the swell mob, regarded from a philosophical standpoint and with a moral purpose, are identical with those of general civilisation, refinement, and progress onward and upward, whose watchword is the unceasing cry of their ever consistent advocates

EXCELSIOR.

P.S. Halias BILL JAMES. i Gott the above defens of dog fittin Polish'd happ and Put in to the rite Slang by Won of my Swels. Blow them uman society coves wot the blessed evven bisnis is it of them blessed Parties?—B. J.

CHILI VINEGAR FOR SPAIN.

DON AND JOHN.

DON.

WILL you force me, will-I-nill-I, to refrain from hurting Chili?
Oh! how partial and how silly is your conduct, don't you see?
Why you quietly let Russia trample Poland, Sir, and Prussia
Plunder Denmark, yet to crush a little State won't suffer me.

JOHN.

Yes, but Denmark, DON, and Poland, are commercially as no land,
I'm for chivalry a Roland when aggression stops my trade.
True, the CZAR did Poland smother; Prussia's Monarch robbed his brother:
But they neither, one or other, did my customers blockade.

You shan't murder, you shan't plunder; if I knock your Donship under,

It will cost me less to thunder than it would to let you prey.
You must know my toleration of foul wrong and apellation
Is a question of taxation—how will intervention pay?

THE TOLERATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

A MONSTER puff, put forth by the United Kingdom Alliance for the enactment of a Maine Law, one day last week, occupied a whole page in the *Times*. The above-named compulsory Total Abstinence Association had shortly before held a meeting at Manchester. The impunity with which the agitation of this body of busybodies, with SIR W. TREVELYAN at their head, is carried on, is a gratifying evidence of modern toleration. There was a time when the British Public would have broken the windows of their place of assembly, pelted their members with stones, and put some of those meddlesome gentlemen under that pump to which they want to chain everybody else along with themselves. These outrages would have made such gentlemen as SIR W. TREVELYAN and MR. SAMUEL POPE martyrs and confessors, and thus would have conduced to the triumph of their conspiracy against the liberty of the subject. Irritating, offensive, and disgusting as is the attempt of a would-be democracy of imbecile prigs to get us to have our hands tied and ourselves put into leading-strings, it is ridiculous, and ridiculous chiefly. The price of a Permissive Prohibitory Law, to destroy the Liquor Trade and the revenue thence derived, would be an increase of the Income-Tax. Still, it would be unwise, as well as cruel, to persecute the fanatics engaged in a crusade against the freedom of the public and the public-house.

Wise Saws and Modern Instances.

The Wise Saw.—“A stitch in time saves nine.” *The Modern Instance*.
—Italy looking after her *rentes*.
The Wise Saw.—“Ask for an inch and take an ell.” *The Modern Instance*.—COUNT VON BISMARCK.
The Wise Saw.—“A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.” *The Modern Instance*.—JOHN BULL and Reform.



ROTTEN ROW NORTH.

'Ampstead Cavalier. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND, MUM, AS TO FETCH 'IM A GOOD WHACK 'ITH YOUR RUMBERELLER!"

FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

We thought that the Tories, like the wolves, were extinct—not that any great price would be set, by an economist, on the heads of the former. But it seems that we were in error. The eminent naturalist, Mr. BRIGHT, has discovered that the species is still in existence, and raging. He declares that there are thousands of Tories rampaging about England (and at their leisure electing nearly half the House of Commons) who are hungering and thirsting to undo all the good that has been done for the last seventy years. They are sworn and vowed to achieve certain horrible things, which he enumerates. They are these—

To re-enact the Test and Corporation Acts, so that every Dissenter may be turned out of every place of profit.

To repeal the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act.

To repeal the Reform Act, the Corporations Act, and the Navigation Acts.

To re-impose the Corn Laws, the Sugar Duties, the Newspaper Tax, and the Paper Duty.

To abolish the system of National Education.

To do away with the New Tariff.

To repudiate the French Treaty, and

To make Church Rates and the Irish Church Eternal Institutions.

This is truly awful. We did not know it. As we said, we thought that the old original Tory was extinct, and we did not believe that there existed in England so great a Fool as the man must be who entertains any one single object above stated. If we knew the man, we would burst upon him in thunder and lightning. But we do not. Can it be that Mr. BRIGHT has been once more calumniating a large body of his fellow-countrymen, merely because they do not agree with him? This is again an awful supposition—but is it quite without warrant in precedent?

An Old Superstition Revived.

JIBBS, enamoured of a thrifty widow who is at house-keeping, goes into a shop near Temple Bar, and buys what he hopes will charm her and prove a love-philter.

LE FOLLET'S FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

(A Fragment.)

THERE is a good thing in the *Follet* of this month. Does dearest ANNIE read the *Follet*? I think not. Perhaps she would not consider it a publication calculated to improve her mind.

However, the present number of *Le Follet* contains the description of a contrivance by which a lady who is "economically" disposed may re-adapt for wear a dress that the increasing length of trains has compelled her to lay by. Very good advice, certainly; but ANNIE, love, what lady who is economically disposed, would ever think of laying a dress by merely because it was a little short of the fashionable length behind?

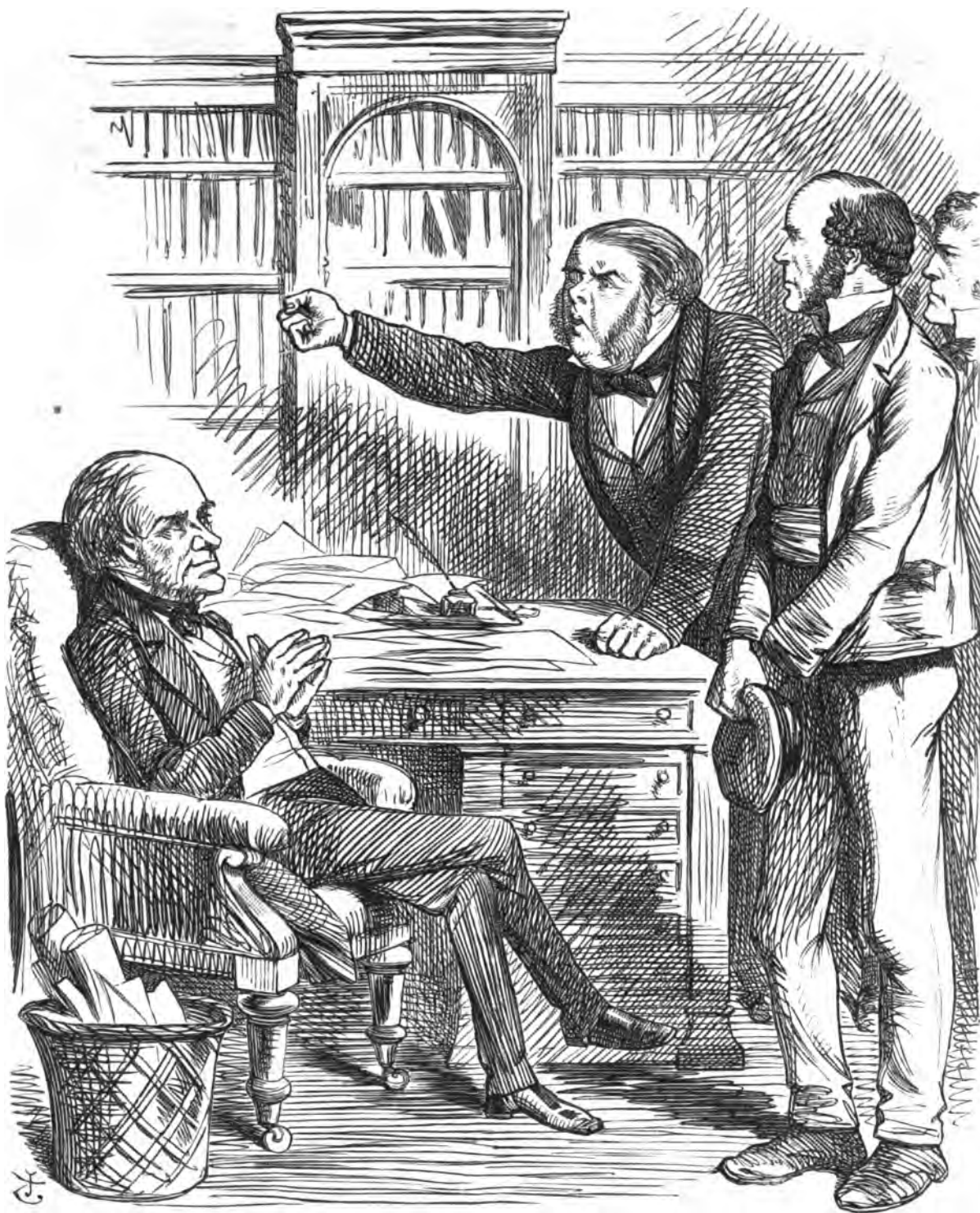
After we are married, when ANNIE's old uncle has left us all his money, then ANNIE will be able to follow the fashions without regard to expense. But, till then, we must save as much as ever we can in dress, so as not to be obliged to deny ourselves better things. In the mean time, dearest ANNIE, I am sure, will be much too economical to leave off any dress that perhaps would last her several years longer.

Note.—Correspondence between EDWARD and ANNIE has closed. The match is broken off. She sent him back his letters. In the last of these the foregoing passages are scored at the side, and further marked in the young lady's handwriting with the marginal annotation, "Shabby!"

Charity.

SIR,—Talk of Christian Charity in England! Pooh! The Mahomedans are the chaps for me. A late Telegram from Egypt, stated that the Viceroy of Egypt had "undertaken to pay the debts of the fellahs of Upper Egypt." What a jolly fellah he must be himself! (I wish I was one of t' other fellahs. By the way, p'raps you might get up a Subscription for

Yours truly, IMPRY KUMOUA.



JOHN SLOW AND JOHN FAST.

EARL RUSSELL. "WELL, WELL! DON'T BE VIOLENT, MR. BRIGHT, AND PROPER INQUIRIES SHALL BE MADE, AS WE HAVE PERFECT CONFIDENCE IN OUR FRIEND, MR. WORKINGMAN."

Punch's Table-Talk.

161.

Dimidium facti qui caput habet. Untruss at dinner time, my dear boys, at all events. I have partaken of two diables, but I see seven more on the carte, all of which I mean to taste. Two is not the half of nine, I respectfully submit.

162.

A man who talks of things being permitted to a layman, which would be sins in a clerical man, talks—well, let me quote “the fiery TERTULLIAN” unto him. *Pars erimus si putaverimus id quod clericis non licet laicis licere.* You should read the Fathers occasionally—notably, when you cannot get to sleep in any other way.]

163.

“I own that an elegantly garbed audience makes a theatre pleasant. But, O my brethren, the bore of dressing! That infliction keeps me from many a performance. Our rules, however, have relaxed much. “Regulations as to costume are not enforced,” even at the Opera, during the off-season. In the days when the upper classes were regular playgoers, the rules were severe. I remember a song, once very famous,

“A clerk I was in London gay,
O Jemmy linkum fiddle!
And went in boots to see the play.”

This, the dashing young man considered a great piece of free-and-easyism. By the way, he proceeds—

“I marched the lobby, twirled my stick,
The ladies cried, “He’s quite The Kick.”

Not a bad slang name that. If the thief class would revive it, the term would soon be a household word in gay and festive scenes and halls of dazzling light.

164.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BURTON—good luck to him and his, wherever he is—gives capital illustrations of Oriental nature. In the Mecca book he speaks of the way in which an Arab of a particular district, when he is in a mad rage with one of another locality, shrieks out his insulting vaunts. It is as if a Londoner, savage with a Yorkshireman, should scream forth, with oaths, “I have smacked the face of every man, woman, and child in York, Searborough, Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford, I have.” Only a little stronger.

165.

Nobody who dislikes children can ever humbug them into liking him. How much wiser they are than grown people. POPPINS—you know whom I mean—adores me, yet I think I may say that I hate him. In proof, I cut up his book in the *Spectator*, got SIR EPICURUS MAMMON to omit him from his turtle feast, and persuaded his wife not to go home to her relatives. But you should see the sweet smile and earnest hand-shake I give him.

166.

Avoid hypocrisy, my dear boys, in all its moods and tenses. If you think a man is a fool, tell him so, unless he is bigger than yourself. Then, I think you are justified in telling him that everybody else thinks him a fool, but that you don’t. He can hardly hit you for that.

167.

“The American phrase, “the almighty dollar,” is vulgar and not strictly reverent. There is a better in our friend ARISTOPHANES, “What a mighty power have everywhere *The Two Obols*.” Bring the words into fashion.

168.

ROSSINI calls the brass instruments in the orchestra the kitchen utensils. They have cooked the goose of a good many good voices.

169.

CORNELIUS KILIANUS should be held in honour by my invaluable friend known in the printing-office as the Reader. He corrected the press admirably for fifty years, but he also, in an epigram of eighteen verses, vindicated the Correctors against the Authors, “who,” he says, “making mistakes for want of learning and judgment, and giving incorrect copies, do nevertheless blame the innocent Reader of the printing.” He died on Easter Day, 1607.

170.

The above CORNELIUS uses the word “copies.” Thence our word copy—known unpleasantly to some of you idle or procrastinating bloaters. Do you see what the word implies? That a printer had—and ought to have—a fair copy or transcript of your original MS., and not to have his soul vexed by your scribble, interlineations, balloons, and carets. Mrs. Quickly says that caret is a good root, but the printers do not agree with her. Do you apprehend me, gentlemen all and some? Especially some?

171.

The Trent is so called, say the antiquarians, from thirty kinds of fishes found therein, or for thirty streams that flow into it. That’s the

kind of rubbish we find in The Authorities. Was What-d’ye-call-him so wrong in burning the What’s-it’s-name library?

172.

You may not perceive the exquisitely subtle current of thought that connects the last remark with that which is coming, but I would rather have written the *Water Babies* than any book of the last fifty years.

173.

I know of no earthly responsibility so great as that of the writer of a child’s book—I mean, of course, of a book not meant to be mere nonsense.

174.

I was telling an American of somebody we both knew and disliked, and who had bumpuously said that he was so prosperous in all things that like the Ancient, he sometimes needed to be reminded that he was mortal. “Guess killing him wouldn’t be a bad hint to that effect,” said my friend, quietly.

175.

The great May fly for trout is the Alder Fly. Some call it the Orl fly, and in Wales I know they name it the Hamp-back. It comes about the end of May, and stays till the end of June. I have done awful execution with it in the rivers in Hampshire. Mind, it’s not the Marlow Buzz, though very like it. I have won bets on the point.

176.

Bar two—there are not many of our theatrical critics who would not be the better for studying *The Critic*. MR. PUFF’s wit seems lost upon most of them. MRS. JORDAN and MRS. NISBET never had half the adulation which is regularly bestowed upon pert creatures who succeed by sauciness, lega, and music-hall melodies. But, as LORD BYRON writ,

“WILKES,” said the Devil, “I understand all this.”

and if the public understood it, there would be no unfairness to real artists. No *claque* in London! Ha! ha! The London *claque* writes.

177.

You remember, of course—that is I’ll take six to two you don’t—MOORE’s epigram on a certain family, formerly famous for getting all sorts of good things:—

“‘I want the Court Guide,’ says my lady, ‘to look
If the house, Seymour Place, is at 30 or 20.’
‘We’ve lost the Court Guide, M’m, but here’s the Red Book,
Where you’ll find, I’ve no doubt, Seymour places in plenty.’”

Very good, but I didn’t quote it so much for its own sake, as to tell you what occurred when the epigram was cited, in my hearing, in the presence of a dear good sweet awfully stupid woman. “Yes,” she said, “that is very good. It’s just like servants—first they lose your books carelessly, and then they give you impudence.”

178.

Materiam superabat opus. I often think of this when I take up a country newspaper, and see that highly trained and skilful gentlemen, of the reporting staff, are set to take down verbatim the cackle of grocers, cheesemongers, and tailors in Municipal Council assembled. What would we not give for just one day of such a report of the proceedings on the Grand Remonstrance? And but for those and certain cognate proceedings, little chance the grocers and so forth would have had of saying their say in after times.

179.

Don’t you think I am a Poet. Lor!

“Good is dinner *à la Russe*;
So is dinner *à la Goos*.”

180.

The only thing for which I am eager, just now, is Lord Rector THOMAS CARLYLE’s inauguration speech. Able Editors will look out, as it were, for no dim inarticulate noises, but puncture of windbag.

181.

LORD PALMERSTON, it seems, held the theory to which I was alluding the other night, about LORD BACON having been the author of the plays attributed to one W. SHAKSPERE. When BEN JONSON’s verses, in laudation of W. S., were mentioned to the late Premier, he said, “Oh, these fellows always stand up for one another. Besides, he may have been deceived like the rest.”

182.

Argument is not exactly valueless if it ends by giving you some little light upon a subject of which you knew nothing when you began to dogmatise. But it is none the less a nuisance. If a man differs from me, I make up my private mind that he is an ass, and I ask him whether he has heard *L’Africain*. Moreover, *errat qui putat*, as the Catholics hold.

183.

LORD RUSSELL has told a deputation that he is favourable to Reform, but that we ought not to legislate in the absence of exact information. Some of you have been telling him what I said. You did right.



CLEVER BOYS!

George. "OH, WON'T UNCLE LAUGH WHEN HE FINDS THE REGISTER DOWN!"

THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

THIS is the Island of the Free,
The glorious Land of Liberty,
Whence her proud flag, aloft unfurled,
Displays a pattern to the world.

A noble people, we disdain,
Ye despots, your paternal reign,
Save by ourselves we Britons bold
Will ne'er submit to be controlled.

Never shall summary command
Check enterprising joint-stock band
In the supreme pursuit of wealth,
On plea of public rights or health.

Our Railway Companies shall seize
On anybody's land they please,
Make their own terms with every man,
And keep their time as best they can.

Gas Companies shall shed their light
Just as it suits them, dim, or bright,
At such a rate as they think best,
Exempt from Government's behest.

Our Corporations, as it seems
Them good, shall mingle with our streams,
The filth of towns; our factories still
Poison our waters at their will,

Our herbage blast, and taint our air,
Forbidden by no Ruler's care,
Because, good countrymen, you see
This is the Land of Liberty!

Irish in France.

A TELEGRAM last week stated that PRINCE NAPOLEON arrived at Toulon, and inspected the ram *Taurus*. Surely that ram's a Bull.

"THE WATCH CRY."—Police!

THE LANCERS.

A BALLET WITH DIALOGUE AND A LOVE PLOT.

(Adapted for any Drawing-Room performance.)

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in love with YOUNG LADY.
YOUNG LADY, in love with YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

ARGUMENT.—They have not met for three days, and there is some little coolness between them. YOUNG GENTLEMAN has asked YOUNG LADY's hand for the "Lancers," in order that he may be able to explain why he has or hasn't, did or didn't, &c., &c., and she has accepted that she may hear why he did or didn't, or had or hadn't, &c., &c.

FIGURE I.

Young Gentleman (nervously, and feeling hot about the throat) to his partner. It's very kind of you to dance this quadrille with me. (Pause. Young Lady gently inclines her head, and looks about to see where she can deposit her fan. Young Gentleman takes advantage of this.) You want to put your fan down. Let me!

Young Lady (finding that they are close to the mantel-piece). Oh, no! this will do, thank you! (Band commences music to the Lancers.)

Young Gentleman (unpleasantly surprised). It's the Lancers. I thought it was a quadrille.

Young Lady (coldly). Perhaps you'd rather not dance the Lancers?

Young Gentleman. Oh, no! (seeing that she misunderstands him). I mean that I should like to dance the Lancers. (Thinks that he'll add, with tender emphasis, "with you." Waits two seconds, considers, and thinks that it wouldn't come in well now if he tried it: determines to leave it alone: regrets that he has lost an opportunity: becomes hotter and more nervous.)

Young Lady (giving him an opportunity). You seem rather dull this evening.

Young Gentleman. No! (puzzled as to how he shall get at his explanation about the matter nearest his heart)—I am (wants to say "never dull

when with you," but thinks it would sound absurd)—I am—a (makes a plunge)—I wanted to explain—

[YOUNG LADY suddenly turns to "set" to the next person. Young Gentleman (inwardly anathematizes the figure). Oh, yes! (Smiles, turns and finds a lady seriously "settling" to him: dances, takes her hand, begs pardon for not being ready, turns her round, and returns to his place.)

[YOUNG LADY looks away from him as if interested in the next set, and smiles at a female friend.

Young Gentleman (loses one minute in blowing his nose: anathematizes his nose: feels a conviction that he's made it look red, tries surreptitiously to catch a glimpse of his nose in the glass: thinks he might look better. Wishes he'd "sat out" this dance. Determines to waste no more time, but come to his explanation at once). I was saying that—

Young Lady (turning quietly). I beg your pardon.

Young Gentleman (assuming an injured look and tone). Well, AGREE, if you—

[Reprise of tune: he has to turn and "set" again; dances, takes her hand, begs pardon for not being ready, turns her round, and returns to his place.

Young Gentleman (determined not to lose another minute). I have longed for this opportunity.

Young Lady. It's your turn now.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN anathematizes the Lancers for the third time: advances, dances, crosses, and looks laughingly at his partner.

Funny Male Friend his vis-à-vis (who is now standing behind him). Why don't you do some comic steps (pulls his coat tails)?

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN smiles as sweetly as he can, and anathematizes comic friend and the Lancers; thinks he'll do a comic step, to show that he can't; feels spooney; that he's making a fool of himself; dances, crosses, balances to his partner. She then has her turn, and the figure ends.

FIGURE II.

Young Gentleman (buttoning his glove and becoming suddenly commonplace). I never can recollect the Lancers. (This is by way of an excuse, because he wants to watch the first couple and see what THEY do.)

Young Lady (looking straight before her, says apparently with great

point, but really without any clear idea of her own meaning). Yes, it is easy to forget.

Young Gentleman (looking injured). 'Agnes! (Doesn't know what he's forgotten). It is unkind of you to (is hopelessly vague as to the conclusion of this sentence)—I wanted to say (resolves for the fourth time that he'll come to the point)—I wanted to explain to you—(he has to take somebody else's, and dance backwards and forwards on the opposite side to his, partner.)

Young Gentleman (during the next pause). I have not seen you for three days, and now when I do—(Thinks that "see you again" won't sound well, and substitutes as follows)—now when we do meet, it seems that—

[Reprise of music, repetition figure. He anathematizes the Lancers. Young Lady (seeing that if they talk too closely, it will look odd). It's our turn now.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN has to lead his partner forward. His funny vis-à-vis intimates, in pantomime, that he ought to do comic steps. He tries to appear quite at his ease, and smiles on funny friend. Thinks a pas-sal is a stupid sort of thing. End of Figure.

FIGURE III.

Lady of the Left Couple (generally). We dance the new figure. (Everyone tacitly assents.)



WANTED.

CHORUS of *Mr. Punch's* lady correspondents has been singing, "It is difficult to get good servants, now-a-days." The hardship arises from the impossibility, in most cases, of the Lady of the House adapting herself to the peculiar disposition of each one of her domestics.

The following *bona fide* advertisement shall serve us for a text:—

DOMESTIC SERVANT.—

A Person about Twenty, with excellent character, wishes a SITUATION where not restricted in becoming dress nor services rendered unnecessarily menial. She would prefer a small Country Family Situation, away from the noise and hurry of Birmingham. Should her mistress prove quiet and amiable, a suitable, respectable, permanent servant would inevitably be secured. Lowest wages accepted, ten guineas.

The Young Lady's grammar, in "wishing a situation," is somewhat arbitrary, but it is enough for her purpose that the reader should know what she means. The restriction in becoming dress probably alludes to the tyranny of a mistress who objected to her China ornaments being knocked down by BARRY and housemaid's extensive crinoline. "Services rendered unnecessarily menial," conveys the idea of the wearer of a crinoline being obliged to clean the doorsteps; the attitude necessitated by the nature of this operation being one of supplication so humble, and prostration so abject, as would never be adopted by any wearer of the steel hoops who "could see herself as others see her." The Young Lady would perhaps like to take her quiet tea and beauty sleep in drawing-room, about four o'clock of an afternoon, talk over family matters with her quiet and amiable mistress, or skim her a few pages of the *Court Circular*. We sincerely trust that the advertiser has obtained the situation she deserves.

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

THERE is a converse to the proposition that many a true thing is said in joke. For instance a contemporary, in an article on University Extension at Oxford, observes:—

"The question then is, rather for each College, how it can take in more men, than for the University, how it can set up a new College."

Supposing this remark to be true in the sense which its writer intended, you will note that it is capable of bearing another construction. With reference to the system of overcharging undergraduates for bread-and-butter at Oxford, you will perhaps think the question for Christchurch and other Colleges just now, is not how they can take in more men, but how they can get on without taking men in any more.

Young Gentleman (mistrusting his knowledge of new figure, appeals to his partner). What is the new figure?

Young Lady (who is beginning to think the Lancers a nuisance after all). You had better watch them.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN thinks he'll say "AGNES" in a plaintive tone, but alters his mind and watches the figure. Double visiting done. Gentlemen have to dance round by themselves. Funny vis-à-vis does comic steps. YOUNG GENTLEMAN capers, winks at funny friend, and pretends to enter into the joke, sees his partner looking at him, thinks she'll set him down as a humbug: hates funny friend.

FIGURE IV.

[Grand chain; no opportunity for making explanations. YOUNG GENTLEMAN sees his partner smiling and nodding as she goes round. Funny friend comes out very strong in steps and stamping the time. Perpetual motion. End of quadrille.

Young Gentleman. May I take you down-stairs?

Young Lady (assents, but distantly). Thank you. (Sees her Mamma and becomes suddenly pleasant and sensible). Don't go out that way, or Mamma will stop us.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN feels the slightest electrician's pressure on his arm. They descend. A retired corner is found, and no further explanation required.]

THE WESTRIES' CALL TO ARMS.

Minutes at a Special Meeting.

M^r. CLEEK, put it right! We appeals to the nation, To guard us against that fiend, Centralisation! We're Englishmen all, and Self-Government's chief Of the means what has brought furin tyrants to grief. But we hears of a rumour that's 'orrid! They say The Board of Works plots our destruction with GREY.

We're Westrymen all, and we laughs at the Press And the Public a-seekin' what they calls redress. Confound 'em a-pokin' and writin' and pryin'!—Our rules and our customs and men a-decryn'! We shall manage the paupers and streets as we chooses, And laugh as we wins—let him holler as loses!

One porter, and master, and missis, is all That's wanted, however the papers may bawl, And *Willers's* letters we value at little, For wagabonds we ain't a goin' for to wittle—If we ain't got the room, they must step it, and we Like westrymen stanch 'll go 'ome to our tea.

Then as to the pavin' and lightin' and cleanin', Why the press ain't no better than even a Fen'an, Stirrin' up a rebellion, and wantin' to take, The means out of which a man money may make. If 'ouses 'ave smells, and gas never 'll burn, Let the 'ouseholders patience and difference * learn!

If mud's a foot thick, and old gals is run over, Why who that walks pavements thinks he'll be in clover! If pavin' stones slip, and a collar bone's broke, What's the use of a row that 'll end all in smoke, Who won't hear these trifles as long as he shirks The un-English rule of that 'ere Board of Works!

* Query deference?

NATIONAL COPYHOLD.

Good news is rare. But here is an example, extracted from the *South London Chronicle*, of that rarity:—

"A Bill upon Open Spaces has been draughted, and it will be introduced into Parliament early in the Session of 1866, at the instance of the Commons Preservation Society."

Let us hope that the Bill upon Open Spaces will become an Act that shall keep all open spaces which are beautiful, and cannot now be legally enclosed without the sanction of Parliament, open for ever. May that Act constitute all those spaces national freeholds. If, however, it only constitute them national copyholds, it will do well enough, provided it secure the perpetual observance of the precept that may be proposed for a copy-book text:—"Preserve Open Spaces."

The Wise Saw.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss." *The Modern Instance.*—B. D'ISRAELI.



REASONABLE—VERY!

Swell. "Haw! I WANT TO GO TO HAMMERSMITH."

Conductor. "JUST COME FROM THERE, SIR. GOING T'OTHER WAY, NOW!"

Swell. "WA'AL! YOU CAN TURN WOUND, CAN'T YOU!"

LETTER FROM A LION.

DEAR SIR,

Charing Cross.

I AM the Lion on Northumberland House—we say the Lion of the PERCY, in the family—only as you know that we are not PERCIES but SMITHSONS, it is of no use my coming that sort of thing with you.

But you also know that I am to descend. Northumberland House has to get out of the way of a new street. Yokels will soon cease to stand and watch whether I wag my tail at one o'clock.

I am attached to the locality, however, and moreover I am an industrious Lion, willing to make himself generally useful.

The Nelson Column has at present Four vacancies for Lions. Would you use your interest with SIR E. L. to get one of these assigned to

Your most faithful Servant,

Mr. Punch.

LEO SMITHSONIUS.

THE FUGITIVE STEPHENS.

Amateur Shakespearean Performance in the Richmond Bridewell.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. O'DOGBERRY.

A WATCHMAN.

O'Dogberry (to Watch). You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch. You are to bid any man stand in the Queen's name.

Watch. How if he will not stand?

O'Dogberry. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk.

[Exeunt severally. STEPHENS walks out.]

UNPOPULAR SOLDIERS.—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

LINES BY A LADY'S MAID.

Air—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not at the West End a *valet* so sweet,
As that *valet* who courts me in Chesterfield Street,
Oh! the last thought of fashion and dress must depart,
Ere the charm of that *valet* shall fade from my heart.

Yet it is not because of his figure and size,
The curl of his whiskers, the glance of his eyes—
'Tis not the soft kiss, or the sly little squeeze,
Oh, no! it is something far better than these!

'Tis that WILLIAMS has saved while he's been with SL. JOHN,
What, with my little store, is enough to live on;
Though we're taking a house close to Kensington Gate,
And shall let our apartments, with linen and plate.

Sweet *valet de chambre*! how glad shall I rest,
On thy bosom adorned with the studs I love best,
When all rows with my Lady for ever shall cease,
And our hearts, like our savings, be mingled in peace.

A Word for Covent Garden.

A GENTLEMAN, who had his choice between seeing *L'Africain* or *Ida* at Covent Garden, sang out melodiously—

"How happy could I be with *Ma*,
When *Fasco di Gama's* away."

He was immediately presented with a stall.

TO A WATER-"PARTY."—Our Correspondent is assured that the Glassites are a religious sect, not a convivial society.



MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

MR. SWINDLE'S ONLY METHOD OF PREPARATION FOR THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF SIR A. COCKBURN.

A RECENT trial has disclosed the fact, that when you buy silver plate, if you wish that it should be all silver, you must see that it has the London Hall Mark upon it, with the Leopard's Head, and not the Sheffield Hall Mark, in which is also a Crown. For London will stamp nothing that is not solid, whereas Sheffield allows the manufacturer to fill up the inside of his articles with sand, solder, MR. HADFIELD'S lead, MR. ROXBURGH'S brass, or anything he pleases.

That, however, is a mere case of *caveat emptor*, to which Mr. Punch, as President of the Customers' Protection Society, incidentally calls attention, himself expecting many presents this Christmas. But what he chiefly desires to note was the extraordinary and unwelcome conduct of the Lord Chief Justice in the trial alluded to. After much wrangling and mystification, SIR ALEXANDER actually proposed—

"That one of the articles, a candlestick, about which question was raised, should be broken, in order to see what the substance really was."

A shudder went through the Court. What? Take the obvious and direct way of ascertaining the truth, by the evidence of the senses! Get at a fact in a straightforward fashion! The very rafters of the Court must have groaned, like the enchanted tree in the story. So monstrous a proposal we never heard of. If such innovations are permitted; what next? We shall actually have a cold-blooded suggestion for abolishing the rules that at present happily prevent a question from being put to the only person who can know anything about the matter of which he is accused. Fortunately the Judge was checked in his unrighteous attempt to get at the truth, "objections" being raised. But we really think that the matter must not stop here. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN is clearly not inspired with the spirit of law, and we must insist on his taking his coronet and retiring from the headship of a system not intended for such impatient investigators.

TO A CORRESPONDENT WHO WRITES FROM HALLAMSHIRE.

You are right about the "Statute of Anne," but wrong in supposing that the "Pilgrimage of Grace" was undertaken by a young lady of the middle ages, with the Christian name you say you prefer.

OUR RAILWAY TYRANTS.

In the case of an assault by the Director of a Railway upon one of its clerks, the Secretary of the Company the other day put forth his "solemn opinion" that—

"A railway servant was bound to obey an individual Director in regard to any act he might direct, even to the extent of compelling him to stop a train."

If this be so, poor JONES, who lives a score of miles from London, and daily travels by quick trains, is at the mercy of Directors who happen by ill-chance to have their houses on the line between himself and town. How jolly it must be for JONES, when coming hungry home to dinner, to have his fast train stopped to set down a Director at some paltry by-way station, where no one else gets out! No doubt, also, a contrary command will be obeyed, and a Director may direct an engine-driver *not* to stop, although a stoppage be distinctly announced in the time-bills. Supposing a Director live a dozen miles from town, and be rather late for dinner, perhaps he will desire the driver not to stop until that distance be accomplished. We think that if this privilege be generally acted on, the time-bills should announce that they may be depended on, "provided no Director give a contrary command." Indeed, people would do well, before paying for their ticket, to ask if a Director be travelling by the train; and if so, they would do wisely to defer their journey until the next day.

A Caution in Black and White.

To be on our guard let's agree,
Against all that may help turn the cry
Of Justice on EYRE, with an e,
To Injustice in IRE, with an i.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION will be found in *Punch's Almanack*: which also removes freckles, eradicates ill humours, and will prove a most effective remedy for baldness, when twisted like a fiasco and placed upon the head. Moreover, besides being an antidote to nervousness and neuralgia, it will be found to put one up to many hundreds of new wrinkles, and to produce the various old ones that with mirth and laughter come.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH!



IMONIO, a young friend of mine, fresh from the country, implored me, the other evening, to take him to the Polytechnic. Moved by his entreaties, and influenced by the fact that the cost of the entire entertainment was only one shilling a head, I yielded. We arrived punctually at seven, because my young friend wished to see the "Machinery in Motion." It was in motion, too, with a vengeance: not a wheel in the place but was whirling round and round; gyroscopes were turning about like mechanical JIM CROWS in one corner; pistons were in full swing in another; valves were opening and shutting; electrical eels wriggling; electrical wires entangling one another; straps going round wheels and wheels going round straps; something running up and down an inclined plane; water plashing in the distance: spinning-jennies hard at it; a glass-blower in a paroxysm of scientific joy over a hot gas-light, a stick of sealing-wax, and a knife-grinding machine; refreshment stall-keepers arranging and re-arranging scientific sponge cakes and boxes of scientific acidulated drops; shop-keepers talking like lecturers to anybody who would listen, and selling their wares with persuasive scientific eloquence; visitors moving about on the ground-floor, and in the gallery above; civil officials in livery, with a strong family likeness to one another, running up and down stairs for no apparent reason, except that the machinery is in motion and they can't stand still; such a whizzing, whirling, grinding, spinning, flizzing, and burring that one is glad to hide among the tranquil joys of the Cosmorama view, which bear a close affinity to the peepshow of earlier years, only without the showman to pull a string on the payment of one penny. I was sorry to observe, that, in these times of peace, the Polytechnic Fleet that used to float in the calm straits four inches deep, leading to Diving Bell Bay at the end of the Hall, had disappeared. The Diver, too, was gone; his helmet is reverentially preserved in a corner of the building. I told my young friend what a man he was, and with what a thrill of pleasure I had often witnessed the blowing up of the *Royal George* in those dark green waters. Suddenly the machinery stopped. There was an attraction somewhere; we heard the voice of a syren, and saw a crowd gathering below. From our front seats in the gallery we beheld a stout, amiable, lecturer standing at a counter. For him even the glass-blower rested on his wheel, reluctantly quiet, but not one bit attentive, as we saw him dispose of six pieces of silky glass, wopence a skein, while his scientific rival, the stout lecturer, was trying to get up some excitement about a thermal battery. We heard him indistinctly, from our gallery.

The Lecturer (standing behind a counter, whereon is placed an—apparently—small Dutch oven, or portable gas-stove for roasting chestnuts.) I shall this evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, draw your attention to (something we couldn't catch) Thermal Battery. (Crowd on the other side of the counter crush against one another, and those in front try to examine the apparatus, to see "how it's done.") The stout Lecturer continues glancing negligently about him with an engaging air of superiority, intended to impress the audience with the notion that he's not obliged to do this sort of thing, and could show them something better if he liked.) A THEOPHRASTUS in the third century said (something we couldn't hear), and (NAPOLION THE FIRST, while at St. Helena, often (did or said something, which we lost), proving that friction—(here follow words heard at intervals)—cloth—sealing-wax—gold metal—beat—conductor—FRANKLIN—Thermal Battery. (Crowd, becoming accustomed to the last few words, are pleased to hear them again, and give a gentle hum of applause.) I will now show you (excitement and stir in crowd, on the Lecturer's pointing to an enormous machine of brass, copper, leather, and glass, standing near the centre of the Hall) a curious experiment (intense excitement), but unfortunately the weather is so damp that the machine will not work. (Great disappointment, and a general feeling of pity for the Lecturer and the machine.) The moisture of the atmosphere (Stout Lecturer becomes suddenly sleepy)—is—the needle—(more words heard at intervals)—cord—copper—wire (people begin to go away)—several learned bodies—occupy—friction—magnetisers (more people go away)—PROFESSOR GROVE—this establishment—(Stout Lecturer freshens up, and hits a stone with a piece of iron: popular attention arrested for a minute)—force—electricity—I touch this, and the wire divides. (The remainder of his audience go away, and look at models. The Glass-blower revives, and thinks his turn has come. Lecturer addresses a few people in the gallery.) Thus you see—galvanic batteries made by Messrs. —.

Regent Street—(People in the gallery go away, and look at models. The Lecturer makes a last desperate attempt to recover his popularity.) And I will now show you one of PHARAOH'S serpents. (Everyone returns: the Glass-blower sneers.) Sulphur—composition—odour—try it yourselves—inexpensive—Messrs. —, Regent Street (the serpent being burnt out, people go away again)—now conclude (loudly), thanking you for your attention (pointedly to an old gentleman who had never stirred, probably deaf). 'Nother evening (Old Gentleman goes away)—Thermal Battery. (As the machinery gets into motion and the Glass-blower triumphs.)

A gong now summoned us to the Theatre, a large room, connected in my mind with early recollections of glass jars, sparks, lectures on chemistry, and a model steam engine. Here we were to be treated to a concert. Four dining-room chairs were placed on a stage in front of a large dissolving view cloth. Four nice young gentlemen, generally supposed to be lecturers of the establishment, in evening dress, with papers in their hands, entered, stood in a row, and bowed to the audience. After putting their heads together, to settle upon their starting note, they began a quartette. It was very well executed. The vocalists were unaccompanied, except by an undiscoverable boy who played a popgun when any opportunity occurred, and made the officials highly wrathful and indignant.

Tenor (singing and shutting his eyes quiveringly.) My Lady—shee—ps.

[Popgun holds a long note—pop-gun startles him—officials frown, and look at one another.

The Three other Vocalists (looking towards the gallery.) Shee shee! My Lady sleeps.

Basso (alone looking at the pit.) Shee shee-o-o-o—

[Popgun. Officials regard one another sternly, and one goes to the front to get a good view of the audience; directly he has taken up his position pop-gun is heard again.

The Four (finishing.) Wake her not! Shee shee-o-o-o.

Shee shee-o-o-o—ps—s-s-s-s-s.

[The note is prolonged; their voices are dying away; pop-gun, and absent vocalists. The Officials consult together.

The Concert was perhaps slightly monotonous, as, with the exception of a lady who really played with great taste and feeling on a violin, it consisted of the four young Lecturers coming on and going off, or for the sake of variety, not going off, but sitting on the four chairs as if they were going to give Nigger entertainments, but changing their minds and rising to sing another quartette. After they had disappeared behind the dissolving view curtain for the fifth time (I think it was the fifth) one of the party returned, and said kindly to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, it has struck us that the programme wants a little variety, (applause from some one, probably undiscoverable boy with pop-gun,) and that—in fact (depreciates the quartettes)—you would like something humorous. MR. MUDDICK will sing you a, a, a—(considers, and finally gives his own opinion of Mr. MUDDICK'S song) a rather humorous song." (Faint applause: he bows and retires.)

Enter MR. MUDDICK, who turns out to be the basso in the recent quartette. He looks as humorous as he can, and commences his song.

The audience evidently agreed with the gentleman who had described the song as rather humorous. The singer laughed once, either at his own fun, or (for I'm sure he had a sly sense of humour), at the notion of there being any fun in it at all; and somebody, who had paid an extra sixpence for a reserved seat, was as much amused as was my young friend, to whom the venerable jokes were entirely new. The rather humorous song, which had one short verse, all the rest being imaginary dialogue (it was one of the elder MATHURAS's, and, in its day, excellent), was over in something under ten minutes, and the audience would have left if they had not been fiercely ordered by the official to keep their seats. Everybody expected dissolving views, and two French gentlemen, who, up to this point, had visited the Polytechnic under the impression that it was *The Literary and Scientific Institution* of England, and had taken the comic dialogue as the lecture of some learned professor, began to think they'd made a mistake. However, the four gentlemen reappeared, and, after another quartette, of a mildly suggestive tone, about "Kiss me to-morrow and Love me to-day," the audience were allowed to quit their seats. On returning to the Hall, we found the machinery in motion, the Glass-blower at it again as energetically as ever, and two officials unbending their dignity and weighing one another on a machine in a corner.

After a short interval a gong summoned us once more to the theatre. Three musicians were there, and played a waltz. Then from a side door emerged our friend the Lecturer, looking just as stout and amiable as ever, only without his thermal battery. He was much applauded, under the idea, suggested by the music, that he was going to dance. He wasn't, however; but came to show an ingenious optical illusion called *Proteus*, which consisted in putting a feeble old person called *The Curator* (a dignity under the Roman Republic, some one said) into a closet, where he got behind a looking-glass, and pretended to disappear. The Curator was a weak yielding creature, evidently standing in much

awe of his tormentor, and the performance pleased him, even more than it delighted the audience, who, having seen him once, didn't care whether he ever came out of the cupboard again or not. After this the Lecturer, who seemed to have a partiality for Pharaoh's serpents, turned the gas down, and exhibited one by way of a dissolving view.

Then, the gas being turned lower down, our versatile friend gave us a sort of ghost-story about a poor author, who saw a spirit, made a compact, had a dream, was shot by Cupid, visited by Venus, and finally discovered that his good genius was his old landlady, represented by (I fancy) the Curator in a big cap and an old-fashioned gown. The lights were then turned on, and we were turned out.

That the Polytechnic has not lost any of its attractions I judge from the unanimous applause at the end of the performances, and the desire expressed by my fresh young friend to linger yet a little while among those scientific walls, even though the lights were out, the machinery motionless, the Glass-blower at supper, and the amiable unwearied Lecturer dreaming of future optical illusions that shall astonish even PROFESSOR PRPPER. My young friend subsequently discovered that there was a daily change in the programme, and announced his intention while at supper, which was the crowning point of my treat, of saving up his Christmas boxes in order to visit the Institution regularly, discover *Protesse*, buy a Thermal Battery, learn how to do the Ghost Illusion, and be introduced to the amiable Stout Lecturer in private life.

READ ME ARIGHT.

As a consequence of the increasing demand for amusements, a proportionate supply of entertainments, more or less dramatic in character, has been given to the public during the last few years. Of such entertainments as do not mainly depend for their popularity upon the harmonies of costume, scenic effect, and dramatic action, that class known as "Readings" has gained most favour.

Novelists read their works aloud to ladies and gentlemen who pay to see the Live Lion playing with his own tale. In the course of time, when other excitements fail, we shall hear of some eminent physician reading his own prescriptions aloud to a crowded audience, who will afterwards witness with delight the comfortable spectacle of the doctor swallowing his own draughts. It will be time enough to deal with such a case when it arises: at present our object is to assist, as far as in our power lies, those gentlemen who go hither and thither giving "Readings." In the first place, we must observe, that we never yet have heard a reading that was perfectly satisfactory to ourselves. There was either a lack, or a superfluity, of action; the gestures were ill-timed; there was an inability on the part of the agent to mesmerise his audience into a sympathetic state, or else, it appeared that one of us, we or he, had utterly misconceived the author's meaning; and this feeling was strongest in us when we once chanced to hear an author representing his own characters himself. Let us, *ex. gr.*, suppose that some well-known personage is going to read, say at PERKINS'S Paddington Green Assembly Rooms, MACAULAY'S *Battle of the Lake Regillus*; we will give him a few friendly hints, which may serve the turn of some other notable entertainer in this peculiar line.

Preliminary Remarks.—Turn over a few pages of your book unconcernedly, as if your reading was quite an unpremeditated affair, and only arose out of your happening to find yourself, accidentally, on a platform, with a lot of people seated in front of it. Let it appear as though you haven't in fact yet made up your mind as to what you are going to treat them. This unconsciousness of the presence of an audience is the art of arts. Do not omit a slight cough, nor the elegant application to the lips of a clean white pocket-handkerchief. Easily, howbeit not defiantly, take the opened book in your left hand, keeping your place marked with your thumb and little finger within, and supported by the three fingers without. Smile at your audience gently, in order to show that no ill-feeling prompts you to this display. Now begin:—

"Ho, trumpets, sound a wai-note!"

Put the corner of your book up to your mouth, like a horn. Imitate the movement of performing on it with the other hand. Do not forget to distend your cheeks as if with powerful blowing. Remember, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

✶

"Ho, Victors, clear the way!"

Hit out with your book left and right, as if at a crowd. Place your arms as if holding the fauces: this weapon was used much in the same way that *Mr. Punch*, in the peripatetic tragedy, uses his stick. Kick, struggle, and finally strike an attitude as though having triumphed, you, still speaking for the civil power, told the *Cicis Romanus* to "Move on!"

"The Knights will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day."

Divide this line judiciously and dramatically: 1st, "The knights;" 2nd, "will" (i. e., insist upon); 3rd, "ride."

1st. Stand upright, as if shouldering arms; look warlike. This is the idea of "Knights."

2nd. Scowl, to convey the notion of their unalterable determination.

3rd. "Ride:" amble round the platform; pretend to whip your steed; frown as if on small boys telling you to get inside, and so forth.

Perhaps the piano might be introduced here, with the overture to the *Bronze Horse*.

"In all their pride," sneer, and cast side-glances contemptuously at the audience.

"Along the streets." Frown at little boys, as before; look up at windows where ladies may be supposed to be seated; give money to beggars; ask some one (in pantomime) to hold your horse while you lengthen your stirrup; pretend to brush mud off your coat; look upwards, as if you were in doubt as to the weather; shade your eyes, to give the idea that it's a fine day after all; and do anything else that may suggest itself to you as being appropriate.

From these hints the reader may gather what our notion of a "Reading" is; and let him develop them, and make it what it ought to be.

"Unto the Great Twin Brethren,
We keep this solemn feast."

Here is an opportunity for advertising CHANG and ANAK, for which the Giants ought to give you a gigantic sum. Keep your eyes open.

"They came o'er wild Parthenius."

Throw your hair about: it oughtn't to have been out for at least two months before this.

"From where with futes and dances,"

Imitate flute; and dance.

Stanza III, line 17.—"How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings."

Get under the table, gnash your teeth, growl, and pretend to be a wolf coming out of his lair. Then, for the second line, flap your arms against your sides, and hop about. The audience will say, "That's a crow, he's doing now!" and even deaf people may be interested in your entertainment.

Stanza xxxvi. 3.—Here is one point that must not be lost:—

"The kites knew well the long stern swell."

The "long stern swell" is Aulus, of course, when mounted on black Auster. You will be in your most fashionable evening dress: if not tall, get on a stool, or two stools concealed behind the table. Assume a stern bearing, and the picture is complete.

Whenever a Public Reader announces that he has adopted our suggestions, we shall be delighted to patronise him.

ALLIANCE JOINT STOCK.

MR. PUNCH.

MONEY is a great moral power in these days. The United Kingdom Alliance advertises a capital of £50,000. The theory of this pecuniary demonstration apparently supposes that an overwhelming sense of awe must silence all opposition to a League whose political and social force is represented by all that money. We are to suppose, Sir, that the Alliance is resolved on spending £50,000 to have its way, and get a Permissive Prohibitory Bill to shut up the public-houses, destroy the liquor trade, and annihilate a branch of the revenue which must be made up for by an increased Income-Tax.

The Alliance shakes £50,000 in our faces. But we don't hear the money jingle. We don't see the colour of it. We see it only in a published subscription list. How much of the £50,000 capital of the United Kingdom Alliance is paid up!

The name of SIR WALTER TREVELYAN, President of the Alliance, is down for £3,000; that of MR. BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, M.P., for ditto; SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S for £2,500. Other gentlemen stand pledged in sums of £2,000 and downwards. Well, *Mr. Punch*, surely there is something respectable in the earnestness that is prepared to sacrifice so much as £3,000 or even as £300, in order to withhold the means of tipping from the working classes. But how many of the subscribers on paper would give five shillings towards it in hard cash? To what amount will the United Kingdom Alliance make any call upon their subscribers? Whatever the sum may be, don't they wish they may get it as sincerely as your old friend,

JOHN BARLBYCORN?

Sus. per Coll. and Sus. per Con.

SUSPENSIVE GORDON—says the *Times*.

Suspend EYRE—says the *Star*.

Suspend Judgment—says *Punch*.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.—Nobody has any business to be without a copy of *Punch's* famous Almanack. To take merely a glance at it will strengthen a weak mind, and refresh even a strong one; while carefully to read the wit and wisdom it contains will be "a liberal education."



DISTRESSING DILEMMA FOR OUR YOUNG BACHELOR SURGEON!

WAIT—AND HEAR.

AGAIN, *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the respectable portion of the community, protests against the way in which Mr. BRIGHT'S organ and Mr. BRIGHT'S parasites are treating the Jamaica business. That in such quarters the question should be prejudged in the vilest manner, and that a torrent of mingled sanctimonious and slangy abuse should be let loose upon the white population of Jamaica was so much in accordance with the antecedents of the accusers that it could excite little surprise. That Miss EYRE'S spirited and sisterly appeal on behalf of an absent and distinguished brother should be put into small type, while the letters of excited and rampant fanatics, and their ridiculous verses, should be accorded all the honours of prominence, was merely so much more provincialism and bad taste, and that the sister should be dismissed with a sneer proved, very needlessly, that the *Morning Star* is not the representative of English gentlemen. But we must seriously state that the new tone which the *Star* has taken up is too offensive to be tolerated. It is being "funny" on the executions of the rebels in Jamaica. It inserts a mass of the clumsiest irony, in which the authorities are charged, in a comic strain, with wanting to thin off the population, and the changes are rung on the over-stocking of the island, and the advantage of "popping down" the surplus negroes. This is meant for satire, but English instincts revolt at merriment over such subjects, and a protest against such fanatical buffoonery is due to Christians and gentlemen.

We are not disposed to blame the tactics of the party which is using the Jamaica incidents for its own purposes. The fullest inquiry into the whole subject is required by the country, and promised by the Prime Minister. It is impossible to predict the result. It may be that a Governor of first-rate character, all his advisers, the members of both Houses of Parliament (who have thanked him, and increased his powers), and the Jamaica press, may all have gone mad, and have perpetrated wholesale massacre in a dastardly panic. It may also be that the seeds of sedition have been sown by the emissaries of religionists at home, and that instead of confining themselves to their tolerated work of propagating Calvinism, these emissaries have been imbuing the minds of demi-savages with belief hostile to white supremacy. It may be that the home organisation which has supplied these persons with

money and encouragement has been involved in the culpability, and that instead of GOVERNOR EYRE and his Staff being "tried," as is so loudly menaced, that investigation may be applied in the case of a sectarian association in England. Again, it is possible that GORDON may have been a "martyr," or he may (as stated by a missionary in the *Scotman*) have been endeavouring to revolutionise the island and aggrandise himself. But we have no real knowledge on the subject, and for real knowledge England will wait. The not disinterested efforts of a section, and the foolish clamour of excited fanaticism, will not induce the people to prejudge the case; and it is not to the credit of a portion of the press that it departs from its legitimate province, and hounds on the unthinking. But the British public is not to be humbugged by cant, or led astray by prejudice. *Punch* claims the right, sparingly as he uses it, to be serious on occasions, and he exercises that right for the purpose of assuring all parties that society retains its judicial attitude, despite the bellowing of the bulls of Basban.

A HOT SUPPER.

THE following couplet in the English version of *Le Domino Noir*, now running at Covent Garden, is surely under some strange mistake, ascribed by a dramatic critic in a daily paper to the pen of Mr. HENRY F. CHORLEY!

"Come enjoy with me, my charmer,
Good warm fire, and supper warmer."

A supper, to be warmer than a good warm fire, must be a very warm supper indeed. Such a supper could consist only of something devilled, and devilled in a high degree; but what esculent substance would stand the devilling which would render it a hotter supper than a red-hot poker?

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MERMAIDS!—Doubtless there are many people in the world who have never seen a mermaid, and some of them may possibly entertain a doubt if mermaids exist. If so, by all means let them purchase *Punch's Almanack*; wherein, among a million of other artistic marvels, they will discover some life-portraits of these beautiful sea-creatures, and will observe some very startling revelations of their habits, in a drawing that displays a myriad of the most wondrous of the wonders of the deep.



“REBELLION HAD BAD LUCK.”

JOHN BULL. “THERE, GET OUT! DON'T LET ME SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AGAIN FOR TWENTY YEARS; AND
THANK YOUR STARS YOU WERE STOPPED IN TIME!”

Punch's Table-Talk.

184.

In the first Court-scene in the *Prince of Denmark*, the mother of *Hamlet* makes some remonstrance touching his dress. 'There is a beautiful touch, overlooked by the commentators, of course, in the expression of his willingness to be obedient:—

"I shall, in all my best, obey you, Madam."

Meaning, you perceive, in all his best clothes. A *Hamlet* who understood his author would appear, on the next occasion, in the most splendid Danish costume, in fact as "the glass of fashion."

185.

A bore, who had been looking at the beautiful things at South Kensington (all of you go and see them) was cleverly stopped in his subsequent meanderings on the subject. A lady on whom he was inflicting his tediousness, said, with pretended ignorance, "The Cinque-Cento are the Italian five per cents, I believe?"

186.

The name PAMELA is usually sounded with the penultimate short. Very well, but what do you make of the line in DR. JOSEPH WARTON's satire, *Fashion*?

"With him the fair, enamoured of a rattle,
Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle."

187.

Oysters are first spawn, then spat, then brood, then ware, and then, in the fourth year, oysters. They breed in salt water, on a clean bottom, they fatten in brackish water, on a muddy bottom, they leave the breeding-beds at two years old, and remain in the fattening-beds from one to two years. Breeding-oysters do not fatten—fattening-oysters do not breed. And our natural beds are nearly exhausted. I am informed of these facts by the Prospectus of a new Oyster Company, to which I wish all success. The Member for LYNN should be their Chairman, and they should have a dinner on PYM's birthday, and their bye-laws should be called RULES. How blest are we that are not simple men!

188.

PROFESSOR ROMER has announced the discovery of a fossil spider, which resembles the recent genus *Lycosa*, in the coal mountains of Upper Silesia. The interest of this discovery lies in the fact that hitherto spiders have not been known from any rocks older than the Jurassic, and that now the existence of them in the Palaeozoic period is proved. Here is a scrap for LORD SHAFTESBURY's new Anti-Geological Society for promoting Judaism among the Christians.

189.

The house at Kensington in which SIR ISAAC NEWTON died is called Bullingham House, and is a ladies' school, and is not going to be pulled down. I know an exceedingly pretty young lady who is being educated there.

190.

The Sovereign of Spain had—perhaps has—the right of conferring upon black subjects all the distinctions belonging to white lieges. The decree was *Que se tenga por blanco*—that he be deemed white. Cannot PRESIDENT JOHNSON assume this power, and so cut several knots?

191.

DR. JOHNSON was a great man. But I am a greater. I should like to know what SAMUEL would have said to [an] unhappy poet who had made the following ball:—

"Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy."

It is in his *London*.

192.

Hand me down that Chronology. I marked something. Yes, here it is. 1760, about a century ago—listen, "At Jamaica, a rebellion of negroes broke out with great fury. They murdered MR. SMITH, the overseer, who was at supper with his family. The insurrection was to be general, and the plan appeared to have been a complete massacre of all the whites. Some of the negroes, however, being intoxicated, the design was happily revealed." And so the world goes round.

193.

You never have headaches after my wine. But should you be troubled with such things, hear the counsel of my friend DR. CAMERON M'DOWALL, of India. Wet the head with cold water, and then pour about a table-spoonful (this is a table-spoon, not that, you owl) of nitric ether on the head, rubbing the hair round and round with the other hand. Mind your eyes, of course. Evaporation makes the heat latent, or in other words, produces cold. The cure is sometimes effected in a very few minutes. Any ether will do. But I do not tell you this to encourage you in taking too much liquor. Three glasses of sherry, two of hock, six of champagne, Cognac, and a bottle or so of claret is enough for any man, unless he is much depressed.

194.

In Russia I remember, with pleasure, a very pretty custom of hospitality. The children run to the guest and kiss his hands.

195.

HOBBS said that if he had bestowed as much time on reading as other men of letters, he should have been as ignorant as they. But neither he nor I would altogether discourage the practice of reading occasionally.

196.

I once came upon a mediæval schoolmaster's epitaph on himself. I think it was HARTUNGUS. The lines were in Greek, which I omit, for reasons, but the meaning was this—and pathetic:—

"In teaching youth I learned and suffered much:
But now I rest in quiet, with my Maker."

197.

A Sister of Charity in Paris has been educating children by taking hold of their noses with hot tongs. The Society of S. Vincent de Paul has been trying to keep the affair quiet, but the police are dealing with MADMOISELLE ST. DUNSTON.

198.

Some months ago a man who had some humour in him put an advertisement in the *Times*, saying to cabbmen that an umbrella, left in a cab taken to Lower Eaton Street from the Strand, was anxiously expected at an address given, where a reward and the blessings of the owner awaited the honest restorer. The advertiser appealed to the cabbman, with whom a friend sat upon the box, to reflect and to represent to his friend how great a comfort is an easy conscience. I should like to know whether the umbrella came back. Circulate the anecdote at your Clubs.

199.

I love and honour DR. NORMAN MACLEOD too much to say anything that would give fools and knaves an excuse for reviling him as a friend of mine. Therefore I denounce him as an innovator, a profane person, and a Sawbath-breaker, and I declare my full belief in the revolting story told against him, namely, that several years ago, walking in a garden, on a Sunday, he whistled to a bird.

200.

Anybody want a couplet for a burlesque? Here he is.

"Flatterers we are not, everybody grants,
Although at Christmas we grow sick-of-santa."

Sycophants—don't you see? Ha! ha! and a growl from a private box.

201.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has changed hands, and will in future be published by MESSRS. BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., Whitefriars, London, E.C. I shall be quite enchanted to renew my acquaintance with MR. SYLVANUS URBAN.

202.

I do not hold, with the Stoics, that the Cardinal Virtues are Animals. Yet it has been said that Patience is a good nag, but *will* bolt.

203.

Holidays are coming—here's a story for the children. A couple of boys, sons of an acquaintance of mine, were proudly telling their father (and horrifying their mother) about the fights of last half. A younger, small brother had made divers efforts to get a hearing, but had been shoved back and told to shut up by his seniors. At last he broke in. "I can make one boy cry."

204.

GEORGE THE THIRD said that young bishops ought to write.

205.

It was FOUCHÉ, not TALLEYRAND, who said, *C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute*. Mind this, you fellows, when you begin your smart leading articles.

206.

In 1846 MR. DISRAELI said, in the House, "I belong to a party that can triumph no more." And he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1859 and 1868. "Define, define, well educated infants," as *Armado* says.

207.

Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien,
C'est le naturel d'ISABELLE;
Qui semble, pour tout entretien,
Dire seulement—Je suis belle.

It is not the flattest of portraits, but I think I should have liked to know MADMOISELLE ISABELLE. She would have been a hundred and twenty by this time.

GIRLS WHO DON'T DYE THEIR HAIR, but wisely wear it dressed *à la nature*, should mind not to forget to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, for therein they will find an elegant little picture which may comfort those abstaining from this vulgar practice.



OUR 'BUS-DRIVER ON INDIRECT TAXATION.

"MALT DOOTIES!—DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF 'EM IF THEY DON'T ATTEND TO 'EM? IF I CALLS FOR A GLASS O' ALE, I DON'T WANT TO SWALLOW DYE-LOOTED BITTERS. THAT AIN'T MY NOTION O' MALT DOOTIES, MIND YER."

[The subject dropped.]

COMMON SENSE FROM A JUDGE.

SIR,

We request that you will allow us to protest against the following remarks, as most unprofessional, and altogether unfit to proceed from the mouth of a Judge. In the Court of Exchequer, the other day, summing up on an action for breach of promise of marriage, MR. BARON BRAMWELL, according to a law report, said:—

"I cannot help thinking that these are actions that ought not to be encouraged. If people change their minds, it is better they should do so before marriage than when it is too late."

It is obvious, Sir, that the discouragement of actions for breach of promise of marriage would most injuriously affect the interests of the legal profession. The extent of the injury which it would inflict thereon, however, is even greater than people in general may at first sight perceive. Not only would a lucrative supply of business be at once cut off by it, but a greater amount of further litigation prevented, to our grievous loss.

The heavy damages with which the manly feelings of British jurymen, as husbands and fathers, invariably visit the wretch who has trifled with the affections of somebody's daughter, and disappointed her parents in the expectation of getting her off their hands, doubtless induce many men to keep the promise of marriage which they are disposed to break. So far, to be sure, that does us no good; but, Sir, observe that the fear of incurring an action for breach of promise of marriage in such a case which makes a man marry, makes him do that which is likely to end at last in the natural consequence of a forced marriage—a suit for its dissolution. So the employment which we miss in *Nisi Prius* is made up for by the work secured for us in the Probate and Divorce Court.

The British jury, with the natural sympathies of respectable men, look merely at the wrong done by the plaintiff to the defendant and her parents in a breach of promise case as a matter of damages in pounds, shillings, and pence. Happily, they do not consider whether he would not have done her a greater wrong by keeping his promise than he

MEYRICK'S DEO GRATIAS.

Of what very queer bills,
One finds Gratitude's bank full!
With amaze the mind fills,
For what some folks are thankful.
Hark to Rome thanking Heaven,
For her safe-guards 'gainst heresy:
"I've no Publican's leaven,
Thank God"—says the Pharisee.

But 'twixt Brighton and Berwick,
What cause more debate-full,
Than that for which MEYRICK,
At Oxford is grateful.
Not fast-keeping, nor feast,
Not schools, battels, nor sermons—
He thanks Heaven that, at least,
We are not as those Germans!

That *our* system of college
Is meant to form youth;
While theirs but seeks knowledge,
And pries into truth.
Does he mean, forming youth
Truth and Knowledge must smother?
We had fancied, in sooth,
That one led to the other.

But, looking about us
O'er Europe at present,
To find scholars flout us
Is rather unpleasant.
We well may feel jealous
That the text of *their* sermon's,
Would our Dons and Fellows
Were but as these Germans!

Hospital Casualty.

A YOUNG fellow, apparently in excellent health, was admitted into St. George's, complaining of shooting pains. The explanation he volunteered was, that he had been making great efforts to improve his target practice. He was soon dismissed, the staff thinking he was making a butt of them.

THE CHILL QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

did by breaking it. Such considerations as this are very likely to be suggested by such remarks from the Bench as those delivered by BARON BRAMWELL; and they are calculated to be highly prejudicial to your humble Servants,

Chancery Lane.

SIX AND EIGHTPENCE.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT OF A POACHER.

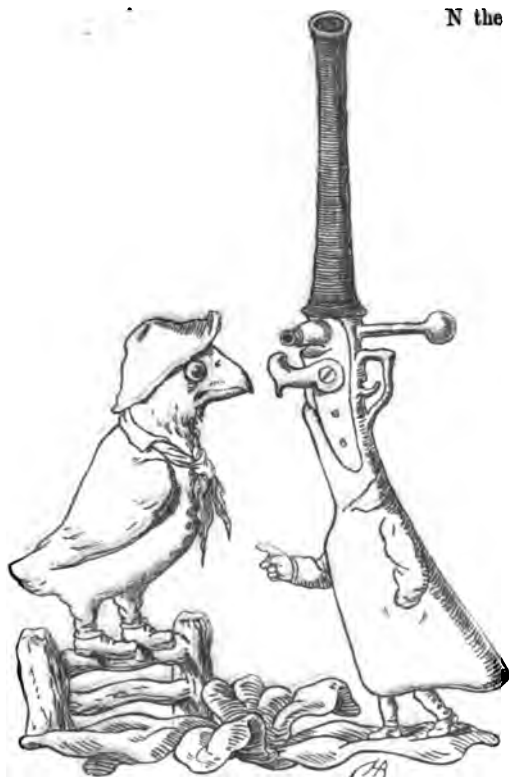
We insert the following extract from the *West Sussex Gazette*, with the most child-like faith in the wisdom of that influential journal, and without venturing to hazard a speculation as to the meaning, which indeed defies the world. We only notice that the punishment is a very pleasant one, and the occupation is just now employing the PRINCE OF WALES and half the gentlemen of England—the Petersfield magistrates are humane in the extreme:—

"EVIL EFFECTS OF RULING PANSION.—The man JESSE STEVENS, on whom the skilful operation (in the removing of an immense tumour from his face) was performed, and for whom great sympathy was manifested at Rake and its vicinity, has been sentenced by the Bench of Magistrates, Petersfield, to three weeks' hard labour in search of game. We regret to hear that the silly fellow has already made his name notorious, having put in his appearance several times before the Magistrates for similar offences, so that while we admit the justice of the sentence, we can hardly hope that it will have a salutary effect on one whose poaching propensities led him immediately on his discharge from the King's College Hospital, and after such a wonderful cure, to commence his old 'Delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.'"

Why curing a tumour should cure a man of poaching habits, why—but we shut up. There is a tremendous mystery over the whole business.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY: HUSBANDS, BUY YOUR WIVES a copy of *Punch's Almanack*, which contains some useful hints on most domestic matters, and is admirably fitted in a thousand ways to foster the felicity of home. It will prove an ornament to the drawing-room, a comfort to the kitchen, and an amusement to the nursery, and in short no family library can be deemed complete without it.

THE FARMERS AND THEIR FRIEND.



IN the *Morning Star*, a writer who writes the only articles therein that *Mr. Punch* pays much attention to, calls notice to the fact that at the Cattle Show this week the claims of MR. MECHI, to whom the farmers owe so much, will be urged upon the farmers:—

"The secretary to the Mechi Testimonial will attend for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the fund now being raised in honour of a real philanthropist, the much-talked-of man who has 'made two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.' * * * All farmers with brains must have largely been benefited by MR. MECHI's experiments, and ought therefore to contribute largely to the testimonial. It is said that those who have not brains oppose the fund, on the ground that MR. MECHI, by showing what good crops can be got out of bad land, has led landlords to increase their rent. This is of course mere drivell. But it is not only the farmers who are interested. All who want to eat cheap food should give a friendly turn to the man who by experiments has done so much to get it for them."

Bravo, MR. FLANEUR! *Punch* subscribes with all his heart to the Mechi testimonial. *Punch* believes with you most thoroughly that farmers who have

brains must have greatly profited by MR. MECHI's farming. Deep draining, and sparse sowing, and liberal manuring are the means whereby at Tiptree corn has sprung out of a bog; and the result of MR. MECHI's experiments in farming has been elsewhere widely followed with infinite success. It is, indeed, "mere drivell" to contend that rents are raised where bad land is made good, and that therefore MR. MECHI is an enemy to farmers, who, but for his experiments, would have been allowed to dawdle and drudge on in their old way, too ignorant or indolent to grow more than the facile food which scarce-helped Nature gave. MR. MECHI, it is true, is no friend to bad farmers; but farmers who have brains, and industry to use them, must largely have been aided by the trials he has made. They will therefore, of course, largely contribute to the fund; as likewise should the landlords whose rental has so risen through MR. MECHI's influence; and the public, too, who profit by fecundity of crops. If all the farms in England were farmed as well as Tiptree, we should hear no more complaints of agricultural distress, and not a quarter of the quarters of foreign wheat imported now would need to be brought in.

LEGAL EDUCATION.

THE sons of lawyers, who are intended for their fathers' profession, cannot too early become familiar with legal phrases and their meanings. Old nursery rhymes might easily be adapted for this purpose. For instance—

I.

Alibi, baby, on the tree-top,
Proved 'gainst your foes,
The case it will stop;
When we suppose
The evidence fall,
Down goes the *alibi*, baby, and all.

II.

Dickory, dickory, dook,
The Burglar picks a lock,
Police come down,
Case for Crown,
Dickory, dickory, Dock.

III.

Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander,
Up-stairs and down-stairs into Judges' Chambers.
Old BARON LONGWIGS,
Finished his affairs;
Puts him out his left leg,
Puts him out his right leg,
Puts him out his both legs and walks down-stairs.

IV.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a leg o' beef.
P'liceman went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wouldn't own;
Took him up to my house,
Thence to Mary-bone.*

V.

Ride a Cab horse,
Beyond Charing Cross,
To see any lady get a divorce;
Ring on her finger
Still dully shows;
Will she have music wherever she goes?

* *Subsidi Police Court.*

MATRIMONY IN THE TEMPLE.—On Tuesday last week, for about the first time these hundred years, a wedding was celebrated in the Temple Church. So now the Temple Church has once more become a Temple of Hymen.

THE GLUT OF RAILWAY BILLS.

MR. PUNCH,

You have never, perhaps, suffered by Railway unpunctuality. But you have heard a few people complain of it. You may be aware that it is rather a fact, and that various excuses may be made for it.

The best of these, Sir, perhaps, is the great number of branch lines. In proportion as these are multiplied, so are the chances of stoppage and accident. The train on the main line has to wait for that due in front of it from the branch. Thus, the whole arrangements of the Railway time-table are disturbed; and no wonder that the times are out of joint.

Yet, *Mr. Punch*, some 450 applications to Parliament for leave to make new Railways were the other day catalogued in the *Times*. Do you not think, Sir, that one way to prevent the unpunctuality of Railways from getting a great deal worse than it is would be the refusal of the House of Commons to accede to any one of those applications over and above what are made for lines really necessary?

There may be too much of any good thing—even such a good thing as Railway extension. Perish ancient monuments, perish Oxford, perish St. Bride's Church; and may you, Sir, be turned out of your own Office by a new Railway, if absolute need be, but not otherwise. Hear

Ludgate Hill.

A VOICE FROM A VIADUCT.

TO SOCIETY.

Adapted for starting a Conversation at Dinner.

Sly Guest. Can you tell me any lady's name who can do the figure of eight on the ice? (*LADY can't.*) No? Then I can: her name is *Kate*.

Young Lady. Oh, how stupid of me! Of course: how absurd!

Old Gentleman (who doesn't like being kept out of a joke). Eh? What's that?

[*SLY GUEST repeats it, with a consciousness that every one's listening. OLD GENTLEMAN misses the point, pause, conversation suddenly breaks out.*]

From the Gallery.

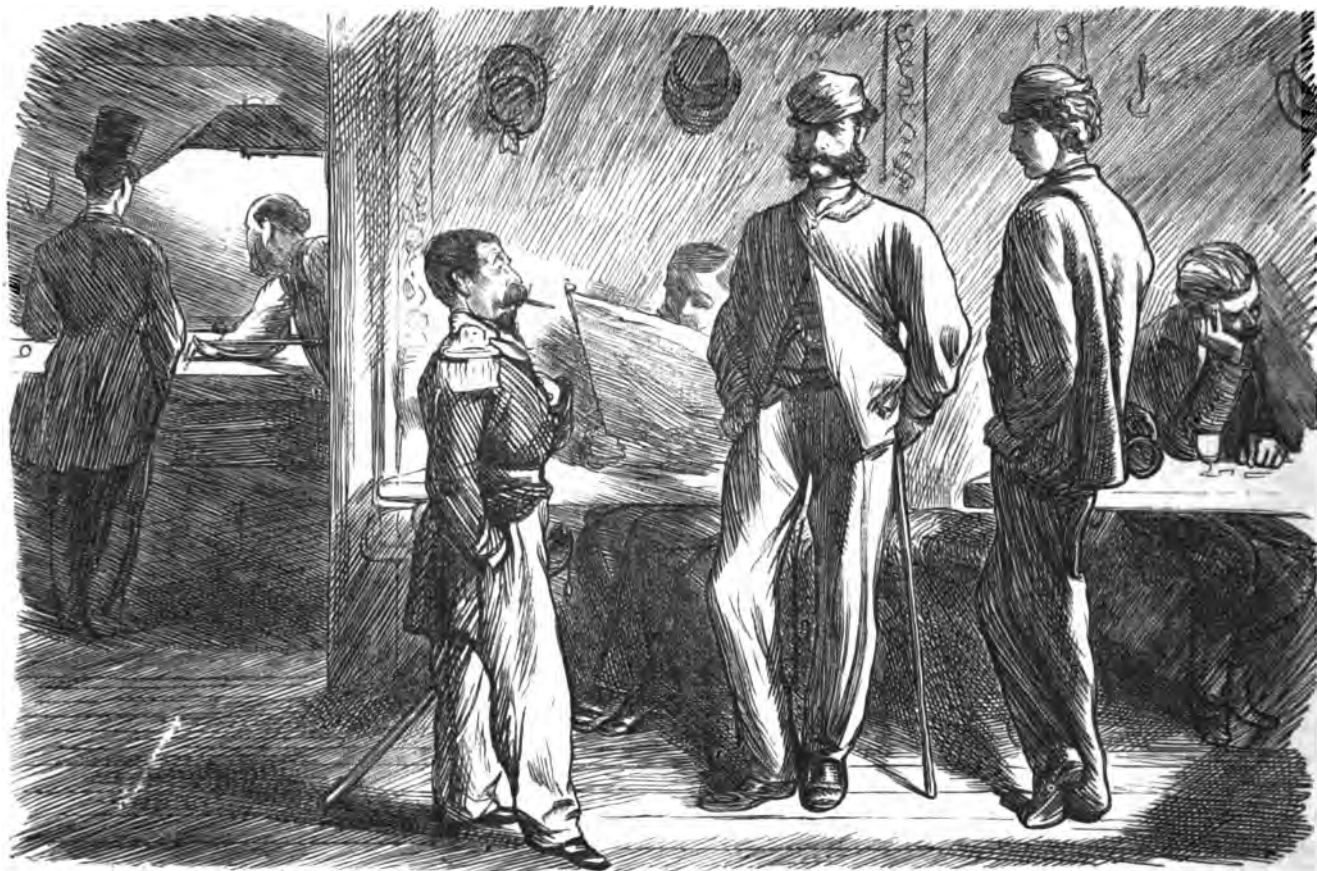
MORAL, after seeing MR. CHARLES READE's Drama, *Never too Late to Mend*: Well, if that ere's the way they goes on in a prison, I shan't pick a pocket.

[*Becomes virtuous, and applies to MR. VINING for a situation in the pit.*]

New Music.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the composer of *The Enchanted Island*, admirably played by MANNA's men at the Crystal Palace, inspired by *Mr. Punch's* verses on "Petrolia," contemplates the production of a new work, to be called *The Enchanted Ile*.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—She who would become so should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which imparts a bloom to the sallowest complexion, and restores in the most faded cheek the roseate hue of health. It makes the eye to sparkle by the brilliance of its wit, and imparts a lively vigour to the lip.



VERY RUDE!

Dumpy French Officer. "EH! VOS VOLUNTEERS DEY DO NOT MAKE DEMZELVES VER' FIERCE! ARE YOU OF DEM!"

Long Britisher. "WERE ONCE; BUT I AND MY FRIEND HERE HAD TO LEAVE BECAUSE THEY RAISED THE STANDARD!"

THE INVASION OF SCOTLAND.

It may not be known that Scotland—or certain Scots—are just now in awful alarm. An Invasion is apprehended—in fact, it has begun. And England is the invader. We do not allude to the Tourists, who are wickedly said to supply Scotland with the means of holding on during the nine months when she is unapproachable by civilised persons—this new Panic is no jesting matter. That it may be comprehended in all its terrors, we submit the following extract from the ably-written Glasgow paper, the *Morning Journal*.

A patriotic Scot, who signs himself "SHOMER" (Gaelic for the Latin word *anser*), says—we deduct Scriptural phrases, as the English do not like profanity—

"I think the enemy has lately been coming in to Sabbath loving Scotland like a flood. I believe [sundry theological] effects will be produced by this Sabbath invasion from England and this Sabbath controversy in Scotland. When our country used to be invaded by Englishmen in freebooting and warlike times, Scotchmen united their forces and marched to the Border to drive back the foe. Glad are we that now that a worse invasion is being made, the rallying cry is being raised, and the faithful and valiant sons of Caledonia are going forth to the battle. Let us unite our forces, and war for truth, righteousness, and peace, and victory shall surely be ours.—SHOMER."

Bravo, SHOMER! Well cackled, Anser! You know what preserved the Capitol in old days. In England we save our goose for Sunday; in Scotland, Sunday is saved by the goose. But—*entre nous*—that is, *Mr. Punch* and the Editor of the *M. J.*—we did not expect to find that journal turned, even temporarily, into a goose-pen.

Hint to Examiners.

We know several high-spirited girls who would like to present themselves at the Local University Examination for Ladies, did they not object to be dictated to. Two of them (sisters) have been so eager over their logic that Mamma, always suspicious of the military, grew alarmed at the constant mention of "The Major, the Major," and insisted on the premis(es) being examined.

"GROCER" HUMBUG.

Yes, Correspondent, thanks. We certainly will gibbet this bit of cant, but we will as certainly refrain from giving its author the benefit of the unequalled advertisement for which so many traps are set. The following—but with different locality and name—appears in a London newspaper:—

CANTWELL TEA MART.—R. CHADBAND, Tea Dealer and Grocer, 80, Cantwell Place, N.W., has entered the above business, that he may gratuitously serve the cause of ***** in which he has been engaged five years in the surrounding neighbourhood.

The stars supply the place of a sacred name about to be specially honoured at the coming festival. The pious tea-dealer uses it as a bait. We abstain from even reprinting it. The rest we leave to our readers. MR. CHADBAND proposes to "take orders" in a double sense, and "serve" at once the Cause and the Customer. Verily, CHADBAND, we would nail thine ear to thy counter, but that we should thereby assist thy trade, even thy traffic, beloved, but consider thine ear perforated, yea, with a large nail and rusty.

Homœopathy on its Trial.

A SOCIETY, with the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH at the head of it, has been formed for trying the effect of homœopathy in the treatment of murrain. If an infinitesimal dose of arsenic is found capable of curing a large ox, we shall be agreeably surprised. In that case, perhaps further investigation will discover that the millionth of a grain of salt will cure a round of beef.

HOW TO ESCAPE INCOME-TAX.—Sell off everything you have, and invest the entire proceeds in buying a lot of *Punch's Almanacks*, which you may distribute among the world at large. Then go and live abroad, and don't return to England, excepting for one day or so in every December, just to purchase *Punch's Almanack* for the ensuing year. Thus you may escape your liability to Income-Tax and all the other taxes to which British flesh is heir.